



**DELHI UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY**



**DELHI UNIVERSITY**  
**LIBRARY**

## ARTS LIBRARY

(DELHI UNIVERSITY LIBRARY SYSTEM)

**Cl No**

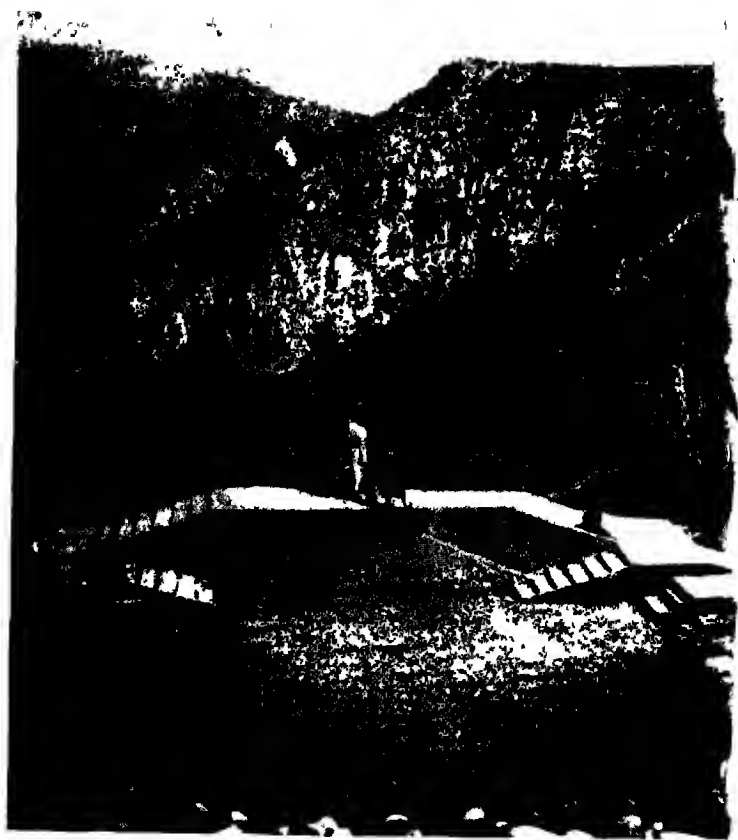
111683/

25969

25969

This book should be returned on or before the date last stamped below. An overdue charge of 10 paise will be collected for each day the book is kept overtime

[illegible]



A Composite Photograph of Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound*,  
as Produced at Delphi in 1930



THE  
Complete Greek Drama

ALL THE EXTANT TRAGEDIES OF AESCHYLUS,  
SOPHOCLES AND EURIPIDES, AND THE  
COMEDIES OF ARISTOPHANES AND  
MENANDER, IN A VARIETY OF  
TRANSLATIONS

EDITED BY  
WHITNEY J OATES  
AND  
EUGENE O'NEILL, JR.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME ONE



RANDOM HOUSE      NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT , 1938 BY RANDOM HOUSE INCORPORATED

MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE PLAYS OF  
AESCHYLUS

I

THE SUPPLIANTS

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

DANAUS

THE KING OF ARGOS

HERALD OF EGYPTUS

CHORUS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF DANAUS

*Attendants*

## THE SUPPLIANTS

(SCENE — *A sacred precinct near the shore in Argos. Several statues of the gods can be seen, as well as a large altar. As the play opens, DANAUS, and his fifty daughters, the maidens who compose the CHORUS, enter. Their costumes have an oriental richness about them not characteristic of the strictly Greek. They carry also the wands of suppliants. The CHORUS is singing.*)

### CHORUS

ZEUS! Lord and guard of suppliant hands!  
Look down benign on us who crave  
Thine aid—whom winds and waters drave  
From where, through drifting shifting sands,  
Pours Nilus to the wave  
From where the green land, god-possess,  
Closes and fronts the Syrian waste,  
We flee as exiles, yet unbanned  
By murder's sentence from our land,  
But—since Aegyptus had decreed  
His sons should wed his brother's seed—  
Ourselves we tore from bonds abhorred,  
From wedlock not of heart but hand  
Nor brooked to call a kinsman lord!

And Danaus, our sire and guide,  
The king of counsel, pond ring well  
The dice of fortune as they fell,  
Out of two griefs the kinder chose,  
And bade us fly, with him beside,  
Heedless what winds or waves arose,  
And o'er the wide sea waters haste,  
Until to Argos' shore at last  
Our wandering pinnace came—

Argos, the immemorial home  
 Of her from whom we boast to come—  
 Io, the ox-horned maiden, whom,  
 After long wandering, woe, and scathe,  
 Zeus with a touch, a mystic breath,  
     Made mother of our name  
 Therefore, of all the lands of earth,  
 On this most gladly step we forth,  
 And in our hands aloft we bear—  
 Sole weapon for a suppliant's wear—  
 The olive-shoot, with wool enwound!  
     City and land, and waters wan  
 Of Inachus, and gods most high,  
 And ye who, deep beneath the ground,  
 Bring vengeance weird on mortal man,  
 Powers of the grave, on you we cry!  
 And unto Zeus the Saviour, guard  
 Of mortals' holy purity!  
 Receive ye us—keep watch and ward  
 Above the suppliant maiden band!  
 Chaste be the heart of this your land  
 Towards the weak! but, ere the throng,  
 The wanton swarm, from Egypt sprung,  
 Leap forth upon the silted shore,  
 Thrust back their swift-rowed bark again,  
 Repel them, urge them to the main!  
 And there, 'mid storm and lightning's shine  
 And scudding drift and thunder's roar,  
 Deep death be theirs, in stormy brine!  
 Before they foully grasp and win  
 Us, maiden-children of their kin,  
 And climb the couch by law denied,  
 And wrong each weak reluctant bride

*strophe* 1

    And now on her I call,  
 Mine ancestress, who far on Egypt's shore  
     A young cow's semblance wore,—  
 A maiden once, by Hera's malice changed!  
     And then on him withal,  
 Who, as amid the flowers the grazing creature ranged,  
 Was in her by a breath of Zeus conceived,  
     And, as the hour of birth drew nigh,

By fate fulfilled, unto the light he came,—  
 And Epaphus for name,  
 Born from the touch of Zeus, the child received

*antistrophe 1*

On him, on him I cry,  
 And him for patron hold—  
 While in this grassy vale I stand,  
 Where Io roamed of old'  
 And here, recounting all her toil and pain,  
 Signs will I show to those who rule the land  
 That I am child of hers, and all shall understand,  
 Hearing the doubtful tale of the dim past made plain

*strophe 2*

And, ere the end shall be,  
 Each man the truth of what I tell shall see  
 And if there dwell hard by  
 One skilled to read from bird-notes augury,  
 That man, when through his ears shall thrill our tearful wail,  
 Shall deem he hears the voice, the plaintive tale  
 Of her, the piteous spouse of Tereus, lord of guile—  
 Whom the hawk harries yet, the mourning nightingale

*antistrophe 2*

She, from her happy home and fair streams scared away,  
 Wails wild and sad for haunts beloved erewhile  
 Yea, and for Itylus—ah, well-a-day'  
 Slain by her own, his mother's hand,  
 Maddened by lustful wrong, the deed by Tereus planned'

*strophe 3*

Like her I wail and wail, in soft Ionian tones,  
 And as she wastes, even so  
 Wastes my soft cheek, once ripe with Nilus' suns,  
 And all my heart dissolves in utter woe  
 Sad flowers of grief I cull,  
 Fleeting from kinsmen's love unmerciful—  
 Yea, from the clutching hands, the wanton crowd,  
 I sped across the waves, from Egypt's land of cloud

*antistrophe 3*

Gods of the ancient cradle of my race,  
 Hear me, just gods! With righteous grace  
 On me, on me look down!



Grant not to youth its heart's unchaste desire,  
 But, swiftly spurning lust's unholy fire,  
     Bless only love and willing wedlock's crown!  
 The war-worn fliers from the battle's wrack  
 Find refuge at the hallowed altar-side,  
     The sanctuary divine,—  
 Ye gods! such refuge unto me provide—  
     Such sanctuary be mine!

*strophe 4*

Though the deep will of Zeus be hard to track,  
     Yet doth it flame and glance,  
 A beacon in the dark, 'mid clouds of chance,  
     That wrap mankind

*antistrophe 4*

Yea, though the counsel fall, undone it shall not lie,  
 Whatever be shaped and fixed within Zeus' ruling mind—  
 Dark as a solemn grove, with sombre leafage shaded,  
     His paths of purpose wind,  
     A marvel to man's eye

*strophe 5*

Smitten by him, from towering hopes degraded,  
     Mortals lie low and still  
 Tireless and effortless, works forth its will  
     The arm divine!  
 God from His holy seat, in calm of unarmed power,  
 Brings forth the deed, at its appointed hour!

*antistrophe 5*

Let Him look down on mortal wantonness!  
 Lo! how the youthful stock of Belus' line  
     Craves for me, uncontrolled—  
     With greed and madness bold—  
 Urged on by passion's shunless stress—  
 And, cheated, learns too late the prey has 'scaped their hold!

*strophe 6*

Ah, listen, listen to my grievous tale,  
 My sorrow's words, my shrill and tearful cries!  
     Ah woe, ah woe!  
 Loud with lament the accents rise,  
 And from my living lips my own sad dirges flow!

*refrain* 1

O Apian land of hill and dale,  
 Thou kennest yet, O land, this faltered foreign wail—  
 Have mercy, hear my prayer!  
 Lo, how again, again, I rend and tear  
 My woven raiment, and from off my hair  
 Cast the Sidonian veil!

*antistrophe* 6

Ah, but if fortune smile, if death be driven away,  
 Vowed rites, with eager haste, we to the gods will pay!  
 Alas, alas again!  
 O whither drift the waves? and who shall loose the pain?

*refrain* 1

O Apian land of hill and dale,  
 Thou kennest yet, O land, this faltered foreign wail!  
 Have mercy, hear my prayer!  
 Lo, how again, again, I rend and tear  
 My woven raiment, and from off my hair  
 Cast the Sidonian veil!

*strophe* 7

The wafting oar, the bark with woven sail,  
 From which the sea foamed back,  
 Sped me, unharmed of storms, along the breeze's track—  
 Be it unblamed of me!  
 But ah, the end, the end of my emprise!  
 May He, the Father with all-seeing eyes,  
 Grant me that end to see!

*refrain* 2

Grant that henceforth unstained as heretofore  
 I may escape the forced embrace  
 Of those proud children of the race  
 That sacred Io bore

*antistrophe* 7

And thou, O maiden-goddess chaste and pure—  
 Queen of the inner fane,—  
 Look of thy grace on me, O Artemis,  
 Thy willing suppliant—thine, thine it is,  
 Who from the lustful onslaught fled secure,  
 To grant that I too without stain  
 The shelter of thy purity may gain!

*refrain 2*

Grant that henceforth unstained as heretofore  
 I may escape the forced embrace  
 Of those proud children of the race  
 That sacred Io bore!

*strophe 8*

Yet if this may not be,  
 We, the dark race sun-smitten, we  
 Will speed with suppliant wands  
 To Zeus who rules below, with hospitable hands  
 Who welcomes all the dead from all the lands  
 Yea, by our own hands strangled, we will go,  
 Spurned by Olympian gods, unto the gods below!

*refrain 3*

Zeus, hear and save!  
 The searching, poisonous hate, that Io vexed and drave,  
 Was of a goddess well I know  
 The bitter ire, the wrathful woe  
 Of Hera, queen of heaven—  
 A storm, a storm her breath, whereby we yet are driven!

*antistrophe 8*

Bethink thee, what dispraise  
 Of Zeus himself mankind will raise,  
 If now he turn his face averted from our cries!  
 If now, dishonoured and alone,  
 The ox-horned maiden's race shall be undone,  
 Children of Epaphus, his own begotten son—  
 Zeus, listen from on high!—to thee our prayers arise

*refrain 3*

Zeus, hear and save!  
 The searching poisonous hate, that Io vexed and drave,  
 Was of a goddess well I know  
 The bitter ire, the wrathful woe  
 Of Hera, queen of heaven—  
 A storm, a storm her breath, whereby we yet are driven!

(*After the CHORUS has finished its song and dance, DANAUS  
 comes forward*)

## DANAUS

Children, be wary—wary he with whom  
 Ye come, your trusty sire and steersman old  
 And that same caution hold I here on land,  
 And bid you hoard my words, inscribing them  
 On memory's tablets Lo, I see afar  
 Dust, voiceless herald of a host, arise,  
 And bark, within their griding sockets ring  
 Axles of hurrying wheels! I see approach,  
 Borne in curved cars, by speeding horses drawn,  
 A speared and shielded band The chiefs, perchance,  
 Of this their land are hitherward intent  
 To look on us, of whom they yet have heard  
 By messengers alone But come who may,  
 And come he peaceful or in ravening wrath  
 Spurred on his path, 'twere best, in any case,  
 Damsels, to cling unto this altar-mound  
 Made sacred to their gods of festival,—  
 A shrine is stronger than a tower to save,  
 A shield that none may cleave Step swift thereto,  
 And in your left hands hold with reverence  
 The white-crowned wands of supplicance, the sign  
 Beloved of Zeus, compassion's lord, and speak  
 To those that question you, words meek and low  
 And piteous, as beseems your stranger state,  
 Clearly avowing of this flight of yours  
 The bloodless cause, and on your utterance  
 See to it well that modesty attend,  
 From downcast eyes, from brows of pure control  
 Let chastity look forth, nor, when ye speak,  
 Be voluble nor eager—they that dwell  
 Within this land are sternly swift to chide  
 And be your words submissive heed this well  
 For weak ye are outcasts on stranger lands,  
 And froward talk beseems not strengthless hands

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O father, warily to us aware  
 Thy words are spoken, and thy wisdom'shest  
 My mind shall hoard, with Zeus our sire to aid

## DANAUS

Even so—with gracious aspect let him aid

LEADER

Fain were I now to seat me by thy side.

DANAUS

Now dally not, but put our thought in act

LEADER

Zeus, pity our distress, or e'er we die

DANAUS

If so he will, your toils to joy will turn

LEADER

Lo, on this shrine, the semblance of a bird

DANAUS

Zeus bird of dawn it is, invoke the sign

LEADER

Thus I invoke the saving rays of morn

DANAUS

Next, bright Apollo, exiled once from heaven

LEADER

The exiled god will pity our exile

DANAUS

Yea, may he pity, giving grace and aid

LEADER

Whom next invoke I, of these other gods?

DANAUS

Lo, here a trident, symbol of a god

LEADER

Who gave sea-safety, may he bless on land!

DANAUS

This next is Hermes, carved in Grecian wise

LEADER

Then let him herald help to freedom won

DANAUS

Lastly, adore this altar consecrate  
To many lesser gods in one, then crouch

On holy ground, a flock of doves that flee,  
 Scared by no alien hawks, a kin not kind,  
 Hateful, and fain of love more hateful still  
 Foul is the bird that rends another bird,  
 And foul the men who hale unwilling maids,  
 From sire unwilling, to the bridal bed  
 Never on earth, nor in the lower world,  
 Shall lewdness such as theirs escape the ban  
 There too, if men say right, a God there is  
 Who upon dead men turns their sin to doom,  
 To final doom Take heed, draw hitherward,  
 That from this hap your safety ye may win  
 (*THE KING OF ARGOS enters, followed by his attendants and  
 soldiers*)

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Speak—of what land are ye? No Grecian band  
 Is this to whom I speak, with Eastern robes  
 And wrappings richly dight no Argive maid,  
 No woman in all Greece such garb doth wear  
 This too gives marvel, how unto this land,  
 Unheralded, unfriended, without guide  
 And without fear, ye came? yet wands I see,  
 True sign of supplicance, by you laid down  
 On shrines of these our gods of festival  
 No land but Greece can rede such signs aright  
 Much else there is, conjecture well might guess,  
 But let words teach the man who stands to hear

## LADDER

True is the word thou spakest of my garb,  
 But speak I unto thee as citizen,  
 Or Hermes' wandbearer, or chieftain king?

## THE KING OF ARGOS

For that, take heart and answer without fear  
 I am Pelasgus, ruler of this land,  
 Child of Palaichthon, whom the earth brought forth,  
 And, rightly named from me, the race who reap  
 This country's harvests are Pelasgian called  
 And o'er the wide and westward-stretching land,  
 Through which the lucent wave of Strymon flows,  
 I rule, Perrhaebia's land my boundary is  
 Northward, and Pindus' further slopes, that watch

Paeonia, and Dodona's mountain ridge  
West, east, the limit of the washing seas  
Restrains my rule—the interspace is mine  
But this whereon we stand is Apian land,  
Styled so of old from the great healer's name,  
For Apis, coming from Naupactus' shore  
Beyond the strait, child of Apollo's self  
And like him seer and healer, cleansed this land  
From man-devouring monsters, whom the earth,  
Stained with pollution of old bloodshedding,  
Brought forth in malice, beasts of ravening jaws,  
A grisly throng of serpents manifold  
And healings of their hurt, by knife and charm,  
Apis devised, unblamed of Argive men,  
And in their prayers found honour, for reward  
—Lo, thou hast heard the tokens that I give  
Speak now thy race, and tell a forthright tale,  
In sooth, this people loves not many words

## LEADER

Short is my word and clear Of Argive race  
We come, from her, the ox-horned maiden who  
Erst bare the sacred child My word shall give  
Whate'er can stablish this my soothfast tale

## THE KING OF ARGOS

O stranger maids, I may not trust this word,  
That ye have share in this our Argive race  
No likeness of our country do ye bear,  
But semblance as of Libyan womankind  
Even such a stock by Nilus' banks might grow,  
Yea, and the Cyprian stamp, in female forms,  
Shows, to the life, what males impressed the same  
And, furthermore, of roving Indian maids  
Whose camping-grounds by Aethiopia lie,  
And camels burdened even as mules, and bearing  
Riders, as horses bear, mine ears have heard,  
And tales of flesh-devouring mateless maids  
Called Amazons to these, if bows ye bare,  
I must had deemed you like Speak further yet,  
That of your Argive birth the truth I learn

## LEADER

Here in this Argive land—so runs the tale—  
Io was priestess once of Hera's fane

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Yea, truth it is, and far this word prevails  
Is't said that Zeus with mortal mingled love?

## LEADER

Ay, and that Hera that embrace surmised

## THE KING OF ARGOS

How issued then this strife of those on high?

## LEADER

By Hera's will, a heifer she became

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Held Zeus aloof then from the horned beast?

## LEADER

'Tis said, he loved, in semblance of a bull

## THE KING OF ARGOS

And his stern consort, did she aught thereon?

## LEADER

One myriad-eyed she set, the heifer's guard

## THE KING OF ARGOS

How namest thou this herdsman many-eyed?

## LEADER

Argus, the child of Earth, whom Hermes slew

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Still did the goddess vex the beast ill-starred?

## LEADER

She wrought a gadfly with a goading sting

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Thus drove she Io hence, to roam afar?

## LEADER

Yea—this thy word coheres exact with mine



## THE KING OF ARGOS

Then to Canopus and to Memphis came she?

## LEADER

And by Zeus' hand was touched, and bare a child

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Who vaunts him the Zeus-mated creature's son?

## LEADER

Epaphus, named rightly from the saving touch

## THE KING OF ARGOS

And whom in turn did Epaphus beget?

## LEADER

Libya, with name of a wide land endowed

## THE KING OF ARGOS

And who from her was born unto the race?

## LEADER

Belus from him two sons, my father one

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Speak now to me his name, this greybeard wise

## LEADER

Danaus, his brother fifty sons begat

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Grudge not, in telling, his name too to tell

## LEADER

Aegyptus thou my lineage old hast heard—  
Strive then to aid a kindred Argive band

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Yea of a truth, in backward scope of time,  
Of Argive race ye seem but say what chance  
Fell on you, goading you from home and land?

## LEADER

Lord of Pelasgian men, calamity  
Is manifold and diverse, as of birds  
Feather from feather differs, so of men  
The woes are sundry Who had dared foretell

That this our sudden flight, this hate and fear  
Of loathly wedlock, would on Argos' shore  
Set forth a race of kindred lineage?

THE KING OF ARGOS

What crave ye of these gods of festival,  
Holding up newly-plucked white-tufted boughs?

LEADER

Ne'er to be slaves unto Aegyptus' race

THE KING OF ARGOS

Doth your own hate, or doth the law forbid?

LEADER

Not as our lords, but as unloved, we chide them

THE KING OF ARGOS

'Tis from such wedlock that advancement comes

LEADER

How easy is it, from the weak to turn!

THE KING OF ARGOS

How then toward you can I be conscience-clear?

LEADER

Deny us though Aegyptus' race demand

THE KING OF ARGOS

A heavy task thou namest, a rash war

LEADER

But Justice champions them who strike for her

THE KING OF ARGOS

Yea, if their side was from the outset hers

LEADER

Revere the gods thus crowned, who steer the State

THE KING OF ARGOS

Awe thrills me, seeing these shrines with leafage crowned

(*The whole CHORUS now sings its responses to the KING*)

## CHORUS

*strophe 1*

Yea, stern the wrath of Zeus, the suppliants' lord  
 Child of Palaichthon, royal chief  
 Of thy Pelasgians, hear!  
 Bow down thine heart to my relief—  
 A fugitive, a suppliant, swift with fear,  
 A creature whom the wild wolves chase  
 O'er toppling crags, in piteous case  
 Aloud, afar she lows,  
 Calling the herdsman's trusty arm to save her from her foes!

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Lo, with bowed heads beside our city shrines  
 Ye sit 'neath shade of new-plucked olive-boughs  
 Our distant kin's resentment Heaven forefend!  
 Let not this hap, un hoped and unforeseen,  
 Bring war on us for strife we covet not

## CHORUS

*antistrophe 1*

Justice, the daughter of right-dealing Zeus,  
 Justice, the queen of suppliants, look down,  
 That this our plight no ill may loose  
 Upon your town!  
 This word, even from the young, let age and wisdom learn  
 If thou to suppliants show grace,  
 Thou shalt not lack Heaven's grace in turn,  
 So long as virtue's gifts on heavenly shrines have place

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Not at my private hearth ye sit and sue,  
 And if the city bear a common stain,  
 Be it the common toil to cleanse the same  
 Therefore no pledge, no promise will I give,  
 Ere counsel with the commonwealth be held!

## CHORUS

*strophe 2*

Nay, but the source of sway, the city's self, art thou,  
 A power unjudged! thine, only thine,  
 To rule the right of hearth and shrine!  
 Before thy throne and sceptre all men bow!  
 Thou, in all causes lord, beware the curse divine!

## THE KING OF ARGOS

May that curse fall upon mine enemies!  
 I cannot aid you without risk of scathe,  
 Nor scorn your prayers—unmerciful it were  
 Perplexed, distraught I stand, and fear alike  
 The twofold chance, to do or not to do

## CHORUS

*antistrophe 2*

Have heed of him who looketh from on high,  
 The guard of woeful mortals, whosoe'er  
 Unto their fellows cry,  
 And find no pity, find no justice there  
 Abiding in his wrath, the suppliants' lord  
 Doth smite, unmoved by cries, unbent by prayerful word

## THE KING OF ARGOS

But if Aegyptus' children grasp you here,  
 Claiming their country's right, to hold you theirs  
 As next of kin, who dares to counter this?  
 Plead ye your country's laws, if plead ye may,  
 That upon you they lay no lawful hand

## CHORUS

*strophe 3*

Let me not fall, O nevermore  
 A prey into the young men's hand,  
 Rather than wed whom I abhor,  
 By pilot-stars I flee this land,  
 O king, take justice to thy side,  
 And with the righteous powers decide!

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Hard is the cause—make me not judge thereof  
 Already I have vowed it, to do nought  
 Save after counsel with my people ta'en,  
 King though I be, that ne'er in after time,  
 If ill fate chance, my people then may say—  
*In aid of strangers thou the State hast slain*

## CHORUS

*antistrophe 3*

Zeus, lord of kinship, rules at will  
 The swaying balance, and surveys  
 Evil and good, to men of ill

Gives evil, and to good men praise  
And thou—since true those scales do sway—  
Shalt thou from justice shrink away?

THE KING OF ARGOS

A deep, a saving counsel here there needs—  
An eye that like a diver to the depth  
Of dark perplexity can pass and see,  
Undizzied, unconfused First must we care  
That to the State and to ourselves this thing  
Shall bring no ruin, next, that wrangling hands  
Shall grasp you not as prey, nor we ourselves  
Betray you thus embracing sacred shrines,  
Nor make the avenging all-destroying god,  
Who not in hell itself sets dead men free,  
A grievous inmate, an abiding bane  
—Spake I not right, of saving counsel's need?

CHORUS

*strophe* 4

Yea, counsel take and stand to aid  
At Justice' side and mine  
Betray not me, the timorous maid  
Whom far beyond the brine  
A godless violence cast forth forlorn

*antistrophe* 4

O King, wilt thou behold—  
Lord of this land, wilt thou behold me torn  
From altars manifold?  
Bethink thee of the young men's wrath and lust,  
Hold off their evil pride,

*strophe* 5

Steel not thyself to see the suppliant thrust  
From hallowed statues' side,  
Haled by the frontlet on my forehead bound,  
As steeds are led, and drawn  
By hands that drag from shrine and altar-mound  
My vesture's fringed lawn

*antistrophe* 5

Know thou that whether for Aegyptus' race  
Thou dost their wish fulfil,  
Or for the gods and for each holy place—

Be thy choice good or ill,  
 Blow is with blow requited, grace with grace  
 Such is Zeus' righteous will

THE KING OF ARGOS

Yea, I have pondered from the sea of doubt  
 Here drives at length the bark of thought ashore,  
 Landward with screw and windlass haled, and firm,  
 Clamped to her props, she lies The need is stern,  
 With men or gods a mighty strife we strive  
 Perforce, and either hap in grief concludes  
 For, if a house be sacked new wealth for old  
 Not hard it is to win—if Zeus the lord  
 Of treasure favour—more than quits the loss,  
 Enough to pile the store of wealth full high,  
 Or if a tongue shoot forth untimely speech,  
 Bitter and strong to goad a man to wrath,  
 Soft words there be to soothe that wrath away  
 But what device shall make the war of kin  
 Bloodless? that woe, the blood of many beasts,  
 And victims manifold to many gods,  
 Alone can cure Right glad I were to shun  
 This strife, and am more fain of ignorance  
 Than of the wisdom of a woe endured  
 The gods send better than my soul foretells!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Of many cries for mercy, hear the end

THE KING OF ARGOS

Say on, then, for it shall not 'scape mine ear

LEADER

Girdles we have, and bands that bind our robes

THE KING OF ARGOS

Even so, such things beseeem a woman's wear

LEADER

Know, then, with these a fair device there is—

THE KING OF ARGOS

Speak, then what utterance doth this foretell?

LEADER

Unless to us thou givest pledge secure—

THE KING OF ARGOS

What can thy girdles' craft achieve for thee?

LEADER

Strange votive tablets shall these statues deck

THE KING OF ARGOS

Mysterious thy resolve—avow it clear

LEADER

Swiftly to hang me on these sculptured gods!

THE KING OF ARGOS

Thy word is as a lash to urge my heart

LEADER

Thou seest truth, for I have cleared thine eyes

THE KING OF ARGOS

Yea, and woes manifold, invincible,  
A crowd of ills, sweep on me torrent-like  
My bark goes forth upon a sea of troubles  
Unfathomed, ill to traverse, harbourless  
For if my deed shall match not your demand,  
Dire, beyond shot of speech, shall be the bane  
Your death's pollution leaves unto this land  
Yet if against your kin, Aegyptus' race,  
Before our gates I front the doom of war,  
Will not the city's loss be sore? Shall men  
For women's sake incarnadine the ground?  
But yet the wrath of Zeus, the suppliants' lord,  
I needs must fear most awful unto man  
The terror of his anger Thou, old man,  
The father of these maidens, gather up  
Within your arms these wands of supppliance,  
And lay them at the altars manifold  
Of all our country's gods, that all the town  
Know, by this sign, that ye come here to sue  
Nor, in thy haste, do thou say aught of me  
Swift is this folk to censure those who rule,  
But, if they see these signs of supppliance,  
It well may chance that each will pity you,  
And loathe the young men's violent pursuit,  
And thus a fairer favour you may find  
For, to the helpless, each man's heart is kind

## DANAUS

To us, beyond gifts manifold it is  
 To find a champion thus compassionate,  
 Yet send with me attendants, of thy folk,  
 Rightly to guide me, that I duly find  
 Each altar of your city's gods that stands  
 Before the fane, each dedicated shrine,  
 And that in safety through the city's ways  
 I may pass onwards all unlike to yours  
 The outward semblance that I wear—the race  
 That Nilus rears is all dissimilar  
 To that of Inachus Keep watch and ward  
 Lest heedlessness bring death full oft, I ween,  
 Friend hath slain friend, not knowing whom he slew

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Go at his side, attendants,—he saith well  
 On to the city's consecrated shrines!  
 Nor be of many words to those ye meet,  
 The while this suppliant voyager ye lead  
 (*DANAUS departs with attendants*)

## LEADER

Let him go forward, thy command obeying  
 But me how biddest, how assurest thou?

## THE KING OF ARCOS

Leave there the new-plucked boughs, thy sorrow's sign

## LEADER

Thus beckoned forth, at thy behest I leave them

## THE KING OF ARCOS

Now to this level precinct turn thyself

## LEADER

Unconsecrate it is, and cannot shield me

## THE KING OF ARCOS

We will not yield thee to those falcons' greed

## LEADER

What help? more fierce they are than serpents fell

## THE KING OF ARCOS

We spake thee fair—speak thou them fair in turn



## LEADER

What marvel that we loathe them, scared in soul?

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Awe towards a king should other fears transcend

## LEADER

Thus speak, thus act, and reassure my mind

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Not long thy sire shall leave thee desolate  
 But I will call the country's indwellers,  
 And with soft words th' assembly will persuade,  
 And warn your sire what pleadings will avail  
 Therefore abide ye, and with prayer entreat  
 The country's gods to compass your desire,  
 The while I go, this matter to provide,  
 Persuasion and fair fortune at my side  
 (*The KING OF ARGOS departs with his retinue The CHORUS joins  
 to sing its prayer to Zeus*)

## CHORUS

*strophe* 1

O King of Kings, among the blest  
 Thou highest and thou happiest,  
     Listen and grant our prayer,  
 And, deeply loathing, thrust  
 Away from us the young men's lust,  
     And deeply drown  
 In azure waters, down and ever down,  
 Benches and rowers dark,  
 The fatal and perfidious bark!

*antistrophe* 1

Unto the maidens turn thy gracious care,  
 Think yet again upon the tale of fame,  
 How from the maiden loved of thee there sprung  
 Mine ancient line, long since in many a legend sung!  
     Remember, O remember, thou whose hand  
 Did Io by a touch to human shape reclaim  
 For from this Argos erst our mother came  
     Driven hence to Egypt's land,  
 Yet sprung of Zeus we were, and hence our birth we claim

*strophe 2*

And now have I roamed back  
 Unto the ancient track  
 Where Io roamed and pastured among flowers,  
 Watched o'er by Argus' eyes,  
 Through the lush grasses and the meadow bowers  
 Thence, by the gadfly maddened, forth she flies  
 Unto far lands and alien peoples driven  
 And, following fate, through paths of foam and surge,  
 Sees, as she goes, the cleaving strait divide  
 Greece, from the Eastland riven

*antistrophe 2*

And swift through Asian borders doth she urge  
 Her course, o'er Phrygian mountains' sheep-clipt side,  
 Thence, where the Mysian realm of Teuthras lies,  
 Towards Lydian lowlands hies,  
 And o'er Cilician and Pamphylian hills  
 And ever-flowing rills,  
 And thence to Aphrodite's fertile shore,  
 The land of garnered wheat and wealthy store

*strophe 3*

And thence, deep-stung by wild unrest,  
 By the winged fly that goaded her and drive,  
 Unto the fertile land, the god-possessed  
 (Where, fed from far-off snows,  
 Life-giving Nilus flows,  
 Urged on by Typho's strength, a fertilizing wave).  
 She roves, in harassed and dishonoured flight,  
 Scathed by the blasting pangs of Hera's dread despite

*antistrophe 3*

And they within the land  
 With terror shook and wanned,  
 So strange the sight they saw, and were afraid—  
 A wild twy-natured thing, half heifer and half maid

Whose hand was laid at last on Io, thus forlorn,  
 With many roamings worn?  
 Who bade the harassed maiden's peace return?

*strophe 4*

Zeus, lord of time eterne  
 Yea, by his breath divine, by his unscathing strength,

She lays aside her bane,  
 And softened back to womanhood at length  
 Sheds human tears again  
 Then, quickened with Zeus' veritable seed,  
 A progeny she bare,  
 A stainless babe a chuld of heavenly breed

*antistrophe 4*

*Of life and fortune fair  
 His is the life of life—so all men say,—  
 His is the seed of Zeus  
 Who else had power stern Hera's craft to stay,  
 Her vengeful curse to loose?*

Yea, all from Zeus befel!  
 And rightly wouldst thou tell  
 That we from Epaphus, his child, were born  
 Justly his deed was done,

*strophe 5*

Unto what other one,  
 Of all the gods, should I for justice turn?  
 From him our race did spring,  
 Creator he and King,  
 Ancient of days and wisdom he, and might  
 As bark before the wind,  
 So, wafted by his mind,  
 Moves every counsel, each device aright

*antistrophe 5*

Beneath no stronger hand  
 Holds he a weak command  
 No throne doth he abase him to adore,  
 Swift as a word, his deed  
 Acts out what stands decreed  
 In counsels of his heart, for evermore  
 (DANAUS *re-enters*)

DANAUS

Take heart, my children the land's heart is kind,  
 And to full issue has their voting come

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

All hail, my sire, thy word brings utmost joy  
 Say, to what issue is the vote made sure,  
 And how prevailed the people's crowding hands?

## DANAUS

With one assent the Argives spake their will,  
 And, hearing, my old heart took youthful cheer  
 The very sky was thrilled when high in air  
 The concourse raised right hands and swore their oath —  
*Free shall the maidens sojourn in this land  
 Unharried, undespoiled by mortal wight  
 No native hand, no hand of foreigner  
 Shall drag them hence, if any man use force—  
 Whoe'er of all our countrymen shall fail  
 To come unto their aid, let him go forth,  
 Beneath the people's curse, to banishment*  
 So did the king of this Pelasgian folk  
 Plead on behalf of us, and bade them heed  
 That never, in the after-time, this realm  
 Should feed to fulness the great enmity  
 Of Zeus, the suppliants' guard, against itself!  
 A twofold curse, for wronging stranger-guests  
 Who are akin withal, confrontingly  
 Should rise before this city and be shown  
 A ruthless monster, fed on human doom  
 Such things the Argive people heard, and straight,  
 Without proclaim of herald, gave assent  
 Yea, in full conclave, the Pelasgian folk  
 Heard suasive pleas, and Zeus through them resolved  
 (*The CHORUS now sings a prayer of thankfulness*)

## CHORUS

Arouse we now to chant our prayer  
 For fair return of service fair  
     And Argos' kindly will  
 Zeus, lord of guestright, look upon  
 The grace our stranger lips have won  
 In right and truth, as they begun,  
 Guide them, with favouring hand, until  
 Thou dost their blameless wish fulfil!

*strophe 1*

Now may the Zeus-born gods on high  
     Hear us pour forth  
 A votive prayer for Argos' clan!—  
 Never may this Pelasgian earth,  
 Amid the fire-wrack, shrill the dismal cry

On Ares, ravening lord of fight,  
 Who in an alien harvest mows down man!  
 For lo, this land had pity on our plight,  
 And unto us were merciful and leal,  
 To us, the piteous flock, who at Zeus' altar kneel!

*antistrophe 1*

They scorned not the pleas of maidenhood,  
 Nor with the young men's will hath their will stood  
 They knew right well  
 Th' unearthly watching fiend invincible,  
 The foul avenger—let him not draw near!  
 For he, on roofs ill-starred,  
 Defiling and polluting, keeps a ghastly ward!  
 They knew his vengeance, and took holy heed  
 To us, the sister suppliants, who cry  
 To Zeus, the lord of purity  
 Therefore with altars pure they shall the gods revere  
 Thus, through the boughs that shade our lips, fly forth in air,

*strophe 2*

Fly forth, O eager prayer!  
 May never pestilence efface  
 This city's race,  
 Nor be the land with corpses strewed,  
 Nor stained with civic blood!  
 The stem of youth, unplucked, to manhood come,  
 Nor Ares rise from Aphrodite's bower,  
 The lord of death and bane, to waste our youthful flower

*antistrophe 2*

Long may the old  
 Crowd to the altars kindled to consume  
 Gifts rich and manifold—  
 Offered to win from powers divine  
 A benison on city and on shrine  
 Let all the sacred might adore  
 Of Zeus most high, the lord  
 Of guestright and the hospitable board,  
 Whose immemorial law doth rule Fate's scales aright  
 The garnerers of earth's store  
 Be full for evermore,  
 And grace of Artemis make women's travail light,

*strophe 3*

No devastating curse of fell disease  
 This city seize,  
 No clamour of the State arouse to war  
 Ares, from whom afar  
 Shrinketh the lute, by whom the dances fall—  
 Ares, the lord of wail  
 Swarm far aloof from Argos' citizens  
 All plague and pestilence,  
 And may the Archer-God our children spare!

*antistrophe 3*

May Zeus with foison and with fruitfulness  
 The land's each season bless,  
 And, quickened with Heaven's bounty manifold,  
 Teem grazing flock and fold  
 Beside the altars of Heaven's hallowing  
 Loud let the minstrels sing,  
 And from pure lips float forth the harp-led strain in air!

*strophe 4*

And let the people's voice, the power  
 That sways the State, in danger's hour  
 Be wary, wise for all,  
 Nor honour in dishonour hold,  
 But—ere the voice of war be bold—  
 Let them to stranger peoples grant  
 Fair and unbloody covenant—  
 Justice and peace withal,

*antistrophe 4*

And to the Argive powers divine  
 The sacrifice of laurelled kine,  
 By rite ancestral, pay  
 Among three words of power and awe,  
 Stands this, the third, the mighty law—  
*Your gods, your fathers deified,*  
*Ye shall adore* Let this abide  
 For ever and for aye

## DANAUS

Dear children, well and wisely have ye prayed,  
 I bid you now not shudder, though ye hear  
 New and alarming tidings from your sire  
 From this high place beside the suppliants' shrine

The bark of our pursuers I behold,  
 By divers tokens recognized too well  
 Lo, the spread canvas and the hides that screen  
 The gunwale, lo, the prow, with painted eyes  
 That seem her onward pathway to descry,  
 Heeding too well the rudder at the stern  
 That rules her, coming for no friendly end  
 And look, the seamen—all too plain their race—  
 Their dark limbs gleam from out their snow-white garb,  
 Plain too the other barks, a fleet that comes  
 All swift to aid the purpose of the first,  
 That now, with furled sail and with pulse of oars  
 Which smite the wave together, comes aland  
 But ye, be calm, and, schooled not scared by fear,  
 Confront this chance, be mindful of your trust  
 In these protecting gods And I will hence,  
 And champions who shall plead your cause aright  
 Will bring unto your side There come perchance  
 Heralds or envoys, eager to lay hand  
 And drag you captive hence yet fear them not,  
 Foiled shall they be Yet well it were for you  
 (If ere with aid I come, I tarry long)  
 Not by one step this sanctuary to leave  
 Farewell, fear nought soon shall the hour be born  
 When he that scorns the gods shall rue his scorn

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Ah, but I shudder, father!—ah, even now,  
 Even as I speak, the swift-winged ships draw nigh!

*strophic* 1

I shudder, I shiver, I perish with fear  
 Overseas though I fled,  
 Yet nought it avails, my pursuers are near!

DANAUS

Children, take heart, they who decreed to aid  
 Thy cause will arm for battle, well I ween

CHORUS

But desperate is Aegyptus' ravening race,  
 With fight unsated, thou too know'st it well

*antistrophe 1*

In their wrath they o'ertake us, the prow is deep-dark

In the which they have sped,

And dark is the bench and the crew of the bark!

## DANAUS

Yea but a crew as stout they here shall find,

And arms well steeled beneath a noon-day sun

## CHORUS

Ah yet, O father, leave us not forlorn!

Alone, a maid is nought, a strengthless arm

*strophe 2*

With guile they pursue me, with counsel malign,

And unholy their soul,

And as ravens they seize me, unheeding the shrine!

## DANAUS

Fair will befall us, children, in this chance,

If thus in wrath they wrong the gods and you

## CHORUS

Alas, nor tridents nor the sanctity

Of shrines will drive them, O my sire, from us!

*antistrophe 2*

Unholy and daring and cursed is their ire,

Nor own they control

Of the gods, but like jackals they glut their desire!

## DANAUS

Ay, but *Come wolf, flee jackal*, saith the saw,

Nor can the flax-plant overbear the corn

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Lustful, accursed, monstrous is their will

As of beasts ravening—'ware we of their power!

## DANAUS

Look you, not swiftly puts a fleet to sea,

Nor swiftly to its moorings, long it is

Or e'er the saving cables to the shore

Are borne, and long or e'er the steersmen cry,

*The good ship swings at anchor—all is well*

Longest of all, the task to come a-land



Where haven there is none, when sunset fades  
 In night *To pilot wise*, the adage saith,  
*Night is a day of wakefulness and pain*  
 Therefore no force of weaponed men, as yet,  
 Scatheless can come ashore, before the bark  
 Lie at her anchorage securely moored  
 Bethink thee therefore, nor in panic leave  
 The shrine of gods whose succour thou hast won  
 I go for aid—men shall not blame me long,  
 Old, but with youth at heart and on my tongue  
 (*DANAUS departs as the CITHORUS sings in terror*)

## CHORUS

strophe 1

O land of hill and dale, O holy land,  
 What shall befall us? whither shall we flee,  
 From Apian land to some dark lair of earth?

O would that in vapour of smoke I might rise to the clouds of the sky,  
 That as dust which flits up without wings I might pass and vanish and  
 die!

antistrophe 1

I dare not, I dare not abide my heart vearns, eager to fly,  
 And dark is the cast of my thought, I shudder and tremble for fear  
 My father looked forth and beheld I die of the sight that draws near  
 And for me be the strangling cord, the halter made ready by Fate,  
 Before to my body draws nigh the man of my horror and hate  
 Nay, ere I will own him as lord, as handmaid to Hades I go!

strophe 2

And oh, that aloft in the sky, where the dark clouds are frozen to snow,  
 A refuge for me might be found, or a mountain-top smooth and too high  
 For the foot of the goat, where the vulture sits lonely, and none may  
 descry

The pinnacle veiled in the cloud, the highest and sheerest of all,  
 Ere to wedlock that rendeth my heart, and love that is loveless, I fall!

antistrophe 2

Yea, a prey to the dogs and the birds of the mount will I give me to be,—  
 From wailing and curse and pollution it is death, only death, sets me free  
 Let death come upon me before to the ravisher's bed I am thrust,  
 What champion, what saviour but death can I find, or what refuge from  
 lust?

*strophe* 3

I will utter my shriek of entreaty, a prayer that shrills up to the sky,  
 That calleth the gods to compassion, a tuneful, a pitiful cry,  
 That is loud to invoke the releaser O father, look down on the fight,  
 Look down in thy wrath on the wronger, with eyes that are eager for right  
 Zeus, thou that art lord of the world, whose kingdom is strong over all,  
 Have mercy on us! At thine altar for refuge and safety we call

*antistrophe* 3

For the race of Aegyptus is fierce, with greed and with malice afire,  
 They cry as the questing hounds, they sweep with the speed of desire  
 But thine is the balance of fate, thou rulest the wavering scale,  
 And without thee no mortal emprise shall have strength to achieve or  
 prevail

(*The CHORUS rushes to the altar during the final part of the song*)

Alack, alack! the ravisher—  
 He leaps from boat to beach, he draweth near!  
 Away, thou plunderer accurst!  
 Death seize thee first,  
 Or e'er thou touch me—off! God, hear our cry,  
 Our maiden agony!  
 Ah, ah, the touch, the prelude of my shame  
 Alas, my maiden fame!  
 O sister, sister, to the altar cling,  
 For he that seizeth me,  
 Grim is his wrath and stern, by land as on the sea  
 Guard us, O king!

(*The HERALD OF AEGYPTUS enters with attendants. The lines in the following scene between the HERALD and the CHORUS are sung and are accompanied by a frenzied symbolic dance*)

HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

Hence to my barge—step swiftly, fairer not

CHORUS

Alack, he rends—he rends my hair! O wound on wound!  
 Help! my lopped head will fall, my blood gush o'er the ground!

HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

Aboard, ye cursed—with a new curse, go!

## CHORUS

Would God that on the wand'ring brine  
 Thou and this braggart tongue of thine  
     Had sunk beneath the main—  
 Thy mast and planks, made fast in vain!  
 Thee would I drive aboard once more,  
 A slayer and a dastard, from the shore!

## HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

Be still, thou vain demented soul,  
 My force thy craving shall control  
 Away, aboard! What, clingest to the shrine?  
 Away! this city's gods I hold not for divine

## CHORUS

Aid me, ye gods, that never, never  
     I may again behold  
 The mighty, the life-giving river,  
 Nilus, the quickener of field and fold!  
 Alack, O sire, unto the shrine I cling—  
 Shrine of this land from which mine ancient line did spring!

## HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

Shrines, shrines, forsooth!—the ship, the ship be shrine!  
 Aboard, perforce and will-ye nill-ye, go!  
     Or e'er from hands of mine  
 Ye suffer torments worse and blow on blow

## CHORUS

Alack, God grant those hands may strive in vain  
     With the salt-streaming wave,  
 When 'gainst the wide-blown blasts thy bark shall strain  
 To round Sarpedon's cape, the sandbank's treach'rous grave

## HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

Shrill ye and shriek unto what gods ye may,  
 Ye shall not leap from out Aegyptus' bark,  
 How bitterly soe'er ye wail your woe

## CHORUS

Alack, alack my wrong!  
 Stern is thy voice, thy vaunting loud and strong  
 Thy sire, the mighty Nilus, drive thee hence,  
 Turning to death and doom thy greedy violence!

## HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

Swift to the vessel of the double prow,  
Go quickly! let none linger, else this hand  
Ruthless will hale you by your tresses hence

## CHORUS

Alack, O father! from the shrine  
Not aid but agony is mine  
As a spider he creeps and he clutches his prey,  
And he hales me away  
A spectre of darkness, of darkness Alas and alas! well-a-day!  
O Earth, O my mother! O Zeus, thou king of the earth, and her child!  
Turn back, we pray thee, from us his clamour and threatenings wild!

## HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

Peace! I fear not this country's deities  
They fostered not my childhood nor mine age

## CHORUS

Like a snake that is human he comes, he shudders and crawls to my side  
As an adder that biteth the foot, his clutch on my flesh doth abide  
O Earth, O my mother! O Zeus, thou king of the earth, and her child!  
Turn back, we pray thee, from us his clamour and threatenings wild!

## HERALD OF ALGYPUS

Swift each unto the ship repine no more,  
Or my hand shall not spare to rend your robe

## CHORUS

O chiefs, O leaders, aid me, or I yield!

## HERALD OF ALGYPUS

Peace! if ye have not ears to hear my words,  
Lo, by these tresses must I hale you hence

## CHORUS

Undone we are, O king! all hope is gone

## HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

Ay, kings enow ye shall behold anon,  
Aegyptus' sons—Ye shall not want for kings

*(The KING OF ARGOS enters with his retinue)*

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Sirrah, what dost thou? in what arrogance  
Darest thou thus insult Pelasgia's realm?

Deemest thou this a woman-hearted town?  
Thou art too full of thy barbarian scorn  
For us of Grecian blood, and, erring thus,  
Thou dost bewray thyself a fool in all!

HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

Say thou wherein my deeds transgress my right

THE KING OF ARGOS

First, that thou play'st a stranger's part amiss

HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

Wherein? I do but search and claim mine own

THE KING OF ARGOS

To whom of our guest-champions hast appealed?

HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

To Hermes, herald's champion, lord of search

THE KING OF ARGOS

Yea, to a god—yet dost thou wrong the gods!

HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

The gods that rule by Nilus I revere

THE KING OF ARGOS

Hear I aright? our Argive gods are nought?

HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

The prey is mine, unless force rend it from me

THE KING OF ARGOS

At thine own peril touch them—ware, and soon!

HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

I hear thy speech, no hospitable word

THE KING OF ARGOS

I am no host for sacrilegious hands

HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

I will go tell this to Aegyptus' sons

THE KING OF ARGOS

Tell it! my pride will ponder not thy word

## HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

Yet, that I have my message clear to say  
 (For it behoves that heralds' words be clear,  
 Be they or ill or good), how art thou named?  
 By whom despoiled of this sister-band  
 Of maidens pass I homeward?—speak and say!  
 For lo, henceforth in Ares' court we stand,  
 Who judges not by witness but by war  
 No pledge of silver now can bring the cause  
 To issue ere this thing end, there must be  
 Corpse piled on corpse and many lives gasped forth

## THE KING OF ARGOS

What skills it that I tell my name to thee?  
 Thou and thy mates shall learn it ere the end  
 Know that if words unstained by violence  
 Can change these maidens' choice, then mayest thou,  
 With full consent of theirs, conduct them hence  
 But thus the city with one voice ordained—  
*No force shall bear away the maiden band*  
 Firmly this word upon the temple wall  
 Is by a rivet clenched, and shall abide  
 Not upon wax inscribed and delible,  
 Nor upon parchment sealed and stored away —  
 Lo, thou hast heard our free mouths speak their will  
 Out from our presence—tarry not, but go!

## HERALD OF AEGYPTUS

Methinks we stand on some new edge of war  
 Be strength and triumph on the young men's side!

## THE KING OF ARGOS

Nay but here also shall ye find young men,  
 Unsodden with the juices oozed from grain

*(The HERALD OF AEGYPTUS and his followers withdraw)*

But ye, O maids, with your attendants true,  
 Pass hence with trust into the fenced town,  
 Ringed with a wide confine of guarding towers  
 Therein are many dwellings for such guests  
 As the State honours, there myself am housed  
 Within a palace neither scant nor strait  
 There dwell ye, if ye will to lodge at ease  
 In halls well-thronged yet, if your soul prefer,

Tarry secluded in a separate home  
 Choose ye and cull, from these our proffered gifts,  
 Whiche'er is best and sweetest to your will  
 And I and all these citizens whose vote  
 Stands thus decreed, will your protectors be  
 Look not to find elsewhere more loyal guard

CHORUS (*singing*)

O godlike chief, God grant my prayer  
*Fair blessings on thy proffers fair,*  
*Lord of Pelasgia's race!*  
 Yet, of thy grace, unto our side  
 Send thou the man of courage tried,  
 Of counsel deep and prudent thought,—  
 Be Danaus to his children brought,  
 For his it is to guide us well  
 And warn where it behoves to dwell—  
 What place shall guard and shelter us  
 From malice and tongues slanderous  
 Swift always are the lips of blame  
 A stranger-maiden to defame—  
 But Fortune give us grace!

THE KING OF ARGOS

A stainless fame, a welcome kind  
 From all this people shall ye find  
 Dwell therefore, damsels, loved of us,  
 Within our walls, as Danaus  
 Allots to each, in order due,  
 Her dower of attendants true  
 (*DANAUS re-enters A troop of soldiers accompanies him*)

DANAUS

High thanks, my children, unto Argos con,  
 And to this folk, as to Olympian gods,  
 Give offerings meet of sacrifice and wine,  
 For saviours are they in good sooth to you  
 From me they heard, and bitter was their wrath,  
 How those your kinsmen strove to work you wrong,  
 And how of us were thwarted then to me  
 This company of spearmen did they grant,  
 That honoured I might walk, nor unaware  
 Die by some secret thrust and on this land  
 Bring down the curse of death, that dieth not

Such boons they gave me it behoves me pay  
 A deeper reverence from a soul sincere  
 Ye, to the many words of wariness  
 Spoken by me your father, add this word,  
 That, tried by time, our unknown company  
 Be held for honest over-swift are tongues  
 To slander strangers, over-light is speech  
 To bring pollution on a stranger's name  
 Therefore I rede you, bring no shame on me  
 Now when man's eye beholds your maiden prime  
 } Lovely is beauty's ripening harvest-field,  
 But ill to guard, and men and beasts, I wot,  
 And birds and creeping things make prey of it  
 And when the fruit is ripe for love, the voice  
 Of Aphrodite bruteth it abroad,  
 The while she guards the yet unripened growth  
 , On the fair richness of a maiden's bloom  
 Each passer looks, o'ercome with strong desire,  
 With eyes that waft the wistful dart of love  
 Then be not such our hap, whose livelong toil  
 Did make our pinnace plough the mighty main  
 Nor bring we shame upon ourselves, and joy  
 Unto my foes Behold, a twofold home—  
 One of the kings and one the people's gift—  
 Unbought, 'tis yours to hold,—a gracious boon  
 Go—but remember ye your sire's behest,  
 , And hold your life less dear than chastity

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

The gods above grant that all else be well  
 But fear not thou, O sire, lest aught befall  
 Of ill unto our ripened maidenhood  
 So long as Heaven have no new ill devised,  
 From its chaste path my spirit shall not swerve  
 (*The members of the CHORUS divide into two groups, to sing the  
 final choral lyric responsively* <sup>4</sup>)

## SEMI-CHORUS

*strophe 1*

Pass and adore ye the Blessed, the gods of the city who dwell  
 Around Erasinus, the gush of the swift immemorial tide



## SEMI-CHORUS

Chant ye, O maidens, aloud let the praise of Pelasgia swell,  
Hymn we no longer the shores where Nilus to ocean doth glide

## SEMI-CHORUS

*antistrophe 1*

Sing we the bounteous streams that ripple and gush through the city,  
Quickening flow they and fertile, the soft new life of the plain

## SEMI-CHORUS

Artemis, maiden most pure, look on us with grace and with pity —  
Save us from forced embraces such love hath no crown but a pain

## SEMI-CHORUS

*strophe 2*

Yet not in scorn we chant, but in honour of Aphrodite,  
She truly and Hera alone have power with Zeus and control  
Holy the deeds of her rite, her craft is secret and mighty,  
And high is her honour on earth, and subtle her sway of the soul

## SEMI-CHORUS

Yea, and her child is Desire in the train of his mother he goeth—  
Yea and Persuasion soft-lipped, whom none can deny or repel  
Cometh Harmonia too, on whom Aphrodite bestoweth  
The whispering parley, the paths of the rapture that lovers love well

## SEMI-CHORUS

*antistrophe 2*

Ah, but I tremble and quake lest again they should sail to reclaim!  
Alas for the sorrow to come, the blood and the carnage of war  
Ah, by whose will was it done that o'er the wide ocean they came,  
Guided by favouring winds, and wafted by sail and by oar?

## SEMI-CHORUS

Peace! for what Fate hath ordained will surely not tarry but come,  
Wide is the counsel of Zeus, by no man escaped or withstood  
Only I pray that whate'er, in the end, of this wedlock be doom,  
We, as many a maiden of old, may win from the ill to the good

## SEMI-CHORUS

*strophe 3*

Great Zeus, this wedlock turn from me—  
Me from the kinsman bridegroom guard!

## SEMI-CHORUS

Come what come may, tis Fate's decree

## SEMI-CHORUS

Soft is thy word—the doom is hard

## SEMI-CHORUS

Thou know'st not what the Fates provide

## SEMI-CHORUS

*antistrophe 3*

How should I scan, Zeus' mighty will,  
The depth of counsel undescried?

## SEMI-CHORUS

Pray thou no word of omen ill

## SEMI-CHORUS

What timely warning wouldst thou teach?

## SEMI-CHORUS

Beware, nor slight the gods in speech

## SEMI-CHORUS

*strophe 4*

Zeus, hold from my body the wedlock detested, the bridegroom abhorred!

It was thou, it was thou didst release

Mine ancestress Io from sorrow thine healing it was that restored,

The touch of thine hand gave her peace

## SEMI-CHORUS

*antistrophe 4*

Be thy will for the cause of the maiden! of two ills, the lesser I pray—

The exile that leaveth me pure

May thy justice have heed to my cause, my prayers to thy mercy find way!

For the hands of thy saving are sure



## NOTES FOR THE SUPPLIANTS

THE Greek text of *The Suppliants* is notoriously corrupt. Readers may be referred to the original printing of Morshead's translation and to other texts and translations of the play for details in regard to the textual problems.

1 It is interesting to note the democratic ideas of government which are attributed to the King of Argos

2 The Greek text of the following lines is unusually uncertain

3 Editors differ considerably in their assignment of parts in this final choral passage



II  
THE PERSIANS

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

ATOSSA, *widow of Darius and mother of XERXES*

MESSFNGR

GHOST OF DARIUS

XERXES

CHORUS OF PERSIAN ELDERS, *who compose the  
Persian Council of State*

## INTRODUCTION

THE PERSIANS enjoys a unique position among the Greek tragedies which we now possess because it is the only play which deals with historical subject matter. It was presented at Athens in 472 B.C., eight years after the victory of the Greeks at Salamis, which it celebrates, and about twenty years after the composition of *The Suppliants*. Aeschylus has chosen for his setting Susa, the capital of the Persian Empire, at the time when news from the battle was being eagerly awaited. When word finally arrives, the poet conveys to the audience the magnitude of Athens' victory by studying how the Persians react to their overwhelming defeat. He presents first the abject despair of Dowager Queen Atossa, wife of the great Darius and mother of the present King, Xerxes, leader of the ill-starred expedition. The ghost of Darius returns, conjured up from the dead, to join in the lamentation, and finally, at the close of the play Xerxes himself appears, broken and desolate.

Aeschylus was faced with a difficult artistic task in dealing with this subject. He had to present a play which would redound to the greater glory of Athens and at the same time maintain itself upon a level appropriate to tragedy. Perhaps in no other place has he given better evidence of the power of his creative imagination than in this play. As has been pointed out,<sup>1</sup> by placing it at Susa, a spot remote in space, he gains a dignity for his piece which is usually brought about in tragedy by remoteness in time. Then further his praise of Athens is generally by indirection. He mentions none of the great Greeks connected with the battle, not even Themistocles, but at the same time he incorporates into his lines dozens of Persian proper names, whose very size and sound are effective for the poet's purpose. Or again, it seems to be more than simply a dramatic device when Atossa asks, in her speech on page 57, to be told where Athens is.

The play is perhaps most remarkable in that it does not exult over the defeated enemy. In fact, it rather builds up a profound and deep human sympathy for the conquered Persians. Aeschylus seems to have been able to lift himself above the limitations of time and space, and to have seen

<sup>1</sup> Cf. G. Norwood, *Greek Tragedy*, p. 88.



this historical event in its true perspective. Hence he can bring out the universal implications of the Persian catastrophe, and can point with telling effect to the fall of the great Xerxes who has been relentlessly pursued by the Nemesis which always attends *hybris*, great and overweening pride. The poet's capacity to universalize his subject derives ultimately from the breadth and depth of the theological thinking already manifested in *The Suppliants*. He was therefore able to view particular human situations from the vantage point of one who possessed deep-seated belief in the order and purpose of the universe.

## THE PERSIANS

(SCENE — *Before the Council-Hall of the Persian Kings at Susa. The tomb of Darius the Great is visible. The time is 480 B.C., shortly after the battle of Salamis. The play opens with the CHORUS OF PERSIAN ELDERS singing its first choral lyric.*)

### CHORUS

WHILE o'er the fields of Greece the embattled troops  
Of Persia march with delegated sway,  
We o'er their rich and gold-abounding seats  
Hold faithful our firm guard, to this high charge  
Xerxes, our royal lord, the imperial son  
Of great Darius, chose our honour'd age  
But for the king's return, and his arm'd host  
Blazing with gold, my soul presaging ill  
Swell in my tortured breast for all her force  
Hath Asia sent, and for her youth I sigh  
Nor messenger arrives, nor horseman spurs  
With tidings to this seat of Persia's kings  
The gates of Susa and Ecbatana  
Pour'd forth their martial trains and Cissia sees  
Her ancient towers forsaken, while her youth,  
Some on the bounding steed, the tall bark some  
Ascending, some with painful march on foot,  
Haste on, to arrange the deep'ning files of war  
Amistres, Artaphernes and the night  
Of great Astaspes, Megabazes bold,  
Chieftains of Persia, kings, that, to the power  
Of the great king obedient, march with these  
Leading their martial thousands, their proud steeds  
Prance under them, steel bows and shafts their arms,  
Dreadful to see, and terrible in fight,  
Deliberate valour breathing in their souls

Artembares, that in his fiery horse  
 Delights, Masistres, and Imaeus bold,  
 Bending with manly strength his stubborn bow,  
 Pharandaces, and Sosthanes, that drives  
 With military pomp his rapid steeds  
 Others the vast prolific Nile hath sent,  
 Pegastagon, that from Aegyptus draws  
 His high birth, Susiscanes, and the chief  
 That reigns o'er sacred Memphis, great Arsames,  
 And Ariomardus, that o'er ancient Thebes  
 Bears the supreme dominion, and with these,  
 Drawn from their watery marshes, numbers train'd  
 To the stout oar Next these the Lycian troops,  
 Soft sons of luxury, and those that dwell  
 Amid the inland forests, from the sea  
 Far distant, these Metragathes commands,  
 And virtuous Arceus, royal chiefs, that shine  
 In burnish'd gold, and many a whirling car  
 Drawn by six generous steeds from Sardis lead,  
 A glorious and a dreadful spectacle  
 And from the foot of Tmolus, sacred mount,  
 Eager to bind on Greece the servile yoke,  
 Mardon and Tharybis the massy spear  
 Grasp with unwearied vigour, the light lance  
 The Mysians shake A mingled multitude  
 Swept from her wide dominions skill'd to draw  
 The unerring bow, in ships Euphrates sends  
 From golden Babylon With falchions arm'd  
 From all the extent of Asia move the hosts  
 Obedient to their monarch's stern command  
 Thus march'd the flower of Persia, whose loved youth  
 The world of Asia nourish'd, and with sighs  
 Laments their absence, many an anxious look  
 Their wives, their parents send, count the slow days,  
 And tremble at the long-protracted time

*strophe* 1

Already o'er the adverse strand  
 In arms the monarch's martial squadrons spread,  
 The threat'ning ruin shakes the land,  
 And each tall city bows its tower'd head  
 Bark bound to bark, their wondrous way  
 They bridge across the indignant sea,

The narrow Hellespont's vex'd waves disdain,  
 His proud neck taught to wear the chain  
 Now has the peopled Asia's warlike lord,  
     By land, by sea, with foot, with horse,  
     Resistless in his rapid course,  
 O'er all their realms his warring thousands pour'd,  
     Now his intrepid chiefs surveys,  
 And glitt'ring like a god his radiant state displays

*antistrophe 1*

Fierce as the dragon scaled in gold  
 Through the deep files he darts his glowing eye,  
     And pleased their order to behold,  
 His gorgeous standard blazing to the sky,  
     Rolls onward his Assyrian car,  
     Directs the thunder of the war,  
 Bids the wing'd arrows' iron storm advance  
     Against the slow and cumbrous lance  
 What shall withstand the torrent of his sway  
     When dreadful o'er the yielding shores  
     The impetuous tide of battle roars,  
 And sweeps the weak opposing mounds away?  
     So Persia, with resistless might,  
 Rolls her unnumber'd hosts of heroes to the fight

*strophe 2*

For when misfortune's fraudulent hand  
 Prepares to pour the vengeance of the sky,  
 What mortal shall her force withstand?  
 What rapid speed the impending fury fly?  
     Gentle at first with flatt'ring smiles  
     She spreads her soft enchanting wiles,  
 So to her toils allures her destined prey,  
     Whence man ne'er breaks unhurt away  
 For thus from ancient times the Fates ordain  
     That Persia's sons should greatly dare,  
     Unequall'd in the works of war,  
 Shake with their thund'ring steeds the ensanguined plain,  
     Dreadful the hostile walls surround,  
 And lay their rampired towers in ruins on the ground

*antistrophe 2*

Taught to behold with fearless eyes  
 The whitening billows foam beneath the gale,

They bid the naval forests rise,  
 Mount the slight bark, unfurl the flying sail,  
 And o'er the angry ocean bear  
 To distant realms the storm of war  
 For this with many a sad and gloomy thought  
 My tortured breast is fraught  
 Ah me! for Persia's absent sons I sigh,  
 For while in foreign fields they fight,  
 Our towns exposed to wild affright  
 An easy prey to the invader lie  
 Where, mighty Susa, where thy powers,  
 To wield the warrior's arms, and guard thy regal towers?

*epode*

Crush'd beneath the assailing foe  
 Her golden head must Cissia bend,  
 While her pale virgins, frantic with despair,  
 Through all her streets awake the voice of wo,  
 And flying with their bosoms bare,  
 Their purpled stoles in anguish rend  
 For all her youth in martial pride,  
 Like bees that, clust'ring round their king,  
 Their dark imbodyed squadrons bring,  
 Attend their sceptred monarch's side,  
 And stretch across the watery way  
 From shore to shore their long array  
 The Persian dames, with many a tender fear,  
 In grief's sad vigils keep the midnight hour,  
 Shed on the widow'd couch the streaming tear,  
 And the long absence of their loves deplore  
 Each lonely matron feels her pensive breast  
 Throb with desire, with aching fondness glow,  
 Since in bright arms her daring warrior dress'd  
 Left her to languish in her love-lorn wo

Now, ye grave Persians, that your honour'd seats  
 Hold in this ancient house, with prudent care  
 And deep deliberation, so the state  
 Requires, consult we, pondering the event  
 Of this great war, which our imperial lord,  
 The mighty Xerxes from Darius sprung,  
 The stream of whose rich blood flows in our veins,  
 Leads against Greece, whether his arrowy shower

Shot from the strong-braced bow, or the huge spear  
 High brandish'd, in the deathful field prevails  
 But see, the monarch's mother like the gods  
 Her lustre blazes on our eyes my queen,  
 Prostrate I fall before her all advance  
 With reverence, and in duteous phrase address her  
 (*ATOSSA enters with her retinue The Elders do their obeisance  
 to her*)

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Hail, queen, of Persia's high-zoned dames supreme,  
 Age-honour'd mother of the potent Xeixes,  
 Imperial consort of Darius, hail!  
 The wise, the mother of the Persians' god,  
 If yet our former glories fade not from us

## ATOSSA

And therefore am I come, leaving my house  
 That shines with gorgeous ornaments and gold,  
 Where in past days Darius held with me  
 His royal residence With anxious care  
 My heart is tortured I will tell you, friends,  
 My thoughts, not otherwise devoid of fear,  
 Lest mighty wealth with haughtily too soon return  
 And trample in the dust that happiness,  
 Which, not unblest'd by Heaven, Darius raised  
 For this with double force unquiet thoughts  
 Past utterance fill my soul that neither wealth  
 With all its golden stores, where men are wanting,  
 Claims reverence, nor the light, that beams from power,  
 Shines on the man whom wealth disdains to grace  
 The golden stores of wealth indeed are ours,  
 But for the light (such in the house I deem  
 The presence of its lord) there I have fears  
 Advise me then, you whose experienced age  
 Supports the state of Persia prudence guides  
 Your councils, always kind and faithful to me

## LEADER

Speak, royal lady, what thy will, assured  
 We want no second bidding, where our power  
 In word or deed waits on our zeal our hearts  
 In this with honest duty shall obey thee

## ATROSA

Oft, since my son hath march'd his mighty host  
Against the Ionians, warring to subdue  
Their country, have my slumbers been disturb'd  
With dreams of dread portent, but most last night,  
With marks of plainest proof I'll tell thee then  
Methought two women stood before my eyes  
Gorgeously vested, one in Persian robes  
Adorn'd, the other in the Doric garb  
With more than mortal majesty they moved,  
Of peerless beauty, sisters too they seem'd,  
Though distant each from each they chanced to dwell,  
In Greece the one, on the barbaric coast  
The other 'Twixt them soon dissension rose  
My son then hasted to compose their strife,  
Soothed them to fair accord, beneath his car  
Yokes them, and reins their harness'd necks The one,  
Evolting in her rich array, with pride  
Arching her stately neck, obey'd the reins,  
The other with incignant fury spurn'd  
The car, and dash'd it piecemeal, rent the reins,  
And tore the yoke asunder, down my son  
Fell from the seat, and instant at his side  
His father stands, Darius, at his fall  
Impress'd with pity him when Xerxes saw,  
Glowing with grief and shame he rends his robes  
This was the dreadful vision of the night  
When I arose, in the sweet-flowing stream  
I bathed my hands, and on the incensed altars  
Presenting my oblations to the gods  
To avert these ills, an eagle I behold  
Fly to the altar of the sun, aghast  
I stood, my friends, and speechless, when a hawk  
With eager speed runs thither, furious cuffs  
The eagle with his wings, and with his talons  
Unplumes his head, meantime the imperial bird  
Cowers to the blows defenceless Dreadful this  
To me that saw it, and to you that hear  
My son, let conquest crown his arms, would shine  
With dazzling glory, but should Fortune frown,  
The state indeed presumes not to arraign  
His sovereignty, yet how, his honour lost,  
How shall he sway the sceptre of this land?

## LEADER

We would not, royal lady, sink thy soul  
With fear in the excess, nor raise it high  
With confidence Go then, address the gods,  
If thou hast seen aught ill, entreat their power  
To avert that ill, and perfect ev'ry good  
To thee, thy sons, the state, and all thy friends  
Then to the earth, and to the mighty dead  
Behooves thee pour libations, gently call  
Him that was once thy husband, whom thou saw'st  
In visions of the night, entreat his shade  
From the deep realms beneath to send to light  
Triumph to thee and to thy son, whate'er  
Bears other import, to inwrap, to hide it  
Close in the covering earth's profoundest gloom  
This, in the presage of my thoughts that flow  
Benevolent to thee, have I proposed,  
And all, we trust, shall be successful to thee

## ATOSSA

Thy friendly judgment first hath placed these dreams  
In a fair light, confirming the event  
Benevolent to my son and to my house  
May all the good be ratified! These rites  
Shall, at thy bidding, to the powers of heaven,  
And to the manes of our friends, be paid  
In order meet, when I return, meanwhile  
Indulge me, friends, who wish to be inform'd  
Where, in what clime, the towers of Athens rise

## LEADER

Far in the west, where sets the imperial sun

## ATOSSA

Yet my son will d the conquest of this town

## LEADER

May Greece through all her states bend to his power'

## ATOSSA

Send they embattled numbers to the field?

## LEADER

A force that to the Medes hath wrought much wo



ATOSSA

Have they sufficient treasures in their houses?

LEADLR

Their rich earth yields a copious fount of silver

ATOSSA

From the strong bow wing they the barbed shaft?

LEADLR

They grasp the stout spear, and the massy shield

ATOSSA

What monarch reigns, whose power commands their ranks?

LEADLR

Slaves to no lord, they own no kingly power!

ATOSSA

How can they then resist the invading foe?

LEADLR

As to spread havoc through the numerous host,  
That round Darius form'd their glitt'ring files

ATOSSA

Thy words strike deep, and wound the parent's breast  
Whose sons are march'd to such a dangerous field

LEADLR

But, if I judge aright, thou soon shalt hear  
Each circumstance, for this way, mark him, speeds  
A Persian messenger, he bears, be sure,  
Tidings of high import, or good or ill

(1 MESSENGER enters)

MESSENGER

Wo to the towns through Asia's peopled realms!  
Wo to the land of Persia, once the port  
Of boundless wealth, how is thy glorious state  
Vanish'd at once, and all thy spreading honours  
Fall'n, lost! Ah me! unhappy is his task  
That bears unhappy tidings but constraint  
Compels me to relate this tale of wo  
Persians, the whole barbaric host is fall'n

CHORUS (*chanting*)

O horror, horror! What a baleful train  
Of recent ills! Ah, Persians, as he speaks  
Of ruin, let your tears stream to the earth

## MISSENGER

It is ev'n so, all ruin, and myself,  
Beyond all hope returning, view this light

CHORUS (*chanting*)

How tedious and oppressive is the weight  
Of age, reserved to hear these hopeless ills!

## MISSENGER

I speak not from report, but these mine eyes  
Beheld the ruin which my tongue would utter

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Wo, wo is me! Then has the iron storm,  
That darken'd from the realms of Asia, pour'd  
In vain its arrowy shower on sacred Greece

## MISSENGER

In heaps the unhappy dead lie on the strand  
Of Salamis, and all the neighbouring shores

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Unhappy friends, sunk perish'd in the sea  
Their bodies, mid the wreck of shatter'd ship,  
Mangled, and rolling on the encumber'd waves!

## MISSENGER

Naught did their bows avail, but all the troops  
In the first conflict of the ships were lost

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Raise the funeral cry, with dismal notes  
Wailing the wretched Persians! Oh, how ill  
They plann'd their measures, all their army perish'd!

## MISSENGER

O Salamis, how hateful is thy name!  
And groans burst from me when I think of Athens

CHORUS (*chanting*)

How dreadful to her foes! Call to remembrance  
 How many Persian dames, wedded in vain,  
 Hath Athens of their noble husbands widow'd?

## ATOSSA

Astonied with these ills, my voice thus long  
 Hath wanted utterance griefs like these exceed  
 The power of speech or question yet ev'n such,  
 Inflicted by the gods, must mortal man  
 Constrain'd by *hard necessity endure*  
 But tell me all, without distraction tell me,  
 All this calamity, though many a groan  
 Burst from thy labouring heart Who is not fallen?  
 What leader must we wail? What sceptred chief  
 Dying hath left his troops without a lord?

## MESSENGER

Xerxes himself lives, and beholds the light

## ATOSSA

That word beams comfort on my house, a ray  
 That brightens through the melancholy gloom

## MESSENGER

Artembares, the potent chief that led  
 Ten thousand horse, lies slaughtered on the rocks  
 Of rough Sileniae The great Dadaces,  
 Beneath whose standard march'd a thousand horse  
 Pierced by a spear, fell headlong from the ship  
 Tenagon, bravest of the Bactrians, lies  
 Roll'd on the wave-worn beach of Ajax' isle  
 Lilaeus, Arsames, Argestes, dash  
 With violence in death against the rocks  
 Where nest the silver doves Arcteus, that dwelt  
 Near to the fountains of the Egyptian Nile,  
 Adeues, and Pheresba, and Pharnuchus  
 Fell from one ship Matallus, Chrysa's chief,  
 That led his dark'ning squadrons, thrice ten thousand,  
 On jet-black steeds, with purple gore distain'd  
 The yellow of his thick and shaggy beard  
 The Magian Arabus, and Artames  
 From Bactra, mould'ring on the dreary shore  
 Lie low Amistris, and Amphistreus there

Grasps his war-wearied spear, there prostrate lies  
The illustrious Ariomardus, long his loss  
Shall Sardis weep thy Mysian Sisames,  
And Tharybis, that o'er the burden'd deep  
Led five times fifty vessels, Lerna gave  
The hero birth, and manly grace adorn'd  
His pleasing torm, but low in death he lies  
Unhappy in his fate Syennesis,  
Cilicia's warlike chief, who dared to front  
The foremost dangers, singly to the foes  
A terror, there too found a glorious death  
These chieftains to my sad remembrance rise,  
Relating but a few of many ills

## ATOSSA

This is the height of ill, ah me! and shame  
To Persia, grief, and lamentation loud  
But tell me this, aresh renew thy tale  
What was the number of the Grecian fleet,  
That in fierce conflict their bold barks should dare  
Rush to encounter with the Persian hosts

## MESSENGER

Know then, in numbers the barbaric fleet  
Was far superior in ten squadrons, each  
Of thirty ships, Greece plough'd the deep, of these  
One held a distant station Xerxes led  
A thousand ships, their number well I know  
Two hundred more, and seven, that swept the seas  
With speediest sail this was their full amount  
And in the engagement seem'd we not secure  
Of victory? But unequal fortune sunk  
Our scale in fight, discomfiting our host

## ATOSSA

The gods preserve the city of Minerva

## MESSENGER

The walls of Athens are impregnable,  
Their firmest bulwarks her heroic sons

## ATOSSA

Which navy first advanced to the attack?  
Who led to the onset, tell me, the bold Greeks,  
Or, glorying in his numerous fleet, my son?

## MESSENGER

Our evil genius, lady, or some god  
 Hostile to Persia, led to ev'ry ill  
 Forth from the troops of Athens came a Greek,  
 And thus address'd thy son, the imperial Xerxes —  
 "Soon as the shades of night descend, the Grecians  
 Shall quit their station, rushing to their oars  
 They mean to separate, and in secret flight  
 Seek safety ' At these words, the royal chief,  
 Little conceiving of the wiles of Greece  
 And gods averse, to all the naval leaders  
 Gave his high charge — 'Soon as yon sun shall cease  
 To dart his radiant beams, and darkness night  
 Ascends the temple of the sky, arrange  
 In three divisions your well-ordered ships,  
 And guard each pass, each outlet of the seas  
 Others encircling around this rocky isle  
 Of Salamis should Greece escape her fate,  
 And work her way by secret flight, your heads  
 Shall answer the neglect " This harsh command  
 He gave, exulting in his mind, nor knew  
 What Fate design'd With martial discipline  
 And prompt obedience, snatching a repast,  
 Each mariner fix'd well his ready oar  
 Soon as the golden sun was set, and night  
 Advanced, each train'd to ply the dashing oar,  
 Assumed his seat in arms each warrior stood,  
 Troop cheering troop through all the ships of war  
 Each to the appointed station steers his course,  
 And through the night his naval force each chief  
 Fix'd to secure the passes Night advanced,  
 But not by secret flight did Greece attempt  
 To escape The morn, all beauteous to behold,  
 Drawn by white steeds bounds o'er the enlighten'd earth,  
 At once from ev'ry Greek with glad acclaim  
 Burst forth the song of war, whose lofty notes  
 The echo of the island rocks returned,  
 Spreading dismay through Persia's hosts, thus fallen  
 From their high hopes, no flight this solemn strain  
 Portended, but deliberate valour bent  
 On daring battle, while the trumpet's sound  
 Kindled the flames of war But when their oars  
 The paean ended, with impetuous force

Dash'd the resounding surges, instant all  
Rush'd on in view in orderly array  
The squadron on the right first led, behind  
Rode their whole fleet and now distinct we heard  
From ev'ry part this voice of exhortation —  
“Advance, ye sons of Greece, from thralldom save  
Your country, save your wives, your children save,  
The temples of your gods, the sacred tomb  
Where rest your honour'd ancestors, this day  
The common cause of all demands your valour ”  
Meantime from Persia's hosts the deep'ning shout  
Answer'd their shout, no time for cold delay,  
But ship 'gainst ship its brazen beak impell'd  
First to the charge a Grecian galley rush'd,  
Ill the Phoenician bore the rough attack,  
Its sculptured prow all shatter'd Each advanced  
Daring an opposite The deep array  
Of Persia at the first sustain'd the encounter,  
But their throng'd numbers, in the narrow seas  
Confined, want room for action, and, deprived  
Of mutual aid, beaks clash with beaks, and each  
Breaks all the other's oars with skill disposed  
The Grecian navy circled them around  
With fierce assault, and rushing from its height  
The inverted vessel sinks the sea no more  
Wears its accustomed aspect, with foul wrecks  
And blood disfigured, floating carcasses  
Roll on the rocky shores the poor remains  
Of the barbaric armament to flight  
Ply every oar inglorious onward rush  
The Greeks amid the ruins of the fleet,  
As through a shoal of fish caught in the net,  
Spreading destruction the wide ocean o'er  
Wailings are heard, and loud laments, till night  
With darkness on her brow brought grateful truce  
Should I recount each circumstance of wo,  
Ten times on my unfinished tale the sun  
Would set, for be assured that not one day  
Could close the ruin of so vast a host

## ATOSSA

Ah, what a boundless sea of wo hath burst  
On Persia, and the whole barbaric race!

## MRSSENGER

These are not half, not half our ills, on these  
Came an assemblage of calamities,  
That sunk us with a double weight of wo

## ATOSSA

What fortune can be more unfriendly to us  
Than this? Say on, what dread calamity  
Sunk Persia's host with greater weight of wo

## MESSENGER

Who'er of Persia's warriors glow'd in prime  
Of vigorous youth, or felt their generous souls  
Expand with courage, or for noble birth  
Shone with distinguish'd lustre, or excell'd  
In firm and duteous loyalty, all these  
Are fall'n, ignobly, miserably fall'n

## ATOSSA

Alas, their ruthless fate, unhappy friends!  
But in what manner, tell me, did they perish?

## MESSENGER

Full against Salamis an isle arises,  
Of small circumference, to the anchor'd bark  
Unfaithful, on the promontory's brow,  
That overlooks the sea, Pan loves to lead  
The dance to this the monarch sends these chiefs,  
That when the Grecians from their shatter'd ships  
Should here seek shelter, these might hew them down  
An easy conquest, and secure the strand  
To their sea-wearied friends, ill judging what  
The event but when the fav'ring god to Greece  
Gave the proud glory of this naval fight,  
Instant in all their glitt'ring arms they leap'd  
From their light ships, and all the island round  
Encompass'd, that our bravest stood dismay'd  
While broken rocks, whirl'd with tempestuous force,  
And storms of arrows crush'd them, then the Greeks  
Rush to the attack at once, and furious spread  
The carnage, till each mangled Persian fell  
Deep were the groans of Xerxes when he saw  
This havoc, for his seat, a lofty mound  
Commanding the wide sea, o'erlook'd his hosts

With rueful cries he rent his royal robes,  
 And through his troops embattled on the shore  
 Gave signal of retreat, then started wild,  
 And fled disorder'd To the former ills  
 These are fresh miseries to awake thy sighs

## ATOSSA

Invidious Fortune, how thy baleful power  
 Hath sunk the hopes of Persia! Bitter fruit  
 My son hath tasted from his purposed vengeance  
 On Athens, famed for arms, the fatal field  
 Of Marathon, red with barbaric blood,  
 Sufficed not, that defeat he thought to avenge,  
 And pull'd this hideous ruin on his head  
 But tell me, if thou canst, where didst thou leave  
 The ships that happily escaped the wreck?

## MESSENGER

The poor remains of Persia's scatter'd fleet  
 Spread ev'ry sail for flight, as the wind drives,  
 In wild disorder, and on land no less  
 The ruin'd army, in Boeotia some,  
 With thirst oppress'd, at Crene's cheerful rills  
 Were lost, forespent with breathless speed some pass  
 The fields of Phocis, some the Doric plain,  
 And near the gulf of Melia, the rich vale  
 Through which Sperchius rolls his friendly stream  
 Achaea thence and the Thessalian state  
 Received our famish'd train, the greater part  
 Through thirst and hunger perish'd there, oppress'd  
 At once by both but we our painful steps  
 Held onwards to Magnesia, and the land  
 Of Macedonia, o'er the ford of Axios,  
 And Bolbe's sedgy marshes, and the heights  
 Of steep Pangaeos, to the realms of Thrace  
 That night, ere yet the season, breathing froze,  
 Rush'd winter, and with ice incrust'd o'er  
 The flood of sacred Strymon such as own'd  
 No god till now, awe-struck, with many a prayer  
 Adored the earth and sky When now the troops  
 Had ceased their invocations to the gods,  
 O'er the stream's solid crystal they began  
 Their march, and we, who took our early way  
 Ere the sun darted his warm beams, pass'd safe



But when his burning orb with fiery rays  
 Unbound the middle current, down they sunk  
 Each over other, happiest he who found  
 The speediest death the poor remains, that 'scaped,  
 With pain through Thrace dragg'd on their toilsome march,  
 A feeble few and reach'd their native soil,  
 That Persia sighs through all her states, and mourns  
 Her dearest youth 'Tis is no feigned tale  
 But many of the ills, that burst upon us  
 In dreadful vengeance, I refrain to utter

(*The Messenger withdraws*)

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O Fortune, heavy with affliction's load,  
 How hath thy foot crush'd all the Persian race!

ATOSSA

Ah me, what sorrows for our ruin'd host  
 Oppress my soul! Ye visions of the night  
 Haunting my dreams, how plainly did you show  
 These ills!—You set them in too fair a light  
 Yet, since your bidding hath in this prevail'd,  
 First to the gods wish I to pour my prayers,  
 Then to the mighty dead present my off'rings,  
 Bringing libations from my house too late,  
 I know, to change the past, yet for the future,  
 If haply better fortune may await it,  
 Behooves you, on this sad event, to guide  
 Your friends with faithful counsels Should my son  
 Return ere I have finish'd, let your voice  
 Speak comfort to him, friendly to his house  
 Attend him, nor let sorrow rise on sorrows

(*ATOSSA and her retinue go out*)

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe*

Awful sovereign of the skies,  
 When now o'er Persia's numerous host  
 Thou badest the storm with rum rise,  
 All her proud vaunts of glory lost,  
 Ecbatana's imperial head  
 By thee was wrapp'd in sorrow's dark'ning shade,  
 Through Susa's palaces with loud lament,  
 By their soft hands their veils all rent,

The copious tear the virgins pour,  
 That trickles their bare bosoms o'er  
 From her sweet couch up starts the widow'd bride,  
 Her lord's loved image rushing on her soul,  
 Throws the rich ornaments of youth aside,  
 And gives her griefs to flow without control  
 Her griefs not causeless, for the mighty slain  
 Our melting tears demand, and sorrow-soften'd strain

*antistrophe*

Now her wailings wide despair  
 Pours these exhausted regions o'er  
 Xerxes, ill-fated, led the war,  
 Xerxes, ill-fated, leads no more,  
 Xerxes sent forth the unwise command,  
 The crowded ships unpeopled all the land  
 That land, o'er which Darius held his reign,  
 Courting the arts of peace, in vain,  
 O'er all his grateful realms adored,  
 The stately Susa's gentle lord  
 Black o'er the waves his burden'd vessels sweep,  
 For Greece elate the warlike squadrons fly,  
 Now crush'd, and whelm'd beneath the indignant deep  
 The shatter'd wrecks and lifeless heroes lie  
 While, from the arms of Greece escaped, with toil  
 The unshelter'd monarch roams o'er Thracia's dreary soil

*epode*

The first in battle slain  
 By Cychrea's craggy shore  
 Through sad constraint, ah me! forsaken lie,  
 All pale and smear'd with gore —  
 Raise high the mournful strain,  
 And let the voice of anguish pierce the sky —  
 Or roll beneath the roaring tide,  
 By monsters rent of touch abhorr'd,  
 While through the widow'd mansion echoing wide  
 Sounds the deep groan, and wails its slaughter'd lord  
 Pale with his fears the helpless orphan there  
 Gives the full stream of plaintive grief to flow,  
 While age its hoary head in deep despair  
 Bends, list'ning to the shrieks of woe  
 With sacred awe  
 The Persian law

No more shall Asia's realms revere,  
 To their lord's hand  
 At his command,  
 No more the exacted tribute bear  
 Who now falls prostrate at the monarch's throne?  
 His regal greatness is no more  
 Now no restraint the wanton tongue shall own,  
 Free from the golden curb of power,  
 For on the rocks, wash'd by the beating flood,  
 His awe commanding nobles lie in blood  
 (*ATOSSA returns, clad in the garb of mourning, she carries offerings for the tomb of Darius*)

ATOSSA

Whoe'er, my friends, in the rough stream of life  
 Hath struggled with affliction, thence is taught  
 That, when the flood begins to swell, the heart  
 Fondly fears all things, when the fav'ring gale  
 Of Fortune smooths the current, it expands  
 With unsuspecting confidence, and deems  
 That gale shall always breathe So to my eyes  
 All things now wear a formidable shape,  
 And threaten from the gods my ears are pierced  
 With sounds far other than of song Such ills  
 Dismay my sick'ning soul hence from my house  
 Nor glitt'ring car attends me, nor the train  
 Of wonted state, while I return, and bear  
 Libations soothing to the father's shade  
 In the son's cause, delicious milk, that foams  
 White from the sacred heifer, liquid honey,  
 Extract of flowers, and from its virgin fount  
 The running crystal, this pure draught, that flow'd  
 From the ancient vine, of power to bathe the spirits  
 In joy, the yellow olive's fragrant fruit,  
 That glories in its leaves' unfading verdure,  
 With flowers of various hues, earth's fairest offspring  
 Inwreathed But you, my friends, amid these rites  
 Raise high your solemn warblings, and invoke  
 Your lord, divine Darius, I meanwhile  
 Will pour these off'rings to the infernal gods

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Yes, royal lady, Persia's honour'd grace,  
 To earth's dark chambers pour thy off'rings we

With choral hymns will supplicate the powers  
That guide the dead, to be propitious to us  
And you, that o'er the realms of night extend  
Your sacred sway, thee mighty earth, and thee  
Hermes, thee chief, tremendous king, whose throne  
Awe with supreme dominion, I adjure  
Send, from your gloomy regions, send his shade  
Once more to visit this ethereal light,  
That he alone, if aught of dread event  
He sees yet threat'ning Persia, may disclose  
To us poor mortals Fate's extreme decree

Hears the honour'd godlike king?  
These barbaric notes of woe,  
Taught in descant sad to ring,  
Hears he in the shades below?  
Thou, O Earth, and you, that lead  
Through your sable realms the dead,  
Guide him as he takes his way,  
And give him to the ethereal light of day!

Let the illustrious shade arise  
Glorious in his radiant state,  
More than blazed before our eyes,  
Ere sad Susa mourn'd his fate  
Dear he lived, his tomb is dear,  
Shrining virtues we revere  
Send then, monarch of the dead,  
Such as Darius was, Darius' shade

He in realm-unpeopling war  
Wasted not his subjects' blood,  
Godlike in his will to spare,  
In his councils wise and good  
Rise then, sovereign lord, to light  
On this mound's sepulchral height  
Lift thy sock in saffron died,  
And rear thy rich tiara's regal pride!

Great and good, Darius, rise  
Lord of Persia's lord, appear  
Thus involved with thrilling cries  
Come, our tale of sorrow hear!

War her Stygian pennons spreads,  
 Brooding darkness o'er our heads,  
 For stretch'd along the dreary shore  
 The flow'r of Asia lies distain'd with gore

Rise, Darius, awful power,  
 Long for thee our tears shall flow  
 Why thy ruin'd empire o'er  
 Swells this double flood of wo?  
 Sweeping o'er the azure tide  
 Rode thy navv's gallant pride  
 Navy now no more, for all  
 Beneath the whelming wave—

*(While the CHORUS sings, ATOSSA performs her ritual by the tomb. Is the song concludes the GHOST OF DARIUS appears from the tomb.)*

#### GHOST OF DARIUS

Ye faithful Persians, honour'd now in age,  
 Once the companions of my youth, what ills  
 Afflict the state? The firm earth groans, it opes,  
 Disclosing its vast deeps, and near my tomb  
 I see my wife this shakes my troubled soul  
 With fearful apprehensions, yet her off'rings  
 Pleased I receive And you around my tomb  
 Chanting the lofty strain, whose solemn air  
 Draws forth the dead, with grief-attemper'd notes  
 Mournfully call me not with ease the way  
 Leads to this upper air, and the stern gods,  
 Prompt to admit, yield not a passage back  
 But with reluctance much with them my power  
 Availing, with no tardy step I come  
 Say then, with what new ill doth Persia groan?

#### CHORUS (*chanting*)

My wonted awe o'ercomes me, in thy presence  
 I dare not raise my eyes, I dare not speak

#### GHOST OF DARIUS

Since from the realms below, by thy sad strains  
 Adjured, I come, speak, let thy words be brief,  
 Say whence thy grief, tell me unawed by fear

CHORUS (*chanting*)

I dread to forge a flattering tale, I dread  
To grieve thee with a harsh offensive truth

## GHOST OF DARIUS

Since feat hath chained his tongue, high-honour'd dame,  
Once my imperial consort, check thy tears,  
Thy griefs, and speak distinctly Mortal man  
Must bear his lot of wo, afflictions rise  
Many from sea, many from land, if life  
Be haply measured through a lengthen'd course

## ATOSSA

O thou that graced with Fortune's choicest gifts  
Surpassing mortals, while thine eye beheld  
You sun's ethereal rays, livedst like a god  
Bless'd amid thy Persians, bless'd I deem thee now  
In death, ere sunk in this abyss of ills,  
Darius, hear at once our sum of wo,  
Ruin through all her states hath crush'd thy Persia

## GHOST OF DARIUS

By pestilence, or faction's furious storms?

## ATOSSA

Not so near Athens perish'd all our troops

## GHOST OF DARIUS

Say, of my sons, which led the forces thither?

## ATOSSA

The impetuous Xerxes, thinning all the land

## GHOST OF DARIUS

By sea or land dared he this rash attempt?

## ATOSSA

By both a double front the war presented

## GHOST OF DARIUS

A host so vast what march conducted o'er?

## ATOSSA

From shore to shore he bridged the Hellespont

## GHOST OF DARIUS

What! could he chain the mighty Bosphorus?

ATOSSA

Ev'n so, some god assisting his design

GHOST OF DARIUS

Some god of power to cloud his better sense

ATOSSA

The event now shows what mischiefs he achieved

GHOST OF DARIUS

What suffer'd they, for whom your sorrows flow?

ATOSSA

His navy sunk spreads ruin through the camp

GHOST OF DARIUS

Fell all his host beneath the slaught'ring spear?

ATOSSA

Susa, through all her streets, mourns her lost sons

GHOST OF DARIUS

How vain the succour, the defence of arms?

ATOSSA

In Bactra age and grief are only left

GHOST OF DARIUS

Ah, what a train of warlike youth is lost!

ATOSSA

Xerxes, astonished, desolate, alone—

GHOST OF DARIUS

How will this end? Nay, pause not Is he safe?

ATOSSA

Fled o'er the bridge, that join'd the adverse strands

GHOST OF DARIUS

And reach'd this shore in safety? Is this true?

ATOSSA

True are thy words, and not to be gainsay'd

GHOST OF DARIUS

With what a winged course the oracles

Haste their completion! With the lightning's speed

Jove on my son hath hurled his threaten'd vengeance  
Yet I implored the gods that it might fall  
In time's late process but when rashness drives  
Impetuous on, the scourge of Heaven upraised  
Lashes the Fury forward, hence these ills  
Pour headlong on my friends Not weighing this,  
My son, with all the fiery pride of youth,  
Hath quickened their arrival, while he hoped  
To bind the sacred Hellespont, to hold  
The raging Bosphorus, like a slave, in chains,  
And dared the advent'rous passage, bridging firm  
With links of solid iron his wondrous way,  
To lead his numerous host, and swell'd with thoughts  
Presumptuous, deem'd, vain mortal! that his power  
Should rise above the gods' and Neptune's might  
And was not this the phrensy of the soul?  
But much I fear lest all my treasured wealth  
Fall to some daring hand an easy prey

## ATOSSA

This from too frequent converse with bad men  
The impetuous Xerxes learn'd, these caught his ear  
With thy great deeds, as winning for thy sons  
Vast riches with thy conquering spear, while he  
Tim'rous and slothful, never, save in sport,  
Lifted his lance, nor added to the wealth  
Won by his noble fathers This reproach  
Oft by bad men repeated, urged his soul  
To attempt this war, and lead his troops to Greece

## GHOST OF DARIUS

Great deeds have they achieved, and memorable  
For ages never hath this wasted state  
Suffer'd such ruin, since heaven's awful king  
Gave to one lord Asia's extended plains  
White with innumerable flocks, and to his hands  
Consign'd the imperial sceptre Her brave hosts  
A Mede first led, the virtues of his son  
Firm'd firm the empire, for his temperate soul  
Breathed prudence Cyrus next, by fortune graced,  
Adorn'd the throne, and bless'd his grateful friends  
With peace he to his mighty monarchy  
Join'd Lydia, and the Phrygians, to his power  
Ionia bent reluctant, but the gods



With victory his gentle virtues crown'd  
 His son then wore the regal diadem  
 Next to disgrace his country, and to stain  
 The splendid glories of this ancient throne,  
 Rose Mardus him, with righteous vengeance fired  
 Artaphernes, and his confederate chiefs  
 Crush'd in his palace Maraphis assumed  
 The sceptre after him Artaphernes  
 Me next to this exalted eminence,  
 Crowning my great ambition, Fortune raised  
 In many a glorious field my glittering spear  
 Flamed in the van of Persia's numerous hosts,  
 But never wrought such ruin to the state  
 Xerxes, my son in all the pride of youth  
 Listens to youthful counsels, my commands  
 No more remember'd, hence, my hoary friends,  
 Not the whole line of Persia's sceptred lords,  
 You know it well, so wasted her brave sons

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Why this? To what fair end are these thy words  
 Directed? Sovereign lord, instruct thy Persians  
 How, mid this ruin, best to guide their state

## GHOST OF DARIUS

No more 'gainst Greece lead your embattled hosts,  
 Not though your deep'ning phalanx spreads the field  
 Outnumb'ring theirs their very earth fights for them

## LEADER

What may thy words import? How fight for them?

## GHOST OF DARIUS

With famine it destroys your cumbrous train

## LEADER

Choice levies, prompt for action, will we send

## GHOST OF DARIUS

Those, in the fields of Greece that now remain,  
 Shall not revisit safe the Persian shore

## LEADER

What! shall not all the host of Persia pass  
 Again from Europe o'er the Hellespont?

## GHOST OF DARIUS

Of all their numbers few, if aught avails  
 The faith of heaven-sent oracles to him  
 That weighs the past, in their accomplishment  
 Not partial hence he left, in faithless hope  
 Confiding, his selected train of heroes  
 These have their station where Asopus flows  
 Wat'ring the plain, whose grateful currents roll  
 Diffusing plenty through Boeotia's fields  
 There misery waits to crush them with the load  
 Of heaviest ills, in vengeance for their proud  
 And impious daring, <sup>1</sup> for where'er they held  
 Through Greece their march, they fear'd not to profane  
 The statues of the gods, their hallow'd shrines  
 Emblazed, o'erturn'd their altars, and in ruins,  
 Rent from their firm foundations, to the ground  
 Levell'd their temples, such their frantic deeds,  
 Nor less their suff'rings, greater still await them,  
 For Vengeance hath not wasted all her stores;  
 The heap yet swells, for in Plataea's plains  
 Beneath the Doric spear the clotted mass  
 Of carnage shall arise, that the high mounds,  
 Piled o'er the dead, to late posterity  
 Shall give this silent record to men's eyes,  
 That proud aspiring thoughts but ill beseech  
 Weak mortals for oppression, when it springs,  
 Puts forth the blade of vengeance, and its fruit  
 Yields a ripe harvest of repentant woe  
 Behold this vengeance, and remember Greece,  
 Remember Athens henceforth let not pride,  
 Her present state disdaining, strive to grasp  
 Another's, and her treasured happiness  
 Shed on the ground such insolent attempts  
 Awake the vengeance of offended Jove  
 But you, whose age demands more temperate thoughts,  
 With words of well-placed counsel teach his youth  
 To curb that pride, which from the gods calls down  
 Destruction on his head (*To Arossa*) And thou, whose age  
 The miseries of thy Xerxes sink with sorrow,  
 Go to thy house, thence choose the richest robe,  
 And meet thy son, for through the rage of grief  
 His gorgeous vestments from his royal limbs  
 Are foully rent With gentlest courtesy

Soothe his affliction, for his duteous ear,  
 I know, will listen to thy voice alone  
 Now to the realms of darkness I descend  
 My ancient friends, farewell, and mid these ills  
 Each day in pleasures bathe your drooping spirits,  
 For treasured riches naught avail the dead  
 (*The GHOST OF DARIUS vanishes into the tomb*)

## LEADER

These many present, many future ills  
 Denounced on Persia, sink my soul with grief

## ATOSSA

Unhappy fortune, what a tide of ills  
 Bursts o'er me! Chief this foul disgrace, which shows  
 My son divested of his rich attire,  
 His royal robes all rent, distracts my thoughts  
 But I will go, choose the most gorgeous vest,  
 And haste to meet my son Ne'er in his woes  
 Will I forsake whom my soul holds most dear  
 (*ATOSSA departs as the CHORUS begins its song*)

## CHORUS

## strophe 1

Ye powers that rule the skies,  
 Memory recalls our great, our happy fate,  
 Our well-appointed state,  
 The scenes of glory opening to our eyes,  
 When this vast empire o'er  
 The good Darius, with each virtue bless'd  
 That forms a monarch's breast,  
 Shielding his subjects with a father's care,  
 Invincible in war,  
 Extended like a god his awful power,  
 Then spread our arms their glory wide,  
 Guarding to peace her golden reign  
 Each tower'd city saw with pride  
 Safe from the toils of war her homeward-marching train

## antistrophe 1

Nor Haly's shallow strand  
 He pass'd, nor from his palace moved his state,  
 He spoke, his word was Fate  
 What strong-based cities could his might withstand?

Not those that lift their heads  
 Where to the sea the floods of Strymon pass,  
 Leaving the huts of Thrace,  
 Nor those, that far the extended ocean o'er  
 Stand girt with many a tower,  
 Nor where the Hellespont his broad wave spreads,  
 Nor the firm bastions' rampired might,  
 Whose foot the deep Propontis laves,  
 Nor those, that glorying in their height  
 Frown o'er the Pontic sea, and shade his darken'd waves

*strophe 2*

Each sea-girt isle around  
 Bow'd to this monarch humbled Lesbos bow'd,  
 Paros, of its marble proud,  
 Naxos with vines, with olives Samos crown'd  
 Him Myconos adored,  
 Chios, the seat of beauty, Andros steep,  
 That stretches o'er the deep  
 To meet the wat'ry Tenos, him each bay  
 Bound by the Icarian sea,  
 Him Melos, Gnidos, Rhodes confess'd their lord,  
 O'er Cyprus stretch'd his sceptred hand  
 Paphos and Solos own'd his power,  
 And Salamis, whose hostile strand,  
 The cause of all our wo, is red with Persian gore

*antistrophe 2*

Ev'n the proud towns, that rear'd  
 Sublime along the Ionian coast their towers,  
 Where wealth her treasures pours,  
 Peopled from Greece, his prudent reign revered  
 With such unconquer'd might  
 His hardy warriors shook the embattled fields,  
 Heroes that Persia yields,  
 And those from distant realms that took their way,  
 And wedged in close array  
 Beneath his glitt'ring banners claim'd the fight  
 But now these glories are no more  
 Farewell the big war's plumed pride  
 The gods have crush'd this trophied power,  
 Sunk are our vanquish'd arms beneath the indignant tide  
 (XERXES enters, with a few followers His royal raiment is torn  
 The entire closing scene is sung or chanted )

## XERXES

Ah me, how sudden have the storms of Fate,  
Beyond all thought, all apprehension, burst  
On my devoted head! O Fortune, Fortune!  
With what relentless fury hath thy hand  
Hurl'd desolation on the Persian race!  
Wo unsupportable! The torturing thought  
Of our lost youth comes rushing on my mind,  
And sinks me to the ground O Jove, that I  
Had died with those brave men that died in fight!

## CHORUS

O thou afflicted monarch, once the lord  
Of marshall'd armies, of the lustre beam'd  
From glory's ray o'er Persia, of her sons  
The pride, the grace, whom ruin now hath sunk  
In blood! The unpeopled land laments her youth  
By Xerxes led to slaughter, till the realms  
Of death are gorged with Persians, for the flower  
Of all the realm, thousands, whose dreadful bows  
With arrowy shower annoy'd the foe, are fall'n

## XERXES

Your fall, heroic youths, distracts my soul

## CHORUS

And Asia sinking on her knee, O king,  
Oppress'd, with griefs oppress'd, bends to the earth

## XERXES

And I, O wretched fortune, I was born  
To crush, to desolate my ruin'd country!

## CHORUS

I have no voice, no swelling harmony,  
No descant, save these notes of wo,  
Harsh, and responsive to the sullen sigh,  
Rude strains, that unmelodious flow,  
To welcome thy return

## XERXES

Then bid them flow, bid the wild measures flow  
Hollow, unmusical, the notes of grief,  
They suit my fortune, and dejected state

## CHORUS

Yes, at thy royal bidding shall the strain  
Pour the deep sorrows of my soul,  
The sufferings of my bleeding country plain,  
And bid the mournful measures roll  
Again the voice of wild despair  
With thrilling shrieks shall pierce the air,  
For high the god of war his flaming crest  
Raised, with the fleet of Greece surrounded,  
The haughty arms of Greece with conquest bless'd,  
And Persia's wither'd force confounded,  
Dash'd on the dreary beach her heroes slain,  
Or overwhelm'd them in the darken'd main

## XERXES

To swell thy griefs ask ev'ry circumstance

## CHORUS

Where are thy valiant friends, thy chieftains where?  
Pharnaces, Susas, and the might  
Of Pelagon, and Dotamas? The spear  
Of Agabates bold in fight?  
Psammis in mailed cuirass dress'd,  
And Susiscanes' glitt'ring crest?

## XERXES

Dash'd from the Tyrian vessel on the rocks  
Of Salamis they sunk, and smear'd with gore  
The heroes on the dreary strand are stretch'd

## CHORUS

Where is Pharnuchus? Ariomardus where,  
With ev'ry gentle virtue graced?  
Lilaeus, that from chiefs renown'd in war  
His high-descended lineage traced?  
Where rears Sebalces his crown-circled head  
Where Tharybis to battles bred,  
Artembares, Hystaechmes bold  
Memphis, Masistres sheath'd in gold?

## XERXES

Wretch that I am! These on the abhorred town  
Ogygian Athens, roll'd their glowing eyes  
Indignant, but at once in the fierce shock  
Of battle fell, dash'd breathless on the ground

## CHORUS

There does the son of Batanochus lie,  
 Through whose rich veins the unsullied blood  
 Of Susamus, down from the lineage high  
 Of noble Mygabatas flow'd  
 Alpistus, who with faithful care  
 Number'd the deep'ning files of war,  
 The monarch's eye, on the ensanguined plain  
 Low is the mighty warrior laid?  
 Is great Aebares 'mong the heroes slain,  
 And Partheus number'd with the dead?—  
 Ah me! those bursting groans, deep-charged with wo,  
 The fate of Persia's princes show

## XERXES

To my grieved memory thy mournful voice,  
 Tuned to the saddest notes of wo, recalls  
 My brave friends lost, and my rent heart returns  
 In dreadful symphony the sorrowing strain

## CHORUS

Yet once more shall I ask thee, yet once more,  
 Where is the Mardian Xanthes' might,  
 The daring chief, that from the Pontic shore  
 Led his strong phalanx to the fight?  
 Anchares where, whose high-raised shield  
 Flamed foremost in the embattled field?  
 Where the high leaders of thy mail-clad horse,  
 Darius and Arsaces where?  
 Where Cigdagatas and Lythimnas' force,  
 Waving untired his purple spear?

## XERXES

Entomb'd, I saw them in the earth entomb'd,  
 Nor did the rolling car with solemn state  
 Attend their rites I follow'd low they lie  
 (Ah me, the once great leaders of my host!),  
 Low in the earth, without their honours lie

## CHORUS

O wo, wo, wo! Unutterable wo  
 The demons of revenge have spread,  
 And Ate from her drear abode below  
 Rises to view the horrid deed

## XERXES

Dismay, and rout, and ruin, ills that wait  
On man's afflicted fortune, sink us down

## CHORUS

Dismay, and rout, and ruin on us wait,  
And all the vengeful storms of Fate  
    Ill flows on ill, on sorrows sorrows rise,  
Misfortune leads her baleful train,  
    Before the Ionian squadrons Persia flies,  
Or sinks ingulf'd beneath the main  
Fall'n, fall'n is her imperial power,  
And conquest on her banners waits no more

## XLRXFS

At such a fall, such troops of heroes lost,  
How can my soul but sink in deep despair!  
Cease thy sad strain

## CHORUS

Is all thy glory lost?

## XERXES

Seest thou these poor remains of my rent robes?

## CHORUS

I see, I see

## XERXES

And this ill-furnish'd quiver?

## CHORUS

Wherefore preserved?

## XERXES

To store my treasured arrows

## CHORUS

Few, very few

## XERXES

And few my friendly aids

## CHORUS

I thought these Grecians shrunk appall'd at arms



## XERXES

No they are bold and daring these sad eyes  
Beheld their violent and deathful deeds

## CHORUS

The ruin, sayst thou, of thy shattered fleet?

## XERXES

And in the anguish of my soul I rent  
My royal robes

## CHORUS

Wo, wo!

## XLRXLS

And more than wo

## CHORUS

Redoubled, threefold wo!

## XLRXES

Disgrace to me,

But triumph to the foe

## CHORUS

Are all thy powers

In ruin crush'd?

## XLRXES

No satrap guards me now

## CHORUS

Thy faithful friends sunk in the roaring main

## XLRXES

Weep, weep their loss, and lead me to my house,  
Answer my grief with grief, an ill return  
Of ills for ills Yet once more raise that strain  
Lamenting my misfortunes, beat thy breast,  
Strike, heave the groan, awake the Mysian strain  
To notes of loudest wo, rend thy rich robes,  
Pluck up thy beard, tear off thy hoary locks,  
And bathe thine eyes in tears thus through the streets  
Solemn and slow with sorrow lead my steps,  
Lead to my house, and wail the fate of Persia

## CHORUS

Yes, once more at thy bidding shall the strain  
Pour the deep sorrows of my soul,  
The suff'rings of my bleeding country plain,  
And bid the Mysian measures roll  
Again the voice of wild despair  
With thrilling shrieks shall pierce the air,  
For high the god of war his flaming crest  
Raised, with the fleet of Greece surrounded,  
The haughty arms of Greece with conquest bless'd,  
And Persia's withered force confounded,  
Dash'd on the dreary beach her heroes slain,  
Or whelm'd them in the darken'd main

#### NOTES FOR THE PERSIANS

THE translation of R. Potter was first published in 1777. There are therefore certain outmoded spellings in his text, particularly in the case of the Persian proper names. Potter's divisions of the choral passages into strophe and antistrophe have been maintained.

1. Lines such as this reflect the pride which Athens took in her democratic institutions.

2. The reference is to the island of Salamis, the reputed birthplace of Ajax, son of Telamon.

3. The island is Psyttalea.

4. Darius is foretelling the results of the battle of Plataea in 479 B.C.

### III

## THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

ETEOCLES, *son of Oedipus, King of Thebes*

A SPY

CHORUS OF THEBAN WOMEN

ANTIGONE } *sisters of ETEOCLES*

ISMENI }

A HERALD

## INTRODUCTION

THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES, presented first in 467 B C, is the third and only surviving play of a trilogy, which won the first prize in the contest for tragedy in that year. The first and second plays were the *Larus* and the *Oedipus*, and the three were followed by a satyr-play entitled *The Sphinx*. There is every evidence that the piece was extremely popular in antiquity, even though Aristophanes in his *Frogs*, lines 1021 ff., has made it the butt of some genial satiric thrusts, directed against the highly elevated diction of the play and its military subject matter. Although the play is similar to the *Oresteia* in that it portrays the workings of a curse upon a house, *The Seven Against Thebes* does not achieve the heights reached by the poet in his later masterpiece.

The Theban legend, from which Aeschylus drew his plot, tells how Larus, king of Thebes, disobeyed the oracle of Apollo which warned him that if he begot a child, ruin would fall upon his house and upon his kingdom. A child, Oedipus, was born and the curse began to operate. Though his parents exposed him as an infant on the slopes of Mount Cithaeron, his life was saved by a friendly shepherd. So it happened that he reached manhood, unwittingly slew his father, returned to Thebes where likewise unwittingly he married his mother, Jocasta. Four children were born of this incestuous union, two sons, Eteocles and Polyneices, and two daughters, Antigone and Ismene. When finally the truth became known, Jocasta took her own life and Oedipus inflicted blindness on himself. His sons, who were to share the power of Thebes, maltreated their aged and broken father, who before his death pronounced the curse that they should die by each other's hands. Eteocles, who first held the kingly power, would not allow Polyneices to bear sway in his rightful turn, and thrust him in exile from Thebes. As the play begins, Polyneices has brought a supporting host from Argos, and is besieging the city, determined to assert his rights by force.

The play itself, which is simple in structure, delineates first the psychological state of the inhabitants in the besieged city. The maidens of Thebes, who make up the Chorus, at first are terror-stricken, but the king, Eteocles, sharply rebukes them and succeeds in restoring their

morale. The remainder of the drama records the successful defence of the city and the fate of the two brothers. There is a final scene in which Antigone insists on giving due rites of burial to the body of Polyneices, to whom such rites had been denied by a decree of the Theban leaders, on the ground that he had attacked his native city. Many scholars have argued that this scene is a later addition and not from the hand of Aeschylus, since it resembles most closely the *Antigone* of Sophocles which contains a full-length treatment of precisely this theme.

*The Seven Against Thebes* is significant among the plays of Aeschylus largely because of the characterization of Eteocles. Here for the first time we meet what might be called a "tragic hero." Eteocles is presented as a good and devoted king, loyal to his people and eager to protect them from their enemies. His full nature, however, is brought out in the play in the scene which follows the description of Polyneices as he approaches to attack the city. Eteocles, almost crazed with hatred for his brother, finally goes forth to meet him. He does so, despite the Chorus' efforts to deter him, and with the full knowledge in his heart that both he and his brother will be destroyed by their father's curse. Though Aeschylus in the play does not focus his attention sharply upon the familiar phenomenon of life, that sin or evil-doing possesses the peculiar capacity to reproduce itself even to the third and fourth generations (a phenomenon which the Greeks called a curse upon a house), nevertheless largely through his delineation of Eteocles' character, the poet achieves for his piece the magnitude and scale indispensable to tragedy.

## THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES

(SCENE —*Within the Citadel of Thebes There is an altar with the statues of several gods visible A crowd of citizens are present as ETEOCLES enters with his attendants* )

### ETEOCLES

CLANSMEN of Cadmus, at the signal given  
By time and season must the ruler speak  
Who sets the course and steers the ship of State  
With hand upon the tiller, and with eye  
Watchful against the treachery of sleep  
For if all go aright, *thank Heaven*, men say,  
But if adversely—which may God forefend!—  
One name on many lips, from street to street,  
Would bear the bruit and rumour of the time,  
*Down with Eteocles!*—a clamorous curse,  
A dirge of ruin May averting Zeus  
Make good his title here, in Cadmus' hold!  
You it befits now—boys unripened yet  
To lusty manhood, men gone past the prime  
And increase of the full begetting seed,  
And those whom youth and manhood well combined  
Array for action—all to rise in aid  
Of city, shrines, and altars of all powers  
Who guard our land, that ne'er, to end of time,  
Be blotted out the sacred service due  
To our sweet mother-land and to her brood  
For she it was who to their guest-right called  
Your waxing youth, was patient of the toil,  
And cherished you on the land's gracious lap,  
Alike to plant the hearth and bear the shield  
In loyal service, for an hour like this  
Mark now! until to-day luck rules our scale,



For we, though long beleaguered, in the main  
 Have with our sallies struck the foemen hard  
 But now the seer, the feeder of the birds  
 (Whose art unerring and prophetic skill  
 Of ear and mind divines their utterance  
 Without the lore of fire interpreted)  
 Foretelleth, by the mastery of his art,  
 That now an onset of Achaea's host  
 Is by a council of the night designed  
 To fall in double strength upon our walls  
 Up and away, then, to the battlements,  
 The gates, the bulwarks! don your panoplies,  
 Array you at the breast-work, take your stand  
 On the floorings of the towers, and with good heart  
 Stand firm for sudden sallies at the gates,  
 Nor hold too heinous a respect for hordes  
 Sent on you from afar some god will guard!  
 I too, for shrewd espial of their camp,  
 Have sent forth scouts, and confidence is mine  
 They will not fail nor tremble at their task,  
 And, with their news, I fear no foeman's guile  
 (*A SPY enters*)

## THE SPY

Eteocles, high king of Cadmus' folk,  
 I stand here with news certified and sure  
 From Argos' camp, things by myself descried  
 Seven warriors yonder, doughty chiefs of might,  
 Into the crimsoned concave of a shield  
 Have shed a bull's blood, and, with hands immersed  
 Into the gore of sacrifice, have sworn  
 By Ares, lord of fight, and by thy name,  
 Blood-lapping Terror, *Let our oath be heard—  
 Either to raze the walls, make void the hold  
 Of Cadmus—strive his children as they may—  
 Or, dying here, to make the foemen's land  
 With blood impasted* Then, as memory's gift  
 Unto their parents at the far-off home,  
 Chaplets they hung upon Adrastus' car,  
 With eyes tear-dropping, but no word of moan  
 For their steeled spirit glowed with high resolve,  
 As lions pant, with battle in their eyes  
 For them, no weak alarm delays the clear

Issues of death or life! I parted thence  
 Even as they cast the lots, how each should lead,  
 Against which gate, his serried company  
 Rank then thy bravest, with what speed thou may'st,  
 Hard by the gates, to dash on them, for now,  
 Full-armed, the onward ranks of Argos come!  
 The dust whirls up, and from their panting steeds  
 White foamy flakes like snow bedew the plain  
 Thou therefore, chieftain! like a steersman skilled,  
 Enshield the city's bulwarks, ere the blast  
 Of war comes darting on them! hark, the roar  
 Of the great landstorm with its waves of men!  
 Take Fortune by the forelock! for the rest,  
 By yonder dawn-light will I scan the field  
 Clear and aright, and surety of my word  
 Shall keep thee scatheless of the coming storm

## ETEOCLES

O Zeus and Earth and city-guarding gods,  
 And thou, my father's Curse, of baneful might,  
 Spare ye at least this town, nor root it up,  
 By violence of the foemen, stock and stem!  
 For here, from home and hearth, rings Hellas' tongue  
 Forbid that e'er the yoke of slavery  
 Should bow this land of freedom, Cadmus' hold!  
 Be ye her help! your cause I plead with mine—  
 A city saved doth honour to her gods!

(ETEOCLES, *his attendants and most of the crowd go out* The  
 CHORUS OF THEBAN WOMEN *enters* *They appear terror-*  
*stricken* )

CHORUS (*singing*)

I wail in the stress of my terror, and shrill is my cry of despair  
 The foemen roll forth from their camp as a billow, and onward they bear!  
 Their horsemen are swift in the forefront, the dust rises up to the sky,  
 A signal, though speechless, of doom, a herald more clear than a cry!  
 Hoof-trampled, the land of my love bears onward the din to mine ears  
 As a torrent descending a mountain, it thunders and echoes and nears!  
 The doom is unloosened and cometh! O kings and O queens of high  
 Heaven,  
 Prevail that it fall not upon us! the sign for their onset is given—  
 They stream to the walls from without, white-shielded and keen for the  
 fray

They storm to the citadel gates—what god or what goddess can stay  
The rush of their feet? to what shrine shall I bow me in terror and pray?

*(They rush to pray to the gods)*

O gods high-thronèd in bliss, we must crouch at the shrines in your home!  
Not here must we tarry and wail shield clashes on shield as they come—  
And now, even now is the hour for the robes and the chaplets of prayer!  
Mine eyes feel the flash of the sword, the clang is instinct with the spear!  
Is thy hand set against us, O Ares, in ruin and wrath to o'erwhelm  
Thine own immemorial land, O god of the golden helm?  
Look down upon us, we beseech thee, on the land that thou lovest of old

*strophe 1*

And ye, O protecting gods, in pity your people behold!  
Yea, save us, the maidenly troop, from the doom and despair of the slave,  
For the crests of the foemen come onward, their rush is the rush of a wave  
Rolled on by the War-god's breath! almighty one, hear us and save  
From the grasp of the Argives' might! to the ramparts of Cadmus they  
crowd,  
And, clenched in the teeth of the steeds, the bits clink horror aloud!  
And seven high chieftains of war, with spear and with panoply bold,  
Are set, by the law of the lot, to storm the seven gates of our hold!

*antistrophe 1*

Be near and befriend us, O Pallas, the Zeus-born maiden of might!  
O lord of the steed and the sea, be thy trident uplifted to smite  
In eager desire of the fray, Poseidon! and Ares come down,  
In fatherly presence revealed, to rescue Harmonia's town!  
Thine too, Aphrodite, we are! thou art mother and queen of our race,  
To thee we cry out in our need, from thee let thy children have grace!  
Ye too, to scare back the foe, be your cry as a wolf's howl wild,  
Thou, O the wolf-lord, and thou, of she-wolf Leto the child!

*strophe 2*

Woe and alack for the sound, for the rattle of cars to the wall,  
And the creak of the griding axles! O Hera, to thee is our call!  
Artemis, maiden beloved! the air is distraught with the spears,  
And whither doth destiny drive us, and where is the goal of our fears?

*antistrophe 2*

The blast of the terrible stones on the ridge of our wall is not stayed,  
At the gates is the brazen clash of the bucklers—Apollo to aid!  
Thou too, O daughter of Zeus, who guidest the wavering fray  
To the holy decision of fate, Athena! be with us to-day!  
Come down to the sevenfold gates and harry the foemen away!

*strophe* 3

O gods and O sisters of gods, our bulwark and guard! we beseech  
 That ye give not our war-worn hold to a rabble of alien speech!  
 List to the call of the maidens, the hands held up for the right,

*antistrophe* 3

Be near us, protect us, and show that the city is dear in your sight!  
 Have heed for her sacrifice holy, and thought of her offerings take,  
 Forget not her love and her worship, be near her and smite for her sake!  
 (ETEOCLES and his retinue re-enter)

ETEOCLES (*addressing the CHORUS*)

Hark to my question, things detestable!  
 Is this aright and for the city's weal,  
 And helpful to our army thus beset,  
 That ye before the statues of our gods  
 Should fling yourselves, and scream and shriek your fears?  
 Immodest, uncontrolled! Be this my lot—  
 Never in troublous nor in peaceful days  
 To dwell with aught that wears a female form!  
 Where womankind has power, no man can house,  
 Where womankind feeds panic, ruin rules  
 Alike in house and city! Look you now—  
 Your flying feet, and rumour of your fears,  
 Have spread a soulless panic on our walls,  
 And they without do go from strength to strength,  
 And we within make breach upon ourselves!  
 Such fate it brings, to house with womankind  
 Therefore if any shall resist my rule—  
 Or man, or woman, or some sexless thing—  
 The vote of sentence shall decide their door,  
 And stones of execution, past escape,  
 Shall finish all. Let not a woman's voice  
 Be loud in council! for the things without,  
 A man must care, let women keep within—  
 Even then is mischief all too probable!  
 Hear ye? or speak I to unheeding ears?

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Ah, but I shudder, child of Oedipus!  
 I heard the clash and clang!  
 The axles rolled and rumbled, woe to us,  
 Fire-welded bridles rang!

## ETEOCLES

Say—when a ship is strained and deep in brine,  
Did e'er a seaman mend his chance, who left  
The helm, t' invoke the image at the prow?

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Ah, but I fled to the shrines, I called to our helpers on high,  
When the stone-shower roared at the portals!  
I sped to the temples aloft, and loud was my call and my cry,  
*Look down and deliver, Immortals!*

## ETEOCLES

Ay, pray amain that stone may vanquish steel!  
Where not that grace of gods? ay, ay—methinks,  
When cities fall, the gods go forth from them!

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Ah, let me die, or ever I behold  
The gods go forth, in conflagration dire!  
The foemen's rush and raid, and all our hold  
Wrapt in the burning fire!

## ETEOCLES

Cry not on Heaven, in impotent debate!  
What saith the saw?—*Good saving Strength, in verity,*  
*Out of Obedience breeds the babe Prosperity*

CHORUS (*chanting*)

'Tis true yet stronger is the power divine,  
And oft, when man's estate is overbowed  
With bitter pangs, disperses from his eyne  
The heavy, hanging cloud!

## ETEOCLES

Let men with sacrifice and augury  
Approach the gods, when comes the tug of war  
Maids must be silent and abide within

CHORUS (*chanting*)

By grace of the gods we hold it, a city untamed of the spear,  
And the battlement wards from the wall the foe and his aspect of fear!  
What need of displeasure herein?

## ETEOCLES

Ay, pay thy vows to Heaven, I grudge them not,  
But—so thou strike no fear into our men—  
Have calm at heart, nor be too much afraid

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Alack, it is fresh in mine ears, the clamour and crash of the fray,  
And up to our holiest height I sped on my timorous way,  
Bewildered, beset by the din!

## ETEOCLES

Now, if ye hear the bruit of death or wounds,  
Give not yourselves o'ermuch to shriek and scream,  
For Ares ravins upon human flesh

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Ah, but the snorting of the steeds I hear!

## ETEOCLES

Then, if thou hearest, hear them not too well!

## LEADER

Hark, the earth rumbles, as they close us round!

## ETEOCLES

Enough if I am here, with plans prepared

## LEADER

Alack, the battering at the gates is loud!

## ETEOCLES

Peace! stay your tongue, or else the town may hear!

## LEADER

O warders of the walls, betray them not!

## ETEOCLES

Beshrew your cries! in silence face your fate

## LEADER

Gods of our city, see me not enslaved!

## ETEOCLES

On me, on all, thy cries bring slavery

## LEADER

Zeus, strong to smite, turn upon foes thy blow!

## ETEOCLES

Zeus, what a curse are women, wrought by thee!

## LEADER

Weak wretches, even as men, when cities fall

ETEOCLES

What! clasping gods, yet voicing thy despair?

LEADER

In the sick heart, fear maketh prey of speech

ETEOCLES

Light is the thing I ask thee—do my will!

LEADER

Ask swiftly swiftly shall I know my power

ETEOCLES

Silence, weak wretch! nor put thy friends in fear

LEADER

I speak no more the general fate be mine!

ETEOCLES

I take that word as wiser than the rest  
Nay, more these images possess thy will—  
Pray, in their strength, that Heaven be on our side!  
Then hear my prayers withal, and then ring out  
The female triumph-note, thy privilege—  
Yea, utter forth the usage Hellas knows,  
The cry beside the altars, sounding clear  
Encouragement to friends, alarm to foes  
But I unto all gods that guard our walls,  
Lords of the plain or warders of the mart  
And to Ismenus' stream and Dirce's rills,  
I swear, if Fortune smiles and saves our town,  
That we will make our altars reek with blood  
Of sheep and kine, shed forth unto the gods,  
And with victorious tokens front our fanes—  
Corslets and casques that once our foemen wore,  
Spear-shattered now—to deck these holy homes!  
Be such thy vows to Heaven—away with sighs,  
Away with outcry vain and barbarous,  
That shall avail not, in a general doom!  
But I will back, and, with six chosen men  
Myself the seventh, to confront the foe  
In this great aspect of a poised war,  
Return and plant them at the sevenfold gates,  
Or e'er the prompt and clamorous battle-scouts  
Haste to inflame our counsel with the need

(ETEOCLES and his retinue go out)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

I mark his words, yet, dark and deep,  
 My heart's alarm forbiddeth sleep!  
 Close-clinging cares around my soul  
 Enkindle fears beyond control,  
 Presageful of what doom may fall  
 From the great leaguer of the wall!  
 So a poor dove is faint with fear  
 For her weak nestlings, while anew  
 Glides on the snaky ravisher!  
 In troop and squadron, hand on hand,  
 They climb and throng, and hemmed we stand,  
 While on the warders of our town  
 The flinty shower comes hurtling down!  
 Gods born of Zeus! put forth your might  
 For Cadmus' city, realm, and right!

*antistrophe 1*

What nobler land shall e'er be yours,  
 If once ye give to hostile powers  
 The deep rich soil, and Dirce's wave,  
 The nursing stream, Poseidon gave  
 And Tethys' children? Up and save!  
 Cast on the ranks that hem us round  
 A deadly panic, make them fling  
 Their arms in terror on the ground,  
 And die in carnage! thence shall spring  
 High honour for our clan and king!  
 Come at our wailing cry, and stand  
 As throned sentries of our land!

*strophe 2*

For pity and sorrow it were that this immemorial town  
 Should sink to be slave of the spear, to dust and to ashes gone down,  
 By the gods of Achaean worship and arms of Achaean might  
 Sacked and defiled and dishonoured, its women the prize of the fight—  
 That, haled by the hair as a steed, their mantles dishevelled and torn,  
 The maiden and matron alike should pass to the wedlock of scorn!  
 I hear it arise from the city, the manifold wail of despair—  
*Woe, woe for the doom that shall be—as in grasp of the foeman they fare!*



*antistrophe 2*

For a woe and a weeping it is, if the maiden inviolate flower  
 Is plucked by the foe in his might, not culled in the bridal bower!  
 Alas for the hate and the horror—how say it?—less hateful by far  
 Is the doom to be slain by the sword, hewn down in the carnage of war!  
 For wide, ah! wide is the woe when the foeman has mounted the wall,  
 There is havoc and terror and flame, and the dark smoke broods over all,  
 And wild is the war-god's breath, as in frenzy of conquest he springs,  
 And pollutes with the blast of his lips the glory of holiest things!

*strophe 3*

Up to the citadel rise clash and din,  
 The war-net closes in,  
 The spear is in the heart with blood imbrued  
 Young mothers wail aloud,  
 For children at their breast who scream and die!  
 And boys and maidens fly,  
 Yet scape not the pursuer, in his greed  
 To thrust and grasp and feed!  
 Robber with robber joins, each calls his mate  
 Unto the feast of hate—  
*The banquet, lo! is spread—seize, rend, and tear!*  
*No need to choose or share!*

*antistrophe 3*

And all the wealth of earth to waste is poured—  
 A sight by all abhorred!  
 The grieving housewives eye it, heaped and blent,  
 Earth's boons are spoiled and spent,  
 And waste to nothingness, and O alas,  
 Young maids, forlorn ye pass—  
 Fresh horror at your hearts—beneath the power  
 Of those who crop the sower!  
 Ye own the ruffian ravisher for lord,  
 And night brings rites abhorred!  
 Woe, woe for you! upon your grief and pain  
 There comes a fouler stain  
 (*On one side THE SPY enters, on the other, ETEOCLES and  
 the SIX CHAMPIONS*)

## LEADER OF THE FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

Look, friends! methinks the scout, who parted hence  
 To spy upon the foemen, comes with news,  
 His feet as swift as wafting chariot-wheels

## LEADER OF THE SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

Ay, and our king, the son of Oedipus,  
Comes prompt to time, to learn the spy's report—  
His heart is fairer than his foot is fast<sup>1</sup>

## THE SPY

Well have I scanned the foe, and well can say  
Unto which chief, by lot, each gate is given  
Tydeus already with his onset-cry  
Storms at the gate called Proetides, but him  
The seer Amphiarus holds at halt,  
Nor wills that he should cross Ismenus' ford,  
Until the sacrifices promise fair  
But Tydeus, mad with lust of blood and broil,  
Like to a cockatrice at noontide hour,  
Hisses out wrath and smites with scourge of tongue  
The prophet-son of Oedeleus—*Wise thou art,  
Faint against war, and holding back from death!*  
With such revilings loud upon his lips  
He waves the triple plumes that o'er his helm  
Float overshadowing, as a courser's mane,  
And at his shield's rim, terror in their tone,  
Clang and reverberate the brazen bells  
And this proud sign, wrought on his shield, he bears—<sup>1</sup>  
The vault of heaven, inlaid with blazing stars.  
And, for the boss, the bright moon glows at full,  
The eye of night, the first and lordliest star  
Thus with high-vaunted armour, madly bold,  
He clamours by the stream-bank, wild for war,  
As a steed panting grimly on his bit,  
Held in and chafing for the trumpet's bray<sup>1</sup>  
Whom wilt thou set against him? when the gates  
Of Proetus yield, who can his rush repel?

## ETEOCLES

To me, no blazon on a foeman's shield  
Shall ever present a fear! such pointed threats  
Are powerless to wound, his plumes and bells,  
Without a spear, are snakes without a sting  
Nay, more—that pageant of which thou tellest—  
The nightly sky displayed, ablaze with stars,  
Upon his shield, palter with double sense—  
One headstrong fool will find its truth anon!

For, if night fall upon his eyes in death,  
 Yon vaunting blazon will its own truth prove,  
 And he is prophet of his folly's fall  
 Mine shall it be, to pit against his power  
 The loyal son of Astacus, as guard  
 To hold the gateways—a right valiant soul,  
 Who has in heed the throne of Modesty  
 And loathes the speech of Pride, and evermore  
 Shrinks from the base, but knows no other fear  
 He springs by stock from those whom Ares spared,  
 The men called Sown, a right son of the soil,  
 And Melanippus styled Now, what his arm  
 To-day shall do, rests with the dice of war,  
 And Ares shall ordain it, but his cause  
 Hath the true badge of Right, to urge him on  
 To guard, as son, his motherland from wrong  
 (MELANIPPUS goes out)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Then may the gods give fortune fair  
 Unto our chief, sent forth to dare  
 War's terrible arbitrament!  
 But ah' when champions wend away,  
 I shudder, lest, from out the fray,  
 Only their blood-stained wrecks be sent!

THE SPY

Nay, let him pass, and the gods' help be his!  
 Next, Capaneus comes on, by lot to lead  
 The onset at the gates Electran styled  
 A giant he, more huge than Tydeus' self,  
 And more than human in his arrogance—  
 May fate forefend his threat against our walls!  
*God willing, or unwilling—such his vaunt—*  
*I will lay waste this city, Pallas' self,*  
*Zeus's warrior maid, although she swoop to earth*  
*And plant her in my path, shall stay me not*  
 And, for the flashes of the levin-bolt,  
 He holds them harmless as the noontide rays  
 Mark, too, the symbol on his shield—a man  
 Scornfully weaponless but torch in hand,  
 And the flame glows within his grasp, prepared  
 For ravin lo, the legend, wrought in words,

*Fire for the city bring I, flares in gold!*  
 Against such wight, send forth—yet whom? what man  
 Will front that vaunting figure and not fear?

## ETEOCLES

Aha, this profits also, gain on gain!  
 In sooth, for mortals, the tongue's utterance  
 Bewrays unerringly a foolish pride!  
 Hither stalks Capaneus, with vaunt and threat  
 Defying god-like powers, equipt to act,  
 And, mortal though he be, he strains his tongue  
 In folly's ecstasy, and casts aloft  
 High swelling words against the ears of Zeus  
 Right well I trust—if justice grants the word—  
 That, by the might of Zeus, a bolt of flame  
 In more than semblance shall descend on him  
 Against his vaunts, though reckless, I have set,  
 To make assurance sure, a warrior stern—  
 Strong Polyphontes, fervid for the fray,—  
 A sturdy bulwark, he, by grace of Heaven  
 And favour of his champion Artemis!  
 Say on, who holdeth the next gate in ward?

(POLYPHONTES goes out )

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Perish the wretch whose vaunt affronts our home!  
 On him the red bolt come,  
 Ere to the maiden bowers his way he cleave,  
 To ravage and bereave!

## THE SPY

I will say on Eteocles is third—  
 To him it fell, what time the third lot sprang  
 O'er the inverted helmet's brazen rim,  
 To dash his stormers on Neistae gate  
 He wheels his mares, who at their frontlets chafe  
 And yearn to charge upon the gates amain  
 They snort the breath of pride, and, filled therewith,  
 Their nozzles whistle with barbaric sound  
 High too and haughty is his shield's device—  
 An armed man who climbs, from rung to rung,  
 A scaling ladder, up a hostile wall,  
 Afire to sack and slay, and he too cries  
 (By letters, full of sound, upon the shield)

*Not Ares' self shall cast me from the wall  
Look to it, send, against this man, a man  
Strong to debar the slave's yoke from our town*

ETEOCLIS (*pointing to MEGAREUS*)  
Send will I—even this man, with luck to aid—

(MEGARUS *departs as soon as he has been marked out*)

By his worth sent already, not by pride  
And vain pretence, is he 'Tis Megareus,  
The child of Creon, of the Earth-sprung born!  
He will not shrink from guarding of the gates,  
Nor fear the maddened charger's frenzied neigh,  
But, if he dies, will nobly quit the score  
For nurture to the land that gave him birth,  
Or from the shield-side hew two warriors down—  
Eteocles and the figure that he lifts—  
Ay, and the city pictured, all in one,  
And deck with spoils the temple of his sire!  
Announce the next pair, stint not of thy tongue!

CHORUS (*chanting*)  
O thou, the warder of my home,  
Grant, unto us, Fate's favouring tide,  
Send on the foemen doom!  
They fling forth taunts of frenzied pride,  
On them may Zeus with glare of vengeance come!

THE SPY  
Lo, next him stands a fourth and shouts amain,  
By Pallas Onca's portal, and displays  
A different challenge, 'tis Hippomedon!  
Huge the device that starts up from his targe  
In high relief, and, I deny it not,  
I shuddered, seeing how, upon the rim,  
It made a mighty circle round the shield—  
No sorry craftsman he, who wrought that work  
And clamped it all around the buckler's edge!  
The form was Typhon from his glowing throat  
Rolled lurid smoke, spark-litten, kin of fire!  
The flattened edge-work, circling round the whole,  
Made strong support for coiling snakes that grew  
Erect above the concave of the shield  
Loud rang the warrior's voice, inspired for war,

He raves to slay, as doth a Bacchanal,  
 His very glance a terror<sup>1</sup> of such wight  
 Beware the onset! closing on the gates,  
 He peals his vaunting and appalling cry<sup>1</sup>

ETEOCLES

Yet first our Pallas Onca—wardress she,  
 Planting her foot hard by her gate—shall stand,  
 The Maid against the ruffian, and repel  
 His force, as from her brood the mother-bird  
 Beats back the wintered serpent's venom'd fang  
 And next, by her, is Oenops' gallant son,  
 Hyperbius, chosen to confront this foe,  
 Ready to seek his fate at Fortune's shrine<sup>1</sup>  
 In form, in valour, and in skill of arms,  
 None shall gainsay him See how wisely well  
 Hermes hath set the brave against the strong!  
 Confronted shall they stand, the shield of each  
 Bearing the image of opposing gods  
 One holds aloft his Typhon breathing fire,  
 But, on the other's shield, in symbol sits  
 Zeus, calm and strong, and fans his bolt to flame—  
 Zeus, seen of all, yet seen of none to fail!  
 Howbeit, weak is trust reposed in Heaven—  
 Yet are we upon Zeus' victorious side,  
 The foe, with those he worsted—if in sooth  
 Zeus against Typhon held the upper hand,  
 And if Hyperbius (as well may hap  
 When two such foes such diverse emblems bear)  
 Have Zeus upon his shield, a saving sign

(HYPERBIUS goes out)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

High faith is mine that he whose shield  
 Bears, against Zeus, the thing of hate  
 The giant Typhon, thus revealed,  
 A monster loathed of gods eterne  
 And mortal men—this doom shall earn  
 A shattered skull, before the gate<sup>1</sup>

THE SPY

Heaven send it so! A fifth assailant now  
 Is set against our fifth, the northern, gate,  
 Fronting the death-mound where Amphion lies

The child of Zeus This foeman vows his faith,  
Upon a mystic spear-head which he deems  
More holy than a godhead and more sure  
To find its mark than any glance of eye,  
That, will they, nill they, he will storm and sack  
The hold of the Cadmeans Such his oath—  
His, the bold warrior, yet of childish years,  
A bud of beauty's foremost flower, the son  
Of Zeus and of the mountain maid I mark  
How the soft down is waxing on his cheek,  
Thick and close-growing in its tender prime—  
In name, not mood, is he a maiden's child—  
Parthenopaeus, large and bright his eyes  
But fierce the wrath wherewith he fronts the gate  
Yet not unheralded he takes his stand  
Before the portal, on his brazen shield,  
The rounded screen and shelter of his form,  
I saw him show the ravening Sphinx, the fiend  
That shamed our city—how it glared and moved,  
Clamped on the buckler, wrought in high relief'  
And in its claws did a Cadmean bear—  
Nor heretofore, for any single prey,  
Sped she aloft, through such a storm of darts  
As now awaits her So our foe is here—  
Like, as I deem, to ply no stinted trade  
In blood and broil, but traffick as is meet  
In fierce exchange for his long wayfaring'

*ETFOCLES*

Ah, may they meet the doom they think to bring—  
They and their impious vaunts—from those on high'  
So should they sink, hurled down to deepest death'  
This foe, at least, by thee Arcadian styled,  
Is faced by one who bears no braggart sign,  
But his hand sees to smite, where blows avail—  
Actor, own brother to Hyperbius'  
He will not let a boast without a blow  
Stream through our gates and nourish our despair,  
Nor give him way who on his hostile shield  
Bears the brute image of the loathly Sphinx'  
Blocked at the gate, she will rebuke the man  
Who strives to thrust her forward, when she feels  
Thick crash of blows, up to the city wall

With Heaven's goodwill, my forecast shall be true  
(ACTOR *goes out*)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Home to my heart the vaunting goes,  
And, quick with terror, on my head  
Rises my hair, at sound of those  
Who wildly, impiously rave!  
If gods there be, to them I plead—  
*Give them to darkness and the grave*

THE SPY

Fronting the sixth gate stands another foe,  
Wise of warriors, bravest among seers—  
Such must I name Amphiarus he,  
Set steadfast at the Homoloid gate,  
Berates strong Tydeus with reviling words—  
*The man of blood, the bane of state and home,  
To Argos, arch-allurer to all ill,  
Evoker of the Fury-fiend of hell,  
Death's minister, and counsellor of wrong  
Unto Adrastus in this fatal field*  
Ay, and with eyes upturned and men of scorn  
He chides thy brother Polyneices too  
At his desert, and once and yet again  
Dwells hard and meaningly upon his name  
Where it saith *glory* yet importeth *feud*  
*Yea, such thou art in act, and such thy grace  
In sight of Heaven, and such in aftertime  
Thy fame, for lips and ears of mortal men!*  
*"He strove to sack the city of his sires  
And temples of her gods, and brought on her  
An alien armament of foreign foes  
The fountain of maternal blood outpoured  
What power can staunch? even so, thy fatherland  
Once by thine ardent malice stormed and ta'en,  
Shall ne'er join force with thee"* For me, I know  
*It doth remain to let my blood enrich  
The border of this land that loves me not—  
Blood of a prophet, in a foreign grave!*  
*Now, for the battle! I forknow my doom,  
Yet it shall be with honour* So he spake,  
The prophet, holding up his targe of bronze  
Wrought without blazon, to the ears of men



Who stood around and heeded not his word  
For on no bruit and rumour of great deeds,  
But on their doing, is his spirit set,  
And in his heart he reaps a furrow rich,  
Wherefrom the foison of good counsel springs  
Against him, send brave heart and hand of might,  
For the god-lover is man's fiercest foe

## ETEOCLES

Out on the chance that couples mortal men,  
Linking the just and impious in one!  
In every issue, the one curse is this—  
Companionship with men of evil heart!  
A baneful harvest, let none gather it!  
The field of sin is rank, and brings forth death  
At whiles a righteous man who goes aboard  
With reckless mates, a horde of villainy,  
Dies by one death with that detested crew,  
At whiles the just man, joined with citizens  
Ruthless to strangers, recking nought of Heaven,  
Trapped, against nature, in one net with them,  
Dies by God's thrust and all-including blow  
So will this prophet die, even Oecleus' child,  
Sage, just, and brave, and loyal towards Heaven,  
Potent in prophecy, but mated here  
With men of sin, too boastful to be wise!  
Long is their road, and they return no more,  
And, at their taking-off, by hand of Zeus,  
The prophet too shall take the downward way  
He will not—so I deem—assail the gate—  
Not as through cowardice or feeble will,  
But as one knowing to what end shall be  
Their struggle in the battle, if indeed  
Fruit of fulfilment lie in Loxias' word  
He speaketh not, unless to speak avails!  
Yet, for more surety, we will post a man,  
Strong Lasthenes, as warder of the gate,  
Stern to the foeman, he hath age's skill,  
Mated with youthful vigour, and an eye  
Forward, alert, swift too his hand, to catch  
The fenceless interval 'twixt shield and spear!  
Yet man's good fortune lies in hand of Heaven  
(LASTHENES goes out)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Unto our loyal cry, ye gods, give ear!  
Save, save the city! turn away the spear,  
Send on the foemen fear!  
Outside the rampart fall they, rent and riven  
Beneath the bolt of heaven!

## THE SPY

Last, let me name yon seventh antagonist,  
Thy brother's self, at the seventh portal set—  
Hear with what wrath he imprecates our doom,  
Vowing to mount the wall, though banished hence,  
And peal aloud the wild exulting cry—  
*The town is ta'en*—then clash his sword with thine,  
Giving and taking death in close embrace,  
Or, if thou 'scapest, flinging upon thee,  
As robber of his honour and his home,  
The doom of exile such as he has borne  
So clamours he and so invokes the gods  
Who guard his race and home, to hear and heed  
The curse that sounds in Polynices' name!  
He bears a round shield, fresh from forge and fire,  
And wrought upon it is a twofold sign—  
For lo, a woman leads decorously  
The figure of a warrior wrought in gold,  
And thus the legend runs—*I Justice am,*  
*And I will bring the hero home again,*  
*To hold once more his place within this town,*  
*Once more to pace his sire's ancestral hall*  
Such are the synibols, by our foemen shown—  
Now make thine own decision, whom to send  
Against this last opponent! I have said—  
Nor canst thou in my tidings find a flaw—  
Thine is it, now, to steer the course aright

## ETEOCLES

Ah me, the madman, and the curse of Heaven!  
And woe for us, the lamentable line  
Of Oedipus, and woe that in this house  
Our father's curse must find accomplishment!  
But now, a truce to tears and loud lament,  
Lest they should breed a still more rueful wail!  
As for this Polynices, named too well,  
Soon shall we know how this device shall end—

Whether the gold-wrought symbols on his shield,  
 In their mad vaunting and bewildered pride,  
 Shall guide him as a victor to his home!  
 For had but Justice, maiden-child of Zeus,  
 Stood by his act and thought, it might have been!  
 Yet never, from the day he reached the light  
 Out of the darkness of his mother's womb,  
 Never in childhood, nor in youthful prime,  
 Nor when his chin was gathering its beard,  
 Hath Justice hailed or claimed him as her own  
 Therefore I deem not that she standeth now  
 To aid him in this outrage on his home!  
 Misnamed, in truth, were Justice, utterly,  
 If to impiety she lent her hand  
 Sure in this faith, I will myself go forth  
 And match me with him, who hath fairer claim?  
 Ruler, against one fain to snatch the rule,  
 Brother with brother matched, and foe with foe,  
 Will I confront the issue To the wall!

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O thou true heart, O child of Oedipus,  
 Be not, in wrath, too like the man whose name  
 Murmurs an evil omen! 'Tis enough  
 That Cadmus' clan should strive with Argos' host,  
 For blood there is that can atone that stain!  
 But—brother upon brother dealing death—  
 Not time itself can expiate the sin!

## ETLOCLES

If man find hurt, yet clasp his honour still,  
 'Tis well, the dead have honour, nought beside  
 Hurt, with dishonour, wins no word of praise!

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Ah, what is thy desire?  
 Let not the lust and ravin of the sword  
 Bear thee adown the tide accursed, abhorred!  
 Fling off thy passion's rage, thy spirit's prompting dire!

## ETLOCLES

Nay—since the god is urgent for our doom,  
 Let Laius' house, by Phoebus loathed and scorned,  
 Follow the gale of destiny, and win  
 Its great inheritance, the gulf of hell!

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Ruthless thy craving is—  
Craving for kindred and forbidden blood  
To be outpoured—a sacrifice imbrued  
With sin, a bitter fruit of murderous enmities!

## ETEOCLES

Yea, my own father's fateful Curse proclaims—  
A ghastly presence, and her eyes are dry—  
*Strike! honour is the prize, not life prolonged!*

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Ah, be not urged of her! for none shall dare  
To call thee *coward*, in thy throned estate!  
Will not the Fury in her sable pall  
Pass outward from these halls, what time the gods  
Welcome a votive offering from our hands?

## ETEOCLLS

The gods! long since they hold us in contempt,  
Scornful of gifts thus offered by the lost!  
Why should we fawn and flinch away from doom?

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Now, when it stands beside thee! for its power  
May, with a changing gust of milder mood,  
Temper the blast that bloweth wild and rude  
And frenzied, in this hour!

## ETEOCLES

Ay, kindled by the curse of Oedipus—  
All too prophetic, out of dreamland came  
The vision, meting out our sire's estate!

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Heed women's voices, though thou love them not!

## ETEOCLES

Say aught that may avail, but stint thy words

## LEADER

Go not thou forth to guard the seventh gate!

## ETEOCLES

Words shall not blunt the edge of my resolve

## LEADER

Yet the god loves to let the weak prevail

## ETEOCLES

That to a swordsman, is no welcome word!

## LEADER

Shall thine own brother's blood be victory's palm?

## ETEOCLES

Ill which the gods have sent thou canst not shun!

(ETEOCLES goes out)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

I shudder in dread of the power, abhorred by the gods of high heaven,  
The ruinous curse of the home till roof-tree and rafter be riven!  
Too true are the visions of ill, too true the fulfilment they bring  
To the curse that was spoken of old by the frenzy and wrath of the king!  
Her will is the doom of the children, and Discord is kindled amain,

*antistrophe 1*

And strange is the Lord of Division, who cleaveth the birthright in  
twain,—

The edged thing, born of the north, the steel that is ruthless and keen,  
Dividing in bitter division the lot of the children of teen!  
Not the wide lowland around, the realm of their sire, shall they have,  
Yet enough for the dead to inherit, the pitiful space of a grave!

*strophe 2*

Ah, but when kin meets kin, when sire and child,  
Unknowing, are defiled  
By shedding common blood, and when the pit  
Of death devoureth it,  
Drinking the clotted stain, the gory dye—  
Who, who can purify?  
Who cleanse pollution, where the ancient bane  
Rises and reeks again?

*antistrophe 2*

Whilome in olden days the sin was wrought,  
And swift requital brought—  
Yea on the children of the child came still  
New heritage of ill!  
For thrice Apollo spoke this word divine,  
From Delphi's central shrine,

To Laius—*Die thou childless! thus alone  
Can the land's weal be won!*

*strophe 3*

But vainly with his wife's desire he strove,  
And gave himself to love,  
Begetting Oedipus, by whom he died,  
The fateful parricide!  
The sacred seed-plot, his own mother's womb,  
He sowed, his house's doom,  
A root of blood! by frenzy lured, they came  
Unto their wedded shame

*antistrophe 3*

And now the waxing surge, the wave of fate,  
Rolls on them, triply great—  
One billow sinks, the next towers, high and dark,  
Above our city's bark—  
Only the narrow barrier of the wall  
Totters, as soon to fall,  
And, if our chieftains in the storm go down,  
What chance can save the town?

*strophe 4*

Curses, inherited from long ago,  
Bring heavy freight of woe  
Rich stores of merchandise o'erload the deck,  
Near, nearer comes the wreck—  
And all is lost, cast out upon the wave,  
Floating, with none to save!

*antistrophe 4*

Whom did the gods, whom did the chief of men,  
Whom did each citizen  
In crowded concourse, in such honour hold,  
As Oedipus of old,  
When the grim fiend, that fed on human prey,  
He took from us away?

*strophe 5*

But when, in the fulness of days, he knew of his bridal unblest,  
A twofold horror he wrought, in the frenzied despair of his breast—  
Debarred from the grace of the banquet, the service of goblets of gold,  
He flung on his children a curse for the splendour they dared to withhold,

*antistrophe* 5

A curse prophetic and bitter—*The glory of wealth and of pride,  
With iron, not gold, in your hands, ye shall come, at the last, to divide!*  
Behold, how a shudder runs through me, lest now, in the fulness of time,  
The house-fiend awake and return, to mete out the measure of crime!  
(THE SPY enters)

## THE SPY

Take heart, ye daughters whom your mothers' milk  
Made milky-hearted! lo, our city stands,  
Saved from the yoke of servitude the vaunts  
Of overweening men are silent now,  
And the State sails beneath a sky serene,  
Nor in the manifold and battering waves  
Hath shipped a single surge, and solid stands  
The rampart, and the gates are made secure,  
Each with a single champion's trusty guard  
So in the main and at six gates we hold  
A victory assured, but, at the seventh,  
The god that on the seventh day was born,  
Royal Apollo, hath ta'en up his rest  
To wreak upon the sons of Oedipus  
Their grandsire's wilfulness of long ago

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

What further woefulness besets our home?

## THE SPY

The home stands safe—but ah, the princes twain—

## LEADER

Who? what of them? I am distraught with fear

## THE SPY

Hear now, and mark! the sons of Oedipus—

## LEADER

Ah, my prophetic soul! I feel their doom

## THE SPY

Have done with questions!—with their lives crushed out—

## LEADER

Lie they out yonder? the full horror speak!  
Did hands meet hands more close than brotherly?  
Came fate on each, and in the selfsame hour?

## THE SPY

Yea, blotting out the lineage ill-starred!  
 Now mix your exultation and your tears,  
 Over a city saved, the while its lords,  
 Twin leaders of the fight, have parcelled out  
 With forged arbitrament of Scythian steel  
 The full division of their fatherland,  
 And, as their father's imprecation bade,  
 Shall have their due of land, a twofold grave  
 So is the city saved, the earth has drunk  
 Blood of twin princes, by each other slain

CHORUS (*chanting*)

O mighty Zeus and guardian powers,  
 The strength and stay of Cadmus' towers!  
 Shall I send forth a joyous cry,  
     *Hail to the lord of woe renewed?*  
 Or weep the misbegotten twain,  
 Born to a fatal destiny  
 Each numbered now among the slain,  
     Each dying in ill fortitude,  
     *Each truly named, each child of feud?*  
 O dark and all-prevailing ill,  
 That broods o'er Oedipus and all his line,  
 Numbing my heart with mortal chill!  
     Ah me, this song of mine,  
 Which, Thyad-like, I woke, now falleth still,  
     Or only tells of doom,  
     And echoes round a tomb!  
 Dead are they, dead! in their own blood they lie—  
 Ill-omened the concert that hails our victory!  
 The curse a father on his children spake  
     Hath faltered not, nor failed!  
 Nought, Laurus! thy stubborn choice availed—  
 First to beget, then, in the after day  
     And for the city's sake,  
     The child to slay!  
     For nought can blunt nor mar  
     The speech oracular!  
 Children of teen! by disbelief ye erred—  
 Yet in wild weeping came fulfilment of the word!

(ANTIGONE and ISMENE approach, with a train of mourners,  
 bearing the bodies of ETEOCLES and POLYNEICES)



Look up, look forth! the doom is plain,  
 Nor spake the messenger in vain!  
 A twofold sorrow, twofold strife—  
 Each brave against a brother's life!  
 In double doom hath sorrow come—  
 How shall I speak it?—on the home!  
 Alas, my sisters! be your sighs the gale,  
 The smiting of your brows the splash of oars,  
 Wafting the boat, to Acheron's dim shores  
 That passeth ever, with its darkened sail,  
 On its uncharted voyage and sunless way,  
 Far from thy beams, Apollo, god of day—  
 The melancholy bark  
 Bound for the common bourn, the harbour of the dark!

Look up, look yonder! from the home  
 Antigone, Ismene come,  
 On the last, saddest errand bound,  
 To chant a dirge of doleful sound,  
 With agony of equal pain  
 Above their brethren slain!  
 Their sister-bosoms surely swell,  
 Heart with rent heart according well  
 In grief for those who fought and fell!  
 Yet—ere they utter forth their woe—  
 We must awake the rueful strain  
 To vengeful powers, in realms below,  
 And mourn hell's triumph o'er the slain!

Alas! of all, the breast who bind,—  
 Yea, all the race of womankind—  
 O maidens, ye are most bereaved!  
 For you, for you the tear-drops start—  
 Deem that in truth, and undeceived,  
 Ye hear the sorrows of my heart!

*(To the dead)*

Children of bitterness, and sternly brave—  
 One, proud of heart against persuasion's voice,  
 One, against exile proof! ye win your choice—  
 Each in your fatherland, a separate grave!

Alack, on house and heritage  
 They brought a baneful doom, and death for wage!  
 One strove through tottering walls to force his way,  
 One claimed, in bitter arrogance, the sway,  
 And both alike, even now and here,  
 Have closed their suit, with steel for arbiter!  
 And lo, the Fury-fiend of Oedipus, their sire,  
 Hath brought his curse to consummation dire  
     Each in the left side smitten, see them laid—  
     The children of one womb,  
     Slain by a mutual doom!  
 Alas, their fate! the combat murderous,  
     The horror of the house,  
 The curse of ancient bloodshed, now repaid!  
 Yea, deep and to the heart the deathblow fell,  
     Edged by their feud ineffable—  
 By the grim curse, their sire did imprecate—  
     Discord and deadly hate!  
 Hark, how the city and its towers make moan—  
 How the land mourns that held them for its own!  
 Fierce greed and fell division did they blend,  
     Till death made end!  
 They strove to part the heritage in twain,  
     Giving to each a gain—  
 Yet that which struck the balance in the strife,  
     The arbitrating sword,  
 By those who loved the twain is held abhorred—  
 Loathed is the god of death, who sundered each from life!  
     Here, by the stroke of steel, behold! they lie—  
     And rightly may we cry  
*Beside their fathers, let them here be laid—  
 Iron gave their doom, with iron their graves be made—  
 Alack, the slaying sword, alack, th' entombing spade!*  
 Alas, a piercing shriek, a rending groan,  
 A cry unfeigned of sorrow felt at heart!  
 With shuddering of grief, with tears that start,  
 With wailful escort, let them hither come—  
 For one or other make divided moan!  
 No light lament of pity mixed with gladness,  
 But with true tears, poured from the soul of sadness,  
 Over the princes dead and their bereaved home  
 Say we, above these brethren dead,  
     *On citizen, on foreign foe,*

*Brave was their rush, and stern their blow—*

*Now, lowly are they laid!*

Beyond all women upon earth

Woe, woe for her who gave them birth!

Unknowingly, her son she wed—

The children of that marriage-bed,

Each in the self-same womb, were bred—

Each by a brother's hand lies dead!

Yea, from one seed they sprang, and by one fate

Their heritage is desolate,

The heart's division sundered claim from claim,

And, from their feud, death came!

Now is their hate allayed,

Now is their life-stream shed,

Ensanguining the earth with crimson dye—

Lo, from one blood they sprang, and in one blood they lie!

A grievous arbiter was given the twain—

The stranger from the northern main,

The sharp, dividing sword,

Fresh from the forge and fire

The War-god treacherous gave ill award

And brought their father's curse to a fulfilment dire!

They have their portion—each his lot and doom,

Given from the gods on high!

Yea, the piled wealth of fatherland, for tomb,

Shall underneath them lie!

Alas, alas! with flowers of fame and pride

Your home ye glorified,

But, in the end, the Furies gathered round

With chants of boding sound,

Shrieking, *In wild defeat and disarray,*

*Behold, ye pass away!*

The sign of Ruin standeth at the gate,

There, where they strove with Fate—

And the ill power beheld the brothers' fall,

And triumphed over all!

(ANTIGONE, ISMENE, and the CHORUS all take part in the following responsive dirge)

Thou wert smitten, in smiting,

Thou didst slay, and wert slain—

By the spear of each other

Ye lie on the plain,  
And ruthless the deed that ye wrought was, and ruthless the  
death of the twain!

Take voice, O my sorrow!  
Flow tear upon tear—  
Lay the slain by the slayer,  
Made one on the bier!  
Our soul in distraction is lost, and we mourn o'er the prey of  
the spear!

Ah, woe for your ending,  
Unbrotherly wrought!  
And woe for the issue,  
The fray that ye fought,  
The doom of a mutual slaughter whereby to the grave ye are  
brought!

Ah, twofold the sorrow—  
The heard and the seen!  
And double the tide  
Of our tears and our teen,  
As we stand by our brothers in death and wail for the love that  
has been!

O grievous the fate  
That attends upon wrong!  
Stern ghost of our sire,  
Thy vengeance is long!  
Dark Fury of hell and of death, the hands of thy kingdom are  
strong!

O dark were the sorrows  
That exile hath known!  
He slew, but returned not  
Alive to his own!  
He struck down a brother, but fell, in the moment of triumph  
hewn down!

O lineage accurst,  
O doom and despair!  
Alas, for their quarrel,  
The brothers that were!

And woe! for their pitiful end, who once were our love and our care!

O grievous the fate  
That attends upon wrong!  
Stern ghost of our sire,  
Thy vengeance is long!  
Dark Fury of hell and of death, the hands of thy kingdom are strong!

By proof have ye learnt it!  
At once and as one,  
O brothers beloved,  
To death ye were done!  
Ye came to the strife of the sword, and behold! ye are both overthrown!

O grievous the tale is,  
And grievous their fall,  
To the house, to the land,  
And to me above all!  
Ah, God! for the curse that hath come, the sin and the ruin withal!

O children distraught,  
Who in madness have died!  
Shall ye rest with old kings  
In the place of their pride?  
Alas for the wrath of your sire if he findeth you laid by his side!  
( *HIPPALD enters* )

#### HIRALD

I bear command to tell to one and all  
What hath approved itself and now is law,  
Ruled by the counsellors of Cadmus' town  
For this Eteocles, it is resolved  
To lay him on his earth-bed, in this soil,  
Not without care and kindly sepulture  
For why? he hated those who hated us,  
And, with all duties blamelessly performed  
Unto the sacred ritual of his sires,  
He met such end as gains our city's grace,—  
With auspices that do ennoble death

Such words I have in charge to speak of him  
 But of his brother Polyneices, this—  
 Be he cast out unburied, for the dogs  
 To rend and tear for he presumed to waste  
 The land of the Cadmeans, had not Heaven—  
 Some god of those who aid our fatherland—  
 Opposed his onset, by his brother's spear,  
 To whom, tho' dead, shall consecration come!  
 Against him stood this wretch, and brought a hoirde  
 Of foreign foemen, to beset our town  
 He therefore shall receive his recompense,  
 Buried ignobly in the maw of kites—  
 No women-wailers to escort his corpse  
 Nor pile his tomb nor shrill his dirge anew—  
 Unhouselled, unattended, cast away!  
 So, for these brothers, doth our State ordain

## ANTIGONE

And I—to those who make such claims of rule  
 In Cadmus' town—I, though no other help,

*(Pointing to the body of POLYNEICES)*

I, I will bury this my brother's corse  
 And risk your wiath and what may come of it!  
 It shames me not to face the State, and set  
 Will against power, rebellion resolute  
 Deep in my heart is set my sisterhood,  
 My common birthright with my brothers, born  
 All of one womb, her children who, for woe,  
 Brought forth sad offspring to a sire ill-starred  
 Therefore, my soul! take thou thy willing share,  
 In aid of him who now can will no more,  
 Against this outrage be a sister true,  
 While yet thou livest, to a brother dead!  
 Him never shall the wolves with ravening maw  
 Rend and devour I do forbid the thought!  
 I for him, I—albeit a woman weak —  
 In place of burial-pit, will give him rest  
 By this protecting handful of light dust  
 Which, in the lap of this poor linen robe,  
 I bear to hallow and bestrew his corpse  
 With the due covering Let none gainsay!  
 Courage and craft shall arm me, this to do

## HERALD

I charge thee, not to flout the city's law!

## ANTIGONE

I charge thee, use no useless heralding!

## HERALD

Stern is a people newly 'scaped from death

## ANTIGONE

Whet thou their sternness! burial he shall have

## HERALD

How? grace of burial, to the city's foe?

## ANTIGONE

God hath not judged him separate in guilt

## HERALD

True—till he put this land in jeopardy

## ANTIGONE

His rights usurped, he answered wrong with wrong

## HERALD

Nay—but for one man's sin he smote the State

## ANTIGONE

Contention doth out-talk all other gods!

Prate thou no more—I will to bury him

## HERALD

Will, an thou wilt! but I forbid the deed

(*The HERALD goes out*)

CHORUS (*singing*)

Exulting Fates, who waste the line

And whelm the house of Oedipus!

Fiends, who have slain, in wrath condign,

The father and the children thus!

What now befits it that I do,

What meditate, what undergo?

Can I the funeral rite refrain,

Nor weep for Polyneices slain?

But yet, with fear I shrink and thrill,

Presageful of the city's will!

Thou, O Eteocles, shalt have

Full rites, and mourners at thy grave,  
But he, thy brother slain, shall he,  
With none to weep or cry *Alas*,  
To unbefriended burial pass?  
Only one sister o'er his bier,  
To raise the cry and pour the tear—  
Who can obey such stern decree?

## SEMI-CHORUS

Let those who hold our city's sway  
Wreak, or forbear to wreak, their will  
On those who cry, *Ah, well-a-day!*  
Lamenting Polyneices still!  
We will go forth and, side by side  
With her, due burial will provide!  
Royal he was, to him be paid  
Our grief, wherever he be laid!  
The crowd may sway, and change, and still  
Take its caprice for Justice' will!  
But we this dead Fteocles,  
As Justice wills and Right decrees,  
Will bear unto his grave!  
For—under those enthroned on high  
And Zeus' eternal royalty—  
He unto us salvation gave!  
He saved us from a foreign yoke,—  
A wild assault of outland folk,  
A savage, alien wave!



#### NOTE FOR THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES

THE Theban legend is interpreted in several of its aspects by Sophocles in *Oedipus the King*, *Antigone*, and *Oedipus at Colonus*, and by Euripides in *The Suppliants* and *The Phoenissae*

1 The descriptions of the decorations upon the shields reflect the literary convention found in Homer's description of the shield of Achilles, *Iliad*, XVIII, and Hesiod's *Shield of Hercules*. All these passages constitute evidence for the extent to which awareness of objects of art existed at these periods. Cf. also the opening chorus of Euripides' *Ion*.

IV  
PROMETHEUS BOUND

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

POWER

FORCE

HEPHAESTUS

PROMETHEUS

CHORUS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF OCEANUS

OCEANUS

IO

HERMIS

## INTRODUCTION

FEW Greek tragedies present as many critical difficulties as does the *Prometheus Bound*. In the first place even its authenticity has been doubted, although this view has not commanded any general acceptance. Its date is likewise uncertain. Some scholars have placed it before *The Persians*, while others have insisted that it must have been composed much later, at a time not far removed from that of the *Oresteia*. Further, although the play is presumably one part of a trilogy, critics have not been able to determine with exactness what place it occupied in the larger dramatic unit and what was the content of its companion plays. Lastly, the question of its larger significance has provided ample material for critical debate.

So far as our information goes, we may with fair assurance accept the theory, now generally held, that the *Prometheus Bound* was the first play of the trilogy, followed by *Prometheus Unbound* and *Prometheus the Fire-Bearer*. In the trilogy the poet has treated in detail the legend of the great Titan, who took pity on the helplessness of men, and gave them the precious gift of fire which he stole from Heaven, wherewith they were able to improve their state and to learn the arts of civilization. Prometheus' theft contravened an ordinance of Zeus, the newly established Lord of Heaven, who had determined to destroy the race of men. Our play deals with Zeus' punishment of his rebellious subject, while the second of the series told of Prometheus' release, and the third, about which we have scarcely any knowledge, may have connected the legend with the institution of some religious festival of the Athenians.

In the *Prometheus Bound* Aeschylus was faced with a difficult problem of dramaturgy since he had to build a play in which his central character could not move, in a very literal sense of the word. Consequently the poet found himself considerably limited in scope and was forced practically to eliminate from his play anything which we might call "action." Aeschylus solves the problem by introducing several characters who in one way or another set off the central figure. He contrasts Prometheus now with Oceanus, now with Io his fellow-sufferer at the hands of Zeus, and finally with Hermes, the "lackey of Zeus" as Prometheus bitterly

calls him. In and through the dialogues between Prometheus and his various interlocutors gradually emerges the poet's analysis of the questions he is raising in the play.

Since we do not possess the rest of the trilogy, any attempt to give a general interpretation of the *Prometheus Bound* is hazardous. At least some points are certain. Here we have a play whose dramatic date lies almost at the beginning of mythological time. Furthermore, all the characters, save Io, are superhuman. Hence the poet has given the play a greater elevation than is to be found elsewhere in the extant Greek drama. Of course, he loses in "realism," but, to compensate this loss, he has put himself in a position whence he may appropriately attack the central problem which he has before him. This problem appears to be "What is the nature of the divine power which lies behind the universe? If that power is benevolent, beneficent or good, why is it that man suffers? Why is there evil in the world?" Our play seems to contain only the preliminaries to some kind of resolution of this most difficult of all philosophical and religious problems. Prometheus, the benignant, the "Suffering Servant," the benefactor of mankind, is posed against Zeus, the malignant tyrant, omnipotent, though not omniscient. A quasi-allegory or partial symbolism may be present here in this opposition between wisdom and brute force.

The critical problem still remains. How can the Zeus of the *Prometheus Bound* be reconciled with the Zeus of *The Suppliants* or the *Oresteia*? If we are justified in suggesting that the play is oriented towards the problem of evil and the nature of the power behind the universe, then the anthropomorphic aspects of Zeus and Prometheus in the play tend to diminish in importance, as well as certain accidental details of the legend. As a result, criticism which sees in Prometheus the normal "tragic hero," possessed with the "tragic flaw" of stubbornness, appears to become less relevant. How the conflict between Zeus and Prometheus was finally resolved by Aeschylus, or if he ever did resolve it in this trilogy, we probably shall never discover. Shelley has made the best-known attempt to repair the loss of the remaining plays. In any event, in the play one may well see the poet endeavouring to offer an interpretation of the divine nature which somehow is at once all-powerful and at once ultimately wise, and yet exercises control over a world in which the fact of evil is present. The play will always constitute a challenge to the critical imagination. The conclusion of the *Oresteia*, which deals with essentially the same religious and philosophical problem, may contain a clue to the enigma of the *Prometheus Bound*.

## PROMETHEUS BOUND

(SCENE —*A rocky gorge in Scythia* POWER and FORCE enter, carrying PROMETHEUS as a captive They are accompanied by HEPHAESTUS )

### POWER

To THIS far region of the earth, this pathless wilderness of Scythia, at last we are come O Hephaestus, thine is the charge, on thee are laid the Father's commands in never-yielding fetters linked of adamant to bind this miscreant to the high-ridged rocks For this is he who stole the flame of all-working fire, thy own bright flower, and gave to mortal men Now for the evil done he pays this forfeit to the gods, so haply he shall learn some patience with the reign of Zeus and put away his love for human kind

### HEPHAESTUS

O Power and Force, your share in the command of Zeus is done, and for you nothing remains, but I—some part of courage still is wanting to bind with force a kindred god to this winter-bitten gorge Yet must I summon daring to my heart, such dread dwells in the Father's word — (to PROMETHEUS) O high magnanimous son of prudent Themis, against thy will and mine with brazen bonds no hand can loose I bind thee to this unvisited lonely rock No human voice will reach thee here, nor any form of man be seen Parched by the blazing fires of the sun thy skin shall change its pleasant hue, grateful to thee the starry-kirtled night shall come veiling the day, and grateful again the sun dispelling the morn's white frost Forever the weariness of unremitting pain shall waste thy strength, for he is not born who can deliver thee See now the profit of thy human charity thou, a god not fearing the wrath of the gods, hast given to mortal men honors beyond their due, and therefore on this joyless rock thou must keep vigil, sleepless and weary-clinging, with unbended knees, pouring out thy ceaseless lamentations and unheeded cries, for the mind of Zeus knows no turning, and ever harsh the hand that newly grasps the sway

## POWER

It may be so, yet why seek delay in vainly spent pity? Feel you no hatred for this enemy of the gods, who hath betrayed to mortals your own chief honor?

## HEPHAESTUS

{ Kinship and old fellowship will have their due

## POWER

'Tis true, but where is strength to disobey the father's words? Fear-est thou not rather this?

## HEPHAESTUS

Ever merciless thou art, and steeped in cruelty

## POWER

It healeth nothing to weep for him Take not up an idle burden wherein there is no profit

## HEPHAESTUS

Alas, my cherished craft, thrice hateful now!

## POWER

Why hateful? In simple sooth thy art hath no blame for these present ills

## HEPHAESTUS

Yet would it were another's, not mine!

## POWER

All toil alike in sorrow, unless one were lord of heaven, none is truly free, save only Zeus

## HEPHAESTUS

This task confirms it, I can nothing deny

## POWER

Make haste then to bind him in fetters, lest the father detect thee loitering

## HEPHAESTUS

Behold the curb, it is ready to hand

## POWER

Strongly with thy hammer, strongly weld it about his hands, make him fast to the rock

HEPHAESTUS

The work goes on, it is well done

POWER

Harder strike them, tighter draw the links, leave nothing loose, strange skill he hath to find a way where none appeared

HEPHAESTUS

One arm is fastened, and none may loose it

POWER

Fetter the other, make it sure, he shall learn how all his cunning is folly before Zeus

HEPHAESTUS

Save now my art hath never wrought harm to any

POWER

Now strongly drive the biting tooth of the adamantine wedge straight through his breast

HEPHAESTUS

Alas, Prometheus! I groan for thy pangs

POWER

Dost thou shrink? Wilt thou groan for the foes of Zeus? Take heed, lest thou groan for thyself

HEPHAESTUS

Thou lookest upon a spectacle grievous to the eye

POWER

I look upon one suffering as he deserves —Now about his sides strain tight the girth

HEPHAESTUS

It must needs be done, yet urge me not overmuch

POWER

Yet will I urge and harry thee on —Now lower, with force constrain his legs.

HEPHAESTUS

'Tis even done, nor was the labor long

POWER

Weld fast the galling fetters, remember that he who appraises is strict to exact



## HEPHAESTUS

Cruel thy tongue, and like thy cruel face

## POWER

Be thine the tender heart! Rebuke not my bolder mood, nor chide my austerity

## HEPHAESTUS

Let us go, now the clinging web binds all his limbs

(HEPHAESTUS *departs* )

## POWER

There, wanton, in thy insolence! Now for thy creatures of a day filch divine honors Tell me, will mortal men drain for thee these tortures? Falsely the gods call thee Prometheus, the Contriver, for no cunning contrivance shall help thee to slip from this bondage

(POWER and FORCE *depart* )

PROMETHEUS (*alone, chanting*)

O air divine, and O swift-winged winds!  
Ye river fountains, and thou myriad-twinkling  
Laughter of ocean waves! O mother earth!  
And thou, O all-discerning orb o' the sun!—  
To you, I cry to you, behold what I,  
A god, endure of evil from the gods

Behold, with what dread torments  
I through the slow-revolving  
Ages of time must wrestle,  
Such hideous bonds the new lord  
Of heaven hath found for my torture  
Woe! woe! for the present disasters  
I groan, and for those that shall come,  
Nor know I in what far sky  
The dawn of deliverance shall rise

Yet what is this I say? All future things

I see unerring, nor shall any chance

Of evil overtake me unaware

(The will of Destiny we should endure

Lightly as may be, knowing still how vain

To take up arms against Necessity

Silent I cannot keep, I cannot tongue

These strange calamities Lo, I am he

Who, darkly hiding in a fennel reed  
 Fountains of fire, so secretly purloined  
 And gave to be the teacher of all arts  
 And giver of all good to mortal men  
 And now this forfeit for my sin I pay,  
 Thus lodged in fetters under the bare sky

Woe's me!  
 What murmur hovereth near?  
 What odor, where visible shape  
 Is none? Some god, or a mortal,  
 Or one of the middle race?  
 Hath he come to this world's-end  
 Idly to gloat o'er my toils,  
 Or what would he have?—Behold me  
 Fettered, the god ill-fated,  
 The foeman of Zeus, the detested  
 Of all who enter his courts,  
 And only because of my love,  
My too-great love for mankind  
 Ah me! once more the murmur  
 I hear as of hovering birds,  
 And the air is whirring with quick  
 Beating of wings For me  
 There is fear, whatever approaches  
 (The CHORUS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF OCEANUS enter,  
*drawn in a winged car*)

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe 1*

Fear nothing, in friendship and eager  
 With wingèd contention of speed  
 Together we draw near thy rock  
 Scarce we persuaded our father,  
 But now at last the swift breezes  
 Have brought us Down in the depth  
 Of our sea-cave came the loud noise  
 Of the welding of iron, and wonderment  
 Banished our maiden shame,  
 All in haste, unsandalled, hither  
 We flew in this wingèd car

## PROMETHEUS

Ah me! ah me!  
 O all ye children of Tethys,  
 Daughters of father Oceanus  
 Who ever with tide unwearied  
 Revolveth the whole world round,—  
 Behold now prisoned in chains  
 On the dizzy verge of this gorge  
 Forever I keep sad watch

## CHORUS

*antistrophe 1*

I see, O Prometheus, thy body  
 In the toils and torture of bondage  
 Withering here on this rock,  
 And a mist as of terror, a cloud  
 Of tears o'erveils my eyes  
 New helmsmen guide in the heavens,  
 And Zeus unlawfully rules  
 With new laws, and the might of old  
 He hath banished to uttermost darkness

## PROMETHEUS

Would that me too he had hurled,  
 Bound in these cruel, unyielding  
 Bonds, down, down under earth,  
 Beneath wide Hades, where go  
 The tribe of innumerable dead,  
 Down to the infinite depths  
 Of Tartarus! There no god,  
 No mortal would gloat o'er my ruin  
 Now like a toy of the winds  
 I hang, my anguish a joy  
 To my foes

## CHORUS

*strophe 2*

Who of the gods is so hardened?  
 To whom is thy sorrow a joy?  
 Who save only Zeus  
 But feels the pang of thy torments?  
 But he, ever savage of soul,  
 Swayeth the children of heaven,  
 Nor ever will cease till his heart

Is satiate grown, or another  
Snatches the empire by guile

## PROMETHEUS

Ay, and this Lord of the blessed  
Shall call in the fulness of time  
Upon me whom he tortures in bondage,  
Shall implore me to utter the plot  
That will rob him of honour and throne  
No sweet-lipped charm of persuasion  
Then shall allure me, and never  
In cringing fear of his threats  
The knowledge will I impart,  
Till first he has loosened these bonds,  
And for all my anguish he too  
Hath humbled his neck unto judgment

## CHORUS

*antistrophe 2*

Bold art thou, and calamity  
~~Softens thee not~~, but ever  
Thy thought is quick on thy tongue  
Terror pierceth my heart,  
And fearing I ask what shore,  
O wanderer tempest-tost,  
Far-off of peace shall receive thee!  
Stern is the son of Cronos,  
And deaf his heart to beseeching

## PROMETHEUS

I know of his hardness, I know  
That justice he holds in his palm,  
Yet his pride shall be humbled, I think,  
His hardness made soft, and his wrath  
Shall bow to the blows of adversity,  
He, too, in milder mood  
Shall come, imploring of me  
The friendship I willingly grant

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Unfold to us the whole story For what crime does Zeus so shamefully  
and bitterly torture you? Tell us, if there is no harm in telling

## PROMETHEUS

Painful are these things to relate, painful is silence, and all is wretchedness. When first the gods knew wrath, and faction raised its head amongst them, and some would tear old Cronos from his throne that Zeus might take his place, and others were determined that Zeus should never reign over the gods, then I with wise counsel sought to guide the Titans, children of Earth and Sky,—but all in vain. My crafty schemes they disdained, and in their pride of strength thought it were easy to make themselves lords by force. Often to me my mother Themis (or call her Earth, for many names she hath, being one) had foretold in oracles what was to be, with warning that not by might or brutal force should victory come, but by guile alone. So I counselled them, but they turned their eyes from me in impatience. Of the courses which then lay open, far the best, it seemed, was to take my mother as my helper and to join my will with the will of Zeus. By my advice the cavernous gloom of Tartarus now hides in night old Cronos and his peers. Thus the new tyrant of heaven took profit of me, and thus rewards me with these torments. 'Tis the disease of tyranny, no more, to take no heed of friendship. You ask why he tortures me, hear now the reason. No sooner was he established on his father's throne than he began to award various offices to the different gods, ordering his government throughout. Yet no care was in his heart for miserable men, and he was fain to blot out the whole race and in their stead create another. None save me opposed his purpose, I only dared, I rescued mankind from the heavy blow that was to cast them into Hades. Therefore I am bowed down by this anguish, painful to endure, pitiable to behold. Mercy I had for mortals, but found no mercy for myself—so piteously I am disciplined, an ignoble spectacle for Zeus.

## LEADER

Fashioned of rock is he, and iron is his heart, O Prometheus, who feels not indignation at thy disasters. Rather would I not have seen them at all, and seeing them I am sore of heart.

## PROMETHEUS

To my very friends I am a spectacle of pity.

## LEADER

Yet it may be—did thy transgressions end there?

## PROMETHEUS

Through me mankind ceased to foresee death.

## LEADER

What remedy could heal that sad disease?

PROMETHEUS

Blind hopes I made to dwell in them

LEADER

O merciful boon for mortals

PROMETHEUS

And more than all I gave them fire

LEADER

And so in their brief life they are lords of flaming fire?

PROMETHEUS

Through it they will learn many arts

LEADER

And was it for crimes like this Zeus—

PROMETHEUS

Tortures me, and ceases not nor relents

LEADER

And is there no goal to the struggle before thee?

PROMETHEUS

There is none, save when it seems to him good

LEADER

When shall it so seem? What hope? Seest thou not thy error? That thou hast erred, I say in sorrow and with sorrow to thee But enough of that, seek thou some release from the conflict

PROMETHEUS

How easy for one who fares in pleasant ways to admonish those in adversity But all this I knew, with open eyes, with willing mind, I erred, I do not deny it Mankind I helped, but could not help myself Yet I dreamed not that here in this savage solitary gorge, on this high rock, I should waste away beneath such torments Yet care not to bewail these present disasters, but descend to the earth, and hear of the woes to come and all that is to be I pray you heed my word, have compassion on one who is now caught in the toils, for sorrow flitteth now to one and now to another, and visiteth each in his turn

CHORUS (*singing*)

We list to your words, O Prometheus —  
Lo, with light foot I step  
From the swift-rushing car the pure air,

The highway I leave of the birds,  
And now to the rugged earth  
I descend I listen, I wait  
For thy story of pain and disaster  
(*OCEANUS enters, borne on a winged horse*)

## OCEANUS

To thee I come, O Prometheus,  
Borne on this swift-wingèd bird  
That knoweth the will of his rider  
And needeth no curb, from afar  
I have flown a weansome way,  
Weary but ended at last  
I am grieved with thy grief, I am drawn  
By our kinship, and even without it  
Thee more than all others I honor  
I speak simple sooth, and my tongue  
Knows not to flatter in idleness  
Nay, tell me what aid I may render,  
For never thy lips shall avow  
Oceanus failed thee in friendship

## PROMETHEUS

Ho! What is this I look upon? What then, art thou too come to stare upon my ruin? What new daring has brought thee from thy ocean stream and thy rock-roofed unbuilt caverns hither to our earth, the mother of iron? Art thou come to view my fate with indignation for my calamities? Behold the spectacle! behold me, the friend of Zeus, who helped him to a throne, now bowed down by his torments

## OCEANUS

I see, Prometheus, and, though thou art thyself cunning in device, I would admonish thee to prudence Learn to know thyself, put on the habit of new ways, for there is a new tyrant among the gods If still thou hurlest forth these harsh and biting words, perchance from afar off, Zeus, sitting above, may hear thee, and thy present burden of sorrows will seem as the sport of children But, O wretched sufferer, put away thy moody wrath, and seek some respite from thy ills My advice may sound as the trite sayings of old, yet thou thyself canst see what are the wages of too bold a tongue Thou hast not learned humility, nor to yield to evils, but rather wouldst add others new to thy present store Take me for thy teacher, and kick not against the pricks, for there rules in heaven an austere monarch who is responsible to none Now I will go and make trial to win thy release from this grievous state Do thou keep thy peace,

and restrain thy blustering speech Or knowest thou not in thy wisdom what penalties overtake an idle tongue?

## PROMETHEUS

I give you joy that, having shared and dared with me, you have still kept yourself free of blame I bid you trouble not your peace, his will is immutable and you cannot persuade him Even beware, lest by your going you bring sorrow upon yourself

## OCEANUS

Thou art wiser to think for others than for thyself, and this I infer from the events But deter me not from going, for I boast, yes, I may boast, that Zeus will grant me this boon and deliver thee from these toils

## PROMETHEUS

I thank you with gratitude that shall never fail, for you lack nothing in zeal But trouble not yourself, it is idle, and your care will avail me nothing, despite your zeal Hold your peace, and keep your foot well from these snares If I suffer, let me suffer alone Yet not alone, for I am burdened by the fate of Atlas, my brother He in the far western ways stands bearing on his shoulders the mighty pillar of earth and sky, a weary burden to hold And I have seen with pity the earth-born dweller of the Cilician caves, the impetuous, the hundred-headed Typho, when he was bent by force For he withstood the host of the gods, hissing forth terror from his horrid throats, whilst Gorgonian fires flamed from his eyes, as if to take by violence the very throne of Zeus, but the unsleeping weapon of Zeus fell upon him, the down-rushing thunderbolt with breath of flame, and smote him from his loud-vaunted boastings, and stricken to the heart he was scorched to embers, and thunder rent from him his strength Now a helpless spawling bulk he lies near the ocean strait, buried beneath the roots of Aetna whilst above on the utmost summit Hephaestus welds the molten ore Thence some day, I ween, shall burst forth rivers of fire to devour with savage maw the wide fields of fair-fruited Sicily,—such wrath shall Typho, scorched by the thunder of Zeus, send up, a tempest, terrible, seething, with breath of flame —But thou art not untried, and needest not me for a teacher Save thyself, as thou best knowest how, and leave me to drain this flood of calamity, till the mind of Zeus grows light of its anger

## OCEANUS

Knowest thou not, Prometheus, there are words of healing for a mind distempered?



## PROMETHEUS

Ay, if in good time we soothe the heart, nor violently repress its tumid rage

## OCEANUS

In prudent zeal and daring combined, tell me what peril hidden lies

## PROMETHEUS

Labor in vain and vain simplicity

## OCEANUS

Leave me, I prythee, to my mind's disease, for it is well having wisdom not to appear wise

## PROMETHEUS

The folly of thy mission will seem mine

## OCEANUS

It is clear your words dismiss me home

## PROMETHEUS

Your tears for me might win hatred for yourself

## OCEANUS

His hatred you mean, who newly wears the sovereignty?

## PROMETHEUS

Ay, his, beware that you vex not his heart.

## OCEANUS

Your calamity, Prometheus, is my teacher

## PROMETHEUS

Be gone, take yourself off, keep your present mind

## OCEANUS

I am gone even with your urgent words See, the winged beast flutters the broad path of the air, gladly would he bend the weary knee in his stall at home

(OCEANUS *departs as the CHORUS begins its song*)

## CHORUS

*strophe 1*

I mourn, O Prometheus, for thee,  
I wail for thy hapless fate,  
And tears in a melting flood  
Flow down from the fount of my eyes,

Drenching my cheeks O insolent  
Laws, O sceptre of Zeus,  
How over the gods of old  
Ye wield despotic might!

*antistrophe 1*

Lo, all the land groans aloud,  
And the people that dwell in the West  
Lament for thy time-honored reign  
And the sway of thy kindred, Prometheus,  
And they who have builded their homes  
In holy Asia to the wail  
Of thine anguish lament

*strophe 2*

And they  
Of the Colchian land, the virgins  
Exulting in war, and the Scythians  
By the far Maeotian Lake  
In the uttermost regions of earth,

*antistrophe 2*

And the martial flower of Arabia,  
Whose battle resounds with the crashing  
Of brazen spears, they too  
In their citadel reared aloft  
Near Caucasus groan for thy fate

*epode*

One other, a Titan god,  
I have seen in his anguish,  
Atlas, the mighty one, bound  
In chains adamantine, who still  
With groaning upholds on his back  
The high-arched vault of the skies

*epode*

While ever the surge of the sea  
Moans to the sound of his cry,  
And the depths of its waters lament,  
The fountains of hallowed rivers  
Sigh for his anguish in pity,  
While from its dark abyss  
The unseen world far below  
Mutters and rumbles in concert.

## PROMETHEUS

Think not I am silent through pride or insolence, dumb rage gnaws at my very heart for this outrage upon me. Yet who but I established these new gods in their honours? But I speak not of this, for already you are aware of the truth. Rather listen to the sad story of mankind, who like children lived until I gave them understanding and a portion of reason, yet not in disparagement of men I speak, but meaning to set forth the greatness of my charity. For seeing they saw not, and hearing they understood not, but like as shapes in a dream they wrought all the days of their life in confusion. No houses of brick raised in the warmth of the sun they had, nor fabrics of wood, but like the little ants they dwelt underground in the sunless depth of caverns. No certain sign of approaching winter they knew, no harbinger of flowering spring or fruitful summer, ever they labored at random, till I taught them to discern the seasons by the rising and the obscure setting of the stars. Numbers I invented for them, the chiefest of all discoveries, I taught them the grouping of letters, to be a memorial and record of the past, the mistress of the arts and mother of the Muses. I first brought under the yoke beasts of burden, who by draft and carrying relieved men of their hardest labors, I yoked the proud horse to the chariot, teaching him obedience to the reins, to be the adornment of wealth and luxury. I too contrived for sailors sea-faring vessels with their flaxen wings. Alas for me! such inventions I devised for mankind, but for myself I have no cunning to escape disaster.

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Sorrow and humiliation are your portion: you have failed in understanding and gone astray, and like a poor physician falling into sickness you despond and know not the remedies for your own disease.

## PROMETHEUS

Hear but the rest, and you will wonder more at my inventions and many arts. If sickness visited them, they had no healing drug, no salve or soothing potion, but wasted away for want of remedies, and this was my greatest boon, for I revealed to them the mingling of bland medicaments for the banishing of all diseases. And many modes of divination I appointed: from dreams I first taught them to judge what should befall in waking state, I found the subtle interpretation of words half heard or heard by chance, and of meetings by the way, and the flight of taloned birds with their promise of fortune or failure I clearly denoted, their various modes of life, their mutual feuds, their friendships and consortings, I taught men to observe the smooth plumpness of entrails, and the color of the gall pleasing to the gods, and the mottled symmetry of liver-lobe. Burning the thigh-bones wrapt in fat and the long chine, I guided mankind to a hidden art, and read to them the intimations of the altar-flames.

that before were meaningless So much then for these inventions And the secret treasures of the earth, all benefits to men, copper, iron, silver, gold,—who but I could boast their discovery? No one, I ween, unless in idle vaunting Nay, hear the whole matter in a word,—all human aits are from Prometheus

LEADER

Care not for mortals overmuch, whilst you neglect your own profit Indeed, I am of good hope that yet some day, freed from bondage, you shall equal the might of Zeus

PROMETHEUS

Not yet hath all-ordaining Destiny decreed my release, but after many years, broken by a world of disaster and woe, I shall be delivered The craft of the forger is weaker far than Necessity

LEADER

Who then holds the helm of Necessity?

PROMETHEUS

The Fates triiform and the unforgetting Furies

LEADER

And Zeus, is he less in power than these?

PROMETHEUS

He may not avoid what is destined

LEADER

What is destined for Zeus but endless rule?

PROMETHEUS

Ask not, neither set thy heart on knowing

LEADER

Some solemn secret thou wouldst clothe in mystery

PROMETHEUS

Speak no more of it, the time is not yet to divulge it, and the secret must still be deeply shrouded Harbouring this I shall one day escape from this outrage and ignominy of bondage

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe* 1

May never Zeus, the all-wielder,  
Against my feeble will

Set his strength, nor ever may I  
 By the stanchless flood of my father,  
 By the shores of Oceanus, cease  
 With hallowed offering of oxen  
 To worship the gods May never  
 My tongue give offence, but always  
 This purpose abide in my soul

*antistrophe 1*

Ah, sweet to prolong our days  
 In the courage of hope, and sweet  
 With ever dawning delights  
 To nourish the heart I shudder,  
 Prometheus, for thee, for thy weight  
 Of myriad-piled woe  
 Ay, fearing not Zeus, in self-will  
 Too much thou honourest mortals,

*strophe 2*

For thankless thy favor, O friend  
 And where is the valour, what help  
 From men who appear and are gone?  
 Their weakness hast thou not discovered,  
 Their feeble blindness wherein  
 Like dreaming shadows they move?  
 Never their counsels shall break  
 Through the harmony ordered of Zeus

*antistrophe 2*

I too have pondered this wisdom,  
 Beholding thy terrible ruin,  
 Prometheus Ah me, for the change!  
 With what other notes I chanted  
 Thy bridal song, the shrill  
 Hymenean strains at the bath  
 And the couch, on the happy day  
 When our sister Hesione, won  
 By thy bounty, entered thy home!

(*Io enters, transformed in part to a heifer, followed by the  
 Spectre of ARGUS She is in a half-frenzied state*)

*Io (chanting)*

What land have I reached? what people?  
 Who is this I behold in chains

On this storm-riven rock? What crime  
Hath brought thee to perishing thus?  
Ah whither, to what far regions  
Hath misery borne me? Ah me!  
Once more I am stung by the gadfly,  
Pursued by the wraith of dead Argus  
Save me, O Earth! Once more  
In my terror I see him, the watcher,  
He is there, and his myriad eyes  
Are upon me Shall earth nevermore  
Conceal her buried dead?  
He hath come from the pit to pursue me,  
He drives me weary and famished  
Over the long sea sands,  
And ever his shrill scranrel pipe,  
Waxen-jointed, is droning forth  
A slumberous strain

Alas!

To what land far-off have I wandered?  
What error, O Zeus, what crime  
Is mine that thus I am yoked  
Unto misery? Why am I stung  
With frenzy that drives me unresting  
Forever? Let fires consume me,  
Let the deep earth yawning engulf me,  
Or the monstrous brood of the sea  
Devour, but O great King,  
Hark to my pleading for respite!  
I have wandered enough, I am weary,  
And still I discern no repose —

(*To PROMETHEUS*)

And thou, hast thou heard me, the virgin  
Wearing these horns of a heifer?

PROMETHEUS

I hear the frenzied child of Inachus,  
The maiden who with love could all inflame  
Great Zeus's heart, and now by Hera's hate  
Forever flees before this stinging pest

Io (*chanting*)

Thou knowest my father then?  
And who, I prythee, art thou

That callest me thus by name,  
Oh name most wretched! and tellest  
The wasting plague heaven-sent  
And the pest with its haunting sting?  
Ah me! behold I am come  
With leapings of madness, by hunger  
And craving impelled, and subdued  
By the crafty anger of Hera  
Who in this world of calamity,  
Who suffers as I?—But thou,  
If thou canst, declare what awaits me  
Of sorrow, what healing balm  
I may find Speak thou, I implore thee,  
I, the wandering virgin of sorrows

## PROMETHEUS

Clearly I will set forth all you would learn, speaking not in dark riddles, but in full simplicity, as speech is due between friends Behold, I whom you see am Prometheus, the giver of fire to mankind

## IO

You who appeared to men with all-sufficient bounty,—tell me why are you, O enduring Prometheus, given over to chastisement?

## PROMETHEUS

But now I have ceased bewailing these calamities

## IO

And will you deny me this simple boon?

## PROMETHEUS

What do you ask? You may learn all from me

## IO

Declare who chained you to this rocky gorge

## PROMETHEUS

The will of Zeus, but Hephaestus' hand

## IO

For what crimes are you punished thus?

## PROMETHEUS

I have told you enough, ask no more

Io

One further boon what term shall end my wanderings? what time is ordained for my peace?

PROMETHEUS

Better for you not to know than to know

Io

Yet hide not what remains for me to endure

PROMETHEUS

So much alone I am willing to grant

Io

Why then do you delay? I would know all

PROMETHEUS

It is not churlishness, I am loth to bruise your heart

Io

Spare me not further than I myself desire

PROMETHEUS

Since you so crave, it is well, hear me then

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Nay, not yet Grant me also a share in your grace Let us first hear from her the story of her sorrow and the disasters that prey on her life Then do you declare to her what struggle still remains

PROMETHEUS

'Tis for thee, Io, to bestow this favor, and fittingly, for these are thy father's sisters Time is not lost, I deem, in bewailing and mourning our fate when answering tears stand ready in the listener's eye

Io

Hard would it be to disregard your wish,  
And if my words have credit in your ears  
The tale is rendered Yet as one who speaks  
And still laments, my sorrows I recount,—  
How wild, perturbing wonders in my soul  
Wrought by the will of heaven, and how in shape  
This bestial transformation I endured  
For always in the drowsy hours of night  
I, sleeping in my virgin chambers, saw  
Strange visitations pass, and as they passed



Each smiled and whispered O sweet-favored girl, \*  
Why cherish long thy maiden loneliness,  
When love celestial calleth? Fair art thou,  
And throned Zeus, heart-smitten with desire,  
Yearns from his heaven to woo thee Nay, sweet child,  
Disdain him not Now to the meadow land  
Of Lerna, where thy father's pastures lie  
And the sleek cattle browse, do thou steal forth  
Alone, and haply there thy yielding grace  
May soothe the passion in the Sovereign's eye —  
Such dreams, filling with fear the hours of sleep,  
Drove me at last to tell my father all  
And he was troubled, many times in doubt  
To Pythian Delphi and the speaking oaks  
Of far Dodona messengers he sent,  
Inquiring by what act or pleasing word  
The grace of heaven to win But ever these  
With oracles of shifting speech returned,  
Inexplicably dark Yet in the end  
Came one clear cruel utterance, oh, too clear!  
That bade him drive me forth from home and land,  
An exile doomed in solitary ways  
To wander to the confines of the world  
With such commands came words of dreadful import,  
And threats of flaming thunderbolts from Zeus  
With burning wrath to desolate his race,  
If he durst disobey Much doubted he,  
But at the last Apollo's warning voice  
And Zeus's curb upon his soul prevailed  
He drove me forth, and all my life's young joy  
Ended in bitter grief for him and me  
Straightway my form this strange distortion knew,  
With horns here on my front, and madly stung  
By this insatiate fly, with antic bounds  
I sped away to the sweet-flowing fount  
Of Cenchrae and the Lernæan well,  
While close upon me Argus, born of earth,  
Savage and sleepless traileth, his wakeful eyes  
Fixed on my track And though a sudden fate  
Him overmastered, yet this stinging fly  
Still with his lash pursues from land to land —  
Such is my tale, and now if in thy wit  
It lies to prophesy what toils remain,

So say, nor by false pitying speech misguide,  
For glozing words I deem the worst disease

CHORUS (*singing*)

Oh strange! Oh, more than incredible!  
Never I thought such words  
Surpassing the wildest belief  
Should enter my ears, such a tale  
Of horror and woe and calamity  
I am stung to the soul, and compassion  
Benumbs my heart O Fate!  
Alas, O Fate! I shudder  
Beholding the lot of this maiden

PROMETHEUS

You are quick to lament and very prone to fear Yet wait a little till  
you have heard what remains

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Speak, tell us all, to the sick it is sweet to know betimes what awaits  
them of pain

PROMETHEUS

Lightly I granted your former request, for you desired first to hear  
from her lips the story of her conflict, hear now the evils that Hera hath  
still in store for this maiden,—and do you, O daughter of Inachus, take  
my words to your heart that you may know the goal of your wanderings  
—Turn first toward the rising sun, and thitherward proceeding over un-  
ploughed fields you will reach the nomad Scythians, a people of mighty  
archers, who in their wicker-woven houses dwell aloft on smooth-rolling  
wagons Approach not these, but pass on through the land, keeping ever  
near to the surf-beaten shores of the Euxine To the left dwell the Chaly-  
bes, famous workers of iron, and of them you must beware, for they are  
a savage race and regard not strangers Then will you come to the River  
of Violence, fierce as its name and treacherous to ford, cross not over it  
until you have reached the Caucasus, highest of mountains, where the  
river pours out its fury over the brows of the cliffs Here over the star-  
neighboring summits you must toil and turn to the southern path so in  
time you will reach the host of the Amazons, ever hostile to men, who one  
day shall inhabit Themiscyra on the Thermodon, where Salmydessus  
opens upon the sea her ravenous jaws, a terror to strange sailors, a cruel  
step-dame to ships Gladly the Amazons will guide thee on thy way And  
thou wilt come to the Cimmerian isthmus by the narrow gateway of the  
lake, and leaving this with brave heart thou wilt cross over the Maeotic

strait, which ever after in memorial of thy crossing men shall call the Bosphorus, the fording of the heifer Thus thou wilt abandon the plain of Europe and venture on the continent of Asia—Now doth not the tyrant of the gods seem to you altogether violent? Behold how this god, desiring to mingle with a mortal woman, hath imposed on her these wanderings—Thou hast met, O maiden, a bitter claimant for thy favor, and the words thou hast heard are not even the prelude to what must follow

IO

Alas, for me!

PROMETHEUS

Once more you cry out and groan, what will you do when you have learned the troubles that remain?

LEADER

Nay, have you calamities still to recount?

PROMETHEUS

As it were a stormy sea of lamentable woe

IO

What profit have I in life? Why do I not hurl myself out of hand from this rude precipice, that broken on the plain below I may have speedy respite from my troubles? It were better to die once for all than to drag out my lingering days in anguish

PROMETHEUS

How hardly would you endure my struggles, for death that would release me from my woes is denied me by Destiny. Now there is no goal before me of my conflict until Zeus is thrown from his supremacy

IO

And shall Zeus ever fall from power?

PROMETHEUS

You would rejoice, I think, to see his overthrow

IO

Why should I not, who am abused by Zeus?

PROMETHEUS

You may learn from me that your wish is truth

IO

Who shall despoil him of the tyrant's sceptre?

PROMETHEUS

He shall himself despoil by his own folly

IO

How may it be? Speak, if there is no harm

PROMETHEUS

An ill-fated espousal shall work him grief /

IO

A spouse divine or human? tell if thou mayst

PROMETHEUS

What is it to thee? I may not speak her name

IO

His bride shall drag him from the throne?

PROMETHEUS

A son she shall bear, mightier than his father<sup>1</sup>

IO

Hath he no refuge from this doom?

PROMETHEUS

There is none, except I be loosed from my bonds

IO

Who is to loose thee against the will of Zeus?

PROMETHEUS

Thy own children's child must do the deed

IO

What savest thou? my son shall end thy evils?

PROMETHEUS

The third after the tenth generation

IO

Thy oracle is dark to my understanding

PROMETHEUS

Pass it by, thy own ill fate is involved therein

IO

The boon is offered, and straightway thou withdrawest it

## PROMETHEUS

I grant thee the knowledge of either of two desires

## IO

Tell me the twain, and let me choose

## PROMETHEUS

Tis done, choose whether I tell thee plainly of thy coming tribulations  
or of him who is to deliver me

## LEADER

Yet rather bestow the one favor on her and the other on me, and be  
not chary of your words To her set forth her future wanderings, and to  
me your deliverer, as I long to hear

## PROMETHEUS

Your eagerness compels me, and I will relate all you ask To you first,  
Io, I will proclaim trials of wandering, and do you record them on the  
tablets of your brain —When <sup>3</sup> you have crossed the tide that bounds two  
continents, then toward the flaming sun-trodden regions of the dawn pass  
on beyond the surge of the sea till you reach the Gorgonean plains of  
Cisthene, the home of the Graeae, the three daughters of Phorcys, an-  
cient virgins, possessing among them but one eye and one tooth, upon  
whom neither the sun looks down with his beams, nor ever the moon by  
night And near by are the three other sisters, the winged, snake-haired,  
man-hating Gorgons, upon whom no mortal may look and live Such  
wardens guard that land Yet hear another spectacle of dread beware  
the sharp-beaked hounds of Zeus that never bark, the griffins, and beware  
the one-eyed Arimasian host of riders who dwell by the gold-washing tide  
of Pluto's stream, approach them not And you will come to a far-off land,  
a swarthy people, who live by the fountain of the sun and Aethiopia's  
river Follow its banks until you arrive at the Cataract where from the  
Bybline hills the Nile pours out its waters sweet and worshipful This  
stream will guide you to the great Nilotic delta, where at the last fate  
bids you and your children, Io, establish your far-off home Now if my  
speech seems stammering and hard to understand, still question me and  
be advised, for there is more leisure to me than I could wish

## CHORUS

If anything remains untold of her life of weary wanderings, now re-  
count it to her, but if all is said, then grant us the favor we beg You have  
not forgotten it

## PROMETHEUS

She has heard her journeyings to the end, yet that she may know my words are not spoken in vain, I will relate her toils before coming hither, and this shall be a witness to the truth of my prophecy. I will pass over the greater part of the tale, and come to the end of your wanderings. For thus you came at last to the Molossian plains and Dodona with its lofty ridges, where is the oracle and home of Thesprotian Zeus and that strange portent of the talking oaks which in language clear and void of riddles addressed you as the renowned future spouse of Zeus, and the memory of this must still speak in your breast. From thence, urged on by frenzy, you rushed by the sea-shore path to the great gulf of Rhea, and back returned like a vessel tempest-tost from port. Now no longer the gulf shall be known by its old name, but shall be called the Ionian Sea, as a memorial to all men of your journeying. This knowledge is a sign to you of my understanding, that it discerns more than meets the eye.—The rest I tell to you, daughters of Oceanus, and to her together, returning again to the track of my former tale. There is a city, Canobus, standing on the verge of the land at the very mouth and silted bar of the Nile, where at the last Zeus shall restore you to your mind with but the stroke and gentle touching of his hand. There you shall bear a child to Zeus, the swarthy Epaphus, 'Touch-born,' who shall gather as lord the fruit of all the valley of the broad-flowing Nile. The fourth generation after him,<sup>4</sup> a band of fifty sisters shall return perforce to Argos, to flee the courtship of their fifty cousins. And these, like hawks that follow hard upon a flock of doves, shall pursue the maidens, seeking marriage ill to seek, for God shall grudge them the sweet pleasure of that love. In the Pelasgian land the maidens shall find a home, when in the watches of the night with deed of murderous revenge they, women as they are, have slain their suitors, each plunging her deadly blade into her new lord's throat—so might the Queen of Love appear to my foes! Yet longing shall soothe one maiden's heart to spare her fellow, and blunt the edge of her resolve, for of the twain it will please her rather to be called timid than bloodthirsty. And from her a royal race shall spring in Argos—time fails to tell the whole—and a mighty man of valor, renowned with the bow, who shall deliver me from these toils. All this my ancient mother, the Titan Themis, foretold to me in an oracle, but how it shall come to pass needs yet many words to relate, and the hearing would profit you nothing.

*Io (chanting)*

Eleleu! eleleu!

Once more the spasm, the madness

Smiteth my brain as a fire

I am stung by the pest, I am pierced

With a dart never forged in the fire,  
 My seated heart at my ribs  
 Doth knock, and my straining eyes  
 Revolve in their orbs, I am borne  
 As a vessel is lashed by the tempest,  
 My tongue hath broke its control,  
 And my turbid words beat madly  
 In billows of horror and woe

(*Io departs, as the CHORUS begins its song*)

CHORUS

*strophe*

Wise among mortals I count him  
 Who weighed this truth in his mind  
 And divulged it better the union  
 Of equal with equal in wedlock  
 How shall the toiler, the craftsman,  
 Be lifted in idle desire  
 To mate with the glory of wealth  
 Or the honor of noble descent?

*antistrophe*

Never, O kindly powers,  
 Behold me the partner of Zeus,  
 Never may one of the gods  
 Descend from the skies for my love  
 Horror sufficient I feel  
 For Io, the virgin, the outcast,  
 Who hateth her lord and is driven  
 By Hera to wander forlorn

*epode*

Wedlock if equal I fear not,  
 But oh! may never a god  
 With love's irresistible glance  
 Constrain me! Hard were the battle,  
 For who were I to resist him?  
 What way of escape would remain  
 From the counsel and purpose of Zeus?

PROMETHEUS

Yet shall Zeus himself, the stubborn of soul, be humbled, for the union  
 he purposes in his heart shall hurl him to outer darkness from his throne  
 of supremacy. Then at last the curse of his father Cronos shall be ful-

filled to the uttermost, the curse that he swore when thrown from his ancient seat. All this I know and how the curse shall work, and I only of the gods may point out a refuge from these disasters. Therefore let him sit boldly now, trusting in his thunders that reverberate through the sky, and wielding fiery darts in his hands, they shall avail him naught nor save him from falling in ruin unendurable. A mighty wrestler he is preparing against himself, an irresistible champion, who shall search out a fire more terrible than his lightning and a roaring noise to drown his thunder, and who shall break in pieces that sea-scourge and shaker of the earth, the trident-spear of Poseidon. And Zeus, broken on this rock, shall learn how far apart it is to rule and be a slave.

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Thy bodings against Zeus are but thy own desire.

## PROMETHEUS

I speak what is to be, and that is my desire.

## LEADER

Must we look for one to reign above Zeus?

## PROMETHEUS

Troubles more grievous to bear shall bow his neck.

## LEADER

Thou tremblest not to utter such words?

## PROMETHEUS

Why should I tremble whose fate is not to die?

## LEADER

Yet he might still harder torments inflict.

## PROMETHEUS

So let him. I am prepared for all.

## LEADER

Yet the wise bow down to Nemesis.

## PROMETHEUS

So worship, flatter, adore the ruler of the day, but I have no thought in my heart for Zeus. Let him act, let him reign his little while as he will, for he shall not long rule over the gods — (*HERMES enters*) But I see here the lackey of Zeus, the servant of the new tyrant. No doubt he has come with tidings of some new device.



## HERMES

Thee, the wise, the bitter beyond bitterness, the thief of fire, who hast revolted against the gods and betrayed their honours to thy creatures of a day,—to thee I speak The father bids thee declare the chance of wedlock thou vauntest, that shall bereave him of his sceptre, and this thou art to state clearly and not involve thy speech in riddles Put me not, O Prometheus, to double my journey, thou seest that Zeus is not appeased by dubious words

## PROMETHEUS

Haughty thy speech and swollen with pride, as becomes a servant of the gods Ye are but young in tyranny, and think to inhabit a citadel unassaulted of grief, yet have I not seen two tyrants fall therefrom? And third I shall behold this present lord cast down in utter ruin Do I seem to cower and quail before these new gods? Hardly, I think, there is no fear in me But do you trudge back the road you came, for all your pains of asking are in vain

## HERMES

Yet forget not such insolence has brought you to this pass of evil

## PROMETHEUS

Be assured I would not barter my hard lot for your menial service

## HERMES

It is better no doubt to serve this rock than to be the trusted herald of Zeus

## PROMETHEUS

I but answered insult with insult

## HERMES

You seem to glory in your present state

## PROMETHEUS

What, I? So might I see my enemies glory,—and you among them!

## HERMES

You blame me too for your calamities?

## PROMETHEUS

In simple sooth I count all the gods my foes, who requited my benefits with injuries

## HERMES

Your madness I see is a deep-rooted disease

PROMETHEUS

If hatred of foes is madness, I am mad

HERMES

Who could endure you in prosperity!

PROMETHEUS

Alas, prosperity!

HERMES

Zeus has not learned that cry, alas

PROMETHEUS

Time growing ever older, teaches all things

HERMES

It has not taught you wisdom yet

PROMETHEUS

Else I should hardly talk with you, a slave

HERMES

It seems you will not answer the father's demands

PROMETHEUS

My debt of gratitude I fain would pay

HERMES

You have reviled and scorned me as a child

PROMETHEUS (*in supreme anger*)

And are you not simpler than a child if you hope to learn aught from me? There is no torment or contrivance in the power of Zeus to wring this utterance from me, except these bonds are loosened. Therefore let him hurl upon me the red levin, let him confound the reeling world with tempest of white-feathered snow and subterranean thunders, none of these things shall extort from me the knowledge that may ward off his overthrow

HERMES

Consider if you shall profit by this

PROMETHEUS

I have considered long since and formed my plan

HERMES

Yet subdue thyself in time, rash fool, to regard thy present ills in wisdom<sup>s</sup>

## PROMETHEUS

You vex me to no purpose, as one might waste his words on a wave of the sea. Dream not that ever in fear of Zeus's will I shall grow woman-hearted, and raise my supine hands in supplication to my hated foe for deliverance from these bonds,—it is not in my nature.

## HERMES

Though I speak much, my words will all be wasted, my appeals have no power to soften and appease your heart, but champing the bit like a new-yoked colt you are restive and struggle against the reins. There is no strength of wisdom in your savage mood, for mere self-will in a foolish man avails nothing. And consider, if thou disregard my words, what a tempest of evils, wave on wave inevitable, shall break upon thee, for first the father will smite this rugged cliff with rending of thunder and hurtling fires, and in its harsh and rock-ribbed embrace enfold thy hidden body. Then after a weary age of years once more thou shalt come forth to the light, and the winged hound of Zeus, the ravening eagle, with savage greed shall tear the mighty ruin of thy limbs, feasting all day an uninvited guest, and glutting his maw on thy black-gnawed liver. Neither look for any respite from this agony, unless some god shall appear as a voluntary successor to thy toils, and of his own free will goeth down to sunless Hades and the dark depths of Tartarus. Therefore take heed, for my words are not vain boasting, but all too truly spoken. The lips of Zeus know not to utter falsehood, but all that he saith he will accomplish. Do thou consider and reflect, and regard not vaunting pride as better than wise counsel.

## IFADER

To us Hermes seems to utter words not untimely, for he admonishes you to abandon vaunting pride and seek for wise counsel. Obey him, it is shameful for a wise man to go astray.

PROMETHEUS (*chanting*)

All this ere he uttered his message  
I knew, yet feel no dishonor  
In suffering wrong from a foe  
Ay, let the lightning be launched  
With curled and forked flame  
On my head, let the air contounded  
Shudder with thunderous peals  
And convulsion of raging winds,  
Let tempests beat on the earth  
Till her rooted foundations tremble,  
The boisterous surge of the sea

Leap up to mingle its crest  
With the stars eclipsed in their orbs,  
Let the whirling blasts of Necessity  
Seize on my body and hurl it  
Down to the darkness of Tartarus,—  
Yet all he shall not destroy me!

## HERMES

I hear the delirious cries  
Of a mind unhinged, his prayer  
Is frenzy, and all that he doth —  
But ye who condole with his anguish,  
Be quick, I implore, and depart,  
Ere the deafening roar of the thunder  
Daze and bewilder your senses

## CHORUS

Waste not thy breath in vain warnings,  
Nor utter a word unendurable,  
For who art thou in the pathway  
Of evil and falsehood to guide me?  
Better I deem it to suffer  
Whate'er he endures for traitors  
My soul abhorreth, their shame  
I spew from my heart as a pest

## HERMES

Yet remember my counsel in season,  
And blame not your fortune when caught  
In the snare of Disaster, nor cry  
Unto Zeus that he throws you unwarned  
Into sorrow. Yourself take the blame  
Foretaught and with eyes unveiled  
You walk to be snared in the vast  
And implicate net of Disaster

(HERMES goes out. A storm bursts, with thunder and lightning. The rocks are sundered, PROMETHEUS slowly sinks from sight, while the CHORUS scatters to right and left.)

## PROMETHEUS

Lo, in grim earnest the world  
Is shaken, the roar of thunders  
Reverberates, gleams the red levin,

And whirlwinds lick up the dust  
All the blasts of the winds leap out  
And meet in tumultuous conflict,  
Confounding the sea and the heavens  
'Tis Zeus who driveth his furies  
To smite me with terror and madness  
O mother Earth all-honored,  
O Air revolving thy light  
A common boon unto all,  
Behold what wrongs I endure

#### NOTES FOR PROMETHEUS BOUND

THE translation of Paul Elmer More, author of the *Shelburne Essays* and *The Greek Tradition*, was first published in 1899. The present text contains corrections and revisions made by the translator in his own personal copy which was turned over to the editors. More's scheme of translation, which is similar in some respects to that of Richard Aldington in his version of Euripides' *Alceste*, and to that of R. C. Trevelyan in his version of Sophocles' *Ajax*, may perhaps best be described in a short quotation from his introduction. In speaking of the Chorus, More says "Their song and the lyric parts throughout I have turned into semi-poetic language to mark them off to the eye at least from the regular dialogue, which in the original is in a metre akin to our blank verse and is here translated into prose." Certain choral passages in Greek tragedy rendered into short lines of English verse, skilfully composed, seem to preserve with peculiar effectiveness the austerity and dignity of the original.

1 The reference is to the son which Thetis will bear if she consummates her marriage with Zeus. This secret knowledge constitutes Prometheus' only defence against Zeus.

2 This refers to Heracles.

3 The highly imaginative geography of the following speeches evidently afforded great pleasure to the Greek audiences.

4 For the story of the Danaids, cf. Aeschylus, *The Suppliants*, and its introduction.

5 Hermes here virtually identifies wisdom with prudent self-interest.



V

AGAMEMNON



## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

A WATCHMAN

CHORUS OF ARGIVE ELDERS

CLYTEMNESTRA, *wife of* AGAMEMNON

A HERALD

AGAMEMNON, *King of Argos*

CASSANDRA, *daughter of Priam, and slave of* AGAMEMNON

AEGISTHUS, *son of Thyestes, cousin of* AGAMEMNON

*Servants, Attendants, Soldiers*

## INTRODUCTION

### The trilogy *Orestea* *Agamemnon*, *The Choephori*, and *The Eumenides*

THE only trilogy in Greek tragedy which has come down to us complete is the so-called *Orestea*, made up of the three plays, *Agamemnon*, *The Choephori*, and *The Eumenides*. Each individual play therefore must be regarded as a single large act of the whole tragedy. The trilogy is in all probability the last work which Aeschylus composed, and won the first prize in the tragic contest held in 458 B.C. There can be little question that it is Aeschylus' masterpiece and it deservedly holds its position at the forefront of Greek tragedy along with the great Oedipus plays of Sophocles.

In the *Orestea* Aeschylus studies again a curse upon a house. This time he turns to the legends of the House of Atreus which told how Atreus and Thyestes, sons of Pelops, became enemies, how Thyestes wronged Atreus' wife, how Atreus in revenge slew Thyestes' children, and served them to him in a ghastly banquet. The curse came into being as a result of these horrible crimes. Such was the inheritance of Agamemnon and Menelaus, the sons of Atreus. However, all went well with them until Helen, the wife of Menelaus, and reputedly the fairest of women in the world, deserted her husband to go with Paris to Troy. Then, at his brother's request, Agamemnon, the most powerful king in all Greece, marshalled a great Grecian host to invade the Troad and to regain Helen. The expedition assembled at Aulis, but the hostility of Artemis caused contrary winds to blow, and dissension and discontent arose among the Greeks, who were impatient to depart. Calchas, the seer to whom an appeal was made, announced that the expedition could sail only on condition that Agamemnon appease the wrath of Artemis by sacrificing his daughter, Iphigenia. Agamemnon, after a period of inner struggle, finally gave way, the maiden was sacrificed, and the host embarked. After ten years Troy fell, and the various Greek leaders began their journeys home.

The *Agamemnon* opens at this point. The scene is laid at Argos, where

the queen, Clytemnestra, Agamemnon's wife, has not yet heard that the Greeks have captured Troy. Clytemnestra, in the king's absence and in anger at the loss of her daughter, Iphigenia, has taken as her lover, Aegisthus, Thyestes' sole surviving son, who is burning with a desire to revenge himself upon Agamemnon. The queen and her paramour have carefully laid a plot to murder the king upon his return. The events in the first play of the trilogy are the arrival of the news of Troy's capture, Agamemnon's homecoming and his subsequent murder. The second play, *The Choephori*, tells how Electra and Orestes, daughter and son of Agamemnon, slew their mother, Clytemnestra, and her lover, to avenge their father's death. The third play, *The Eumenides*, records how Orestes, driven by the Furies, who are quasi-symbols of conscience, ultimately was absolved of his guilt, and how the curse finally ceased to operate.

The *Agamemnon*, taken by itself, contains two or three aspects worthy of special consideration. The first is the masterly fashion in which Aeschylus has drawn the character of Clytemnestra. With sure hand, he reveals the tense psychological strain under which she is labouring, her adamant calm as she first greets her husband, her wild triumph after the murder, when she glories in her deed, and her final exhausted reaction at the close of the play. Secondly, Agamemnon's entrance provides a scene which illustrates better than any other in Greek tragedy how a playwright can exploit the possibilities of "spectacle," to use Aristotle's designation in his *Poetics* for this aspect of tragedy. Not only is Agamemnon's triumphal entry at the head of a great procession spectacular, but likewise the appeal is to the eye when at the centre of the scene is spread a carpet of deep crimson (or "purple," as it is translated by Morshead), upon which Agamemnon is to walk to his doom. Aeschylus has here used color symbolically with great effect. And finally, the so-called Cassandra scene is perhaps as intense dramatically as any in the literature of the theatre. As Agamemnon's concubine and his chief spoil of the war, Cassandra follows him on the scene, remains motionless and silent until finally, after Agamemnon and Clytemnestra have entered the palace, she breaks into her half-crazed lament and prophecy, which none can believe. The variation in cadence and emotional tension of her lines in the scene account largely for its effectiveness.

*The Choephori* takes its name from the Chorus of "Libation-Bearers" who have accompanied Electra to the tomb of Agamemnon in the opening scene. Considered by itself the play gains added interest for students of Greek tragedy because both Sophocles in his *Electra* and Euripides in his *Electra* have dealt with the same subject-matter. Particularly noteworthy in the play is the long *commos* or lyric passage sung by Electra, Orestes, and the Chorus during which the will of Orestes is steeled for the act of slaying his mother. Equally effective is Orestes' final speech

during which the Furies first appear to him and the fabric of his reason begins to give way

Viewed as a self-contained dramatic unit, *The Eumenides*, so called from the designation given to the Chorus after they have been transformed into Goddesses of Grace, has one individual feature worthy of mention. This is the scene in which Orestes is put on trial for his matricide. Athena creates a court of Athenians who will be competent to judge not only Orestes but also all similar offenders in the future. In this way Aeschylus accounts for the origin of the much-revered Athenian court of the Areopagus. Such ventures in aetiology undoubtedly had a popular appeal for the Athenian audience, and served to make more immediate a drama so largely devoted to mythological or legendary material.

The points already touched upon have not been directly involved with the central import of the trilogy as a whole. It has already been stated that Aeschylus is studying the phenomenon of an ancestral curse. Here is the House of Atreus. Atreus and Thyestes sin. Agamemnon sins in his turn. He is murdered, and his murder begets another. When will the chain of crime cease? It seems undeniable that Aeschylus is focussing his attention upon this aspect of the problem of evil. Furthermore, Aeschylus attacks the question from the point of view of a monotheistic theology. The great opening choral ode of the *Agamemnon* makes this fact abundantly clear. A lofty theological tone is set for the whole trilogy, when the poet writes, p. 172,

Zeus—if to the Unknown  
That name of many names seem good—  
Zeus, upon thee I call  
Thro' the mind's every road  
I passed, but vain are all,  
Save that which names thee Zeus, the Highest One  
Were it but mine to cast away the load,  
The weary load, that weighs my spirit down

'Tis Zeus alone who shows the perfect way  
Of knowledge. He hath ruled,  
Men shall learn wisdom, by affliction schooled

God has ruled that man shall learn by suffering, such is the initial interpretation of the problem offered by Aeschylus at the outset of his drama. The tone continues in the other choral passages of the *Agamemnon*, though the interpretation tends to verge upon the theory that God's justice and his punishments are based upon the principle of "an eye for an eye." But in *The Eumenides* Orestes is acquitted and not for very

logically convincing reasons, and with him justice seems to have been tempered with mercy. Orestes leaves the scene almost immediately, but the play continues, and it is in this closing passage that Aeschylus gives the final resolution to his problem. There are no human characters left, which suggests the idea that Aeschylus has used his human story merely to provide illustrative material for his analysis of the central issue. The Furies, who in their choral songs throughout the play have expressed themselves as uncompromising instruments of Fate and of divine vengeance—"an eye for an eye"—are won over by Athena, and mysteriously and mystically become Goddesses of Mercy. Aeschylus' resolution then is mystical and in a strange sense supra-rational. Its power is like in kind to and of the same order as that in the *Book of Job* when the Voice from the Whirlwind speaks. At the end of the *Oresteia* Aeschylus gives us a conception of a godhead which is at once merciful and just, in which both "Zeus" and "Fate" are fused, through whose wisdom man by suffering can achieve wisdom.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A. W. Verrall in the introduction to his text of *The Eumenides* has developed at some length this interpretation of the play's conclusion.

# AGAMEMNON

(SCENE —*Before the palace of AGAMEMNON in Argos In front of the palace there are statues of the gods, and altars prepared for sacrifice It is night On the roof of the palace can be discerned a WATCHMAN* )

## WATCHMAN

I PRAY the gods to quit me of my toils,  
To close the watch I keep, this livelong year,  
For as a watch-dog lying, not at rest,  
Propped on one arm, upon the palace-roof  
Of Atreus' race, too long, too well I know  
The starry conclave of the midnight sky,  
Too well, the splendours of the firmament,  
The lords of light, whose kingly aspect shows—  
What time they set or climb the sky in turn—  
The year's divisions, ~~bringing frost or fire~~

And now, as ever, am I set to mark  
When shall stream up the glow of signal-flame,  
The bale-fire bright, and tell its Trojan tale—  
*Troy town is ta'en* such issue holds in hope  
She in whose woman's breast beats heart of man<sup>1</sup>

Thus upon mine unrestful couch I lie,  
Bathed with the dews of night, unvisited  
By dreams—ah me!—for in the place of sleep  
Stands Fear as my familiar, and repels  
The soft repose that would mine eyelids seal

And if at whiles, for the lost balm of sleep,  
I medicine my soul with melody  
Of trill or song—anon to tears I turn,  
Wailing the woe that broods upon this home,  
Not now by honour guided as of old

But now at last far fall the welcome hour  
That sets me free, where'er the thick night glow  
With beacon-fire of hope deferred no more

All hail!

(*A beacon-light is seen reddening the distant sky*)  
Fire of the night, that brings my spirit day,  
Shedding on Argos light, and dance, and song,  
Greetings to fortune, hail!

Let my loud summons ring within the ears  
Of Agamemnon's queen, that she anon  
Start from her couch and with a shrill voice cry  
A joyous welcome to the beacon-blaze,  
For Ilion's fall, such fiery message gleams  
From yon high flame, and I, before the rest,  
Will foot the lightsome measure of our joy,  
For I can say, *My master's dice fell fair—*  
*Behold! the triple sic, the lucky flame!*  
Now be my lot to clasp, in loyal love,  
The hand of him restored, who rules our home  
Home—but I say no more upon my tongue  
Treads hard the ox o' the adage<sup>2</sup>

Had it voice,  
The home itself might soothliest tell its tale,  
I, of set will, speak words the wise may learn,  
To others, nought remember nor discern

(*He withdraws* The CHORUS OF ARGIVE ELDERS enters, each  
leaning on a staff During their song CLYTEMNESTRA  
appears in the background, kindling the altars)

CHORUS (*singing*)

Ten livelong years have rolled away,  
Since the twin lords of sceptred sway,  
By Zeus endowed with pride of place,  
The doughty chiefs of Atreus' race,  
Went forth of yore,  
To plead with Priam, face to face,  
Before the judgment-seat of War!

A thousand ships from Argive land  
Put forth to bear the martial band,  
That with a spirit stern and strong

Went out to right the kingdom's wrong—  
 Pealed, as they went, the battle-song,  
 Wild as the vultures' cry,  
 When o'er the eyrie, soaring high,  
 In wild bereavèd agony,  
 Around, around, in airy rings,  
 They wheel with oarage of their wings,  
 But not the eyas-brood behold,  
 That called them to the nest of old,  
 But let Apollo from the sky,  
 Or Pan, or Zeus, but hear the cry,  
 The exile cry, the wail forlorn,  
 Of birds from whom their home is torn—  
 On those who wrought the rapine fell,  
 Heaven sends the vengeful fiends of hell

Even so doth Zeus, the jealous lord  
 And guardian of the hearth and board,  
 Speed Atreus' sons, in vengeful ire,  
 'Gainst Paris—sends them forth on fire,  
 Her to buy back, in war and blood,  
 Whom one did wed but many wou'd  
 And manv, many, by his will,  
 The last embrace of foes shall feel,  
 And many a knee in dust be bowed,  
 And splintered spears on shields ring loud,  
 Of Trojan and of Greek, before  
 That iron bridal-feast be o'er!  
 But as he willed 'tis ordered all,  
 And woes, by heaven ordained, must fall—  
 Unsoothed by tears or spilh of wine  
 Poured forth too late, the wrath divine  
 Glares vengeance on the flameless shrine

And we in grey, dishonoured eld,  
 Feeble of frame, unfit were held  
 To join the warrior array  
 That then went forth unto the fray  
 And here at home we tarry, fain  
 Our feeble footsteps to sustain,  
 Each on his staff—so strength doth wane,  
 And turns to childishness again  
 For while the sap of youth is green,



And, yet unripened, leaps within,  
 The young are weakly as the old,  
 And each alike unmeet to hold  
 The vantage post of war!  
 And ah! when flower and fruit are o'er,  
 And on life's tree the leaves are sere,  
 Age wendeth propped its journey drear,  
 As forceless as a child, as light,  
 And fleeting as a dream of night,  
 Lost in the garish day!  
 But thou, O child of Tyndareus,  
 Queen Clytemnestra, speak! and say  
 What messenger of joy to-day  
 Hath won thine ear? what welcome news,  
 That thus in sacrificial wise  
 E'en to the city's boundaries  
 Thou biddest altar-fires arise?  
 Each god who doth our city guard,  
 And keeps o'er Argos watch and ward  
 From heaven above, from earth below—  
 The mighty lords who rule the skies,  
 The market's lesser deities,  
 To each and all the altars glow,  
 Piled for the sacrifice!  
 And here and there, anear, afar,  
 Streams skyward many a beacon-star,  
 Conjur'd and charm'd and kindled well  
 By pure oil's soft and guileless spell,  
 Hid now no more  
 Within the palace' secret store

O queen, we pray thee, whatsoe'er,  
 Known unto thee, were well revealed,  
 That thou wilt trust it to our ear,  
 And bid our anxious heart be healed!  
 That waneth now unto despair—  
 Now, waxing to a presage fair,  
 Dawns, from the altar, Hope—to scare  
 From our rent hearts the vulture Care

*strophe 1*

List! for the power is mine, to chant on high  
 The chiefs' emprise, the strength that omens gave!

List! on my soul breathes yet a harmony,  
From realms of ageless powers, and strong to save!

How brother kings, twin lords of one command,  
Led forth the youth of Hellas in their flower,  
Urged on their way, with vengeful spear and brand,  
By warrior-birds, that watched the parting hour

*Go forth to Troy, the eagles seemed to cry—  
And the sea-kings obeyed the sky-kings' word,  
When on the right they soared across the sky,  
And one was black, one bore a white tail barred*

High o'er the palace were they seen to soar,  
Then lit in sight of all, and rent and tare,  
Far from the fields that she should range no more,  
Big with her unborn brood, a mother-hare

(Ah woe and well-a-day! but be the issue fair!)

*antistrophe 1*

And one beheld, the soldier-prophet true,  
And the two chiefs, unlike of soul and will,  
In the twy-coloured eagles straight he knew,  
And spake the omen forth, for good and ill

*Go forth, he cried, and Priam's town shall fall  
Yet long the time shall be, and flock and herd,  
The people's wealth, that roam before the wall,  
Shall force hew down, when Fate shall give the word*

*But O beware! lest wrath in Heaven abide,  
To dim the glowing battle-forges once more,  
And mar the mighty curb of Trojan pride,  
The steel of vengeance, welded as for war!*

*For virgin Artemis bears jealous hate  
Against the royal house, the eagle-pair,  
Who rend the unborn brood, insatiate—  
Yea, loathes their banquet on the quivering hare*

(Ah woe and well-a-day! but be the issue fair!)

epode

*For well she loves—the goddess kind and mild—  
The tender new-born cubs of lions bold,  
Too weak to range—and well the sucking child  
Of every beast that roams by wood and wold*

*So to the Lord of Heaven she prayeth still,  
"Nay, if it must be, be the omen true"  
Yet do the visioned eagles presage ill,  
The end be well, but crossed with evil too!*

*Healer Apollo! be her wrath controll'd,  
Nor weave the long delay of thwarting gales,  
To war against the Danaans and withhold  
From the free ocean-waves their eager sails!*

*She craves, alas! to see a second life  
Shed forth, a curst unhallowed sacrifice—  
'Twill wedded souls, artificer of strife,  
And hate that knows not fear, and fell device*

*At home there tarries like a lurking snake,  
Biding its time, a wrath unreconciled,  
A wily watcher, passionate to slake,  
In blood, resentment for a murdered child*

*Such was the mighty warning, pealed of yore—  
Amid good tidings, such the word of fear,  
What time the fateful eagles hovered o'er  
The kings, and Calchas read the omen clear*

*(In strains like his, once more,  
Sing woe and well-a-day! but be the issue fair!)*

strophe 2

*Zeus—if to The Unknown  
That name of many names seem good—  
Zeus, upon Thee I call  
Thro' the mind's every road  
I passed, but vain are all,  
Save that which names thee Zeus, the Highest One,  
Were it but mine to cast away the load,  
The weary load, that weighs my spirit down*

*antistrophe 2*

He that was Lord of old,  
 In full-blown pride of place and valour bold,  
 Hath fallen and is gone, even as an old tale told!  
 And he that next held sway,  
 By stronger grasp o'erthrown  
 Hath pass'd away!  
 And whoso now shall bid the triumph-chant arise  
 To Zeus, and Zeus alone,  
 He shall be found the truly wise

*strophe 3*

'Tis Zeus alone who shows the perfect way  
 Of knowledge. He hath ruled,  
 Men shall learn wisdom, by affliction schooled

In visions of the night, like dropping rain,  
 Descend the many memories of pain—  
 Before the spirit's sight through tears and dole  
 Comes wisdom o'er the unwilling soul—  
 A boon, I wot, of all Divinity,  
 That holds its sacred throne in strength, above the sky!

*antistrophe 3*

And then the elder chieft, at whose command  
 The fleet of Greece was manned,  
 Cast on the seer no word of hate,  
 But veered before the sudden breath of Fate—

Ah, weary while! for, ere they put forth sail,  
 Did every store, each minish'd vessel, fail,  
 While all the Achæan host  
 At Aulis anchored lay,  
 Looking across to Chalcis and the coast  
 Where reflux waters welter, rock, and sway,

*strophe 4*

And rife with ill delay  
 From northern Strymon blew the thwarting blast—  
 Mother of famine fell,  
 That holds men wand'ring still  
 Far from the haven where they fain would be!—  
 And pitiless did waste  
 Each ship and cable, rotting on the sea,

And, doubling with delay each weary hour,  
Withered with hope deferred th' Achaeans' warlike flower

But when, for bitter storm, a deadlier relief,  
And heavier with ill to either chief,  
Pleading the ire of Artemis, the seer avowed,  
The two Atræidae smote their sceptres on the plain,  
And, striving hard, could not their tears restrain!

And then the elder monarch spake aloud— *antistrophe 4*

*Ill lat were mine, to disabey!*  
*And ill, to smite my child, my household's love and pride!*  
*To stain with virgin blood a father's hands, and slay*  
*My daughter, by the altar's side!*  
*'Twixt woe and woe I dwell—*

*I dare not like a recreant fly,*  
*And leave the league of ships, and fail each true ally,*  
*For rightfully they crave, with eager fiery mind,*  
*[The virgin's blood, shed farth to lull the adverse wind—*  
*God send the deed be well! -*

*strophe 5*

Thus on his neck he took  
Fate's hard compelling yoke,  
Then, in the counter-gale of will abhorr'd, accursed,  
To recklessness his shifting spirit veered—  
Alas! that Frenzy, first of ills and worst,  
With evil craft men's souls to sin hath ever stirred!

And so he steeled his heart—ah, well-a-day—  
Aiding a war for one false woman's sake,  
His child to slay,  
And with her spilt blood make  
*An offering*, to speed the ships upon their way!

*antistrophe*

Lusting for war, the bloody arbiters  
Closed heart and ears, and would nor hear nor heed  
The girl-voice plead,  
Pity me, Father! nor her prayers,  
Nor tender, virgin years

So, when the chant of sacrifice was done,  
 Her father bade the youthful priestly train  
Raise her, like some poor kid, above the altar-stone,  
From where amid her robes she lay  
Sunk all in swoon away— ✓  
Bade them, as with the bit that mutely tames the steed,  
Her fair lips' speech refrain,  
Lest she should speak a curse on Atreus' home and seed,

strophe 6

So, trailing on the earth her robe of saffron dye,  
 With one last piteous dart from her beseeching eye  
 Those that should smite she smote—?  
 Fair, silent, as a pictur'd form, but fain  
 To plead, *Is all forgot?*  
*How oft those halls of old,*  
*Wherem my sire high feast did hold,*  
*Rang to the virginal soft strain,*  
*When I, a stainless child,*  
*Sang from pure lips and undefiled,*  
*Sang of my sire, and all*  
*His honoured life, and how on him should fall*  
*Heaven's highest gift and gain!*

antistrophe 6

And then—but I beheld not, nor can tell,  
 What further fate befel  
 But this is sure, that Calchas' boding strain  
 Can ne'er be void or vain  
 This wage from Justice' hand do sufferers earn,  
 The future to discern  
 And yet—farewell, O secret of To-morrow!  
~~Fore-knowledge is fore-sorrow~~  
 Clear with the clear beams of the morrow's sun,  
 The future presseth on  
 Now, let the house's tale, how dark soe'er,  
 Find yet an issue fair!—  
 So prays the loyal, solitary band  
 That guards the Apian land  
 ✓ *(They turn to CLYTEMNESTRA, who leaves the altars and comes forward)*

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O queen, I come in reverence of thy sway—  
 For, while the ruler's kingly seat is void,  
 The loyal heart before his consort bends  
 Now—be it sure and certain news of good,  
 Or the fair tidings of a flatt'ring hope,  
 That bids ~~thee~~ spread the light from shrine to shrine,  
 I, fain to hear, yet grudge not if thou hide

## CLYTEMNESTRA

As saith the adage, *From the womb of Night*  
*Spring forth, with promise fair, the young child Light!*  
 Ay—fairer even than all hope my news—  
 By Grecian hands is Priam's city ta'en!

## LEADER

What say 'st thou? doubtful heart makes treach'rous ear

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Hear then again, and plainly—Troy is ours!

## LEADER

Thrills thro' my heart such joy as wakens tears

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Ay, thro' those tears thine eye looks loyalty

## LEADER

But hast thou proof, to make assurance sure?

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Go to, I have—(unless the god has lied) ✓

## LEADER

Hath some night-vision won thee to belief?

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Out on all presage of a slumb'rous soul!

## LEADER

But wert thou cheered by Rumour's wingless word?

## CLYTEMNESTRA

/ Peace—thou dost chide me as a credulous girl

## LEADER

Say then, how long ago the city fell?

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Even in this night that now brings forth the dawn

## LEADER

Yet who so swift could speed the message here?

## CLYTEMNESTRA

From Ida's top Hephaestus, lord of fire,<sup>4</sup>  
 Sent forth his sign, and on, and ever on,  
 Beacon to beacon sped the courier-flame  
 From Ida to the crag, that Hermes loves,  
 Of Lemnos, thence unto the steep sublime  
 Of Athos, throne of Zeus, the broad blaze flared  
 Thence, raised aloft to shoot across the sea,  
 The moving light, rejoicing in its strength  
 Sped from the pyre of pine, and urged its way,  
 In golden glory, like some strange new sun,  
 Onward, and reached Macistus' watching heights  
 There, with no dull delay nor heedless sleep,  
 The watcher sped the tidings on in turn,  
 Until the guard upon Messapius' peak  
 Saw the far flame gleam on Euripus' tide,  
 And from the high-piled heap of withered furze  
 Lit the new sign and bade the message on  
 Then the strong light, far-flown and yet undimmed,  
 Shot thro' the sky above Asopus' plain,  
 Bright as the moon, and on Cithaeron's crag  
 Aroused another watch of living fire  
 And there the sentinels no whit disowned,  
 But sent redoubled on, the host of flame—  
 Swift shot the light, above Gorgopis' bay,  
 To Aegiplanctus' mount, and bade the peak  
 Fail not the onward ordinance of fire  
 And like a long beard streaming in the wind,  
 Full-fed with fuel, roared and rose the blaze,  
 And onward flaring, gleamed above the cape,  
 Beneath which shimmers the Saronic bay,  
 And thence leapt light unto Arachne's peak,  
 The mountain watch that looks upon our town  
 Thence to th' Atreides' roof—in lineage fair,  
 A bright posterity of Ida's fire  
 So sped from stage to stage, fulfilled in turn,  
 Flame after flame, along the course ordained,



And lo! the last to speed upon its way  
Sights the end first, and glows unto the goal  
And Troy is ta'en, and by this sign my lord  
Tells me the tale, and ye have learned my word

## LEADER

To heaven, O queen, will I upraise new song  
But, wouldst thou speak once more, I fain would hear  
From first to last the marvel of the tale

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Think you—this very morn—the Greeks in Troy,  
And loud therein the voice of utter wail!  
Within one cup pour vinegar and oil,  
And look! unblent, unreconciled, they war  
So in the twofold issue of the strife  
Mingle the victor's shout, the captives' moan  
For all the conquered whom the sword has spared  
Cling weeping—some unto a brother slain,  
Some childlike to a nursing father's form,  
And wail the loved and lost, the while their neck  
Bows down already 'neath the captive's chain  
And lo! the victors, now the fight is done,  
Goaded by restless hunger, far and wide  
Range all disordered thro' the town, to snatch  
Such victual and such rest as chance may give  
Within the captive halls that once were Troy—  
Joyful to rid them of the frost and dew,  
Wherein they couched upon the plain of old—  
Joyful to sleep the gracious night all through,  
Unsummoned of the watching sentinel  
Yet let them reverence well the city's gods,  
The lords of Troy, tho' fallen, and her shrines,  
So shall the spoilers not in turn be spoiled  
Yea, let no craving for forbidden gain  
Bid conquerors yield before the darts of greed  
For we need yet, before the race be won,  
Homewards, unharmed, to round the course once more  
For should the host wax wanton ere it come,  
Then, tho' the sudden blow of fate be spared,  
Yet in the sight of gods shall rise once more  
The great wrong of the slain, to claim revenge  
Now, hearing from this woman's mouth of mine,  
The tale and eke its warning, pray with me,

*Luck sway the scale, with no uncertain poise,*  
*For my fair hopes are changed to sower joys* }

## LEADER

A gracious word thy woman's lips have told,  
 Worthy a wise man's utterance, O my queen,  
 Now with clear trust in thy convincing tale  
 I set me to salute the gods with song,  
 Who bring us bliss to counterpoise our pain  
 (CLYTEMNESTRA goes into the palace)

CHORUS (*singing*)

Zeus, Lord of heaven! and welcome night  
 Of victory that hast our might  
 With all the glories crowned!  
 On towers of Ilion, free no more,  
 Hast flung the mighty mesh of war,  
 And closely girt them round,  
 Till neither warrior may 'scape,  
 Nor stripling lightly overleap  
 The trammels as they close, and close,  
 Till with the grip of doom our foes  
 In slavery's coil are bound!

Zeus, Lord of hospitality,  
 In grateful awe I bend to thee—  
 'Tis thou hast struck the blow!  
 At Alexander, long ago, }  
 We marked thee bend thy vengeful bow,  
 But long and warily withhold  
 The eager shaft, which, uncontrolled  
 And loosed too soon or launched too high,  
 Had wandered bloodless through the sky

## strophe 1

Zeus, the high God!—whate'er be dim in doubt,  
 This can our thought track out—  
 The blow that fells the sinner is of God,  
 And as he wills, the rod  
 Of vengeance smiteth sore One said of old,  
*The gods list not to hold*  
*A reckoning with him whose feet oppress* }  
*The grace of holiness—*  
 An impious word! for whensoever the sire

Breathed forth rebellious fire—  
 What time his household overflowed the measure  
 Of bliss and health and treasure—  
 His children's children read the reckoning plain,  
 At last, in tears and pain  
 On me let weal that brings no woe be sent,  
 And therewithal, content!  
 Who spurns the shrine of Right, nor wealth nor power  
 Shall be to him a tower,  
 To guard him from the gulf there lies his lot, *good*  
 Where all things are forgot

*from a story (Prom)* *antistrophe 1*  
Lust drives him on—lust, desperate and wild,  
 Fate's sin-contriving child—  
 And cure is none, beyond concealment clear,  
 Kindles sin's baleful glare  
 As an ill coin beneath the wearing touch  
 Betrays by stain and smutch  
 Its metal false—such is the sinful wight  
 Before, on pinions light,  
 Fair Pleasure flits, and lures him childlike on,  
 While home and kin make moan / *yes*  
Beneath the grinding burden of his crime,  
 Till, in the end of time,  
 Cast down of heaven, he pours forth fruitless prayer,  
 To powers that will not hear

And such did Paris come  
 Unto Atreides' home,  
 And thence, with sin and shame his welcome to repay,  
 Ravished the wife away— *and a good thing*

*strophe 2*  
 And ~~she~~, unto her country and her kin  
 Leaving the clash of shields and spears and arming ships,  
 And bearing unto Troy destruction for a dower, !!!  
 And overbold in sin,  
 Went fleetly thro' the gates, at midnight hour  
 Oft from the prophets' lips  
 Moaned out the warning and the wail—Ah woe!  
 Woe for the home, the home! and for the chieftains, woe!  
 Woe for the bride-bed, warm  
 Yet from the lovely limbs, the impress of the form

Of her who loved her lord, awhile ago!  
 And woe! for him who stands  
 Shamed, silent, unreproachful, stretching hands  
That find her not, and sees, yet will not see,  
 That she is far away!  
 And his sad fancy, yearning o'er the sea,  
 Shall summon and recall  
 Her wraith, once more to queen it in his hall  
 And sad with many memories,  
 The fair cold beauty of each sculptured face—  
 And all to hatefulness is turned their grace,  
 Seen blankly by forlorn and hungering eyes!

*antistrophe 2*

And when the night is deep, *f. v. v.*  
 Come visions, sweet and sad, and bearing pain  
Of hopings vain—  
 Void, void and vain, for scarce the sleeping sight  
 Has seen its old delight,  
 When thro' the grasps of love that bid it stay  
It vanishes away  
~~Or silent wings that vanish on the ways of sleep~~

Such are the sights, the sorrows fell,  
 About our hearth—and worse, whereof I may not tell  
 But, all the wide town o'er,  
 Each home that sent its master far away  
 From Hellas' shore,  
 Feels the keen thrill of heart, the pang of loss, to-day  
 For, truth to say,  
 The touch of bitter death is manifold! *of life*  
 Familiar was each face, and dear as life,  
 That went unto the war,  
 But thither, whence a warrior went of old,  
 Doth nought return—  
Only a spear and sword, and ashes in an urn!

For Ares, lord of strife,  
 Who doth the swaying scales of battle hold,  
 War's money-changer, giving dust for gold,  
 Sends back, to hearts that held them dear,  
 Scant ash of warriors, wept with many a tear,  
 Light to the hand, but heavy to the soul,

Yea, fills the light urn full  
 With what survived the flame—  
 Death's dusty measure of a hero's frame!

*Alas! one cries, and yet alas again!*  
*Our chief is gone, the hero of the spear,*  
*And hath not left his peer!*  
*Ah woe! another moans—my spouse is slain,*  
*The death of honour, rolled in dust and blood,*  
*Slain for a woman's sin, a false wife's shame!*  
 Such muttered words of bitter mood  
 Rise against those who went forth to reclaim,  
 Yea, jealous wrath creeps on against th' Atreides' name

And others, far beneath the IlIan wall,  
 Sleep their last sleep—the goodly chiefs and tall,  
 Couched in the foeman's land, whereon they gave  
 Their breath, and lords of Troy, each in his Trojan grave

*antistrophe 3*

Therefore for each and all the city's breast  
 Is heavy with a wrath suppress,  
 As deeply and deadly as a curse more loud  
 Flung by the common crowd  
 And, brooding deeply, doth my soul await  
 Tidings of coming fate,  
 Buried as yet in darkness' womb  
 For not forgetful is the high gods' doom  
 Against the sons of carnage all too long  
 Seems the unjust to prosper and be strong,  
 Till the dark Furies come,  
 And smite with stern reversal all his home,  
 Down into dim obstruction—he is gone,  
 And help and hope, among the lost, is none!

O'er him who vaunteth an exceeding fame,  
 Impends a woe condign,  
 The vengeful bolt upon his eyes doth flame,  
 Sped from the hand divine  
 This bliss be mine, ungrudged of God, to feel—  
 To tread no city to the dust,  
 Nor see my own life thrust  
 Down to a slave's estate beneath another's heel!

Behold, throughout the city wide  
Have the swift feet of Rumour hied,

Roused by the joyful flame

But is the news they scatter, sooth?

Or haply do they give for truth

Some cheat which heaven doth frame?

A child were he and all unwise,

Who let his heart with joy be stirred

To see the beacon-fires arise,

And then, beneath some thwarting word,

Sicken anon with hope deferred

The edge of woman's insight still

Good news from true divideth ill,

Light rumours leap within the bound

Then fences female credence round,

But, lightly born, as lightly dies

The tale that springs of her surmise

(*Several days are assumed to have elapsed*)

#### LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Soon shall we know whereof the bale-fires tell,<sup>5</sup>

The beacons, kindled with transmitted flame,

Whether, as well I deem, their tale is true,

Or whether like some dream delusive came

The welcome blaze but to befool our soul

For lo! I see a herald from the shore

Draw hither, shadowed with the olive-wreath--

And thirsty dust, twin-brother of the clay,

Speaks plain of travel far and truthful news--

No dumb surmise, nor tongue of flame in smoke,

Fitfully kindled from the mountain pyre,

But plainlier shall his voice say, *All is well*,

Or--but away, forebodings adverse, now,

And on fair promise fair fulfilment come!

And whoso for the state prays otherwise,

Himself reap harvest of his ill desire!

(*A HERALD enters He is an advance messenger from AGAMEMNON'S forces, which have just landed*)

#### HERALD

O land of Argos, fatherland of mine!

To thee at last, beneath the tenth year's sun,

My feet return, the bark of my emprise,  
 Tho' one by one hope's anchors broke away,  
 Held by the last, and now rides safely here  
 Long, long my soul despaired to win, in death,  
 Its longed-for rest within our Argive land  
 And now all hail, O earth, and hail to thee,  
 New-risen sun! and hail our country's God,  
 High-ruling Zeus, and thou, the Pythian lord,  
 Whose arrows smote us once—smite thou no more!  
 Was not thy wrath wreaked full upon our heads,  
 O king Apollo, by Scamander's side?  
 Turn thou, be turned, be saviour, healer, now!  
 And hail, all gods who rule the street and mart  
 And Hermes hail! my patron and my pride,  
 Herald of heaven, and lord of heralds here!  
 And Heroes, ye who sped us on our way—  
 To one and all I cry, *Receive again*  
*With grace such Argives as the spear has spared*

Ah, home of royalty, beloved halls,  
 And solemn shrines, and gods that front the morn!  
 Benign as erst, with sun-flushed aspect greet  
 The king returning after many days  
 For as from night flash out the beams of day,  
 So out of darkness dawns a light, a king,  
 On you, on Argos—Agamemnon comes  
 Then hail and greet him well! such meed befits  
 Him whose right hand hewed down the towers of Troy  
 With the great axe of Zeus who righteth wrong—  
 And smote the plain, smote down to nothingness  
 Each altar, every shrine, and far and wide  
 Dies from the whole land's face its offspring fair  
 Such mighty yoke of fate he set on Troy—  
 Our lord and monarch, Atreus' elder son,  
 And comes at last with blissful honour home,  
 Highest of all who walk on earth to-day—  
 Not Paris nor the city's self that paid  
 Sin's price with him, can boast, *Whate'er befall,*  
*The guerdon we have won outweighs it all*  
 But at Fate's judgment-seat the robber stands  
 Condemned of rapine and his prey is torn  
 Forth from his hands, and by his deed is reaped  
 A bloody harvest of his home and land

Gone down to death, and for his guilt and lust  
His father's race pays double in the dust

LEADER

Hail, herald of the Greeks, new-come from war

HERALD

All hail! not death itself can fright me now

LEADER

Was thine heart wrung with longing for thy land?

HERALD

So that this joy doth brim mine eyes with tears

LEADER

On you too then this sweet distress did fall—

HERALD

How say st thou? make me master of thy word

LEADER

You longed for us who pined for you again

HERALD

Craved the land us who craved it, love for love?

LEADER

Yea, till my brooding heart moaned out with pain

HERALD

Whence thy despair, that mars the army's joy?

LEADER

*Sole cure of wrong* is silence, saith the saw

HERALD

'Thy kings afar, couldst thou fear other men?

LEADER

Death had been sweet, as thou didst say but now

HERALD

'Tis true, Fate smiles at last Throughout our toil,  
These many years, some chances issued fair,  
And some, I wot, were chequered with a curse  
But who, on earth, hath won the bliss of heaven,  
Thro' time's whole tenor an unbroken weal?



I could a tale unfold of toiling oars,  
 Ill rest, scant landings on a shore rock-strewn,  
 All pangs, all sorrows, for our daily doom  
 And worse and hatefuller our woes on land,  
 For where we couched, close by the foeman's wall,  
 The river-plain was ever dank with dews,  
 Dropped from the sky, exuded from the earth,  
 A curse that clung unto our sodden garb,  
 And hair as horrent as a wild beast's fell  
 Why tell the woes of winter, when the birds  
 Lay stark and stiff, so stern was Ida's snow?  
 Or summer's scorch, what time the stirless wave  
 Sank to its sleep beneath the noon-day sun?  
 Why mourn old woes? their pain has passed away,  
 And passed away, from those who fell, all care,  
 For evermore, to rise and live again  
 Why sum the count of death, and render thanks  
 For life by moaning over fate malign?  
 ( Farewell, a long farewell to all our woes!  
 To us, the remnant of the host of Greece,  
 Comes weal beyond all counterpoise of woe,  
 Thus boast we rightfully to yonder sun,  
 Like him far-fleeted over sea and land  
*The Argive host prevailed to conquer Troy,  
 And in the temples of the gods of Greece  
 Hung up these spoils, a shining sign to Time*  
 Let those who learn this legend bless aright  
 The city and its chieftains, and repay  
 The meed of gratitude to Zeus who willed  
 And wrought the deed So stands the tale fulfilled

## LEADER

Thy words o'erbear my doubt for news of good,  
 The ear of age hath ever youth enow  
 But those within and Clytemnestra's self  
 Would fain hear all, glad thou their ears and mine

(CLYTEMNESTRA enters from the palace.)

## CLYTEMNESTRA

That night, when first the fiery courier came,  
 In sign that Troy is ta'en and razed to earth,  
 So wild a cry of joy my lips gave out,  
 That I was chidden—*Hath the beacon watch*

'Made sure unto thy soul the sack of Troy?  
 A very woman thou, whose heart leaps light  
 At wandering rumours!—and with words like these  
 They showed me how I strayed, misled of hope  
 Yet on each shrine I set the sacrifice,  
 And, in the strain they held for feminine,  
 Went heralds thro' the city, to and fro,  
 With voice of loud proclaim, announcing joy,  
 And in each fane they lit and quenched with wine  
 The spicy perfumes fading in the flame  
 All is fulfilled I spare your longer tale—  
 The king himself anon shall tell me all

Remains to think what honour best may greet  
 My lord, the majesty of Argos, home  
 What day beams fairer on a woman's eyes  
 Than this, whereon she flings the portal wide,  
 To hail her lord, heaven-shielded, home from war?  
 This to my husband, that he tarry not,  
 But turn the city's longing into joy!  
 Yea, let him come, and coming may he find  
 A wife no other than he left her, true  
 And faithful as a watch-dog to his home,  
 His foemen's foe, in all her duties leal,  
 Trusty to keep for ten long years unmarred  
 The store whereon he set his master-seal  
 Be steel deep-eyed, before ye look to see  
 Ill joy, ill fame, from other wight, in me!

#### HERALD

'Tis fairly said thus speaks a noble dame,  
 Nor speaks amiss, when truth informs the boast  
 (CLYTEMNESTRA *withdraws again into the palace*)

#### LEADER

So has she spoken—be it yours to learn  
 By clear interpreters her specious word  
 Turn to me, herald—tell me if anon  
 The second well-loved lord of Argos comes?  
 Hath Menelaus safely sped with you?

#### HERALD

Alas—brief boon unto my friends it were,  
 To flatter them, for truth, with falsehoods fair!

## LEADER

Speak joy, if truth be joy, but truth, at worst—  
Too plainly, truth and joy are here divorced

## HERALD

The hero and his bark were rapt away  
Far from the Grecian fleet, 'tis truth I say

## LEADER

Whether in all men's sight from Ilion borne,  
Or from the fleet by stress of weather torn

## HERALD

Full on the mark thy shaft of speech doth light,  
And one short word hath told long woes aright

## LEADER

But say, what now of him each comrade saith?  
What their forebodings, of his life or death?

## HERALD

Ask me no more the truth is known to none,  
Save the earth-fostering, all-surveying Sun

## LEADER

Say, by what doom the fleet of Greece was driven?  
How rose, how sank the storm, the wrath of heaven?

## HERALD

Nay, ill it were to mar with sorrow's tale  
The day of blissful news The gods demand  
Thanksgiving sundered from solicitude  
If one as herald came with rueful face  
To say, *The curse has fallen, and the host*  
*Gone down to death, and one wide wound has reached*  
*The city's heart, and out of many homes*  
*Many are cast and consecrate to death,*  
*Beneath the double scourge, that Ares loves,*  
*The bloody pair, the fire and sword of doom—*  
If such sore burden weighed upon my tongue,  
'Twere fit to speak such words as gladden fiends  
But—coming as he comes who bringeth news  
Of safe return from toil, and issues fair,  
To men rejoicing in a weal restored—  
Dare I to dash good words with ill, and say

How the gods' anger smote the Greeks in storm?  
 For fire and sea, that erst held bitter feud,  
 Now swore conspiracy and pledged their faith,  
 Wasting the Argives worn with toil and war  
 Night and great horror of the rising wave  
 Came o'er us, and the blasts that blow from Thrace  
 Clashed ship with ship, and some with plunging prow  
 Thro' scudding drifts of spray and raving storm  
 Vanished, as strays by some ill shepherd driven  
 And when at length the sun rose bright, we saw  
 Th' Aegean sea-field flecked with flowers of death,  
 Corpses of Grecian men and shattered hulls  
 For us indeed, some god, as well I deem,  
 No human power, laid hand upon our helm,  
 Snatched us or prayed us from the powers of air,  
 And brought our bark thro' all, unharmed in hull  
 And saving Fortune sat and steered us fair,  
 So that no surge should gulf us deep in brine,  
 Nor grind our keel upon a rocky shore

So 'scaped we death that lurks beneath the sea,  
 But under day's white light, mistrustful all  
 Of fortune's smile, we sat and brooded deep,  
 Shepherds forlorn of thoughts that wandered wild  
 O'er this new woe, for smitten was our host,  
 And lost as ashes scattered from the pyre  
 Of whom if any draw his life-breath yet,  
 Be well assured, he deems of us as dead,  
 As we of him no other fate forebode  
 But heaven save all! If Menelaus live,  
 He will not tarry, but will surely come  
 Therefore if anywhere the high sun's ray  
 Descries him upon earth, preserved by Zeus,  
 Who wills not yet to wipe his race away,  
 Hope still there is that homeward he may weud  
 Enough—thou hast the truth unto the end

(*The HERALD departs*)

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe 1*

Say, from whose lips the presage fell?  
 Who read the future all too well,  
 And named her, in her natal hour,

Helen, the bride with war for dower?  
 'Twas one of the Invisible,  
 Guiding his tongue with prescient power  
 On fleet, and host, and citadel,  
 War, sprung from her, and death did lour,  
 When from the bride-bed's fine-spun veil  
 She to the Zephyr spread her sail  
 Strong blew the breeze—the surge closed o'er  
 The cloven track of keel and oar,  
 But while she fled, there drove along,  
 Fast in her wake, a mighty throng—  
 Athurst for blood, athurst for war,  
 Forward in fell pursuit they sprung,  
 Then leapt on Simois' bank ashore,  
 The leafy coppices among—  
 No rangers, they, of wood and field,  
 But huntsmen of the sword and shield

*antistrophe 1*

Heaven's jealousy, that works its will,  
 Sped thus on Troy its destined ill,  
 Well named, at once, the Bride and Bane, &  
 And loud rang out the bridal strain,  
 But they to whom that song befell  
 Did turn anon to tears again,  
 Zeus tarries, but avenges still  
 The husband's wrong, the household's stain!  
 He, the hearth's lord, brooks not to see  
 Its outraged hospitality

Even now, and in far other tone,  
 Troy chants her dirge of mighty moan,  
 | *Woe upon Paris, woe and hate!*  
 | *Who wooed his country's doom for mate—*  
 This is the burthen of the groan,  
 Wherewith she wails disconsolate  
 The blood, so many (of her own) — *1/2*  
 Have poured in vain, to fend her fate,  
 Troy! thou hast fed and freed to roam  
 A lion-cub within thy home!

*strophe 2*

A suckling creature, newly ta'en  
 From mother's teat, still fully fain

Of nursing care, and oft caressed,  
 Within the arms, upon the breast,  
 Even as an infant, has it lain,  
 Or fawns and licks, by hunger pressed,  
 The hand that will assuage its pain,  
 In life's young dawn, a well-loved guest,  
 A fondling for the children's play,  
 A joy unto the old and grey

*antistrophe 2*

But waxing time and growth betrays  
 The blood-thirst of the lion-race,  
 And, for the house's fostering care,  
 Unbidden all, it revels there,  
 And bloody recompense repays—  
 Rent flesh of kine, its talons tare  
 A mighty beast, that slays, and slays,  
 And mars with blood the household fair,  
 A God-sent pest invincible, *jeu d'ivoire*  
 A minister of fate and hell

*strophe 3*

Even so to Ilion's city came by stealth  
 A spirit as of windless seas and skies,  
 A gentle phantom-form of joy and wealth,  
 With love's soft arrows speeding from its eyes—  
 Love's rose, whose thorn doth pierce the soul in subtle wise

Ah, well-a-day! the bitter bridal-bed,  
 When the fair mischief lay by Paris' side!  
 What curse on palace and on people sped  
 With her, the Fury sent on Priam's pride,  
 By angered Zeus! what tears of many a widowed bride!

*antistrophe 3*

Long! long ago! to mortals this was told,  
 How sweet security and blissful state  
 Have curses for their children—so men hold—  
 And for the man of all-too prosperous fate  
 Springs from a bitter seed some woe insatiate

Alone, alone, 'I deem far otherwise,  
 Not bliss nor wealth it is, but impious deed,  
 From which that after-growth of ill doth rise'

Woe springs from wrong, the plant is like the seed—  
While Right, in honour's house, doth its own likeness breed

*strophe 4*

Some past impiety, some grey old crime,  
Breeds the young curse, that wantons in our ill,  
Early or late, when haps th' appointed time—  
And out of light brings power of darkness still,  
A master-fiend, a foe, unseen, invincible,

A pride accursed, that broods upon the race  
And home in which dark Atē holds her sway—  
Sin's child and Woe's, that wears its parents' face,

*antistrophe 4*

While Right in smoky cribs shines clear as day,  
And decks with weal his life, who walks the righteous way

From gilded halls, that hands polluted raise,  
Right turns away with proud averted eyes,  
And of the wealth, men stamp amiss with praise,  
Heedless, to poorer, holier temples hies,  
And to Fate's goal guides all, in its appointed wise

(AGAMEMNON enters, riding in a chariot and accompanied by  
a great procession CASSANDRA follows in another chariot  
The CHORUS sings its welcome)—

Hail to thee, chief of Atreus' race,  
Returning proud from Troy subdued!  
How shall I greet thy conquering face?  
How nor a fulsome praise obtrude,  
Nor stint the meed of gratitude?  
For mortal men who fall to ill  
Take little heed of open truth,  
But seek unto its semblance still  
The show of weeping and of ruth  
To the forlorn will all men pay,  
But, of the grief their eyes display,  
Nought to the heart doth pierce its way  
And, with the joyous, they beguile  
Their lips unto a feigned smile,  
And force a joy, unfelt the while,  
But he who as a shepherd wise

Doth know his flock, can ne'er misread  
 Truth in the falsehood of his eyes,  
 Who veils beneath a kindly guise  
 A lukewarm love in deed  
 And thou, our leader—when of yore  
 Thou badest Greece go forth to war  
 For Helen's sake—I dare avow  
 That then I held thee not as now,  
 That to my vision thou didst seem  
 Dyed in the hues of disesteem  
 I held thee for a pilot ill,  
 And reckless, of thy proper will,  
 Endowing others doomed to die  
 With vain and forced audacity!  
 Now from my heart, ungrudgingly,  
 To those that wrought, this word be said—  
*Well fall the labour ye have sped—*  
 Let time and search, O king, declare  
 What men within thy city's bound  
 Were loyal to the kingdom's care,  
 And who were faithless found

AGAMEMNON (*still standing in the chariot*)

First, as is meet, a king's All-hail be said  
 To Argos, and the gods that guard the land—  
 Gods who with me availed to speed us home,  
 With me availed to wring from Priam's town  
 The due of justice In the court of heaven  
 The gods in conclave sat and judged the cause,  
 Not from a pleader's tongue, and at the close,  
 Unanimous into the urn of doom  
 This sentence gave, *On Ilion and her men,*  
*Death* and where hope drew nigh to pardon's urn  
 No hand there was to cast a vote therein  
 And still the smoke of fallen Ilion  
 Rises in sight of all men, and the flame  
 Of Atë's hecatomb is living yet,  
 And where the towers in dusty ashes sink,  
 Rise the rich fumes of pomp and wealth consumed  
 For this must all men pay unto the gods  
 The meed of mindful hearts and gratitude  
 For by our hands the meshes of revenge  
 Closed on the prey, and for one woman's sake



Troy trodden by the Argive monster lies—  
 The foal, the shielded band that leapt the wall,  
 What time with autumn sank the Pleiades<sup>1</sup>  
 Yea, o'er the fencing wall a lion sprang  
 Ravening, and lapped his fill of blood of kings

Such prelude spoken to the gods in full,  
 To you I turn, and to the hidden thing,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whereof ye spake but now and in that thought  
 I am as you, and what ye say, say I  
 For few are they who have such inborn grace,  
 As to look up with love, and envy not,  
 When stands another on the height of weal  
 Deep in his heart, whom jealousy hath seized,  
 Her poison lurking doth enhance his load,  
 For now beneath his proper woes he chafes,  
 And sighs withal to see another's weal

I speak not idly, but from knowledge sure—  
 There be who vaunt an utter loyalty,  
 That is but as the ghost of friendship dead,  
 A shadow in a glass, of faith gone by  
 One only—he who went reluctant forth  
 Across the seas with me—Odysseus—he  
 Was loyal unto me with strength and will,  
 A trusty trace-horse bound unto my car  
 Thus—be he yet beneath the light of day,  
 Or dead, as well I fear—I speak his praise

Lastly, whate'er be due to men or gods,  
 With joint debate, in public council held,  
 We will decide, and warily contrive  
 That all which now is well may so abide  
 For that which haply needs the healer's art,  
 That will we medicine, discerning well  
 If cautery or knife befit the time

Now, to my palace and the shrines of home,<sup>3</sup>  
 I will pass in, and greet you first and fair,<sup>4</sup>  
 Ye gods, who bade me forth, and home again—  
 And long may Victory tarry in my train!

(CLYTEMNESTRA enters from the palace, followed by maidens  
 bearing crimson robes )

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Old men of Argos, heges of our realm,  
 Shame shall not bid me shrink lest ye should see  
 The love I bear my lord Such blushing fear  
 Dies at the last from hearts of human kind  
 From mine own soul and from no alien lips,  
 I know and will reveal the life I bore,  
 Reluctant, through the lingering livelong years,  
 The while my lord beleaguered Ilion's wall

First, that a wife sat Sundered from her lord,  
 In widowed solitude, was utter woe—  
 And woe, to hear how rumour's many tongues  
 All boded evil—woe, when he who came  
 And he who followed spake of ill on ill,  
 Keening *Lost, lost, all lost!* thro' hall and bower  
 Had this my husband met so many wounds,  
 As by a thousand channels rumour told  
 No network e'er was full of holes as he  
 Had he been slain, as oft as tidings came  
 That he was dead, he well might boast him now  
 A-second Geryon of triple frame,  
 With triple robe of earth above him laid—  
 For that below, no matter—triple dead,  
 Dead by one death for every form he bore  
 And thus distraught by news of wrath and woe,  
 Oft for self-slaughter had I slung the noose,  
 But others wrenched it from my neck away  
 Hence haps it that Orestes, thine and mine,  
 The pledge and symbol of our wedded troth,  
 Stands not beside us now, as he should stand  
 Nor marvel thou at this He dwells with one  
 Who guards him loyally, 'tis Phocis' king,  
 Strophius, who warned me erst, *Bethink thee, queen,*  
*What woes of doubtful issue well may fall!*  
*Thy lord in daily jeopardy at Troy,*  
*While here a populace uncurbed may cry,*  
*"Down with the council, down!" bethink thee too,*  
*'Tis the world's way to set a harder heel*  
*On fallen power*

For thy child's absence then  
 Such mine excuse, no wily afterthought  
 For me, long since the gushing fount of tears

Is wept away, no drop is left to shed  
 Dim are the eyes that ever watched till dawn,  
 Weeping, the bale-fires, piled for thy return,  
 Night after night unkindled If I slept,  
 Each sound—the tiny humming of a gnat, ✓  
~~Roused~~ me again, again, from pitiful dreams  
 Wherein I felt thee smitten, saw thee slain,  
 Thrice for each moment of mine hour of sleep

All this I bore, and now, released from woe,  
 I hail my lord as watch-dog of a fold,  
 As saving stay-rope of a storm-tossed ship,  
 As column stout that holds the roof aloft,  
 As only child unto a sire bereaved,  
 As land beheld, past hope, by crews forlorn,  
 As sunshine fair when tempest's wrath is past,  
 As gushing spring to thirsty wayfarer — excellent  
 So sweet it is to 'scape the press of pain  
 With such salute I bid my husband hail'  
 Nor heaven be wroth therewith! for long and hard  
 I bore that ire of old

Sweet lord, step forth,  
 ' Step from thy car, I pray—nay, not on earth  
 Plant the proud foot, O king, that trod down Troy!  
 Women! why tarry ye, whose task it is  
 To spread your monarch's path with tapestry? ✓  
 Swift, swift, with purple strew his passage fair,  
 That justice lead him to a home, at last,  
 He scarcely looked to see  
 (*The attendant women spread the tapestry*)

For what remains,  
 Zeal unsubdued by sleep shall nerve my hand  
 To work as right and as the gods command

AGAMEMNON (*still in the chariot*)  
 Daughter of Leda, watcher o'er my home,  
 Thy greeting well befits mine absence long,  
 For late and hardly has it reached its end  
 Know, that the praise which honour bids us crave,  
 Must come from others' lips, not from our own  
 See too that not in fashion feminine  
 Thou make a warrior's pathway delicate, or down?  
 Not unto me, as to some Eastern lord,

Bowing thyself to earth, make homage loud  
 Strew not this purple that shall make each step  
 An arrogance, such pomp beseems the gods,  
 Not me A mortal man to set his foot  
 On these rich dyes? I hold such pride in fear,  
And bid thee honour me as man, not god  
 Fear not—such footcloths and all gauds apart,  
 Loud from the trump of Fame my name is blown.  
 Best gift of heaven it is, in glory's hour,  
 To think thereon with soberness and thou—  
 Bethink thee of the adage, *Call none blest*  
*Till peaceful death have crowned a life of woe!*  
 'Tis said I fain would fare unweary by fear

CLYTEMNESTRA

Nay, but unsay it—thwart not thou my will'

AGAMEMNON

Know, I have said, and will not mar my word

CLYTEMNESTRA

Was it fear made this meekness to the gods?

AGAMEMNON

If cause be cause, 'tis mine for this resolve

CLYTEMNESTRA

What, think'st thou, in thy place had Priam done?

AGAMEMNON

He surely would have walked on brodered robes

CLYTEMNESTRA

Then fear not thou the voice of human blame

AGAMEMNON

Yet mighty is the murmur of a crowd

CLYTEMNESTRA

Shrink not from envy, appanage of bliss

AGAMEMNON

War is not woman's part, nor war of words † † † †

CLYTEMNESTRA

Yet happy victors well may yield therein

AGAMEMNON

Dost crave for triumph in this petty strife?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Yield, of thy grace permit me to prevail!

AGAMEMNON

Then, if thou wilt, let some one stoop to loose  
Swiftly these sandals, slaves beneath my foot,  
And stepping thus upon the sea's rich dye,  
I pray, *Let none among the gods look down*  
*With jealous eye on me*—reluctant all,  
To trample thus and mar a thing of price,  
Wasting the wealth of garments silver-worth  
Enough hereof and, for the stranger maid, *(ascends)*  
Lead her within, but gently God on high  
Looks graciously on him whom triumph's hour  
Has made not pitiless None willingly  
Wear the slave's yoke—and she, the prize and flower  
Of all we won, comes hither in my train,  
Gift of the army to its chief and lord  
—Now, since in this my will bows down to thine,  
I will pass in on purples to my home |

*(He descends from the chariot, and moves towards the palace)*

CLYTEMNESTRA -- *(Alone)*

A Sea there is—and who shall stay its springs?  
And deep within its breast, a mighty store,  
Precious as silver, of the purple dye,  
Whereby the dipped robe doth its tint renew  
Enough of such, O king, within thy halls —  
There lies, a store that cannot fail, but I—  
I would have gladly vowed unto the gods  
Cost of a thousand garments trodden thus,  
(Had once the oracle such gift required) ✓  
Contriving ransom for thy life preserved  
For while the stock is firm the foliage climbs,  
Spreading a shade, what time the dog-star glows,?  
And thou, returning to thine hearth and home,  
Art as a genial warmth in winter hours,  
Or as a coolness, when the lord of heaven  
Mellows the juice within the bitter grape  
Such boons and more doth bring into a home

The present footstep of its proper lord.  
 Zeus, Zeus, Fulfilment's lord! my vows fulfil,  
 And whatsoe'er it be, work forth thy will' }  
*(She follows AGAMEMNON into the palace)*

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

Wherefore for ever on the wings of fear  
 Hovers a vision drear  
 Before my boding heart? a strain,  
 Unbidden and unwelcome, thrills mine ear,  
 Oracular of pain  
 Not as of old upon my bosom's throne  
 Sits Confidence, to spurn  
 Such fears, like dreams we know not to discern  
 Old, old and grey long since the time has grown,  
 Which saw the linked cables moor  
 The fleet, when erst it came to Ilion's sandy shore,

*antistrophe 1*

And now mine eyes and not another's see  
 Their safe return

Yet none the less in me  
 The inner spirit sings a boding song, ✓  
 Self-prompted, sings the Furies' strain—  
 And seeks, and seeks in vain,  
 To hope and to be strong!

Ah! to some end of Fate, unseen, unguessed,  
 Are these wild throbbings of my heart and breast—  
 Yea, of some doom they tell—  
 Each pulse, a knell  
 Lief, he! I were, that all  
 To unfulfilment's hidden realm might fall

*strophe 2*

Too far, too far our mortal spirits strive,  
 Grasping at utter weal, unsatisfied—  
 Till the fell curse, that dwelleth hard beside,  
 Thrust down the sundering wall Too fan they blow,  
 The gales that waft our bark on Fortune's tide!  
 Swiftly we sail, the sooner all to drive  
 Upon the hidden rock, the reef of woe

Then if the hand of caution warily  
 Sling forth into the sea  
 Part of the freight, lest all should sink below,  
 From the deep death it saves the bark even so,  
 Doom-laden though it be, once more may rise  
 His household, who is timely wise

How oft the famine-stricken field  
 'Is saved by God's large gift, the new year's yield!

*antistrophe 2*

But blood of man once spilled,  
 Once at his feet shed forth, and darkening the plain,—  
 Nor chant nor charm can call it back again

So Zeus hath willed }  
 Else had he spared the leech Asclepius, skilled  
 To bring man from the dead the hand divine  
 Did smite himself with death—a warning and a sign—

Ah me! if Fate, ordained of old,  
 Held not the will of gods constrained, controlled,  
 Helpless to us-ward, and apart—  
 Swifter than speech my heart  
 Had poured its presage out!  
 Now, fretting, chafing in the dark of doubt,  
 'Tis hopeless to unfold  
 Truth, from fear's tangled skein, and, yearning to proclaim  
 Its thought, my soul is prophecy and flame

(CLYTEMNESTRA comes out of the palace and addresses CAS-  
 SANDRA, who has remained motionless in her chariot)

CLYTEMNESTRA

Get thee within thou too, Cassandra, go!  
 For Zeus to thee in gracious mercy grants  
 To share the sprinklings of the lustral bowl,  
 Beside the altar of his guardianship,  
 Slave among many slaves What, haughty still?  
 Step from the car, Alcmena's son, 'tis said,  
 Was sold perforce and bore the yoke of old  
 Ay, hard it is, but, if such fate befall,  
 'Tis a fair chance to serve within a home  
 Of ancient wealth and power An upstart lord,

To whom wealth's harvest came beyond his hope,  
Is as a lion to his slaves, in all  
Exceeding fierce, immoderate in sway  
Pass in thou hearest what our ways will be

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Clear unto thee, O maid, is her command,  
But thou—within the toils of Fate thou art—  
If such thy will, I urge thee to obey,  
Yet I misdoubt thou dost nor hear nor heed

## CLYTEMNESTRA

I wot—unless like swallows she doth use  
Some strange barbarian tongue from oversea—  
My words must speak persuasion to her soul

## LEADER

Obey there is no gentler way than this  
Step from the car's high seat and follow her

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Truce to this bootless waiting here without!  
I will not stay beside the central shrine  
The victims stand, prepared for knife and fire—  
Offerings from hearts beyond all hope made glad  
Thou—if thou reckest aught of my command,  
'Twere well done soon but if thy sense be shut  
From these my words, let thy barbarian hand  
Fulfil by gesture the default of speech.

## LEADER

No native is she, thus to read thy words  
Unaided like some wild thing of the wood,  
New-trapped, behold! she shrinks and glares on thee

## CLYTEMNESTRA

'Tis madness and the rule of mind distraught  
Since she beheld her city sink in fire,  
And hither comes, nor brooks the bit, until  
In foam and blood her wrath be champ'd away  
See ye to her unqueenly 'tis for me,  
Unheeded thus to cast away my words

(CLYTEMNESTRA enters the palace)



## LEADER

But with me pity sits in anger's place  
 Poor maiden, come thou from the car, no way  
 There is but this—take up thy servitude

CASSANDRA (*chanting*)

Woe, woe, alas! Earth, Mother Earth! and thou  
 Apollo, Apollo!

## LEADER

Peace! shriek not to the bright prophetic god,  
 Who will not brook the suppliance of woe

CASSANDRA (*chanting*)

Woe, woe, alas! Earth, Mother Earth! and thou  
 Apollo, Apollo!

## LEADER

Hark, with wild curse she calls anew on him,  
 Who stands far off and loathes the voice of wail

CASSANDRA (*chanting*)

Apollo, Apollo!  
 God of all ways, but only Death's to me,  
 Once and again, O thou, Destroyer named,  
 Thou hast destroyed me, thou, my love of old! \*

## LEADER

She grows presageful of her woes to come,  
 Slave tho' she be, instinct with prophecy

CASSANDRA (*chanting*)

Apollo, Apollo!  
 God of all ways, but only Death's to me,  
 O thou Apollo, thou Destroyer named!  
What way hast led me, to what evil home?

## LEADER

Know'st thou it not? The home of Atreus' race  
 Take these my words for sooth and ask no more

CASSANDRA (*chanting*)

Home cursed of God! Bear witness unto me,  
 Ye visioned woes within—  
 The blood-stained hands of them that smite their kin—  
 The strangling noose, and, spattered o'er  
 With human blood, the reeking floor!

## LEADER

How like a sleuth-hound questing on the track,  
Keen-scented unto blood and death she hies!

CASSANDRA (*chanting*)

Ah! can the ghostly guidance fail,  
Whereby my prophet-soul is onwards led?  
Look! for their flesh the spectre-children wail,  
Their sodden limbs on which their father fed!

her and brothers

## LEADER

Long since we knew of thy prophetic fame,—  
But for those deeds we seek no prophet's tongue

CASSANDRA (*chanting*)

God! 'tis another crime—  
Worse than the storied woe of olden time,  
Cureless, abhorred, that one is plotting here—  
A shaming death, for those that should be dear!  
Alas! and far away, in foreign land,  
(He that should help doth stand!

He that should help doth stand!

## LEADER

I knew th' old tales, the city rings withal—  
But now thy speech is dark, beyond my ken

CASSANDRA (*chanting*)

O wretch, O purpose fell!  
Thou for thy wedded lord  
The cleansing wave hast poured—  
A treacherous welcome!

How the sequel tell?

Too soon 'twill come, too soon, for now, even now,  
She smites him, blow on blow!

## LEADER

Riddles beyond my rede—I peer in vain  
Thro' the dim films that screen the prophecy

CASSANDRA (*chanting*)

God! a new sight! a net, a snare of hell,  
Set by her hand—herself a snare more fell!

A wedded wife, she slays her lord,  
Helped by another hand!

Ye powers, whose hate

Of Atreus' home no blood can satiate,  
Raise the wild cry above the sacrifice abhorred!

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Why biddest thou some fiend, I know not whom,  
Shriek o'er the house? Thine is no cheering word  
Back to my heart in frozen fear I feel  
My wanning life-blood run—  
The blood that round the wounding steel  
Ebbs slow, as sinks life's parting sun—  
Swift, swift and sure, some woe comes pressing on!

CASSANDRA (*chanting*)

Away, away—keep ~~him~~ away— *argumen*  
The monarch of the herd, the pasture's pride,  
Far from his mate! In treach'rous wrath,  
Muffling his swarthy horns, with secret scathe  
She gores his fenceless side!  
Hark! in the brimming bath, {  
The heavy plash—the dying cry—  
Hark—in the laver—hark, he falls by treachery! }

CHORUS (*chanting*)

I read amiss dark sayings such as thine,  
Yet something warns me that they tell of ill  
O dark prophetic speech,  
Ill tidings dost thou teach  
Ever, to mortals here below!  
Ever some tale of awe and woe  
Thro' all thy windings manifold  
Do we unriddle and unfold!

CASSANDRA (*chanting*)

Ah well-a-day! the cup of agony,  
Whereof I chant, foams with a draught for me  
Ah lord, ah leader, thou hast led me here—  
Was't but to die with ~~these~~ whose doom is near?

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Distraught thou art, divinely stirred,  
And wailest for thyself a tuneless lay,  
As piteous as the ceaseless tale  
Wherewith the brown melodious bird  
Doth ever Itys! Itys! wail,  
Deep-bowered in sorrow, all its little life-time's day!

CASSANDRA (*chanting*)

Ah for thy fate, O shrill-voiced nightingale!  
 Some solace for thy woes did Heaven afford,  
 Clothed thee with soft brown plumes, and life apart from  
 wail—  
 But for my death is edged the double-biting sword!

CHORUS (*chanting*)

What pangs are these, what fruitless pain,  
 Sent on thee from on high?  
 Thou chantest terror's frantic strain,  
 Yet in shrill measured melody  
 How thus unerring canst thou sweep along  
 The prophet's path of boding song?

CASSANDRA (*chanting*)

Woe, Paris, woe on thee! thy bridal joy  
 Was death and fire upon thy race and Troy!  
 And woe for thee, Scamander's flood!  
 Beside thy banks, O river fair,  
 I grew in tender nursing care  
 From childhood unto maidenhood!  
 Now not by thine, but by Cocytus' stream  
 And Acheron's banks shall ring my boding scream

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Too plain is all, too plain!  
 A child might read aright thy fateful strain  
 Deep in my heart their piercing pang  
 Terror and sorrow set the while I heard  
 That piteous, low, tender word,  
 Yet to mine ear and heart a crushing pang

CASSANDRA (*chanting*)

Woe for my city, woe for Ilion's fall!  
 Father, how oft with sanguine stain  
 Streamed on thine altar-stone the blood of cattle, slain  
 That heaven might guard our wall!  
 But all was shed in vain  
 Low lie the shattered towers whereas they fell,  
 And I—ah burning heart!—shall soon lie low as well.

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Of sorrow is thy song, of sorrow still!  
 Alas, what power of ill

Sits heavy on thy heart and bids thee tell  
 In tears of perfect moan thy deadly tale?  
 Some woe—I know not what—must close thy pious wail

CASSANDRA (*more calmly*)

List! for no more the presage of my soul,  
 Bride-like, shall peer from its secluding veil,  
 But as the morning wind blows clear the east,  
More bright shall blow the wind of prophecy,  
 And as against the low bright line of dawn  
 Heaves high and higher yet the rolling wave,  
 So in the clearing skies of prescience  
 Dawns on my soul a further, deadlier woe,  
 And I will speak, but in dark speech no more  
 Bear witness, ye, and follow at my side—  
I scent the trail of blood, shed long ago  
 Within this house a choir abidingly  
 Chants in harsh unison the chant of ill,  
 Yea, and they drink, for more enhardened joy,  
 Man's blood for wine, and revel in the halls,  
 Departing never, Furies of the home  
 They sit within, they chant the primal curse,  
 Each spitting hatred on that crime of old,  
 The brother's couch, the love incestuous |  
 That brought forth hatred to the ravisher  
 Say, is my speech or wild and erring now,  
 Or doth its arrow cleave the mark indeed?  
 They called me once, *The prophetess of lies,*  
*The wandering hag, the pest of every door—*  
 Attest ye now, *She knows in very sooth*  
*The house's curse, the storied infamy*

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Yet how should oath—how loyally soe'er  
 I swear it—ought avail thee? In good sooth,  
 My wonder meets thy claim I stand amazed  
 That thou, a maiden born beyond the seas,  
 Dost as a native know and tell aright  
 Tales of a city of an alien tongue

CASSANDRA

That is my power—a boon Apollo gave |

LEADER

God though he were, yearning for mortal maid?

CASSANDRA

Ay! what seemed shame of old is shame no more

LEADER

Such finer sense suits not with slavery

CASSANDRA

He strove to win me, panting for my love

LEADER

Came ye by compact unto bridal joys?

CASSANDRA

Nay—for I plighted troth, then foiled the god

LEADER

Wert thou already dowered with prescience?

CASSANDRA

Yea—prophetess to Troy of all her doom

LEADER

How left thee then Apollo's wrath unscathed?

CASSANDRA

I, false to him, seemed prophet false to all

LEADER

Not so—to us at least thy words seem sooth

CASSANDRA

Woe for me, woe! Again the agony—  
Dread pain that sees the future all too well  
With ghastly preludes whirls and racks my soul  
Behold ye—yonder on the palace roof  
The spectre-children sitting—look, such things  
As dreams are made on, phantoms as of babes,  
Horrible shadows, that a kinsman's hand  
Hath marked with murder, and their arms are full—  
A rueful burden—see, they hold them up,  
The entrails upon which their father fed'

For this, for this, I say there plots revenge  
A coward lion, couching in the lair—

Guarding the gate against my master's foot—  
 My master—mine—I bear the slave's yoke now,  
 And he, the lord of ships, who trod down Troy,  
 Knows not the fawning treachery of tongue  
 Of this thing false and dog-like—how her speech  
 Glozes and sleeks her purpose, till she win  
 By ill fate's favour the desired chance,  
 Moving like Atè to a secret end  
 O aweless soul! the woman slays her lord—  
 Woman? what loathsome monster of the earth  
 Were fit comparison? The double snake—  
 Or Scylla, where she dwells, the seaman's bane,  
 Girt round about with rocks? some hag of hell,  
 Raving a truceless curse upon her kin?  
 Hark—even now she cries exultingly  
 The vengeful cry that tells of battle turned—  
 How fain, forsooth, to greet her chief restored!  
 Nay then, believe me not what skills belief  
 Or disbelief? Fate works its will—and thou  
 Wilt see and say in ruth, Her tale ~~was~~ true

## LEADER

Ah—'tis Thyestes' feast on kindred flesh—  
I guess her meaning and with horror thrill,  
 Hearing no shadow'd hint of th' o'er-true tale,  
 But its full hatefulness yet, for the rest,  
Far from the track/I roam, and know no more

## CASSANDRA

'Tis Agamemnon's doom thou shalt behold

## LEADER

Peace, hapless woman, to thy boding words!

## CASSANDRA

Far from my speech stands he who sains and saves

## LEADER

Ay—were such doom at hand—which God forbid!

## CASSANDRA

Thou pravest idly—these move swift to slay

## LEADER

What man prepares a deed of such despite?

CASSANDRA

Fool! thus to read amiss mine oracles.

LEADER

Deviser and device are dark to me

CASSANDRA

Dark! all too well I speak the Grecian tongue

LEADER

Ay—but in thine, as in Apollo's strains,  
Familiar is the tongue, but dark the thought

CASSANDRA

Ah, ah the fire! it waxes, nears me now—  
Woe, woe for me, Apollo of the dawn!

Lo, how the woman-thing, the lioness  
Couched with the wolf—her noble mate afar—  
Will slay me, slave forlorn! Yea, like some witch,  
She drugs the cup of wrath, that slays her lord,  
With double death—his recompense for me!  
Ay, tis for me, the prey he bore from Troy,  
That she hath sworn his death, and edged the steel!  
Ye wands, ye wreaths that cling around my neck,  
Ye showed me prophetess yet scorned of all—  
I stamp you into death, or e'er I die—  
Down, to destruction!

Thus I stand revenged—

Go, crown some other with a prophet's woe  
Look! it is he, it is Apollo's self  
Rending from me the prophet-robe he gave  
God! while I wore it yet, thou saw'st me mocked  
There at my home by each malicious mouth—  
To all and each, an undivided scorn  
The name alike and fate of witch and cheat—  
Woe, poverty, and famine—all I bore,  
And at this last the god hath brought me here  
Into death's toils, and what his love had made,  
His hate unmakes me now and I shall stand  
Not now before the altar of my home,  
But me a slaughter-house and block of blood  
Shall see hewn down, a reeking sacrifice  
Yet shall the gods have heed of me who die,



For by their will shall one requite my doom  
 He, to avenge his father's blood outpoured,  
 Shall smite and slay with matricidal hand  
 Ay, he shall come—tho' far away he roam,  
 A banished wanderer in a stranger's land—  
 To crown his kindred's edifice of ill,  
 Called home to vengeance by his father's fall  
 Thus have the high gods sworn, and shall fulfil  
 And now why mourn I, tarrying on earth,  
 Since first mine Ilion has found its fate  
 And I beheld, and those who won the wall  
 Pass to such issue as the gods ordain?  
 I too will pass and like them dare to die!

*(She turns and looks upon the palace door)*

Portal of Hades, thus I bid thee hail!  
 Grant me one boon—a swift and mortal stroke,  
 That all unwrung by pain, with ebbing blood  
 Shed forth in quiet death, I close mine eyes

LIADLER

Maid of mysterious woes, mysterious lore,  
 Long was thy prophecy but if aright  
 Thou readest all thy fate, how, thus unscared,  
 Dost thou approach the altar of thy doom,  
 As fronts the knife some victim, heaven-controlled?

CASSANDRA

Friends, there is no avoidance in delay

LEADER

Yet who delays the longest his the gain

CASSANDRA

The day is come—flight were small gain to me!

LIADLER

O brave endurance of a soul resolved!

CASSANDRA

That were ill praise, for those of happier doom

LEADER

All fame is happy, even famous death

CASSANDRA

Ah sire, ah brethren, famous once were ye!  
(*She moves to enter the house, then starts back*)

LEADER

What fear is this that scares thee from the house?

CASSANDRA

Pah!

LEADER

What is this cry? some dark despair of soul?

CASSANDRA

Pah! the house fumes with stench and spilt of blood

LEADER

How? 'tis the smell of household offerings

CASSANDRA

'Tis rank as charnel-scent from open graves

LEADER

Thou canst not mean this scented Syrian nard?

CASSANDRA

Nay, let me pass within to cry aloud  
The monarch's fate and mine—enough of life  
Ah friends!  
Bear to me witness, since I fall in death,  
That not as birds that shun the bush and scream  
I moan in idle terror This attest  
When for my death's revenge another dies,  
A woman for a woman, and a man  
Falls, for a man ill-wedded to his curse  
Grant me this boon—the last before I die

LEADER

Brave to the last! I mourn thy doom foreseen

CASSANDRA

Once more one utterance, but not of wail,  
Though for my death—and then I speak no more

Sun! thou whose beam I shall not see again,  
To thee I cry, Let those whom vengeance calls

To slay their kindred's slayers, quit withal  
The death of me, the slave, the fenceless prey

Ah state of mortal man! in time of weal,  
A line, a shadow! and if ill fate fall,  
One wet sponge-sweep wipes all our trace away—  
And this I deem less piteous, of the twain

*(She enters the palace)*

CHORUS *(singing)*

Too true it is! our mortal state  
With bliss is never satiate,  
And none, before the palace high  
And stately of prosperity,  
Cries to us with a voice of fear,  
*Away! 'tis ill to enter here'*

Lo! this our lord hath trodden down,  
By grace of heaven, old Priam's town,  
And praised as god he stands once more  
On Argos' shore!

Yet now—if blood shed long ago  
Cries out that other blood shall flow—  
His life-blood, his, to pay again—  
The stern requital of the slain—  
Peace to that braggart's vaunting vain,  
Who, having heard the chieftain's tale,  
Yet boasts of bliss untouched by bale!

*(A loud cry is heard from within)*

VOICE OF AGAMFMNON

O I am sped—a deep, a mortal blow!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Listen, listen! who is screaming as in mortal agony?

VOICE OF AGAMFMNON

*(O! O! again, another, another blow!)*

LEADER

¶ The bloody act is over—*(I)* have heard the monarch's cry—  
Let *(us)* swiftly take some counsel, lest *(we)* too be doomed to die

## ONE OF THE CHORUS

'Tis best, I judge, aloud for aid to call,  
 "Ho! loyal Argives! to the palace, all!"

## ANOTHER

Better, I deem, ourselves to bear the aid,  
 And drag the deed to light, while drips the blade ! !

## ANOTHER

Such will is mine, and what thou say st I say  
 Swifly to act! the time brooks no delay

## ANOTHER

Ay, for 'tis plain, this prelude of their song  
 Foretells its close in tyranny and wrong

## ANOTHER

Behold, we tarry—but thy name, Delay,  
 They spurn, and press with sleepless hand to slay

## ANOTHER

I know not what 'twere well to counsel now—  
 Who wills to act, 'tis his to counsel how

## ANOTHER

Thy doubt is mine for when a man is slain,  
 I have no words to bring his life again !

## ANOTHER

What? e'en for life's sake bow us to obe  
 These house-defilers and their tyrant sway?

## ANOTHER

Unmanly doom! 'twere better far to die—  
 Death is a gentler lord than tyranny

## ANOTHER

Think well—must cry or sign of woe or pain  
 Fix our conclusion that the chief is slain?

## ANOTHER

Such talk befits us when the deed we see— } 4<sup>th</sup>  
 Conjecture dwells afar from certainty

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

I read one will from many a diverse word,  
 To know aright, how stands it with our lord!

*(The central doors of the palace open, disclosing CLYTEMNESTRA, who comes forward. She has blood smeared upon her forehead. The body of AGAMEMNON lies, muffled in a long robe, within a silver-sided laver, the corpse of CASANDRA is laid beside him)*

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Ho, ye who heard me speak so long and oft  
 The glozing word that led me to my will—  
 Hear how I shrink not to unsay it all!  
 How else should one who willet to requite  
 Evil for evil to an enemy  
 Disguised as friend, weave the mesh straitly round him,  
 Not to be overleaped, a net of doom?  
 This is the sum and issue of old strife,  
 Of me deep-pondered and at length fulfilled  
 All is avowed, and as I smote I stand  
 With foot set firm upon a finished thing!  
 I turn not to denial thus I wrought  
 So that he could nor flee nor ward his doom  
 Even as the trammel hems the scaly shoal,  
 I trapped him with inextricable toils,  
 The ill abundance of a baffling robe,  
 Then smote him, once, again—and at each wound  
 He cried aloud, then as in death relaxed  
 Each limb and sank to earth, and as he lay,  
 Once more I smote him, with the last third blow,  
 Sacred to Hades, saviour of the dead  
 And thus he fell, and as he passed away,  
 Spirit with body chafed, each dying breath  
 Flung from his breast swift bubbling jets of gore,  
 And the dark sprinklings of the rain of blood  
 Fell upon me, and I was fain to feel  
 That dew—not sweeter is the rain of heaven  
 To cornland, when the green sheath teems with grain  
 Elders of Argos—since the thing stands so,  
 I bid you to rejoice, if such your will  
 Rejoice or not, I vaunt and praise the deed,  
 And well I ween, if seemly it could be,  
 'Twere not ill done to pour libations here,  
 Justly—ay, more than justly—on his corpse  
 Who filled his home with curses as with wine,  
 And thus returned to drain the cup he filled

## LEADER

I marvel at thy tongue's audacity,  
To vaunt thus loudly o'er a husband slain

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Ye hold me as a woman, weak of will,  
And strive to sway me but my heart is stout,  
Nor fears to speak its uttermost to you,  
Albeit ye know its message Praise or blame,  
Even as ye list,—I reck not of your words  
Lo! at my feet lies Agamemnon slain,  
My husband once—and him this hand of mine,  
A right contriver, fashioned for his death  
Behold the deed!

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Woman, what deadly birth,  
What venom'd essence of the earth  
Or dark distilment of the wave,  
To thee such passion gave,  
Nerving thine hand  
To set upon thy brow this burning crown,  
The curses of thy land?  
*Our king by thee cut off, hewn down!*  
*Go forth—they cry—accursèd and forlorn,*  
*To hate and scorn!*

## CLYTEMNESTRA

O ye just men, who speak my sentence now,  
The city's hate, the ban of all my realm!  
Ye had no voice of old to launch such doom  
On him, my husband, when he held as light  
My daughter's life as that of sheep or goat,  
One victim from the thronging fleecy fold!  
Yea, slew in sacrifice his child and mine,  
The well-loved issue of my travail-pangs,  
To lull and lay the gales that blew from Thrace  
That deed of his, I say, that stain and shame,  
Had rightly been atoned by banishment,  
But ye, who then were dumb, are stern to judge  
This deed of mine that doth affront your ears  
Storm out your threats, yet knowing this for sooth,  
That I am ready, if your hand prevail  
As mine now doth, to bow beneath your sway

If God say nay, it shall be yours to learn  
By chastisement a late humility

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Bold is thy craft, and proud  
Thy confidence, thy vaunting loud,  
Thy soul, that chose a murd'ress' fate,  
Is all with blood elate—  
Maddened to know  
The blood not yet avenged, the damnèd spot  
Crimson upon thy brow  
But Fate prepares for thee thy lot—  
Smitten as thou didst smite, without a friend,  
To meet thine end!

CLYTEMNESTRA

Hear then the sanction of the oath I swear—  
By the great vengeance for my murdered child,  
By Ate, by the Fury unto whom  
This man lies sacrificed by hand of mine,  
I do not look to tread the hall of Fear,  
While in this hearth and home of mine there burns  
The light of love—Aegisthus—as of old  
Loyal, a stalwart shield of confidence—  
As true to me as this slain man was false,  
Wronging his wife with paramours at Troy,  
Fresh from the kiss of each Chryseis there!  
Behold him dead—behold his captive prize,  
Seeress and harlot—comfort of his bed,  
True prophetess, true paramour—I wot  
The sea-bench was not closer to the flesh,  
Full oft, of every rower, than was she  
See, ill they did, and ill requites them now  
His death ye know she as a dying swan  
Sang her last dirge, and lies, as erst she lay,  
Close to his side, and to my couch has left  
A sweet new taste of joys that know no fear

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe 1*

Ah woe and well-a-day! I would that Fate—  
Not bearing agony too great,  
Nor stretching me too long on couch of pain—  
Would bid mine eyelids keep

The morningless and unawakening sleep! <sup>7</sup>  
 For life is weary, now my lord is slain,  
 The gracious among kings!  
 Hard fate of old he bore and many grievous things,  
 And for a woman's sake, on Ilian land—  
 Now is his life hewn down, and by a woman's hand

*in heart of all /ance/* *restrain 1*  
 O Helen, O infatuate soul,  
 Who bad'st the tides of battle roll,  
 O'erwhelming thousands, life on life,  
 'Neath Ilium's wall!  
 And now lies dead the lord of all  
 The blossom of thy storied sin  
 Bears blood's inexpiable stain,  
 O thou that erst, these halls within,  
 Wert unto all a rock of strife,  
 A husband's bane!

CLYTEMNESTRA (*chanting*)

Peace! pray not thou for death as though  
 Thine heart was whelmed beneath this woe,  
 Nor turn thy wrath aside to ban  
 The name of Helen, nor recall  
 How she, one bane of many a man,  
 Sent down to death the Danaan lords,  
 To sleep at Troy the sleep of swords,  
 And wrought the woe that shattered all

## CHORUS

*antistrophe :*

Fiend of the race! that swoopest fell  
 Upon the double stock of Tantalus,  
 Lording it o'er me by a woman's will,  
 Stern, manful, and imperious—  
 A bitter sway to me!  
 Thy very form I see,  
 Like some grim raven, perched upon the slain,  
 Exulting o'er the crime, aloud, in tuneless strain!

CLYTEMNESTRA (*chanting*)

Right was that word—thou namest well  
 The brooding race-fiend, triply fell!  
 From him it is that murder's thirst,



Blood-lapping, inwardly is nursed—  
 Ere time the ancient scar can sam,  
 New blood comes welling forth again

## CHORUS

*strophe 2*

Grim is his wrath and heavy on our home,  
 — That fiend of whom thy voice has cried,  
 Alas, an omened cry of woe unsatisfied,  
 An all-devouring doom!

Ah woe, ah Zeus! from Zeus all things befall—  
 Zeus the high cause and finisher of all!—  
 Lord of our mortal state, by him are willed  
 All things, by him fulfilled!

*refrain 2*

Yet ah my king, my king no more!  
 'What words to say, what tears to pour  
 Can tell my love for thee?  
 The spider-web of treachery  
 She wove and wound, thy life around,  
 And lo! I see thee lie,  
 And thro' a coward, impious wound  
 Pant forth thy life and die!  
 A death of shame—ah woe on woe!  
 A treach'rous hand, a cleaving blow!

CLYTEMNESTRA (*chanting*)

My guilt thou harpest, o'er and o'er!  
 I bid thee reckon me no more  
 As Agamemnon's spouse  
 The old Avenger, stern of mood  
 For Atreus and his feast of blood,  
 Hath struck the lord of Atreus' house,  
 And in the semblance of his wife  
 The king hath slain —  
 Yea, for the murdered children's life,  
 A chieftain's in requital ta'en

## CHORUS

*antistrophe 2*

Thou guiltless of this murder, thou!  
 Who dares such thought avow?

Yet it may be, wroth for the parent's deed,  
 The fiend hath holpen thee to slay the son  
Dark Ares, god of death, is pressing on  
Thro' streams of blood by kindred shed,  
 Exacting the accompt for children dead,  
 For clotted blood, for flesh on which their sire did feed

[ *refrain 2* ]

Yet ah my king, my king no more!  
 What words to say, what tears to pour  
 Can tell my love for thee?  
 The spider-web of treachery  
 She wove and wound, thy life around,  
 And lo! I see thee lie,  
 And thro' a coward, impious wound  
 Pant forth thy life and die!  
 A death of shame—ah woe on woe!  
 A treach'rous hand, a cleaving blow!

CLYTEMNESTRA (*chanting*)

I deem not that the death he died  
 Had overmuch of shame  
 For this was he who did provide  
 Foul wrong unto his house and name  
 His daughter, blossom of my womb,  
 He gave unto a deadly doom,  
 Iphigenia, child of tears!  
 And as he wrought, even so he fared  
 Nor be his vaunt too loud in hell,  
 For by the sword his sin he wrought  
 And by the sword himself is brought  
 Among the dead to dwell

CHORUS

*strophic 3*

Ah whither shall I fly?  
 For all in ruin sinks the kingly hall,  
 Nor swift device nor shift of thought have I,  
 To 'scape its fall  
 A little while the gentler rain-drops fall,  
 I stand distraught—a ghastly interval,  
 Till on the roof-tree rings the bursting hail  
 Of blood and doom Even now fate whets the steel  
 On whetstones new and deadlier than of old,

The steel that smites, in Justice' hold,  
 Another death to deal  
 O Earth! that I had lain at rest  
 And lapped for ever in thy breast,  
 Ere I had seen my chieftain fall  
 Within the laver's silver wall,  
 Low-lying on dishonoured bier!  
 And who shall give him sepulchre,  
 And who the wail of sorrow pour?  
 Woman, tis thine no more!  
 A graceless gift unto his shade  
 Such tribute, by his murd'ress paid!  
 Strive not thus wrongly to atone  
 The impious deed thy hand hath done  
 Ah who above the god-like chief  
 Shall weep the tears of loyal grief?  
 Who speak above his lowly grave  
 The last sad praises of the brave?

CLYTEMNESTRA (*chanting*)

Peace! for such task is none of thine  
 By me he fell, by me he died,  
 And now his burial rites be mine!  
 Yet from these halls no mourners' train  
 Shall celebrate his obsequies,  
 Only by Acheron's rolling tide  
 His child shall spring unto his side,  
 And in a daughter's loving wise  
 Shall clasp and kiss him once again!

CHORUS

*antistrophe 3*

{ Lo! sin by sin and sorrow dogg'd by sorrow—  
 { And who the end can know?  
 { The slayer of to-day shall die to-morrow—  
 { The wage of wrong is woe  
 While Time shall be, while Zeus in heaven is lord,  
 His law is fixed and stern,  
 On him that wrought shall vengeance be outpoured—  
 The tides of doom return  
 The children of the curse abide within  
 These halls of high estate—  
 And none can wrench from off the home of sin  
 The clinging grasp of fate

CLYTEMNESTRA (*chanting*)

Now walks thy word aright, to tell  
 This ancient truth of oracle,  
 But I with vows of sooth will pray  
 To him, the power that holdeth sway  
 O'er all the race of Pleisthenes—  
~~Tho' dark the deed and deep the guilt,~~  
~~With this last blood, my hands have spilt,~~  
*I pray thee let thine anger cease!*  
*I pray thee pass from us away*  
*To some new race in other lands,*  
*There, if thou wilt, to wrong and slay*  
*The lives of men by kindred hands*

For me 'tis all sufficient meed,  
 Tho' little wealth or power were won,  
 So I can say, 'Tis past and done  
 The bloody lust and murderous,  
 The inborn frenzy of our house,  
 Is ended, by my deed!

(ÆGISTHUS and his armed attendants enter)

*unholy / in*

ÆGISTHUS

Dawn of the day of rightful vengeance, hail!  
I dare at length aver (that gods above  
Have care of men and heed of earthly wrongs  
 I, I who stand and thus exult to see  
 This man lie wound in robes the Furies wove,  
 Slain in the requital of his father's craft  
 Take ye the truth, that Atreus, this man's sire,<sup>1</sup>  
 The lord and monarch of this land of old,  
 Held with my sire Thyestes deep dispute,  
 Brother with brother, for the prize of sway,  
 And drove him from his home to banishment  
 Thereafter, the lorn exile homeward stole  
 And clung a suppliant to the hearth divine,  
 And for himself won this immunity—  
 Not with his own blood to defile the land  
 That gave him birth But Atreus, godless sire  
 Of him who here lies dead, (thus welcome planned—  
 With zeal that was not love he feigned to hold  
 In loyal joy a day of festal cheer,  
 And bade my father to his board, and set

Before him flesh that was his children once  
 First, sitting at the upper board alone,  
 He hid the fingers and the feet, but gave  
 The rest—and readily Thyestes took  
 What to his ignorance no semblance wore  
 Of human flesh, and ate behold what curse  
 That eating brought upon our race and name!  
 For when he knew what all unhallowed thing  
 He thus had wrought, with horror's bitter cry  
 Back-starting, spewing forth the fragments foul,  
 On Pelops' house a deadly curse he spake—  
*As darkly as I spurn this damndèd food,*  
*So perish all the race of Pleisthenest!*  
 Thus by that curse fell he whom here ye see,  
 And I—who else?—(this murder wove and planned, )  
 For me, an infant yet in swaddling bands,  
 Of the three children youngest, Atreus sent  
 To banishment by my sad father's side  
 But Justice brought me home once more, grown now  
 To manhood's years, and stranger tho' I was,  
 My right hand reached unto the chieftain's life,  
 Plott'ing and planning all that malice bade  
 And death itself were honour now to me,  
 Beholding him in Justice' ambush ta'en

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Aegisthus, for this insolence of thine  
 That vaunts itself in evil, take my scorn  
 Of thine own will, thou sayest, thou hast slain  
 The chieftain, by thine own unaided plot  
 Devised the piteous death I rede thee well,  
 Think not thy head shall 'scape, when right prevails,  
 The people's ban, the stones of death and doom

## AEGISTHUS

This word from thee, this word from one who rows  
 Low at the oars beneath, what time we rule,  
 We of the upper tier? Thou'lt know anon,  
 'Tis bitter to be taught again in age,  
 By one so young, submission at the word  
 But iron of the chain and hunger's throes  
 Can minister unto an o'ersworn pride  
 Marvellous well, ay, even in the old

Hast eyes, and seest not this? Peace—kick not thus  
Against the pricks, unto thy proper pain!

LEADER

~~Thou~~ womanish man, waiting till war did cease,  
Home-watcher and defiler of the couch,  
And arch-deviser of the chieftain's doom!

AEGISTHUS

Bold words again! but they shall end in tears!  
The very converse, thine, of Orpheus' tongue  
He roused and led in ecstasy of joy *~ of music*  
All things that heard his voice melodious,  
But thou as with the futile cry of curs  
Wilt draw men wrathfully upon thee Peace!  
Or strong subjection soon shall tame thy tongue!

LEADER

Ay, thou art one to hold an Argive down—  
Thou, skilled to plan the murder of the king,  
But not with thine own hand to smite the blow!

AEGISTHUS

That fraudulent force was woman's very part,  
Not mine, whom deep suspicion from of old  
Would have debarred. Now by his treasure's aid  
My purpose holds to rule the citizens  
But whoso will not bear my guiding hand,  
~~Him~~ for his corn-fed mettle I will drive!  
Not as a trace-horse, light-caparisoned,  
But to the shafts with heaviest harness bound  
Famine, the grim mate of the dungeon dark,  
Shall look on him and shall behold him tame

LEADER

Thou losel soul, was then thy strength too slight  
To deal in murder, while a woman's hand,  
Staining and shaming Argos and its gods,  
Availed to slay him? Ho, if anywhere  
The light of life smite on Orestes' eyes,  
~~Let him~~, returning by some guardian fate,  
Hew down with force her paramour and her!

AEGISTHUS

How thy word and act shall issue, thou shalt shortly understand

## LEADER

Up to action, O my comrades! for the fight is hard at hand  
Swift, your right hands to the sword hilt! bare the weapon as for strife—

## AEGISTHUS

Lo! I too am standing ready, hand on hilt for death or life

## LEADER

'Twas thy word and we accept it onward to the chance of war!

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Nay, enough, enough, my champion! we will smite and slay no more  
Already have we reaped enough the harvest-field of guilt  
Enough of wrong and murder, let no other blood be spilt  
Peace, old men! and pass away unto the homes by Fate decreed,  
Lest ill valour meet our vengeance—'twas a necessary deed  
But enough of toils and troubles—be the end, if ever, now,  
Ere thy talon, O Avenger, deal another deadly blow  
'Tis a woman's word of warning, and let who will list thereto

## AEGISTHUS

But that these should loose and lavish reckless blossoms of the tongue,  
And in hazard of their fortune cast upon me words of wrong,  
And forget the law of subjects, and revile their ruler's word—

## LEADER

Ruler? but 'tis not for Argives, thus to own a dastard lord!

## AEGISTHUS

I will follow to chastise thee in my coming days of sway

## LEADER

Not if Fortune guide Orestes safely on his homeward way } *it's a hope*

## AEGISTHUS

Ah, well I know how exiles feed on hopes of their return

## LEADER

Fare and batten on pollution of the right, while 'tis thy turn

## AEGISTHUS

Thou shalt pay, be well assured, heavy quittance for thy pride

## LEADER

Crow and strut, with her to watch thee, like a cock, his mate beside

*inthy*

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Heed not thou too highly of them—let the cur-pack growl and yell  
I and thou will rule the palace and will order all things well

(AEGISTHUS and CLYTEMNESTRA *move towards the palace* as the CHORUS  
*sullenly withdraws* )



#### NOTES FOR AGAMEMNON

- 1 He is alluding to Clytemnestra
- 2 An "ox on the tongue" refers to a proverbial expression connoting complete silence
- 3 Morshead's note here reads, "These are Uranus and Cronus, predecessors of Zeus on the throne of heaven "
- 4 A complete discussion of the problem of the fire beacon, coupled with an ingenious explanation, probably not tenable, may be found in A W Verrall's introduction to his text of the *Agamemnon*
- 5 The lapse of several days is assumed to take place here Critics are not unanimous in accepting this view Morshead's translation for line 587 has been altered to accord with the theory here adopted
- 6 Morshead, in a note to this passage, has pointed to the overwhelming difficulties which face the translator in his attempt to render it in English
- 7 Morshead quotes as his source for this line a passage from M Arnold's *Thyrsis*

VI  
THE CHOEPHORI

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

ORESTES, *son of* AGAMEMNON *and* CLYTEMNESTRA

CHORUS OF SLAVE WOMEN

ELECTRA, *sister of* ORESTES

A NURSE

CLYTEMNESTRA

AEGISTHUS

AN ATTENDANT

PYLADES, *friend of* ORESTES.

## THE CHOEPHORI

(SCENE — *By the tomb of Agamemnon near the palace in Argos*  
 ORESTES and PYLADES enter, dressed as travellers (ORESTES carries two  
 locks of hair in his hand) — *Electra runs*

ORESTES

LORD of the shades and patron of the realm  
 That erst my father swayed, list now my prayer,  
 Hermes, and save me with thine aiding arm,  
 Me who from banishment returning stand  
 On this my country, lo, my foot is set  
 On this grave-mound, and herald-like, as thou,  
 Once and again, I bid my father hear  
 And these twin locks, from mine head shorn, I bring,  
 And one to Inachus the river-god  
 My young life's nurturer, I dedicate,  
 And one in sign of mourning unfulfilled  
 I lay, though late, on this my father's grave,  
 For O my father, not beside thy corse  
 Stood I to wail thy death, nor was my hand  
 Stretched out to bear thee forth to burial

What sight is yonder? what this woman-throng  
 Hitherward coming, by their sable garb  
 Made manifest as mourners? What hath chanced?  
 Doth some new sorrow hap within the home?  
 Or rightly may I deem that they draw near  
 Bearing libations, such as soothe the ire  
 Of dead men angered, to my father's grave?  
 Nay, such they are indeed, for I descry  
 Electra none own sister pacing hither,  
 In moody grief conspicuous Grant, O Zeus,  
 Grant me my father's murder to avenge—

Be thou my willing champion!

Pylades,

Pass we aside, till rightly I discern

Wherefore these women throng in supplicance

(PYLADES and ORESTES withdraw, the CHORUS enters bearing  
vessels for libation, ELECTRA follows them, they pace slowly  
towards the tomb of Agamemnon)

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe 1*

Forth from the royal halls by high command

I bear libations for the dead

Rings on my smitten breast my smiting hand,

And all my cheek is rent and red,

Fresh-furrowed by my nails, and all my soul

Thus many a day doth feed on cries of dole

And trailing tatters of my vest,

In looped and windowed raggedness forlorn,

Hang rent around my breast,

Even as I, by blows of Fate most stern

Saddened and torn

*antistrophe 1*

Oracular thro' visions, ghastly clear,

Bearing a blast of wrath from realms below,

And stiffening each rising hair with dread,

Came out of dream-land Fear,

And, loud and awful, bade

The shriek ring out at midnight's witching hour,

And brooded, stern with woe,

Above the inner house, the woman's bower

And seers inspired did read the dream on oath,

Chanting aloud *In realms below*

*The dead are wrath,*

*Against their slayers yet their ire doth glow*

*strophe 2*

Therefore to bear this gift of graceless worth—

O Earth, my nursing mother!—

The woman god-accurs'd doth send me forth

Lest one crime bring another

Ill is the very word to speak, for none

Can ransom or atone

For blood once shed and darkening the plain

O hearth of woe and bane,  
 O state that low doth hiel  
 Sunless, accursed of men, the shadows brood  
 Above the home of murdered majesty

*antistrophe 2*

Rumour of might, unquestioned, unsubdued,  
 Pervading ears and soul of lesser men,  
     Is silent now and dead  
     Yet rules a viler dread,  
 For bliss and power, however won,  
 As gods, and more than gods, dazzle our mortal ken

Justice doth mark, with scales that swiftly sway,  
     Some that are yet in light,  
     Others in interspace of day and night,  
     Till Fate arouse them, stay  
 And some are lapped in night, where all things are undone

*strophe 3*

On the life-giving lap of Earth  
     Blood hath flowed forth,  
 And now, ~~the seed of vengeance, dews the plow—~~  
     Unmelting, uneffaced the stain  
 And Ate tarries long, but at the last  
     The sinner's heart is cast  
 Into pervading, waxing pangs of pain

*antistrophe 3*

Lo, when man's force doth ope  
The virgin doors, there is nor cure nor hope  
 For what is lost,—even so, I deem,  
 Though in one channel ran Earth's every stream,  
 Laying the hand defiled from murder's stain,  
     It were in vain

And upon me—ah me!—the gods have laid  
 The woe that wrapped round Troy,  
 What time they led me down from home and kin  
     Unto a slave's employ—  
     The doom to bow the head  
     And watch our master's will  
     Work deeds of good and ill—  
 To see the headlong sway of force and sin,

And hold restrained the spirit's bitter hate,  
 Wailing the monarch's fruitless fate,  
 Hiding my face within my robe, and fain  
 Of tears, and chilled with frost of hidden pain

## ELECTRA

Handmaidens, orderers of the palace-halls,  
 Since at my side ye come, a suppliant train,  
 Companions of this offering, counsel me  
 As best befits the time for I, who pour  
 Upon the grave these streams funereal,  
 With what fair word can I invoke my sire?  
 Shall I aver, *Behold, I bear these gifts*  
*From well-loved wife unto her well-loved lord,*  
 When 'tis from her, my mother, that they come?  
 I dare not say it of all words I fail  
 Wherewith to consecrate unto my sire  
 These sacrificial honours on his grave  
 Or shall I speak this word, as mortals use—  
*Give back, to those who send these coronals,*  
*Full recompense—of ills for acts malign?*  
 Or shall I pour this draught for Earth to drink,  
 Sans word or reverence, as my sire was slain,  
 And homeward pass with unreverted eyes,  
 Casting the bowl away, as one who flings  
 The household cleansings to the common road?  
 Be art and part, O friends, in this my doubt,  
 Even as ye are in that one common hate  
 Whereby we live attended fear ye not  
 The wrath of any man, nor hide your word  
 Within your breast the day of death and doom  
 Awaits alike the freeman and the slave  
 Speak, then, if aught thou know'st to aid us more

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Thou biddest, I will speak my soul's thought out,  
 Revering as a shrine thy father's grave

## ELECTRA

Say then thy say, as thou his tomb reverest

## LEADER

Speak solemn words to them that love, and pour

ELECTRA

And of his kin whom dare I name as kind?

LEADER

Thyself, and next, whoe'er Aegisthus scorns

ELECTRA

Then 'tis myself and thou, my prayer must name

LEADER

Whoe'er they be, 'tis thine to know and name them

ELECTRA

Is there no other we may claim as ours?

LEADER

Think of Orestes, though far-off he be

ELECTRA

Right well in this too hast thou schooled my thought,

LEADER

Mindfully, next, on those who shed the blood—

ELECTRA

Pray on them what? expound, instruct my doubt

LEADER

This *Upon them some god or mortal come—*

ELECTRA

As judge or as avenger? speak thy thought

LEADER

Pray in set terms, *Who shall the slayer slay*

ELECTRA

Besee meth it to ask such boon of heaven?

LEADER

How not, to wreak a wrong upon a foe?

ELECTRA (*praying at the tomb*)

O mighty Hermes, warder of the shades, | —  
 Herald of upper and of under world,  
 Proclaim and usher down my prayer's appeal  
 Unto the gods below, that they with eyes  
 Watchful behold these halls, my sire's of old—



And unto Earth, the mother of all things,  
And foster-nurse, and womb that takes their seed

Lo, I that pour these draughts for men now dead,  
Call on my father, who yet holds in ruth  
Me and mine own Orestes, *Father, speak—*  
*How shall thy children rule thine halls again?*  
*Homeless we are and sold, and she who sold*  
*Is she who bore us, and the price she took*  
*Is he who joined with her to work thy death,*  
*Aegisthus, her new lord Behold me here*  
*Brought down to slave's estate, and far away*  
*Wanders Orestes, banished from the wealth*  
*That once was thine, the profit of thy care,*  
*Whereon these revel in a shameful joy*  
*Father, my prayer is said, 'tis thine to hear—*  
*Grant that some fair fate bring Orestes home,*  
*And unto me grant these—a purer soul*  
*Than is my mother's, a more stainless hand*

These be my prayers for us, for thee, O sire,  
I cry that one may come to smite thy foes,  
And that the slayers may in turn be slain  
Cursed is their prayer, and thus I bar its path,  
Praying mine own, a counter-curse on them  
And thou, send up to us the righteous boon  
For which we pray thine aids be heaven and earth,  
And justice guide the right to victory

(*To the CHORUS*)

Thus have I prayed, and thus I shed these streams,  
And follow ye the wont, and as with flowers  
Crown ye with many a tear and cry the dirge  
Your lips ring out above the dead man's grave  
(*She pours the libations*)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Woe, woe, woe!

Let the teardrop fall, plashing on the ground  
Where our lord lies low  
Fall and cleanse away the cursed libation's stain,  
Shed on this grave-mound,  
Fenced wherein together, gifts of good or bane  
From the dead are found

Lord of Argos, hearken!  
 Though around thee darken  
 Mist of death and hell, arise and hear!  
 Hearken and awaken to our cry of woe!  
 Who with might of spear  
 Shall our home deliver?  
 Who like Ares bend until it quiver,  
 Bend the northern bow?  
 Who with hand upon the hilt himself will thrust with glaive,  
 Thrust and slay and save?

## ELECTRA

Lo! the earth drinks them, to my sire they pass—  
*(She notices the locks of ORESTES)*  
 Learn ye with me of this thing new and strange

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Speak thou, my breast doth palpitate with fear

## ELECTRA

I see upon the tomb a curl new shorn

## LEADER

Shorn from what man or what deep-girded maid?

## ELECTRA

That may he guess who will, the sign is plain

## LEADER

Let me learn this of thee, let youth prompt age!

## ELECTRA

None is there here but I, to clip such gift

## LEADER

For they who thus should mourn him hate him sore

## ELECTRA

And lo! in truth the hair exceeding like—

## LEADER

Like to what locks and whose? instruct me that

## ELECTRA

Like unto those my father's children we are

## LEADER

Then is this lock Orestes' secret gift?

## ELECTRA

Most like it is unto the curls he wore

## LEADER

Yet how dared he to come unto his home?

## ELECTRA

He hath but sent it, clipt to mourn his sire

## LEADER

It is a sorrow grievous as his death,  
That he should live yet never dare return

## ELECTRA

Yea, and my heart o'erflows with gall of grief,  
And I am pierced as with a cleaving dart,  
Like to the first drops after drought, my tears  
Fall down at will, a bitter bursting tide,  
As on this lock I gaze, I cannot deem  
That any Argive save Orestes' self  
Was ever lord thereof, nor, well I wot,  
Hath she, the murd'ress, shorn and laid this lock  
To mourn him whom she slew—my mother she,  
Bearing no mother's heart, but to her race  
A loathing spirit, loathed itself of heaven!  
Yet to affirm, as utterly made sure,  
That this adornment cometh of the hand  
Of mine Orestes, brother of my soul,  
I may not venture, yet hope flatters fair!  
Ah well-a-day, that this dumb hair had voice  
To glad mine ears, as might a messenger,  
Bidding me sway no more 'twixt fear and hope,  
Clearly commanding, *Cast me hence away,*  
*Clipped was I from some head thou lovest not,*  
*Or, I am kin to thee, and here, as thou,*  
*I come to weep and deck our father's grave*  
Aid me, ye gods! for well indeed ye know  
How in the gale and counter-gale of doubt,  
Like to the seaman's bark, we whirl and stray  
But, if God will our life, how strong shall spring,  
From seed how small, the new tree of our home!—  
Lo ye, a second sign—these footsteps, look,—

Like to my own, a corresponsive print,  
And look, another footmark,—this his own,  
And that the foot of one who walked with him  
Mark, how the heel and tendons' print combine,  
Measured exact, with mine coincident!  
Alas, for doubt and anguish rack my mind  
(*ORESTES and PYLADES enter suddenly*)

ORESTES

Pray thou, in gratitude for prayers fulfilled,  
*Fair fall the rest of what I ask of heaven*

ELECTRA

Wherefore? what win I from the gods by prayer?

ORESTES

This, that thine eyes behold thy heart's desire

ELECTRA

On whom of mortals know'st thou that I call?

ORESTES

I know thy yearning for Orestes deep

ELECTRA

Say then, wherein event hath crowned my prayer?

ORESTES

I, I am he, seek not one more akin

ELECTRA

Some fraud, O stranger, weavest thou for me?

ORESTES

Against myself I weave it, if I weave

ELECTRA

Ah, thou hast mind to mock me in my woe!

ORESTES

'Tis at mine own I mock then, mocking thine ✓

ELECTRA

Speak I with thee then as Orestes' self?

ORESTES

My very face thou see'st and know'st me not,  
And yet but now, when thou didst see the lock

Shorn for my father's grave, and when thy quest  
 Was eager on the footprints I had made,  
 Even I, thy brother, shaped and sized as thou,  
 Fluttered thy spirit, as at sight of me!  
 Lay now this ringlet whence 'twas shorn, and judge,  
 And look upon this robe, thine own hands' work,  
 The shuttle-prints, the creature wrought thereon—  
 Refrain thyself, nor prudence lose in joy,  
 For well I wot, our kin are less than kind

## ELECTRA

O thou that art unto our father's home  
 Love, grief and hope, for thee the tears ran down,  
 For thee, the son, the saviour that should be,  
 Trust thou thine arm and win thy father's halls!  
 O aspect sweet of fourfold love to me,  
 Whom upon thee the heart's constraint bids call  
 As on my father, and the claim of love  
 From me unto my mother turns to thee,  
 For she is very hate, to thee too turns  
 What of my heart went out to her who died  
 A ruthless death upon the altar-stone,  
 And for myself I love thee—thee that wast  
 A brother leal, sole stay of love to me  
 Now by thy side be strength and right, and Zeus  
 Saviour almighty, stand to aid the twain!

## ORESTES

Zeus, Zeus! look down on our estate and us,  
 The orphaned brood of him, our eagle-sire,  
 Whom to his death a fearful serpent brought;  
 Enwinding him in coils, and we, bereft  
 And foodless, sink with famine, all too weak  
 To bear unto the eyrie, as he bore,  
 Such quarry as he slew! O! I and she,  
 Electra, stand before thee, fatherless,  
 And each alike cast out and homeless made

## ELECTRA

And if thou leave to death the brood of him  
 Whose altar blazed for thee, whose reverence  
 Was thine, all thine,—whence, in the after years,  
 Shall any hand like his adorn thy shrine  
 With sacrifice of flesh? the eaglets slain,

Thou wouldst not have a messenger to bear  
 Thine omens, once so clear, to mortal men,  
 So, if this kingly stock be withered all,  
 None on high festivals will fend thy shrine  
 Stoop thou to raise us! strong the race shall grow,  
 Though puny now it seem, and fallen low

## LEADER

O children, saviours of your father's home,  
 Beware ye of your words, lest one should hear  
 And bear them, for the tongue hath lust to tell,  
 Unto our masters—whom God grant to me  
 In pitchy reek of fun'ral flame to see'

## ORESTES

Nay, mighty is Apollo's oracle *f. can v. andra*  
 And shall not fail me, whom it bade to pass  
 Thro' all this peril, clear the voice rang out  
 With many warnings, sternly threatening  
 To my hot heart the wintry chill of pain,  
 Unless upon the slayers of my sire  
 I pressed for vengeance this the god's command—  
 'That I, in ire for home and wealth despoiled,  
 Should with a craft like theirs the slayers slay  
 Else with my very life I should atone  
 This deed undone, in many a ghastly wise  
 For he proclaimed unto the ears of men  
 That offerings, poured to angry powers of death,  
 Exude again, unless their will be done,  
 As grim disease on those that poured them forth—  
 As leprous ulcers mounting on the flesh  
 And with fell fangs corroding what of old  
 Wore natural form, and on the brow arise  
 White poisoned hairs, the crown of this disease  
 He spake moreover of assailing fiends  
 Empowered to quit on me my father's blood,  
 Wreaking their wrath on me, what time in night  
 Beneath shut lids the spirit's eye sees clear  
 The dart that flies in darkness, sped from hell  
 By spirits of the murdered dead who call  
 Unto their kin for vengeance, formless fear, *4 Hamlet*  
 The night-tide's visitant and madness' curse  
 Should drive and rack me and my tortured frame  
 Should be chased forth from man's community

As with the brazen scorpions of the scourge.  
 For me and such as me no lustral bowl  
 Should stand, no spilth of wine be poured to God  
 For me, and wrath unseen of my dead sire  
 Should drive me from the shrine, no man should dare  
 To take me to his hearth, nor dwell with me  
 Slow, friendless, cursed of all should be mine end,  
 And pitiless horror wind me for the grave  
 This spake the god—this dare I disobey?  
 Yea, though I dared, the deed must yet be done,  
 For to that end diverse desires combine,—  
 The god's behest, deep grief for him who died,  
 And last, the grievous blank of wealth despoiled—  
 All these weigh on me, urge that Argive men,  
 Minions of valour, who with soul of fire  
 Did make of fencèd Troy a ruinous heap,  
 Be not left slaves to two and each a woman!  
 For he, the man, wears woman's heart, if not,  
 Soon shall he know, confronted by a man

(ORESTES, ELECTRA, and the CHORUS gather round the tomb of  
*Agamemnon* The following lines are chanted responsively)

#### CHORUS

Mighty Fates, on you we call!  
 Bid the will of Zeus ordain  
 Power to those, to whom again  
 Justice turns with hand and aid!  
 Grievous was the prayer one made—  
 Grievous let the answer fall!  
 Where the mighty doom is set,  
 Justice claims aloud her debt  
 Who in blood hath dipped the steel!  
 Deep in blood her meed shall feel!  
 List an immemorial word—  
*Whosoe'er shall take the sword  
 Shall perish by the sword*

#### ORESTES

Father, unblest in death, O father mine!  
 What breath of word or deed  
 Can I waft on thee from this far confine  
 Unto thy lowly bed,—  
 Waft upon thee, in midst of darkness lying,

Hope's counter-gleam of fire?  
 Yet the loud dirge of praise brings grace undying  
 Unto each parted sire

## CHORUS

O child, the spirit of the dead,  
 Altho' upon his flesh have fed  
 The grim teeth of the flame,  
 Is quelled not, after many days  
 The sting of wrath his soul shall raise,  
 A vengeance to reclaim!  
 To the dead rings loud our cry—  
 Plain the living's treachery—  
 Swelling, shrilling, urged on high,  
 The vengeful dirge, for parents slain,  
 Shall strive and shall attain

## ELECTRA

Hear me too, even me, O father, hear!  
 Not by one child alone these groans, these tears are shed  
 Upon thy sepulchre  
 Each, each, where thou art lowly laid,  
 Stands, a suppliant, homeless made  
 Ah, and all is full of ill,  
 Comfort is there none to say!  
 Strive and wrestle as we may,  
 Still stands doom invincible 1-4 *inde*

## CHORUS

Nay, if so he will, the god  
 Still our tears to joy can turn  
 He can bid a triumph-ode  
 Drown the dirge beside this urn  
 He to kingly halls can greet  
 The child restored, the homeward-guided feet

## ORESTES

Ah my father! hadst thou lain  
 Under Ilion's wall,  
 By some Lycian spearman slain,  
 Thou hadst left in this thine hall  
 Honour, thou hadst wrought for us  
 Fame and life most glorious  
 Over-seas if thou hadst died,



Heavily had stood thy tomb,  
 Heaped on high, but, quenched in pride,  
 Grief were light unto thy home

## CHORUS

Loved and honoured hadst thou lain  
 By the dead that nobly fell,  
 In the under-world again,  
 Where are throned the kings of hell,  
 Full of sway, adorable  
 Thou hadst stood at their right hand—  
 Thou that wert, in mortal land,  
 By Fate's ordinance and law,  
 King of kings who bear the crown  
 And the staff, to which in awe  
 Mortal men bow down

## ELECTRA

Nay, O father, I were fain  
 Other fate had fallen on thee  
 Ill it were if thou hadst lain  
 One among the common slain,  
 Fallen by Scamander's side—  
 Those who slew thee there should be  
 Then, untouched by slavery,  
 We had heard as from afar  
 Deaths of those who should have died  
 'Mid the chance of war

## CHORUS

O child, forbear! things all too high thou sayest  
 Easy, but vain, thy cry!  
 A boon above all gold is that thou prapest,  
 An unreach'd destiny,  
 As of the blessed land that far aloof  
 Beyond the north wind lies,  
 Yet doth your double prayer ring loud reproof,  
 A double scourge of sighs  
 Awakes the dead, th' avengers rise, though late,  
 Blood stains the guilty pride  
 Of the accursed who rule on earth, and Fate  
 Stands on the children's side

## ELECTRA

That hath sped thro' mine ear, like a shaft from a bow!  
 Zeus, Zeus! it is thou who dost send from below  
 A doom on the desperate doer—ere long  
 On a mother a father shall visit his wrong

## CHORUS

Be it mine to upraise thro' the reek of the pyre  
 The chant of delight, while the funeral fire  
     Devoureth the corpse of a man that is slain  
     And a woman laid low!  
 For who bids me conceal it ' out-rending control,  
 Blows ever the stein blast of hate thro' my soul,  
     And before me a vision of wrath and of bane  
     Flits and waves to and fro

## ORESTES

Zeus, thou alone to us art parent now  
     Smite with a rending blow  
     Upon their heads, and bid the land be well  
 Set right ~~where~~ wrong hath stood, and thou give ear,  
     O Earth, unto my prayer—  
 Yea, hear O mother Earth, and monarchy of hell!

## CHORUS

Nay, the law is sternly set—  
     Blood-drops shed upon the ground  
 Plead for other bloodshed yet,  
     Loud the call of death doth sound,  
 Calling guilt of olden time,  
 A Fury, crowning crime with crime

## ELECTRA

Where, where are ye, avenging powers,  
     Puissant Furies of the slain?  
 Behold the relics of the race  
 Of Atreus, thrust from pride of place!  
 O Zeus, what home henceforth is ours,  
     What refuge to attain?

## CHORUS

Lo, at your wail my heart throbs, wildly stirred,  
     Now am I torn with sadness,  
 Darkened in all my soul, to hear your sorrow's word

Anon to hope, the seat of strength, I rise,—  
She, thrusting grief away, lifts up mine eyes  
To the new dawn of gladness

## ORESTES

Skills it to tell of aught save wrong on wrong,  
Wrought by our mother's deed?  
Though now she fawn for pardon, sternly strong  
Standeth our wrath, and will nor hear nor heed  
Her children's soul is wolfish, born from hers,  
And softens not by prayers

## CHORUS

I dealt upon my breast the blow  
That Asian mourning women know,  
Wails from my breast the fun'ral cry,  
The Cissian weeping melody,  
Stretched rendingly forth, to tatter and tear,  
My clenched hands wander, here and there,  
From head to breast, distraught with blows  
Throb dizzily my brows

## ELECTRA

Aweless in hate, O mother, sternly brave!  
As in a foeman's grave  
Thou laid'st in earth a king, but to the bier  
No citizen drew near,—  
Thy husband, thine, yet for his obsequies,  
Thou bad'st no wail arise!

## ORFSTES

Alas, the shameful burial thou dost speak!  
Yet I the vengeance of his shame will wreak—  
That do the gods command!  
That shall achieve mine hand!  
Grant me to thrust her life away, and I  
Will dare to die!

## CHORUS

List thou the deed! Hewn down and foully torn,  
He to the tomb was borne,  
Yea, by her hand, the deed who wrought,  
With like dishonour to the grave was brought,  
And by her hand she strove, with strong desire,  
Thy life to crush, O child, by murder of thy sire

Bethink thee, hearing, of the shame, the pain  
Wherewith that sire was slain!

## ELECTRA

Yea, such was the doom of my sire, well-a-day,  
I was thrust from his side,—  
As a dog from the chamber they thrust me away,  
And in place of my laughter rose sobbing and tears,  
As in darkness I lay  
O father, if this word can pass to thine ears,  
To thy soul let it reach and abide!

## CHORUS

Let it pass, let it pierce, through the sense of thine ear,  
To thy soul, where in silence it waiteth the hour!  
The past is accomplished, but rouse thee to hear  
What the future prepareth, awake and appear,  
Our champion, in wrath and in power!

## ORLSTES

O father, to thy loved ones come in aid

## ELECTRA

With tears I call on thee

## CHORUS

Listen and rise to light!  
Be thou with us, be thou against the foe!  
Swiftly this cry arises—even so  
Pray we, the loyal band, as we have prayed!

## ORLSTES

Let their might meet with mine, and their right with my right

## ELECTRA

O ye Gods, it is yours to decree

## CHORUS

Ye call unto the dead, I quake to hear  
Fate is ordained of old, and shall fulfil your prayer

## ELECTRA

Alas, the inborn curse that haunts our home,  
Of Atè's bloodstained scourge the tuneless sound!  
Alas, the deep insufferable doom,  
The stanchless wound!

## ORESTES

It shall be stanch'd, the task is ours,—  
 Not by a stranger's, but by kindred hand,  
 Shall be chased forth the blood-fiend of our land  
 Be this our spoken spell, to call Earth's nether powers!

## CHORUS

Lords of a dark eternity,  
 To you has come the children's cry,  
 Send up from hell, fulfil your aid  
 To them who prayed  
*(The chant is concluded)*

## ORESTES

O father, murdered in unkingly wise,  
 Fulfil my prayer, grant me thine halls to sway

## ELECTRA

To me, too, grant this boon—dark death to deal!  
 Unto Aegisthus, and to 'scape my doom

## ORESTES

So shall the rightful feasts that mortals pay  
 Be set for thee, else, not for thee shall rise  
 The scented reek of altars fed with flesh,  
 But thou shalt lie dishonoured hear thou me!

## ELECTRA

I too, from my full heritage restored,  
 Will pour the lustral streams, what time I pass  
 Forth as a bride from these paternal halls,  
 And honour first, beyond all graves, thy tomb

## ORESTES

Earth, send my sire to fend me in the fight!

## ELECTRA

( Give fair-faced fortune, O Persephone!

## ORESTES

Bethink thee, father, in the laver slain—

## ELECTRA

Bethink thee of the net they handselled for thee!

ORESTES

Bonds not of brass ensnared thee, father mine

ELECTRA

Yea, the ill craft of an enfolding robe

ORISTLS

By this our bitter speech arise, O sire!

ELECTRA

Raise thou thine head at love's last, dearest call!

ORESTES

Yea, speed forth Right to aid thy kinsmen's cause,  
Grip for grip, let them grasp the foe, if thou  
Willest in triumph to forget thy fall

ELECTRA

Hear me, O father, once again hear me  
Lo! at thy tomb, two fledglings of thy brood—  
A man-child and a maid, hold them in ruth,  
Nor wipe them out, the last of Pelops' line  
For while they live, thou livest from the dead,  
Children are memory's voices, and preserve  
The dead from wholly dying as a net  
Is ever by the buoyant corks upheld,  
Which save the flax-mesh, in the depth submerged  
Listen, this wail of ours doth rise for thee,  
And as thou heedest it thyself art saved

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

In sooth, a blameless prayer ye spake at length—  
The tomb's requital for its due denied  
Now, for the rest, as thou art fixed to do,  
Take fortune by the hand and work thy will

ORESTES

The doom is set, and yet I fain would ask—  
Not swerving from the course of my resolve,—  
Wherefore she sent these offerings, and why  
She softens all too late her clueless deed?  
An idle boon it was, to send them here  
Unto the dead who recks not of such gifts  
I cannot guess her thought but well I ween  
Such gifts are skillless to atone such crime

Be blood once spilled, an idle strife he strives  
 Who seeks with other wealth or wine outpoured  
 To atone the deed So stands the word, nor fails  
 Yet would I know her thought, speak, if thou knowest

*city music*  
 LEADER

I know it, son, for at her side I stood  
 'Twas the night-wandering terror of a dream  
 That flung her shivering from her couch, and bade her—  
 Her, the accursed of God—these offerings send

ORESTES

Heard ye the dream, to tell it forth aright?

LEADER

Yea, from herself, her womb a serpent bare

ORISTES

What then the sum and issue of the tale?

LEADER

Even as a swaddled child, she lull'd the thing

ORESTES

What suckling craved the creature, born full-fanged?

LEADER

Yet in her dreams she proffered it the breast

ORESTES

How? did the hateful thing not bite her teat?

LEADER

Yea, and sucked forth a blood-gout in the milk

ORESTES

Not vain this dream—it bodes a man's revenge

LEADER

Then out of sleep she started with a cry,  
 And thro' the palace for their mistress' aid  
 Full many lamps, that erst lay blind with night,  
 Flared into light, then, even as mourners use,  
 She sends these offerings, in hope to win  
 A cure to cleave and sunder sin from doom

## ORESTES

Earth and my father's grave, to you I call—  
 Give this her dream fulfilment, and thro' me  
 I read it in each part coincident  
 With what shall be for mark, that serpent sprang  
From the same womb as I, in swaddling bands  
By the same hands was swathed, lipped the same breast,  
 And sucking forth the same sweet mother's-milk  
 Infused a clot of blood, and in alarm  
 She cried upon her wound the cry of pain  
 The rede is clear the thing of dread she nursed,  
 The death of blood she dies, and I, 'tis I,  
 In semblance of a serpent, that must slay her  
 Thou art my seer, and thus I read the dream

## LEADER

So do, yet ere thou doest, speak to us,  
 Bidding some act, some, by not acting, aid

## ORLSTLS

Brief my command I bid my sister pass  
 In silence to the house, and all I bid  
 This my design with wariness conceal,  
That they who did by craft a chieftain slay  
 May by like craft and in like noose be ta'en,  
 Dying the death which Loxias foretold—  
 Apollo, king and prophet undisproved  
 I with this warrior Pylades will come  
 In likeness of a stranger, full equipt  
 As travellers come, and at the palace gates  
 Will stand, as stranger yet in friendship's bond  
 Unto this house allied, and each of us  
 Will speak the tongue that round Parnassus sounds,  
 Feigning such speech as Phocian voices use  
 And what if none of those that tend the gates  
 Shall welcome us with gladness, since the house  
 With ills divine is haunted? If this hap,  
 We at the gate will bide, till, passing by,  
 Some townsman make conjecture and proclaim,  
*How? is Aegisthus here, and knowingly*  
*Keeps supplants aloof, by bolt and bar?*  
 Then shall I win my way, and if I cross  
 The threshold of the gate, the palace' guard,  
 And find him throned where once my father sat—



Or if he come anon, and face to face  
 Confronting, drop his eyes from mine—I swear  
 He shall not utter, *Who art thou and whence?*  
 Ere my steel leap, and compassed round with death  
 Low he shall lie and thus, full-fed with doom,  
 The Fury of the house shall drain once more  
 A deep third draught of rich unmingled blood  
 But thou, O sister, look that all within  
 Be well prepared to give these things event  
 And ye—I say 'twere well to bear a tongue  
 Full of fair silence and of fitting speech  
 As each beseems the time, and last, do thou,  
 Hermes the warder-god, keep watch and ward,  
 And guide to victory my striving sword  
 (ORESTES, PYLADES, and ELECTRA *depart*)

CHORUS (*singing*)

strophe 1

Many and marvellous the things of fear  
 Earth's breast doth bear,  
 And the sea's lap with many monsters teems,  
 And windy levin-bolts and meteor gleams  
 Breed many deadly things—  
 Unknown and flying forms, with fear upon their wings,  
 And in their tread is death.  
 And rushing whirlwinds, of whose blasting breath  
 Man's tongue can tell

antistrophe 1

But who can tell aright the fiercer thing,  
 The aweless soul, within man's breast inhabiting?  
 Who tell, how, passion-fraught and love-distraught,  
 The woman's eager, craving thought  
 Doth wed mankind to woe and ruin fell?  
 Yea, how the loveless love that doth possess  
 The woman, even as the lioness,  
 Doth rend and wrest apart, with eager strife,  
 The link of wedded life?

strophe 2

Let him be the witness, whose thought is not borne on light wings thro'  
 the air,  
 But abideth with knowledge, what thing was wrought by Althea's despair,

For she marr'd the life-grace of her son, with ill counsel rekindled the  
flame

That was quenched as it glowed on the brand, what time from his mother  
he came,

With the cry of a new-born child, and the brand from the burning she  
won,

For the Fates had foretold it coeval, in life and in death, with her son

*antistrophe 2*

Yea, and man's hate tells of another, even Scylla of murderous guile,

Who slew for an enemy's sake her father, won o'er by the wile

And the gifts of Cretan Minos, the gauds of the high-wrought gold,

For she clipped from her father's head the lock that should never wax  
old,

As he breathed in the silence of sleep, and knew not her craft and her  
crime—

But Hermes, the guard of the dead, doth grasp her, in fulness of time

*strophe 3*

And since of the crimes of the cruel I tell, let my singing record

The bitter wedlock and loveless, the curse on these halls outpoured,

The crafty device of a woman, whereby did a chieftain fall,

A warrior stern in his wrath, the fear of his enemies all,—

A song of dishonour, untimely! and cold is the hearth that was warm,

And ruled by the cowardly spear, the woman's unwomanly arm

*antistrophe 3*

But the summit and crown of all crimes is that which in Lemnos befell

A woe and a mourning it is, a shame and a spitting to tell,

And he that in after time doth speak of his deadliest thought,

Doth say, *It is like to the deed that of old time in Lemnos was wrought,*

And loathed of men were the doers, and perished, they and their seed,

For the gods brought hate upon them, none loveth the impious deed

*strophe 4*

It is well of these tales to tell, for the sword in the grasp of Right

With a cleaving, a piercing blow to the innermost heart doth smite,

And the deed unlawfully done is not trodden down nor forgot,

When the sinner out-steppeth the law and heedeth the high God not,

*antistrophe 4*

But Justice hath planted the anvil, and Destiny forgeth the sword

That shall smite in her chosen time by her is the child restored,

And, darkly devising, the Friend of the house, world-cursed, will repay

The price of the blood of the slain, that was shed in the bygone day

(*The scene now is before the palace ORESTES and PYLADES enter,  
dressed as travellers*)

ORESTES (*knocking at the palace gate*)

What ho! slave, ho! I smite the palace gate  
In vain, it seems, what ho, attend within,—  
Once more, attend, come forth and ope the halls,  
If yet Aegisthus holds them hospitable

SLAVE (*from within*)

Anon, anon! (*Opens the door*)  
Speak, from what land art thou, and sent from whom?

ORESTES

Go, tell to them who rule the palace-halls,  
Since 'tis to them I come with tidings new—  
(Delay not—Night's dark car is speeding on,  
And time is now for wayfarers to cast  
Anchor in haven, wheresoe'er a house  
Doth welcome strangers)—that there now come forth  
Some one who holds authority within—  
The queen, or, if some man, more seemly were it,  
For when man standeth face to face with man,  
No stammering modesty confounds their speech,  
But each to each doth tell his meaning clear

(*CLYTEMNESTRA comes out of the palace*)

CLYTEMNESTRA

Speak on, O strangers have ye need of aught?  
Here is whate'er beseems a house like this—  
Warm bath and bed, tired Nature's soft restorer,  
And courteous eyes to greet you, and if aught  
Of graver import needeth act as well,  
That, as man's charge, I to a man will tell

ORESTES

A Daulian man am I, from Phocis bound,  
And as with mine own travel-scrip self-laden  
I went toward Argos, parting hitherward  
With travelling foot, there did encounter me  
One whom I knew not and who knew not me,  
But asked my purposed way nor hid his own,  
And, as we talked together, told his name—  
Strophius of Phocis, then he said, "Good sir,

Since in all case thou art to Argos bound,  
 Forget not this my message, heed it well,  
 Tell to his own, *Orestes is no more* —  
 And—whatsoever his kinsfolk shall resolve,  
 Whether to bear his dust unto his home,  
 Or lay him here, in death as erst in life  
 Exiled for aye, a child of banishment—  
 Bring me their hest, upon thy backward road,  
 For now in brazen compass of an urn  
 His ashes lie, their dues of weeping paid "  
 So much I heard, and so much tell to thee,  
 Not knowing if I speak unto his kin  
 Who rule his home, but well, I deem, it were,  
 Such news should earliest reach a parent's ear

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Ah woe is me! thy word our ruin tells,  
 From roof-tree unto base are we despoiled —  
 O thou whom nevermore we wrestle down,  
 Thou Fury of this home, how oft and oft  
 Thou dost descry what far aloof is laid,  
 Yea, from afar dost bend th' unerring bow  
 And rendest from my wretchedness its friends,  
 As now Orestes—who, a brief while since,  
 Safe from the mire of death stood warily,—  
 Was the home's hope to cure th' exulting wrong,  
 Now thou ordainest, *Let the ill abide*

## ORESTES

To host and hostess thus with fortune blest,  
 Lief had I come with better news to bear  
 Unto your greeting and acquaintanceship,  
 For what goodwill lies deeper than the bond  
 Of guest and host? and wrong abhorred it were,  
 As well I deem, if I, who pledged my faith  
 To one, and greetings from the other had,  
 Bore not aright the tidings 'twixt the twain

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Whate'er thy news, thou shalt not welcome lack,  
 Meet and deserved, nor scant our grace shall be  
 Hadst thou thyself not come, such tale to tell,  
 Another, sure, had borne it to our ears  
 But lo! the hour is here when travelling guests,

Fresh from the daylong labour of the road,  
Should win their rightful due (*To the slave*)

Take him within

To the man-chamber's hospitable rest—

Him and these fellow-farers at his side,

Give them such guest-right as beseems our halls,

I bid thee do as thou shalt answer for it

And I unto the prince who rules our home

Will tell the tale, and, since we lack not friends,

With them will counsel how this hap to bear

(CLYTEMNESTRA goes back into the palace ORESTES and  
PYLADES are conducted to the guest quarters)

CHORUS (*singing*)

So be it done—

Sister-servants, when draws nigh

## Time for us aloud to cry

*Orestes and his victory.*

O holy earth and holy tomb  
Over the grave-pit heaped on high,  
Where low doth Agamemnon lie,

The king of ships, the army's lord!

Now is the hour—give ear and come.

For now doth Craft her aid afford.

And Hermes, guard of shades in hell,

Stands o'er their strife, to sentinel

## The dooming of the sword

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

I wot the stranger worketh woe within—

For lo! I see come forth, suffused with tears,

Orestes' nurse (*The NURSE enters from the palace*)

What ho, Kılıssa—thou

Beyond the doors? Where goest thou? Methinks

Some grief unbidden walketh at thy side

NURSE

My mistress bids me, with what speed I may,

Call in Aegisthus to the stranger guests.

That he may come, and standing face to face.

A man with men, may thus more clearly learn

This rumour new   Thus speaking, to her slaves

She hid beneath the glance of fictive grief  
 Laughter for what is wrought—to her desire  
 Too well, but ill, ill, ill besets the house,  
 Brought by the tale these guests have told so clear  
 And he, God wot, will gladden all his heart  
 Hearing this rumour Woe and well-a-day!  
 The bitter mingled cup of ancient woes,  
 Hard to be borne, that here in Atreus' house  
 Befel, was grievous to mine inmost heart,  
 But never yet did I endure such pain  
 All else I bore with set soul patiently,  
 But now—alack, alack!—Orestes dear,  
 The day and night-long travail of my soul!  
 Whom from his mother's womb, a new-born child,  
 I clasped and cherished! Many a time and oft  
 Toilsome and profitless my service was,  
 When his shrill outcry called me from my couch!  
 For the young child, before the sense is born,  
 Hath but a dumb thing's life, must needs be nursed  
 As its own nature bids. The swaddled thing  
 Hath nought of speech, whate'er discomfort come—  
~~Hunger or thirst or lower wantling need~~,—  
 For the babe's stomach works its own relief  
 Which knowing well before, yet oft surprised,  
 'Twas mine to cleanse the swaddling clothes—poor I  
 Was nurse to tend and fuller to make white  
 Two works in one, two handicrafts I took,  
 When in mine arms the father laid the boy  
 And now he's dead—alack and well-a-day!  
 Yet must I go to him whose wrongful power  
 Pollutes this house—fair tidings these to him!

LEADER

Say then, with what array she bids him come?

NURSE

What say'st thou! Speak more clearly for mine ear

LEADER

Bids she bring henchmen, or to come alone?

NURSE

She bids him bring a spear-armed body-guard

## LEADER

Nay, tell not that unto our loathed lord,  
 But speed to him, put on the mien of joy,  
 Say, *Come alone, fear nought, the news is good.*  
 A bearer can tell straight a twisted tale ✓ *gvd*

## NURSE

Does then thy mind in this new tale find joy?

## LEADER

What if Zeus bid our ill wind veer to fair?

## NURSE

And how? the home's hope with Orestes dies

## LEADER

Not yet—a seer, though feeble, this might see

## NURSE

What say'st thou? Know'st thou aught, this tale belying?

## LEADER

Go, tell the news to him, perform thine hest,—  
 What the gods will, themselves can well provide

## NURSE

Well, I will go, herein obeying thee,  
 And luck fall fair, with favour sent from heaven  
*(She goes out)*

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe 1*

Zeus, sire of them who on Olympus dwell,  
 Hear thou, O hear my prayer!  
 Grant to my rightful lords to prosper well  
 Even as their zeal is fair!  
 For right, for right goes up aloud my cry—  
 Zeus, aid him, stand anigh!

*refrain 1*

Into his father's hall he goes  
 To smite his father's foes  
 Bid him prevail! by thee on throne of triumph set,  
 Twice, yea and thrice with joy shall he acquit the debt

*antistrophe 1*

Bethink thee, the young steed, the orphan foal  
 Of sire beloved by thee, unto the car  
 Of doom is harnessed fast  
 Guide him aright, plant firm a lasting goal,  
 Speed thou his pace,—O that no chance may mar  
 The homeward course, the last!

*strophe 2*

And ye who dwell within the inner chamber  
 Where shines the stored joy of gold—  
 Gods of one heart, O hear ye, and remember,  
 Up and avenge the blood shed forth of old,  
     With sudden rightful blow,  
 Then let the old curse die, nor be renewed  
     With progeny of blood,—  
 Once more, and not again, be latter guilt laid low!

*refrain 2*

O thou who dwell'st in Delphi's mighty cave,  
 Grant us to see this home once more restored  
     Unto its rightful lord!  
 Let it look forth, from veils of death, with joyous eye  
     Unto the dawning light of liberty,

*antistrophe 2*

And Hermes, Maia's child, lend hand to save  
     Willing the right, and guide  
 Our state with Fortune's breeze adown the favouring tide  
     Whate'er in darkness hidden lies, |  
     He utters at his will, |  
 He at his will throws darkness on our eyes,  
     By night and eke by day inscrutable

*strophe 3*

Then, then shall wealth atone  
 The ills that here were done  
 Then, then will we unbind,  
 Flung free on wafting wind  
 Of joy, the woman's voice that waleth now! "  
 In piercing accents for a chief laid low,

*refrain 3*

And this our song shall be—  
*Had to the commonwealth restored!*



*Hail to the freedom won to me!*  
*All hail! for doom hath passed from him, my well-loved lord!*

*antistrophe 3*

And thou, O child, when Time and Chance agree,  
 Up to the deed that for thy sire is done!  
 And if she wail unto thee, *Spare, O son—*  
*Cry, Aid, O father—* and achieve the deed,  
 The horror of man's tongue, the gods' great need!  
 Hold in thy breast such heart as Perseus had,  
 The bitter woe work forth,  
 Appease the summons of the dead,  
 The wrath of friends on earth,  
 Yea, set within a sign of blood and doom,  
 And do to utter death him that pollutes thy home  
 (*ÆGISTHUS enters alone*)

ÆGIS 3

Hither and not unsummoned have I come,  
 For a new rumour, borne by stranger men  
 Arriving hither, hath attained mine ears,  
 Of hap unwished-for, even Orestes' death  
 This were new sorrow, a blood-bolter'd load  
 Laid on the house that doth already bow  
 Beneath a former wound that festers deep  
 Dare I opine these words have truth and life?  
 Or are they tales, of woman's terror born,  
 That fly in the void air, and die disproved?  
 Canst thou tell aught, and prove it to my soul?

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

What we have heard, we heard, go thou within  
 Thyself to ask the strangers of their tale  
 Strengthless are tidings, thro' another heard,  
 Question is his, to whom the tale is brought

ÆGISTHUS

I too will meet and test the messenger,  
 Whether himself stood witness of the death,  
 Or tells it merely from dim rumour learnt  
 None shall cheat me, whose soul hath watchful eyes  
 (*He goes into the palace*)

CHORUS (*singing*)

Zeus, Zeus! what word to me is given?  
 What cry or prayer, invoking heaven,  
     Shall first by me be uttered?  
 What speech of craft—nor all revealing,  
 Nor all too warily concealing—  
     Ending my speech, shall aid the deed?  
 For lo! in readiness is laid  
 The dark emprise, the rending blade,  
     Blood-dropping daggers shall achieve  
 The dateless doom of Atreus' name,  
 Or—kindling torch and joyful flame  
     In sign of new-won liberty—  
     Once more Orestes shall retrieve  
     His father's wealth, and, throned on high,  
     Shall hold the city's fealty  
     So mighty is the grasp whereby,  
 Heaven-holpen, he shall trip and throw,  
 Unseconded a double foe  
     Ho for the victory!

( *A loud cry is heard within* )

## VOICE OF AEGISTHUS

Help, help, alas!

## CHORUS

Ho there, ho! how is't within?  
~~Is't done? is't over?~~ Stand we here aloof  
 While it is wrought, that guiltless we may seem  
 Of this dark deed, with death is strife fulfilled  
 ( *An ATTENDANT enters from the palace* )

## ATTENDANT

O woe, O woe, my lord is done to death!  
 Woe, woe, and woe again, Aegisthus gone!  
 Hasten, fling wide the doors, unloose the bolts  
 Of the queen's chamber O for some young strength  
 To match the need! but aid availeth nought  
 To him laid low for ever Help, help, help!  
 Sure to deaf ears I shout, and call in vain  
 To slumber ineffectual What ho!  
 The queen! how fareth Clytemnestra's self?  
 Her neck too, hers, is close upon the steel,  
 And soon shall sing, hewn thro' as justice wills

( *CLYTEMNESTRA enters* )

## CLYTEMNESTRA

What ails thee, raising this ado for us?

## ATTENDANT

I say/the dead/are come/ to slay the living |||'

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Alack, I read thy riddles all too clear—  
We slew by craft and by like craft shall die  
Swift, bring the axe that slew my lord of old,  
I'll know anon of death or victory—  
So stands the curse, so I confront it here

(*ORESTES rushes from the palace, his sword dripping with blood* PYLADUS is with him)

## ORESTES

Thee too I seek for him what's done will serve

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Woe, woe! Aegisthus, spouse and champion, slain!

## ORESTES

What, lov'st the man? then in his grave lie down,  
Be his in death, desert him nevermore!

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Stay, child, and fear to strike O son, this breast  
Pillowed thine head full oft, while, drowsed with sleep,  
Thy toothless mouth drew mother's milk from me

## ORESTES

Can I my mother spare? speak, Pylades

## PYLADUS

Where then would fall the best Apollo gave  
At Delphi, where the solemn compact sworn?  
Choose thou the hate of all men, not of gods

## ORESTES

Thou dost prevail, I hold thy counsel good

(To CLYTEMNESTRA)

Follow, I will to slay thee at his side  
With him whom in his life thou lovedst more  
Than Agamemnon, sleep in death, the meed  
For hate where love/and love where hate was due!

CLYTEMNESTRA

I nursed thee young, must I forego mine eld?

ORESTES

Thou slew'st my father, shalt thou dwell with me?

CLYTEMNESTRA

~~Fate~~ bore a share in these things, O my child!

ORESTES

~~Fate~~ also doth provide this doom for thee

CLYTEMNESTRA

Beware, O child, a parent's dying curse

ORESTES

A parent who did cast me out to ill!

CLYTEMNESTRA

Not cast thee out, but to a friendly home

ORESTES

Born free, I was by twofold bargain sold

CLYTEMNESTRA

Where then the price that I received for thee?

ORESTES

The price of shame, I taunt thee not more plainly

CLYTEMNESTRA

Nay, but recount thy father's lewdness too

ORESTES

Home-keeping, chide not him who toils without

CLYTEMNESTRA

'Tis hard for wives to live as widows, child,

ORESTES

The absent husband toils for them at home

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thou growest fain to slay thy mother, child

ORESTES

Nay, 'tis thyself wilt slay thyself, not I

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Beware thy mother's vengeful hounds from hell

## ORESTES

How shall I 'scape my father's, sparing thee?

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Living, I cry as to a tomb, unheard

## ORESTES

My father's fate ordains this doom for thee ✓

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Ah me! this snake it was I bore and nursed ✓

## ORESTES

Ay, right prophetic was thy visioned fear  
Shameful thy deed was—die the death of shame!  
(*He drives her into the house before him*)

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Lo, even for these I mourn, a double death  
Yet since Orestes, driven on by doom,  
Thus crowns the height of murders manifold,  
I say, 'tis well—that not in night and death  
Should sink the eye and light of this our home

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe* 1

There came on Priam's race and name  
A vengeance, though it tarried long,  
With heavy doom it came  
Came, too, on Agamemnon's hall  
A hon-pair, twin swordsmen strong  
And last, the heritage doth fall  
To him, to whom from Pythian cave  
The god his deepest counsel gave

*refrain* 1

Cry out, rejoice! our kingly hall  
Hath 'scaped from ruin—ne'er again  
Its ancient wealth be wasted all  
By two usurpers, sin-defiled—  
An evil path of woe and bane!

## antistrophe 1

On him who dealt the dastard blow  
 Comes Craft, Revenge's scheming child  
 And hand in hand with him doth go,  
     Eager for fight,  
 The child of Zeus, whom men below  
     Call Justice, naming her aright  
     And on her foes her breath  
     Is as the blast of death,

## strophe 2

For her the god who dwells in deep recess  
     Beneath Parnassus' brow,  
     Summons with loud acclaim  
     To rise, though late and lame,  
 And come with craft that worketh righteousness

For even o'er Powers divine this law is strong—  
*Thou shalt not serve the wrong* |

## refrain 2

To that which ruleth heaven beseems it that we bow  
     Lo, freedom's light hath come!  
     Lo, now is rent away  
 The grim and curbing bit that held us dumb  
     Up to the light, ye halls! this many a day  
     Too low on earth ye lay

## antistrophe 2

And Time, the great Accomplisher, |  
 Shall cross the threshold, whensoever  
 He choose with purging hand to cleanse  
 The palace, driving all pollution thence —  
 And fair the cast of Fortune's die  
 Before our state's new lords shall lie,  
 Not as of old, but bringing fairer doom  
     Lo, freedom's light hath come!

(The central doors of the palace open, disclosing ORESTES  
 standing over the corpses of AEGISTHUS and CLYTEM-  
 NESTRA, in one hand he holds his sword, in the other the  
 robe in which AGAMEMNON was entangled and slain ) |

## ORESTES

There lies our country's twofold tyranny,  
 My father's slavers, spoilers of my home  
 Erst were they royal, sitting on the throne,  
 And loving are they yet,—their common fate  
 Tells the tale truly, shows their truth right firm  
 They swore to work mine ill-starred father's death,  
 They swore to die together, 'tis fulfilled

O ye who stand, this great doom's witnesses,  
 Behold this too, the dark device which bound  
 My sire unhappy to his death,—behold  
 The mesh which trapped his hands, enwound his feet!  
 Stand round, unfold it—'tis the trammel-net  
 That wrapped a chieftain, hold it that he see,  
 The father—not my sire, but he whose eye  
 Is judge of all things, the all-seeing Sun!  
 Let him behold my mother's damned deed,  
 Then let him stand, when need shall be to me,  
 Witness that justly I have sought and slain  
 My mother, blameless was Aegisthus' doom—  
 ✓ He died the death law bids adulterers die  
 But she who plotted this accursed thing  
To slay her lord, by whom she bare beneath  
 Her girdle once the burden of her babes,  
 Beloved erewhile, now turned to hateful foes—  
 What deem ye of her? or what venom'd thing,  
 Sea-snake or adder, had more power than she  
 To poison with a touch the flesh unscarred?  
 So great her daring, such her impious will  
 How name her, if I may not speak a curse?  
 A lion-springs! a laver's swathing cloth,  
 Wrapping a dead man, twining round his feet—  
 A net, a trammel, an entangling robe?  
 Such were the weapon of some strangling thief,  
 The terror of the road, a cut-purse hound—  
 With such device full many might he kill,  
 Full oft exult in heat of villainy  
 Ne'er have my house so cursed an indweller—  
 Heaven send me, rather, childless to be slain!

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Woe for each desperate deed!

Woe for the queen, with shame of life bereft!

And ah, for him who still is left,  
Madness, dark blossom of a bloody seed!

ORESTES

Did she the deed or not? this robe gives proof,  
Imbrued with blood that bathed Aegisthus' sword  
Look, how the spurted stain combines with time  
To blur the many dyes that once adorned  
Its pattern manifold! I now stand here,  
Made glad, made sad with blood, exulting, wailing—  
Hear, O thou woven web that slew my sire!  
I grieve for deed and death and all my home—  
Victor, pollution's damned stain for prize

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Alas, that none of mortal men  
Can pass his life untouched by pain!  
Behold, one woe is here—  
Another loometh near

ORESTES

Hark ye and learn—for what the end shall be  
For me I know not breaking from the curb  
My spirit whirls me off, a conquered prey,  
Borne as a charioteer by steeds distraught  
Far from the course, and madness in my breast  
Burneth to chant its song, and leap, and rave—  
Hark ye and learn, friends, ere my reason goes!  
I say that rightfully I slew my mother,  
A thing God-scorned, that foully slew my sire  
And chiefest wizard of the spell that bound me  
Unto this deed I name the Pythian seer  
Apollo, who foretold that if I slew,  
The guilt of murder done should pass from me,  
But if I spared, the fate that should be mine  
I dare not blazon forth—the bow of speech  
Can reach not to the mark, that doom to tell  
And now behold me, how with branch and crown  
I pass, a suppliant made meet to go  
Unto Earth's midmost shrine, the holy ground  
Of Loxias, and that renowned light  
Of ever-burning fire, to 'scape the doom  
Of kindred murder to no other shrine  
(So Loxias bade) may I for refuge turn



Bear witness, Argives, in the after time,  
 How came on me this dread fatality  
 Living, I pass a banished wanderer hence,  
 To leave in death the memory of this cry

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Nay, but the deed is well, link not thy lips  
 To speech ill-starred, nor vent ill-boding words—  
 Who hast to Argos her full freedom given,  
 Lopping two serpents' heads with timely blow

## ORESTES

Look, look, alas!  
 Handmaidens, see—what Gorgon shapes throng up  
 Dusky their robes and all their hair enwound—  
 Snakes coiled with snakes—off, off,—I must away!

## LEADER

Most loyal of all sons unto thy sire,  
 What visions thus distract thee? Hold, abide,  
 Great was thy victory, and shalt thou fear?

## ORESTES

These are no dreams, void shapes of haunting ill,  
But clear to sight my mother's hell-hounds come!

## LEADER

Nay, the fresh bloodshed still imbrues thine hands,  
 And thence distraction sinks into thy soul

## ORESTES

O king Apollo—see, they swarm and throng—  
 Black blood of hatred dripping from their eyes!

## LEADER

One remedy thou hast, go, touch the shrine  
Of Loxias, and rid thee of these woes

## ORESTES

Ye can behold them not, but I behold them  
 Up and away! I dare abide no more  
 (*He rushes out*)

## LEADER

Farewell then as thou mayst,—the god thy friend  
 Guard thee and aid with chances favouring

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Behold, the storm of woe divine  
That raves and beats on Atreus' line  
Its great third blast hath blown  
First was Thyestes' loathly woe—  
The rueful feast of long ago,  
On children's flesh, unknown  
And next the kingly chief's despite,  
When he who led the Greeks to fight  
Was in the bath hewn down  
And now the offspring of the race  
Stands in the third, the saviour's place,  
To save—or to consume?  
O whither, ere it be fulfilled,  
Ere its fierce blast be hushed and stilled,  
Shall blow the wind of doom?

#### NOTE FOR THE CHOEPHORI

STUDENTS of *The Choephori* have always had to work against tremendous odds because of the exceptionally corrupt state of the Greek text. Morshead, in an appendix to his translation, has outlined in brief the general course which he has attempted to follow.

VII  
THE EUMENIDES

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

THE PYTHIAN PRIESTESS

APOLLO

ORISTIS

THE GHOST OF CLYTEMNESTRA

CHORUS OF FURIES

ATHENA

ATTENDANTS OF ATHENA

TWELVE ATHENIAN CITIZENS

## THE EUMENIDES ✓

(SCENE — *Before the temple of APOLLO at Delphi. The PYTHIAN PRIESTESS enters and approaches the doors of the temple.*)

### THE PYTHIAN PRIESTESS

FIRST, in this prayer, of all the gods I name  
The prophet-mother Earth, and Themis next,  
Second who sat—for so with truth is said—  
On this her mother's shrine oracular  
Then by her grace, who unconstrained allowed,  
There sat thereon another child of Earth—  
Titanian Phoebe. She, in after time,  
Gave o'er the throne, as birthgift to a god,  
Phoebus, who in his own bears Phoebe's name.  
He from the lake and ridge of Delos' isle  
Steered to the port of Pallas' Attic shores,  
The home of ships, and thence he passed and came  
Unto this land and to Parnassus' shrine  
And at his side, with awe revering him,  
There went the children of Hephaestus' seed,  
The hewers of the sacred way, who tame  
The stubborn tract that erst was wilderness.

And all this folk, and Delphos, chieftain-king  
Of this their land, with honour gave him home,  
And in his breast Zeus set a prophet's soul,  
And gave to him this throne, whereon he sits,  
Fourth prophet of the shrine, and, Loxias hight,  
Gives voice to that which Zeus his sire decrees.

Such gods I name in my preluding prayer, ✓  
And after them, I call with honour due  
On Pallas, wardress of the fane, and Nymphs  
Who dwell around the rock Corycian,  
Where in the hollow cave, the wild birds' haunt,

Wander the feet of lesser gods, and there,  
 Right well I know it, Bromian Bacchus dwells,  
 Since he in godship led his Maenad host,  
 Devising death for Pentheus, whom they rent  
 Piecemeal, as hare among the hounds And last,  
 I call on Pleistus' springs, Poseidon's might,  
 And Zeus most high, the great Accomplisher  
 Then as a seeress to the sacred chair  
 I pass and sit, and may the powers divine  
 Make this mine entrance fruitful in response  
 Beyond each former advent, triply blest  
 And if there stand without, from Hellas bound,  
 Men seeking oracles, let each pass in

/ In order of the lot, as use allows,  
 ¶ For the god guides whate'er my tongue proclaims

*(She goes into the interior of the temple, after a short interval,  
 she returns in great fear)*

Things fell to speak of, fell for eyes to see,  
 Have sped me forth again from Loxias' shrine,  
 With strength unstrung, moving erect no more,  
 But aiding with my hands my failing feet,  
 Unnerved by fear A beldame's force is naught—  
 Is as a child's, when age and fear combine  
 For as I pace towards the inmost fane  
 Bay-filleted by many a suppliant's hand,  
 Lo, at the central altar I descry  
 One crouching as for refuge—yea, a man  
 Abhorred of heaven, and from his hands, wherein  
 A sword new-drawn he holds, blood reeked and fell  
 A wand he bears, the olive's topmost bough,  
 Twined as of purpose with a deep close tuft  
 Of whitest wool This, that I plainly saw,  
 Plainly I tell But lo, in front of him,  
 Crouched on the altar-steps, a grisly band  
 Of women slumbers—not like women they,  
 But Gorgons rather, nay, that word is weak,  
 Nor may I match the Gorgons' shape with theirs!  
 Such have I seen in painted semblance erst—  
 Winged Harpies, snatching food from Phineus' board,—  
 But these are wingless, black, and all their shape  
 The eye's abomination to behold  
 Fell is the breath—let none draw nigh to it—

Wherewith they snort in slumber, from their eyes  
 Exude the damnd drops of poisonous ire  
 And such their garb as none should dare to bring  
 To statues of the gods or homes of men  
 I wot not of the tribe wherefrom can come  
 So fell a legion, nor in what land Earth  
 Could rear, unharmed, such creatures, nor avow  
 That she had travailed and had brought forth death  
 But, for the rest, be all these things a care  
 Unto the mighty Loxias, the lord  
 Of this our shrine healer and prophet he,  
 Discerner he of portents, and the cleanser  
 Of other homes—behold, his own to cleanse!

*(She goes out. The central doors open, disclosing the interior of the temple. ORESTES clings to the central altar, the FURIES lie slumbering at a little distance, APOLLO and HERMES appear from the innermost shrine.)*

APOLLO (to ORESTES)•

Lo, I desert thee never to the end,  
 Hard at thy side as now, or sundered far,  
 I am thy guard, and to thine enemies  
 Implacably oppose me look on them,  
 These greedy fiends, beneath my craft subdued!  
 See, they are fallen on sleep, these beldames old,  
 Unto whose grim and wizened maidenhood  
 Nor god nor man nor beast can e'er draw near  
 Yea, evil were they born, for evil's doom,  
 Evil the dark abyss of Tartarus  
 Wherein they dwell, and they themselves the hate  
 Of men on earth, and of Olympian gods  
 But thou, flee far and with unfaltering speed,  
 For they shall hunt thee through the mainland wide  
 Where'er throughout the tract of travelled earth  
 Thy foot may roam, and o'er and o'er the seas  
 And island homes of men Faint not nor fail,  
 Too soon and timidly within thy breast  
 Shepherdung thoughts forlorn of this thy toil,  
 But unto Pallas' city go, and there ATHENAS  
 Crouch at her shrine, and in thine arms enfold  
 Her ancient image there we well shall find  
 Meet judges for this cause and suasive pleas,  
 Skilled to contrive for thee deliverance



From all this woe Be such my pledge to thee,  
For by my hest thou didst thy mother slay

ORESTES

O king Apollo, since right well thou know'st  
What justice bids, have heed, fulfil the same,—  
Thy strength is all-sufficient to achieve

APOLLO

Have thou too heed, nor let thy fear prevail  
Above thy will And do thou guard him, Hermes,  
Whose blood is brother unto mine, whose sire  
The same high God Men call thee guide and guard,  
Guide therefore thou and guard my suppliant,  
For Zeus himself reveres the outlaw's right,  
Boon of fair escort, upon man conferred

(APOLLO, HERMES, and ORESTES go out *The GHOST OF CLY-*  
*TEMNESTRA rises*) -

GHOST OF CLYTEMNESTRA

Sleep on! awake! what skills your sleep to me—  
Me, among all the dead by you dishonoured—  
Me from whom never, in the world of death,  
Dieth this curse, 'Tis *she who smote and slew*,  
And shamed and scorned I roam? Awake, and hear  
My plaint of dead men's hate intolerable  
Me, sternly slain by them that should have loved,  
Me doth no god arouse him to avenge,  
Hewn down in blood by matricidal hands  
Mark ye these wounds from which the heart's blood ran,  
And by whose hand, bethink ye! for the sense  
When shut in sleep hath then the spirit-sight,  
But in the day the inward eye is blind!  
List, ye who drank so oft with lapping tongue  
The wineless draught by me outpoured to soothe  
Your vengeful ire! how oft on kindled shrine  
I laid the feast of darkness, at the hour  
Abhorred of every god but you alone!  
Lo, all my service trampled down and scorned!  
And he hath baulked your chase, as stag the hounds,  
Yea, lightly bounding from the circling toils,  
Hath wried his face in scorn, and fleeth far  
Awake and hear—for mine own soul I cry—

Awake, ye powers of hell! the wandering ghost!  
 That once was Clytemnestra calls—Arise!

(The FURIES *mutter grimly* (as in a dream) )

(Mutter and murmur! He hath flown afar—  
 My kin have gods to guard them, I have none!)

(The FURIES *mutter as before* )

O drownsd in sleep too deep to heed my pain! <sup>111</sup>  
 Orestes flies, who me, his mother, slew

(The FURIES *give a confused cry* )

Yelping, and drownsd again? Up and be doing  
 That which alone is yours, the deed of hell!

(The FURIES *give another cry* )

Lo, sleep and toil, the sworn confederates,  
 Have quelled your dragon-anger, once so fell!

THE FURIES (*muttering more fiercely and loudly*)  
 Seize, seize, seize, seize—mark, yonder!

#### GHOST

In dreams ye chase a prey, and like some hound,  
 That even in sleep doth ply his woodland toil,  
 Ye bell and bay What do ye, sleeping here?  
 Be not o'ercome with toil, nor, sleep-subdued,  
 Be heedless of my wrong Up! thrill your heart  
 With the just chidings of my tongue,—such words  
 Are as a spur to purpose firmly held  
 Blow forth on him the breath of wrath and blood,  
 Scorch him with reek of fire that burns in you,  
 Waste him with new pursuit—swift, hound him down!

(The GHOST *sinks* )

#### FIRST FURY (*awaking*)

Up! rouse another as I rouse thee, up! <sup>111</sup>  
 Sleep'st thou? Rise up, and spurning sleep away,  
 See we if false to us this prelude rang

#### CHORUS OF FURIES (*singing*)

*strophe 1*

Alack, alack, O sisters, we have toiled,  
 O much and vainly have we toiled and borne!

Vainly! and all we wrought the gods have foiled,  
And turned us to scorn!

He hath slipped from the net, whom we chased he hath 'scaped us who  
should be our prey—

O'ermastered by slumber we sang, and our quarry hath stolen away!

*antistrophe 1*

Thou, child of the high God Zeus, Apollo, hast robbed us and wronged,  
Thou, a youth, hast down-trodden the right that to godship more ancient  
belonged,

Thou hast cherished thy suppliant man, the slayer, the God-forsaken,  
The bane of a parent, by craft from out of our grasp thou hast taken,  
A god, thou hast stolen from us the avengers a matricide son—  
And who shall consider thy deed and say, *It is rightfully done?*

*strophe 2*

| The sound of chiding scorn  
| Came from the land of dream, ' <sup>2</sup>

Deep to mine inmost heart I felt it thrill and burn, ' <sup>1</sup>

Thrust as a strong-grasped goad, to urge

Onward the chariot's team

Thrilled, chilled with bitter inward pain

I stand as one beneath the doomsman's scourge

*antistrophe 2*

Shame on the younger gods who tread down right,

Sitting on thrones of might!

Woe on the altar of earth's central fane!

Clotted on step and shrine,

Behold, the guilt of blood, the ghastly stain!

*strophe 3*

Woe upon thee, Apollo! uncontrolled,

Unbidden, hast thou, prophet-god, imbrued

The pure prophetic shrine with wrongful blood!

For thou too heinous a respect didst hold

Of man, too little heed of powers divine!

And us the Fates, the ancients of the earth,

Didst deem as nothing worth

*antistrophe 3*

Scornful to me thou art, yet shalt not fend

My wrath from him, though unto hell he flee,

There too are we!

And he the blood-defiled, should feel and rue,

Though I were not, fiend-wrath that shall not end,  
Descending on his head who foully slew

(*APOLLO enters from the inner shrine*)

APOLLO

Out! I command you Out from this my home—  
Haste, tarry not! Out from the mystic shrine, ✓  
Lest thy lot be to take into thy breast  
The winged bright dart that from my golden string  
Speeds hissing as a snake,—lest pierced and thrilled  
With agony, thou shouldst spew forth again  
Black frothy heart's-blood, drawn from mortal men,  
Belching the gory clots sucked forth from wounds  
These be no halls where such as you can prowl—  
Go where men lay on men the doom of blood,  
Heads lopped from necks, eyes from their spheres plucked out,  
Hacked flesh, the flower of youthful seed crushed out,  
Feet hewn away, and hands, and death beneath  
The smiting stone, low moans and piteous  
Of men impaled—Hark, hear ye for what feast  
Ye hanker ever, and the loathing gods  
Do spit upon your craving? Lo, your shape  
Is all too fitted to your greed, the cave  
Where lurks some lion, lapping gore, were home  
More meet for you Avaunt from sacred shrines,  
Nor bring pollution by your touch on all  
That nears you Hence! and roam unshepherded—  
No god there is to tend such herd as you

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O king Apollo, in our turn hear us  
Thou hast not only part in these ill things,  
But art chief cause and doer of the same ! ✓

APOLLO

How? stretch thy speech to tell this, and have done

LEADER

Thine oracle bade this man slay his mother

APOLLO

I bade him quit his sire's death,—wherefore not?

LEADER

Then didst thou aid and guard red-handed crime

APOLLO

Yea, and I bade him to this temple flee

LEADER

And yet forsooth dost chide us following him!

APOLLO

Ay—not for you it is, to near this fane

LEADER

Yet is such office ours, imposed by fate

APOLLO

What office? vaunt the thing ye deem so fair

LEADER

From home to home we chase the matricide

APOLLO

What? to avenge a wife who slays her lord?

LEADER

That is not blood outpoured by kindred hands

APOLLO

How darkly ye dishonour and annul  
 The troth to which the high accomplshers,  
Hera and Zeus, do honour Yea, and thus  
 ' Is Aphrodite to dishonour cast,  
 The queen of rapture unto mortal men  
 Know, that above the marriage-bed ordained  
 For man and woman standeth Right as guard,  
 Enhancing sanctity of trothplight sworn,  
 Therefore, if thou art placable to those  
 Who have their consort slain, nor will'st to turn  
 On them the eye of wrath, unjust art thou  
 In hounding to his doom the man who slew  
 His mother Lo, I know thee full of wrath  
 Against one deed, but all too placable  
 Unto the other, minishing the crime  
 But in this cause shall Pallas guard the right

LEADER

Deem not my quest shall ever quit that man

APOLLO

Follow then, make thee double toil in vain!

LEADER

Think not by speech mine office to curtail

APOLLO

None hast thou, that I would accept of thee!

LEADER

Yea, high thine honour by the throne of Zeus  
 But I, drawn on by scent of mother's blood,  
 Seek vengeance on this man and hound him down

*(The CHORUS goes in pursuit of ORESTES)*

APOLLO

But I will stand beside him, 'tis for me  
 To guard my suppliant gods and men alike  
 Do dread the curse of such an one betrayed,  
 And in me Fear and Will say *Leave him not*  
*(He goes into the temple)*

*(The scene changes to Athens. In the foreground is the Temple  
 of ATHENA on the Acropolis, her statue stands in the  
 centre, ORESTES is seen clinging to it)*

ORESTES

Look on me, queen Athena! lo, I come  
 By LOVIAS' behest thou of thy grace  
 Receive me, driven of avenging powers—  
 Not now a red-hand slaver unannealed,  
 But with guilt fading, half-effaced, outworn  
 On many homes and paths of mortal men  
 For to the limit of each land, each sea,  
 I roamed, obedient to Apollo's hest,  
 And come at last, O Goddess, to thy fane,  
 And clinging to thine image, bide my doom

*(The CHORUS OF FURILS enters, questing like hounds)*

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Ho! clear is here the trace of him we seek  
 Follow the track of blood, the silent sign!  
 Like to some hound that hunts a wounded fawn,  
 We snuff along the scent of dripping gore

And inwardly we pant, for many a day  
 Toiling in chase that shall fordo the man,  
 For o'er and o'er the wide land have I ranged,  
 And o'er the wide sea, flying without wings, *unmolested*  
 Swift as a sail I pressed upon his track,  
 Who now hard by is crouching, well I wot,  
 For scent of mortal blood allures me here

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Follow, seek him—round and round  
 Scent and snuff and scan the ground,  
 Lest unharmed he slip away,  
 He who did his mother slay!  
 Hush—he is there! See him his arms entwine  
 Around the image of the maid divine—  
 Thus aided, for the deed he wrought  
 Unto the judgment wills he to be brought

It may not be! a mother's blood, poured forth  
 Upon the stained earth,  
 None gathers up it lies—bear witness, Hell!—  
 For aye indelible!  
 And thou who sheddest it shalt give thine own  
 That shedding to atone!  
 Yea, from thy living limbs I suck it out,  
 Red, clotted, gout by gout,—  
 A draught abhorred of men and gods, but I  
 Will drain it, suck thee dry,  
 Yea, I will waste thee living, nerve and vein,  
 Yea, for thy mother slain,  
 Will drag thee downward, there where thou shalt dree  
 The weird of agony!  
 And thou and whosoe'er of men hath sinned—  
 Hath wronged or God, or friend,  
 Or parent,—learn ye how to all and each  
 The arm of doom can reach!  
 Sternly requiteth, in the world beneath,  
 The judgment-seat of Death,  
 Yea, Death, beholding every man's endeavour,  
 Recordeth it for ever!

ORESTES

I, schooled in many miseries, have learnt  
 How many refuges of cleansing shrines

There be, I know when law alloweth speech  
 And when imposeth silence Lo, I stand  
 Fixed now to speak, for he whose word is wise  
 Commands the same Look, how the stain of blood  
 Is dull upon mine hand and wastes away,  
 And laved and lost therewith is the deep curse  
 Of matricide, for while the guilt was new,  
 'Twas banished from me at Apollo's hearth,  
 Atoned and purified by death of swine  
 Long were my word if I should sum the tale,  
 How oft since then among my fellow-men  
 I stood and brought no curse Time cleanses all—  
 Time, the coeval of all things that are

Now from pure lips, in words of omen fair,  
 I call Athena, lady of this land,  
 To come, my champion so, in aftertime,  
 She shall not fail of love and service leal,  
 Not won by war, from me and from my land  
 And all the folk of Argos, vowed to her

Now, be she far away in Libyan land  
 Where flows from Triton's lake her natal wave,—  
 Stand she with planted feet, or in some hour  
 Of rest conceal them, champion of her friends  
 Where'er she be,—or whether o'er the plain  
 Phlegraean she look forth, as warrior bold—  
 I cry to her to come, where'er she be,  
 (And she, as goddess, from afar can hear)  
 And aid and free me, set among my foes

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Thee not Apollo nor Athena's strength  
 Can save from perishing, a castaway  
 Amid the Lost, where no delight shall meet  
 Thy soul—a bloodless prey of nether powers,  
 A shadow among shadows Answerest thou  
 Nothing? dost cast away my words with scorn,  
 Thou, prey prepared and dedicate to me?  
 Not as a victim slain upon the shrine,  
 But living shalt thou see thy flesh my food /  
 Hear now the binding chant that makes thee mine

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Weave the weird dance,—behold the hour  
 To utter forth the chant of hell,



Our sway among mankind to tell,  
 The guidance of our power.  
 Of Justice are we ministers,  
 And whosoe'er of men may stand  
 Lifting a pure unsullied hand,  
 That man no doom of ours incurs,  
 And walks thro' all his mortal path  
 Untouched by woe, unharmed by wrath  
 But if, as yonder man, he hath  
 Blood on the hands he strives to hide,  
 We stand avengers at his side,  
 Decreeing, *Thou hast wronged the dead*  
*We are doom's witnesses to thee*  
 The price of blood, his hands have shed,  
 We wring from him, in life, in death,  
 Hard at his side are we!

*strophe* 1

Night, Mother Night, who brought me forth, a torment  
 To living men and dead,  
 Hear me, O hear! by Leto's stripling son  
 I am dishonoured  
 He hath ta'en from me him who cowers in refuge,  
 To me made consecrate,—  
 A rightful victim, him who slew his mother  
 Given o'er to me and fate

*refrain* 1

Hear the hymn of hell,  
 O'er the victim sounding,—  
 Chant of frenzy, chant of ill,  
 Sense and will confounding!  
 Round the soul entwining  
 Without lute or lyre—  
 Soul in madness pining,  
 Wasting as with fire!

*antistrophe* 1

Fate, all-pervading Fate, this service spun, commanding  
 That I should bide therein  
 Whosoe'er of mortals, made perverse and lawless,  
 Is stained with blood of kin,  
 By his side are we, and hunt him ever onward,  
 Till to the Silent Land,

The realm of death, he cometh, neither yonder }  
 In freedom shall he stand

*or landscape*

*refrain 1*

Hear the hymn of hell,  
 O'er the victim sounding,—  
 Chant of frenzy, chant of ill,  
 Sense and will confounding!  
 Round the soul entwining  
 Without lute or lyre—  
 Soul in madness pining,  
 Wasting as with fire!

*strophe 2*

When from womb of Night we sprang, on us this labour  
 Was laid and shall abide  
 Gods immortal ate ye, yet beware ye touch not  
 That which is our pride!  
 None may come beside us gathered round the blood-feast—  
 For us no garments white  
 Gleam on a festal day, for us a darker fate is, {  
Another darker rite.

*refrain 2*

That is mine hour when falls an ancient line—  
 When in the household's heart  
 The God of blood doth slay by kindred hands,—  
 Then do we bear our part  
 On him who slays we sweep with chasing cry  
 Though he be triply strong,  
 We wear and waste him, blood atones for blood,  
 New pain for ancient wrong

*antistrophe 2*

I hold this task—'tis mine, and not another's  
 The very gods on high,  
 Though they can silence and annul the prayers  
 Of those who on us cry,  
 They may not strive with us who stand apart,  
 A race by Zeus abhorred,  
 Blood-boltered, held unworthy of the council  
 And converse of Heaven's lord

*strophe 3*

Therefore the more I leap upon my prey √  
 Upon their head I bound,

My foot is hard, as one that trips a runner  
 I cast them to the ground,  
 Yea, to the depth of doom intolerable,  
 And they who erst were great,  
 And upon earth held high their pride and glory,  
 Are brought to low estate  
 In underworld they waste and are diminished,  
 The while around them fleet  
 Dark wavings of my robes, and, subtly woven,  
 The paces of my feet

*antistrophe 3*

Who falls infatuate, he sees not neither knows he  
 That we are at his side,  
 So closely round about him, darkly fitting,  
 The cloud of guilt doth glide  
 Heavily 'tis uttered, how around his hearthstone  
 The mirk of hell doth rise

*strophe 4*

Stern and fixed the law is, we have hands t' achieve it,  
 Cunning to devise  
 Queens are we and mindful of our solemn vengeance  
 Not by tear or prayer  
 Shall a man avert it In unhonoured darkness,  
 Far from gods, we fare,  
 Lit unto our task with torch of sunless regions,  
 And o'er a deadly way—  
 Deadly to the living as to those who see not  
 Life and light of day—  
 Hunt we and press onward

*antistrophe 4*

Who of mortals hearing  
 Doth not quake for awe,  
 Hearing all that Fate thro' hand of God hath given us  
 For ordinance and law?  
 Yea, this right to us, in dark abysm and backward  
 Of ages it befel  
 None shall wrong mine office, tho' in nether regions  
 And sunless dark I dwell

(ATHENA enters)

## ATHENA

Far off I heard the clamour of your cry,  
 As by Scamander's side I set my foot  
 Asserting right upon the land given o'er  
 To me by those who o'er Achaea's host  
 Held sway and leadership no scanty part  
 Of all they won by spear and sword, to me  
 They gave it, land and all that grew thereon,  
 As chosen heirloom for my Theseus' clan  
 Thence summoned, sped I with a tireless foot,—  
 Hummed on the wind, instead of wings, the fold  
 Of this mine aegis, by my feet propelled,  
 As, linked to mettled horses, speeds a car  
 And now, beholding here Earth's nether brood,  
 I fear it nought, yet are mine eyes amazed  
 With wonder Who are ye? of all I ask,  
 And of this stranger to my statue clinging  
 But ye—your shape is like no human form }  
 Like to no goddess whom the gods behold, }  
 Like to no shape which mortal women wear }  
 Yet to stand by and chide a monstrous form }  
*Is all unjust—from such words Right revolts*

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O child of Zeus, one word shall tell thee all  
 We are the children of eternal Night,  
 And Furies in the underworld are called

## ATHENA

I know your lineage now and eke your name

## LEADER

Yea, and oftsoons indeed my rights shalt know

## ATHENA

Fain would I learn them, speak them clearly forth

## LEADER

We chase from home the murderers of men

## ATHENA

And where at last can he that slew make pause?

## LEADER

Where this is law—*All joy abandon here*

ATHENA

Say, do ye bay this man to such a flight?

LEADER

Yea, for of choice he did his mother slay

ATHENA

Urged by no fear of other wrath and doom?

LEADER

What spur can rightly goad to matricide?

ATHENA

Two stand to plead—one only have I heard

LEADER

He will not swear nor challenge us to oath

ATHENA

The form of justice, not its deed, thou wilt

LEADER

Prove thou that word, thou art not scant of skill

ATHENA

I say that oaths shall not enforce the wrong

LEADER

Then test the cause, judge and award the right

ATHENA

Will ye to me then this decision trust?

LEADER

Yea, reverencing true child of worthy sire

ATHENA (*to ORESTES*)

O man unknown, make thou thy plea in turn  
Speak forth thy land, thy lineage, and thy woes,  
Then, if thou canst, avert this bitter blame—  
If, as I deem, in confidence of right  
Thou sittest hard beside my holy place,  
Clasping this statue, as Ixion sat,  
A sacred suppliant for Zeus to cleanse,—  
To all this answer me in words made plain

## ORESTES

O queen Athena, first from thy last words  
 Will I a great solicitude remove  
 Not one blood-guilty am I, no foul stain  
 Clings to thine image from my clinging hand,  
 Whereof one potent proof I have to tell  
 Lo, the law stands—*The slayer shall not plead,  
 Till by the hand of him who cleanses blood  
 A suckling creature's blood besprinkle him*  
 Long since have I this expiation done,—  
 In many a home, slain beasts and running streams  
 Have cleansed me Thus I speak away that fear  
 Next, of my lineage quickly thou shalt learn  
 An Argive am I, and right well thou know'st  
 My sire, that Agamemnon who arrayed  
 The fleet and them that went therein to war—  
 That chief with whom thy hand combined to crush  
 To an uncited heap what once was Troy,  
 That Agamemnon, when he homeward came,  
 Was brought unto no honourable death,  
 Slain by the dark-souled wife who brought me forth  
 To him,—enwound and slain in wily nets,  
 Blazoned with blood that in the laver ran  
 And I, returning from an exiled youth,  
 Slew her, my mother—lo, it stands avowed!  
 With blood for blood avenging my loved sire,  
 And in this deed doth Loxias bear part,  
 Decreeing agonies, to goad my will,  
 Unless by me the guilty found their doom  
 Do thou decide if right or wrong were done—  
 Thy dooming, whatsoe'er it be, contents me

## ATHENA

Too mighty is this matter, whoso'er  
 Of mortals claims to judge herof aright  
 Yea, me, even me, eternal Right forbids  
 To judge the issues of blood-guilt, and wrath  
 That follows swift behind This too gives pause,  
 That thou as one with all due rites performed  
 Dost come, unsinning, pure, unto my shrine  
 Whate'er thou art, in this my city's name,  
 As uncondemned, I take thee to my side —  
 Yet have these foes of thine such dues by fate,

I may not banish them and if they fail,  
 O'erthrown in judgment of the cause, forthwith  
 Their anger's poison shall infect the land—  
 A dropping plague-spot of eternal ill  
 Thus stand we with a woe on either hand  
 Stay they, or go at my commandment forth,  
 Perplexity or pain must needs befall  
 Yet, as on me Fate hath imposed the cause,  
 I choose unto me judges that shall be  
 An ordinance for ever, set to rule  
 The dues of blood-guilt, upon oath declared  
 But ye, call forth your witness and your proof,  
 Words strong for justice, fortified by oath,  
 And I, whome'er are truest in my town,  
 Them will I choose and bring, and straitly charge,  
*Look on this cause, discriminating well,*  
*And pledge your oath to utter nought of wrong*

(ATHENA withdraws)

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophæ 1*

Now are they all undone, the ancient laws,  
 If here the slayer's cause  
 Prevail, new wrong for ancient right shall be  
 If matricide go free  
 Henceforth a deed like his by all shall stand,  
 Too ready to the hand  
 Too oft shall parents in the aftertime  
 Rue and lament this crime,—  
 Taught, not in false imagining, to feel  
 Their children's thrusting steel  
 No more the wrath, that erst on murder fell  
 From us, the queens of Hell,  
 Shall fall, no more our watching gaze impend—  
 Death shall smite unrestrained

*antistrophe 1*

Henceforth shall one unto another cry  
*Lo, they are stricken, lo, they fall and die*  
 Around me! and that other answers him,  
*O thou that lookest that thy woes should cease,*  
*Behold, with dark increase*  
*They throng and press upon thee, yea, and dim*  
*Is all the cure, and every comfort vain!*

*strophe 2*

Let none henceforth cry out, when falls the blow  
 Of sudden-smiting woe,  
 Cry out in sad reiterated strain  
*O Justice, aid! aid, O ye thrones of Hell!*  
 So though a father or a mother wail  
 New-smitten by a son, it shall no more avail,  
 Since, overthrown by wrong, the fane of Justice fell!

*antistrophe 2*

Know, that a throne there is that may not pass away,  
 And one that sitteth on it—even Fear,  
 Searching with steadfast eyes man's inner soul  
Wisdom is child of pain, and born with many a tear.  
 But who henceforth,  
 What man of mortal men, what nation upon earth,  
 That holdeth nought in awe nor in the light  
 Of inner reverence, shall worship Right  
 As in the older day?

*strophe 3*

Praise not, O man, the life beyond control,  
 Nor that which bows unto a tyrant's sway  
 Know that the middle way  
 Is dearest unto God, and they thereon who wend,  
 'They shall achieve the end  
 But they who wander or to left or right  
 Are sinners in his sight  
 Take to thy heart this one, this soothfast word—  
 Of wantonness impiety is sire,  
 Only from calm control and sanity unstirred  
 Cometh true weal, the goal of every man's desire |

*antistrophe 3*

Yea, whatsoe'er befall, hold thou this word of mine  
*Bow down at Justice' shrine,*  
*Turn thou thine eyes away from earthly lure,*  
*Nor with a godless foot that altar spurn*  
 For as thou dost shall Fate do in return,  
 And the great doom is sure  
 Therefore let each adore a parent's trust,  
 And each with loyalty revere the guest  
 That in his halls doth rest



For whoso uncompelled doth follow what is just,  
     He ne'er shall be unblest,  
 Yea, never to the gulf of doom  
     That man shall come

But he whose will is set against the gods,  
     Who treads beyond the law with foot impure,  
 Till o'er the wreck of Right confusion broods,—  
     Know that for him, though now he sail secure,  
 The day of storm shall be, then shall he strive and fail  
     Down from the shivered yard to furl the sail,

And call on Powers, that heed him nought, to save,  
 And vainly wrestle with the whirling wave ?  
     Hot was his heart with pride—  
     *I shall not fall*, he cried  
     But him with watching scorn  
     The god beholds, forlorn,  
     Tangled in toils of Fate beyond escape,  
     Hopeless of haven safe beyond the cape—  
 Till all his wealth and bliss of bygone day  
     Upon the reef of Rightful Doom is hurled,  
     And he is rapt away  
 Unwept, for ever, to the dead forgotten world

(ATHENA enters, with TWELVE ATHENIAN CITIZENS *A large crowd follows* )

ATHENA

O herald, make proclaim, bid all men come  
 Then let the shrill blast of the Tyrrhene trump,  
 Fulfilled with mortal breath, thro' the wide air  
 Peal a loud summons, bidding all men heed  
 For, till my judges fill this judgment-seat,  
 Silence behoves,—that this whole city learn,  
 What for all time mine ordinance commands,  
 And these men, that the cause be judged aright  
     (Apollo enters )

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O king Apollo, rule what is thine own,  
 But in this thing what share pertains to thee?

## APOLLO

First, as a witness come I, for this man  
Is suppliant of mine by sacred right,  
Guest of my holy hearth and cleansed by me  
Of blood-guilt then, to set me at his side  
And in his cause bear part, as part I bore  
Erst in his deed, whereby his mother fell  
Let whoso knoweth now announce the cause

ATHENA (*to the CHORUS*)

'Tis I announce the cause—first speech be yours,  
For rightfully shall they whose plaint is tried  
Tell the tale first and set the matter clear

## LEADER

Though we be many, brief shall be our tale  
(*To ORESTES*)  
Answer thou, setting word to match with word,  
And first avow—hast thou thy mother slain?

## ORESTES

I slew her I deny no word hereof

## LEADER

Three falls decide the wrestle—this is one (1)

## ORESTES

Thou vauntest thee—but o'er no final fall

## LEADER

Yet must thou tell the manner of thy deed

## ORESTES

Drawn sword in hand, I gashed her neck 'Tis told

## LEADER

But by whose word, whose craft, wert thou impelled?

## ORESTES

By oracles of him who here attests me

## LEADER

The prophet-god bade thee thy mother slay?

## ORESTES

Yea, and thro' him less ill I fared, till now

LEADER

If the vote grip thee, thou shalt change that word

ORESTES

Strong is my hope, my buried sire shall aid

LEADER

Go to now, trust the dead, a matricide!

ORESTES

Yea, for in her combined two stains of sin

LEADER

How? speak this clearly to the judges' mind,

ORESTES

Slaying her husband, she did slay my sire

LEADER

Therefore thou livest, death assails her deed

~~ORESTES~~

Then ~~while she lived why didst~~ thou hunt her not?

LEADER

She was not kin by blood to him she slew

ORESTES

And I, am I by blood my mother's kin?

LEADER

O cursed with murder's guilt, how else wert thou  
The burden of her womb? Dost thou forswear  
Thy mother's kinship, closest bond of love?

ORESTES

It is *thine* hour, Apollo—speak the law,  
Averting if this deed were justly done,  
For done it is, and clear and undenied  
But if to thee this murder's cause seem right  
Or wrongful, speak—that I to these may tell

APOLLO

To you, Athena's mighty council-court,  
Justly for justice will I plead, even I,  
The prophet-god, nor cheat you by one word  
For never spake I from my prophet-seat

One word, of man, of woman, or of state,  
 Save what the Father of Olympian gods  
 Commanded unto me I rede you then,  
 Bethink you of my plea, how strong it stands,  
 And follow the decree of Zeus our sire,—  
 For oaths prevail not over Zeus' command

## LEADER

Go to, thou sayest that from Zeus befell  
 The oracle that this Orestes bade  
 With vengeance quit the slaying of his sire,  
 And hold as nought his mother's right of kin!

## APOLLO

Yea, for it stands not with a common death,  
 That he should die, a chieftain and a king  
 Decked with the sceptre which high heaven confers—  
 Die, and by female hands, not smitten down  
 By a far-shooting bow, held stalwartly  
 By some strong Amazon Another doom  
 Was his O Pallas, hear, and ye who sit  
 In judgment, to discern this thing aright!—  
 She with a specious voice of welcome true  
 Hailed him, returning from the mighty mart  
 Where war for life gives fame, triumphant home,  
 Then o'er the laver, as he bathed himself,  
 She spread from head to foot a covering net,  
 And in the endless mesh of cunning robes  
 Enwound and trapped her lord, and smote him down  
 Lo, ye have heard what doom this chieftain met,  
 The majesty of Greece, the fleet's high lord  
 Such as I tell it, let it gall your ears,  
 Who stand as judges to decide this cause

## LEADER

Zeus, as thou sayest, holds a father's death /  
 As first of crimes,—yet he of his own act  
 Cast into chains his father, Cronus old  
 How suits that deed with that which now ye tell?  
 O ye who judge, I bid ye mark my words!

## APOLLO

O monsters loathed of all, O scorn of gods,  
 He that hath bound may loose a cure there is,

Yea, many a plan that can unbind the chain,  
 But when the thirsty dust sucks up man's blood  
 Once shed in death, he shall arise no more  
 No chant nor charm for this my Sire hath wrought  
 All else there is, he moulds and shifts at will,  
 Not scant of strength nor breath, whate'er he do

## LEADER

Think yet, for what acquittal thou dost plead  
 He who hath shed a mother's kindred blood,  
 Shall he in Argos dwell, where dwelt his sire?  
 How shall he stand before the city's shrines,  
 How share the clansmen's holy lustral bowl?

## APOLLO

This too I answer, mark a soothfast word  
 Not the true parent is the woman's womb  
 That bears the child, she doth but nurse the seed  
 New-sown the male is parent, she for him,  
 As stranger for a stranger, hoards the germ  
 Of life, unless the god its promise blight  
 And proof hereof before you will I set  
 Birth may from fathers, without mothers, be  
 See at your side a witness of the same,  
 ( Athena, daughter of Olympian Zeus, ) —  
 Never within the darkness of the womb  
 Fostered nor fashioned, but a bud more bright  
 Than any goddess in her breast might bear  
 And I, O Pallas, howsoe'er I may,  
 Henceforth will glorify thy town, thy clan,  
 And for this end have sent my suppliant here  
 Unto thy shrine, that he from this time forth  
 Be loyal unto thee for evermore,  
 O goddess-queen, and thou unto thy side  
 Mayst win and hold him faithful, and his line,  
 And that for aye this pledge and troth remain  
 To children's children of Athenian seed

## ATHENA

Enough is said, I bid the judges now  
 With pure intent deliver just award

## LEADER

We too have shot our every shaft of speech,  
And now abide to hear the doom of law

ATHENA (*to APOLLO and ORESTES*)

Say, how ordaining shall I 'scape your blame?

## APOLLO

I spake, ye heard, enough O stranger men,  
Heed well your oath as ye decide the cause

## ATHENA

O men of Athens, ye who first do judge  
The law of bloodshed, hear me now ordain  
Here to all time for Aegeus' Attic host  
Shall stand this council-court of judges sworn,  
Here the tribunal, set on Ares' Hill  
Where camped of old the tented Amazons,  
What time in hate of Theseus they assailed  
Athens, and set against her citadel  
A counterwork of new sky-pointing towers,  
And there to Ares held their sacrifice,  
Where now the rock hath name, even Ares' Hill  
And hence shall Reverence and her kinsman Fear  
Pass to each free man's heart, by day and night  
Enjoining, *Thou shalt do no unjust thing*,  
So long as law stands as it stood of old  
Unmarred by civic change Look you the spring  
Is pure, but foul it once with influx vile  
And muddy clay, and none can drink thereof  
Therefore, O citizens, I bid ye bow  
In awe to this command, *Let no man live  
Uncurbed by law nor curbed by tyranny*,  
Nor banish ye the monarchy of Awe  
Beyond the walls, untouched by fear divine,  
No man doth justice in the world of men  
Therefore in purity and holy dread  
Stand and revere, so shall ye have and hold  
A saving bulwark of the state and land,  
Such as no man hath ever elsewhere known,  
Nor in far Scythia, nor in Pelops' realm  
Thus I ordain it now, a council-court  
Pure and unsullied by the lust of gain,  
Sacred and swift to vengeance, wakeful ever

To champion men who sleep, the country's guard  
 Thus have I spoken, thus to mine own clan  
 Commended it for ever Ye who judge,  
 Arise, take each his vote, mete out the right,  
 Your oath revering Lo, my word is said

*(The twelve judges come forward, one by one, to the urns of  
 decision, the first votes, as each of the others follows, the  
 LEADER and APOLLO speak alternately)*

## LEADER

I rede ye well, beware! nor put to shame,  
 In aught, this grievous company of hell

## APOLLO

I too would warn you, fear mine oracles—  
 From Zeus they are,—nor make them void of fruit

## LEADER

Presumptuous is thy claim, blood-guilt to judge,  
 And false henceforth thine oracles shall be

## APOLLO

Failed then the counsels of my sire, when turned  
 Ixion, first of slayers, to his side?

## LEADER

These are but words, but I, if justice fail me,  
 Will haunt this land in grim and deadly deed

## APOLLO

Scorn of the younger and the elder gods  
 Art thou 'tis I that shall prevail anon

## LEADER

Thus didst thou too of old in Pheres' halls,  
 O'erreaching Fate to make a mortal deathless

## APOLLO

Was it not well, my worshipper to aid,  
 Then most of all when hardest was the need?

## LEADER

I say thou didst annul the lots of life,  
 Cheating with wine the deities of eld

## APOLLO

I say thou shalt anon, thy pleadings foiled,  
Spit venom vainly on thine enemies

## LEADER

Since this young god o'errides mine ancient right,  
I tarry but to claim your law, not knowing  
If wrath of mine shall blast your state or spare

## ATHENA

Mine is the right to add the final vote,  
And I award it to Orestes' cause  
For me no mother bore within her womb,  
And, save for wedlock evermore eschewed,  
I vouch myself the champion of the man,  
Not of the woman, yea, with all my soul,—  
In heart, as birth, a father's child alone  
Thus will I not too heinously regard  
A woman's death who did her husband slay,  
The guardian of her home and if the votes  
Equal do fall, Orestes shall prevail }

Ye of the judges who are named thereto,  
Swiftly shake forth the lots from either urn

*(Two judges come forward, one to each urn)*

## ORESTES

O bright Apollo, what shall be the end?

## LEADER

O Night, dark mother mine, dost mark these things?

## ORESTES

Now shall my doom be life, or strangling cords

## LEADER

And mine, lost honour or a wider sway

## APOLLO

O stranger judges, sum aright the count  
Of votes cast forth, and, parting them, take heed  
Ye err not in decision The default  
Of one vote only bringeth ruin deep,  
One, cast aright, doth stablish house and home



## ATHENA

Behold, this man is free from guilt of blood,  
For half the votes condemn him, half set free!

## ORESTES

O Pallas, light and safety of my home,  
Thou, thou hast given me back to dwell once more  
In that my fatherland, amerced of which  
I wandered, now shall Grecian lips say this,  
*The man is Argive once again, and dwells  
Again within his father's wealthy hall,  
By Pallas saved, by Loxias, and by Him,  
The great third saviour, Zeus omnipotent—*  
Who thus in pity for my father's fate  
Doth pluck me from my doom, beholding these,  
Confederates of my mother Lo, I pass  
To mine own home, but proffering this vow  
Unto thy land and people *Nevermore,*  
*Thio' all the manifold years of Time to be,*  
*Shall any chieftain of mine Argive land  
Bear hitherward his spears for fight arrayed*  
For we, though lapped in earth we then shall lie,  
By thwart adversities will work our will  
On them who shall transgress this oath of mine,  
Paths of despair and journeyings ill-starred  
For them ordaining, till their task they rue  
But if this oath be rightly kept, to them  
Will we the dead be full of grace, the while  
With loyal league they honour Pallas' town  
And now farewell, thou and thy city's folk—  
Firm be thine arms' grasp, closing with thy foes,  
And, strong to save, bring victory to thy spear

(ORESTES and APOLLO depart )

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Woe on you, younger gods! the ancient right  
Ye have o'erridden, rent it from my hands

I am dishonoured of you, thrust to scorn!  
But heavily my wrath

Shall on this land fling forth the drops that blast and burn,  
Venom of vengeance, that shall work such scathe  
As I have suffered, where that dew shall fall,

Shall leafless blight arise,  
 Wasting Earth's offspring,—Justice, hear my call!—  
 And thorough all the land in deadly wise  
 Shall scatter venom, to exude again  
     In pestilence on men  
 What cry avails me now, what deed of blood,  
 Unto this land what dark despite?  
     Alack, alack, forlorn  
 Are we, a bitter injury have borne!  
 Alack, O sisters, O dishonoured brood  
     Of mother Night!

## ATHENA

Nay, bow ye to my words, chafe not nor moan  
 Ye are not worsted nor disgraced, behold,  
 With balanced vote the cause had issue fair,  
 Nor in the end did aught dishonour thee  
 But thus the will of Zeus shone clearly forth,  
 And his own prophet-god avouched the same,  
*Orestes slew his slaying is atoned*  
 Therefore I pray you, not upon this land  
 Shoot forth the dart of vengeance, be appeased,  
 Nor blast the land with blight, nor loose thereon  
 Drops of eternal venom, direful darts  
 Wasting and marring nature's seed of growth  
 For I, the queen of Athens' sacred right,  
 Do pledge to you a holy sanctuary  
 Deep in the heart of this my land, made just  
 By your indwelling presence, while ye sit  
 Hard by your sacred shrines that gleam with oil  
 Of sacrifice, and by this folk adored

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Woe on you, younger gods! the ancient right  
 Ye have o'erridden, rent it from my hands

I am dishonoured of you, thrust to scorn!

But heavily my wrath

Shall on this land fling forth the drops that blast and burn,  
 Venom of vengeance, that shall work such scathe  
 As I have suffered, where that dew shall fall,  
     Shall leafless blight arise,  
 Wasting Earth's offspring,—Justice, hear my call!—  
 And thorough all the land in deadly wise

Shall scatter venom, to exude again  
 In pestilence on men  
 What cry avails me now, what deed of blood,  
 Unto this land what dark despite?  
 Alack, alack, forlorn  
 Are we, a bitter injury have borne!  
 Alack, O sisters, O dishonoured brood  
 Of mother Night!

## ATHENA

Dishonoured are ye not, turn not, I pray,  
 As goddesses your swelling wrath on men,  
 Nor make the friendly earth spiteful to them  
 I too have Zeus for champion—'tis enough—  
 I only of all goddesses do know  
 To ope the chamber where his thunderbolts  
 Lie stored and sealed, but here is no such need  
 Nay, be appeased, nor cast upon the ground  
 The malice of thy tongue, to blast the world,  
 Calm thou thy bitter wrath's black inward surge,  
 For high shall be thine honour, set beside me  
 For ever in this land, whose fertile lap  
 Shall pour its teeming firstfruits unto you,  
 Gifts for fair childbirth and for wedlock's crown  
 Thus honoured, praise my spoken pledge for aye

CHORUS (*chanting*)

I, I dishonoured in this earth to dwell,—  
 Ancient of days and wisdom! I breathe forth  
 Poison and breath of frenzied ire O Earth,  
 Woe, woe for thee, for me!  
 From side to side what pains be these that thrill?  
 Hearken, O mother Night, my wrath, mine agony!  
 Whom from mine ancient rights the gods have thrust,  
 And brought me to the dust—  
 Woe, woe is me!—with craft invincible

## ATHENA

Older art thou than I, and I will bear  
 With this thy fury Know, although thou be  
 More wise in ancient wisdom, yet have I  
 From Zeus no scant measure of the same,  
 Wherefore take heed unto this prophecy—  
 If to another land of alien men

Ye go, too late shall ye feel longing deep  
 For mine The rolling tides of time bring round  
 A day of brighter glory for this town,  
 And thou, enshrined in honour by the halls  
 Where dwelt Erechtheus, shalt a worship win ?  
 From men and from the train of womankind,  
 Greater than any tribe elsewhere shall pay  
 Cast thou not therefore on this soil of mine  
 Whetstones that sharpen souls to bloodshedding,  
 The burning goads of youthful hearts, made hot  
 With frenzy of the spirit, not of wine  
 Nor pluck as 'twere the heart from cocks that strive,  
 To set it in the breast of citizens  
 Of mine, a war-god's spirit keen for fight,  
 Made stern against their country and their kin  
 The man who grievously doth lust for fame,  
 War, full, immitigable, let him wage  
 Against the stranger, but of kindred birds  
 I hold the challenge hateful Such the boon  
 I proffer thee—within this land of lands,  
 Most loved of gods, with me to show and share  
 Fair mercy, gratitude and grace as fair

CICORUS (*chanting*)

I, I dishonoured in this earth to dwell,—  
 Ancient of days and wisdom! I breathe forth  
 Poison and breath of frenzied ire O Earth,  
     Woe, woe for thee, for me!  
 From side to side what pains be these that thrill?  
 Harken, O mother Night, my wrath, mine agony!  
 Whom from mine ancient rights the gods have thrust  
     And brought me to the dust—  
 Woe, woe is me!—with craft invincible

ATHENA

I will not weary of soft words to thee,  
 That never mayst thou say, *Behold me spurned,*  
*An elder by a younger deity,*  
*And from this land rejected and forlorn,*  
*Unhonoured by the men who dwell therein*  
 But, if Persuasion's grace be sacred to thee,  
 Soft in the soothing accents of my tongue,  
 Tarry, I pray thee, yet, if go thou wilt,

Not rightfully wilt thou on this my town  
Sway down the scale that beareth wrath and teen  
Or wasting plague upon this folk 'Tis thine,  
If so thou wilt, inheritress to be  
Of this my land, its utmost grace to win

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O queen, what refuge dost thou promise me?

ATHENA

Refuge untouched by bale take thou my boon

LEADER

What, if I take it, shall mine honour be?

ATHENA

No house shall prosper without grace of thine ¶

LEADER

Canst thou achieve and grant such power to me?

ATHENA

Yea, for my hand shall bless thy worshippers

LEADER

And wilt thou pledge me this for time eterne?

ATHENA

Yea none can bid me pledge beyond my power

LEADER

Lo, I desist from wrath, appeased by thee

ATHENA

Then in the land's heart shalt thou win thee friends

LEADER

What chant dost bid me raise, to greet the land?

ATHENA

Such as aspires towards a victory  
Unrued by any chants from breast of earth,  
From wave, from sky, and let the wild winds' breath  
Pass with soft sunlight o'er the lap of land,—  
Strong wax the fruits of earth, fair teem the kine,  
Unfailing, for my town's prosperity,  
And constant be the growth of mortal seed

- ✓ But more and more root out the impious,  
For as a gardener fosters what he sows,  
So foster I this race, whom righteousness  
Doth fend from sorrow Such the proffered boon  
But I, if wars must be, and their loud clash  
And carnage, for my town, will ne'er endure  
That aught but victory shall crown her fame

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Lo, I accept it, at her very side  
Doth Pallas bid me dwell  
I will not wrong the city of her pride,  
Which even Almighty Zeus and Ares hold  
Heaven's earthly citadel,  
Loved home of Grecian gods, the young, the old,  
The sanctuary divine,  
The shield of every shrine!  
For Athens I say forth a gracious prophecy,—  
The glory of the sunlight and the skies  
Shall bid from earth arise  
Warm wavelets of new life and glad prosperity

ATHENA (*chanting*)

Behold, with gracious heart well pleased  
I for my citizens do grant  
Fulfilment of this covenant  
And here, their wrath at length appeased,  
These mighty deities shall stay  
For theirs it is by right to sway  
The lot that rules our mortal day,  
And he who hath not only felt  
Their stern decree, ere long on him,  
Not knowing why and whence, the grim  
Life-crushing blow is dealt  
The father's sin upon the child  
Descends, and sin is silent death,  
And leads him on the downward path,  
By stealth beguiled,  
Unto the Furies though his state  
On earth were high, and loud his boast,  
Victim of silent ire and hate  
He dwells among the Lost

CHORUS (*chanting*)

To my blessing now give ear —  
Scorching blight nor singèd air  
Never blast thine olives fair!  
Drouth, that wasteth bud and plant,  
Keep to thine own place Avaunt,  
Famine fell, and come not hither  
Stealthily to waste and wither!  
Let the land, in season due,  
Twice her waxing fruits renew,  
Teem the kine in double measure,  
Rich in new god-given treasure,  
Here let men the powers adore  
For sudden gifts unhopèd before!

ATHENA (*chanting*)

O hearken, warders of the wall  
That guards mine Athens, what a dower  
Is unto her ordained and given!  
For mighty is the Furies' power,  
And deep-revered in courts of heaven  
And realms of hell, and clear to all  
They weave thy doom, mortality!  
And some in joy and peace shall sing,  
But unto other some they bring  
Sad life and tear-dimmed eye

CHORUS (*chanting*)

And far away I ban thee and remove,  
Untimely death of youths too soon brought low!  
And to each maid, O gods, when time is come for love,  
Grant ye a warrior's heart, a wedded life to know  
Ye too, O Fates, children of mother Night,  
Whose children too are we, O goddesses  
Of just award, of all by sacred right  
Queens, who in time and in eternity  
Do rule, a present power for righteousness,  
Honoured beyond all Gods, hear ye and grant my cry!

ATHENA (*chanting*)

And I too, I with joy am fain,  
Hearing your voice this gift ordain  
Unto my land High thanks be thine,  
Persuasion, who with eyes divine

Into my tongue didst look thy strength,  
To bend and to appease at length

Those who would not be comforted  
Zeus, king of parley, doth prevail,  
And ye and I will strive nor fail,

That good may stand in evil's stead,  
And lasting bliss for bale

CHORUS (*chanting*)

And nevermore these walls within  
Shall echo fierce sedition's din,

Unslaked with blood and crime,  
The thirsty dust shall nevermore  
Suck up the darkly streaming gore  
Of civic broils, shed out in wrath  
And vengeance, crying death for death!  
But man with man and state with state  
Shall vow *The pledge of common hate*  
*And common friendship, that for man*  
*Hath oft made blessing out of ban,*  
*Be ours unto all time*

ATHENA (*chanting*)

Skill they, or not, the path to find  
Of favouring speech and presage kind?  
Yea, even from these, who, grim and stern,  
Glared anger upon you of old,  
O citizens, ye now shall earn  
A recompense right manifold  
Deck them aright, extol them high,  
Be loyal to their loyalty,  
And ye shall make your town and land  
Sure, propped on Justice' saving hand,  
And Fame's eternity

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Hail ye, all hail! and yet again, all hail,  
O Athens, happy in a weal secured!  
O ye who sit by Zeus' right hand, nor fail  
Of wisdom set among you and assured,  
Loved of the well-loved Goddess-Maid! the King  
Of gods doth reverence you, beneath her guarding wing



ATHENA (*chanting*)

All hail unto each honoured guest!  
 Whom to the chambers of your rest  
 'Tis mine to lead, and to provide  
 The hallowed torch, the guard and guide  
 ✓ Pass down, the while these altars glow  
 With sacred fire, to earth below  
 And your appointed shrine  
 There dwelling, from the land restrain  
 The force of fate, the breath of bane,  
 But waft on us the gift and gain  
 Of Victory divine!  
 And ye, the men of Cranaos' seed,  
 I bid you now with reverence lead  
 These alien Powers that thus are made  
 Athenian evermore To you  
 Fair be their will henceforth, to do  
 Whate'er may bless and aid!

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Hail to you all! hail yet again,  
 All who love Athens, gods and men,  
 Adoring her as Pallas' home!  
 And while ye reverence what ye grant—  
 My sacred shrine and hidden haunt—  
 Blameless and blissful be your doom!

## ATHENA

Once more I praise the promise of your vows,  
 And now I bid the golden torches' glow  
 Pass down before you to the hidden depth  
 Of earth, by mine own sacred servants borne,  
 My loyal guards of statue and of shrine  
 Come forth, O flower of Theseus' Attic land,  
 O glorious band of children and of wives,  
 And ye, O train of matrons crowned with eld!  
 Deck you with festal robes of scarlet dye  
 In honour of this day O gleaming torch,  
 Lead onward, that these gracious powers of earth  
 Henceforth be seen to bless the life of men

(ATHENA leads the procession downwards into the Cave of the  
 FURIES, now Eumenides, under the Areopagus as they  
 go, the escort of women and children chant aloud )

## CHANT

With loyalty we lead you, proudly go,  
 Night's childless children, to your home below  
 (*O citizens, awhile from words forbear!*)  
 To darkness' deep primeval lair,  
 Far in Earth's bosom, downward fare,  
 Adored with prayer and sacrifice  
 (*O citizens, forbear your cries!*)  
 Pass hitherward, ye powers of Dread,  
 With all your former wrath allayed,  
 Into the heart of this loved land,  
 With joy unto your temple wend,  
 The while upon your steps attend  
 The flames that feed upon the brand—  
 (*Now, now ring out your chant, your joy's acclaim!*)  
 Behind them, as they downward fare,  
 Let holy hands libations bear, —  
 And torches' sacred flame  
 All-seeing Zeus and Fate come down  
 To battle fair for Pallas' town!  
*Ring out your chant, ring out your joy's acclaim!*

NOTE FOR THE EUMENIDES

1 Apollo had agreed to spare the life of Admetus, the son of Pheres, provided that he could get someone to die in his stead. The legend is the subject of Euripides' *Alceste*.

THE PLAYS OF  
SOPHOCLES



# I AJAX

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

ATHENA

ODYSSEUS

AJAX

CHORUS OF SALAMINIANS

TECMESSA, *concubine of AJAX*

MESSENGER

TEUCLER, *half-brother of AJAX*

MENELAUS

AGAMEMNON

Mute Persons

EURYSACLS, *child of AJAX and TECMESSA*

*Attendants, Herald, etc*

## INTRODUCTION

SOPHOCLES' *Ajax*, probably the earliest of his extant plays, presents in dramatic form an episode derived from epic sources. The great Ajax, son of Telamon, figures in an important capacity in the *Iliad*, where he is consistently regarded as the most powerful Greek warrior after Achilles. The poet calls him the 'bulwark of the Achaeans,' and stresses frequently his physical and military prowess. This Homeric characterization has greatly influenced Sophocles in his portrayal of the hero. The particular events, however, which the dramatist treats in this play occurred in the interval between the periods covered by the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and consequently Sophocles must have relied upon material found in other poems of the epic cycle. The saga recorded that after the death of Achilles, there was a contest to determine which of the Greek heroes should inherit his arms. Ajax and Odysseus were the leading contenders and the award ultimately fell to the latter, according to the decision of the Greek leaders. Ajax, thinking that his honour had been stained, set out at night to murder Agamemnon and Menelaus, who he felt were responsible for his ill-treatment. Athena, angry at Ajax because he had previously exhibited excessive pride and now was planning to do a deed of violence, sent madness upon him. In his frenzy, he turned upon the flocks of the army, slaughtered some of the beasts and led others to his tent, thinking that he was actually killing and torturing the Greek leaders themselves. Sophocles' play opens on the morning after Ajax has committed his insane acts.

The *Ajax* contains several excellent characterizations. Odysseus is revealed as almost comically timorous in the opening scene, and yet he exhibits great magnanimity at the close of the play. Athena embodies a rather uncompromising interpretation of the gods' power and their jealous ordering of human affairs. Sophocles has endowed Teucer with the quality of superb and unbending loyalty, while he makes Menelaus and Agamemnon thoroughly unsympathetic. Tecmessa, Ajax's devoted concubine, remains one of the most appealing female characters in Greek tragedy. Yet all these persons are subordinated to the portrayal of Ajax, who dominates the action. He is studied with great care, precisely at the mo-



ment when he has recovered his reason, and gradually becomes aware of what he has done. Later in the play his very inner being is revealed in his long speech to the Chorus composed of his followers. He preserves a magnificent ambiguity, so that they are comforted, yet there can be no doubt that the peace he seeks is the peace of death. The poet puts the finishing touches upon his portrait in Ajax's final speech before his death, where he calls down curses upon his enemies, but implicit in his words, here and in the former speech, is the thought that death, evil though it be, is the only solution for him, the only way whereby he can assume the responsibility for what he has done.

Critics have argued that the remaining third of the play after Ajax's death, in which the question at issue is whether or not his body shall receive ritual burial, does not grow naturally out of what has preceded. In attempting to meet this criticism, we must not forget that great importance was attached to the funeral rites among the Greeks, who believed that only by proper burial would the soul after death be freed from an eternity of homeless wandering. That the Greeks were preoccupied with this question is attested by the frequency with which the theme appears in their dramas. For example, Sophocles has made it central in his *Antigone*. In the *Ajax*, though perhaps the play's total artistic integration may leave something to be desired, the last part basically coheres with the earlier sections of the play because only by proper burial can Ajax as a person be worthily rehabilitated according to the Greek view. The final scenes of the *Ajax* are therefore necessary, to save the play from ending on a note of complete despair, which is never characteristic of true tragedy.

## A J A X

(SCENE — *Before the tent of AJAX in the Greek camp at Troy It is dawn ODYSSEUS is discovered examining the ground before the tent ATHENA appears from above* )

ATHENA

SON of Laertes, ever do I behold thee  
Scheming to snatch some vantage o'er thy foes  
And now among the tents that guard the ships  
Of Ajax, camped at the army's outmost verge,  
Long have I watched thee hunting in his trail,  
And scanning his fresh prints, to learn if now  
*He be within or forth Skilled in the chase*  
Thou seemest, as a keen-nosed Spartan hound  
For the man but now has passed within, his face  
And slaughterous hands streaming with sweat and blood  
No further need for thee to peer about  
Inside these doors But say what eager quest  
Is thine, that I who know may give thee light

ODYSSEUS

Voice of Athena, dearest of Gods to me,  
How clearly, though thou be invisible,  
Do I hear thy call, and seize it with my soul,  
As when a bronze-mouthed Tyrrhene trumpet sounds!  
Rightly thou judgest that on a foe's trail,  
Broad-shielded Ajax, I range to and fro  
Him, and no other, I have long been tracking  
This very night against us he has wrought  
A deed incredible, if in truth 'tis he  
For we know nothing sure, but drift in doubt  
Gladly I assumed the burden of this task  
For not long since we found that our whole spoil  
Had been destroyed, both herds and flocks, slaughtered

By some man's hand, their guardians dead beside them  
Now 'tis on him that all men lay this guilt  
And a scout who had seen him swiftly bounding  
Across the plain alone with reeking sword,  
Informed me and bore witness I forthwith,  
Darting in hot chase, now pick out his tracks,  
But now, bewildered, know not whose they are  
Timely thou comest As in past days, so  
In days to come I am guided by thy hand

ATHENA

I know it, Odysseus so on the path betimes  
A sentinel friendly to thy chase I came

ODYSSEUS

Dear mistress, do I labour to good purpose?

ATHENA

Know 'twas by yonder man these deeds were wrought

ODYSSEUS

And why did he so brandish a frenzied hand?

ATHENA

In grievous wrath for Achilles' panoply

ODYSSEUS

Why then upon the flocks did he make this onslaught?

ATHENA

Your blood he deemed it was that stained his hand

ODYSSEUS

Was this outrage designed against the Greeks?

ATHENA

He had achieved it too, but for my vigilance

ODYSSEUS

What bold scheme could inspire such reckless daring?

ATHENA

By night he meant to steal on you alone

ODYSSEUS

Did he come near us? Did he reach his goal?

ATHENA

He stood already at the two chiefs' doors

ODYSSEUS

What then withheld his eager hand from bloodshed?

ATHENA

'Twas I restrained him, casting on his eyes  
O'ermastering notions of that baneful ecstasy,  
That turned his rage on flocks and mingled droves  
Of booty yet unshared, guarded by herdsmen  
Then plunging amid the thronging horns he slew,  
Smiting on all sides, and one while he fancied  
The Atreidae were the captives he was slaughtering,  
Now 'twas some other chief on whom he fell  
And I, while thus he raved in maniac throes,  
Urged him on, drove him into the baleful toils  
Thereafter, when he had wearied of such labours,  
He bound with thongs such oxen as yet lived,  
With all the sheep, and drove them to his tents,  
As though his spoil were men, not hornèd cattle  
Now lashed together in the hut he tortures them  
But to thee too will I expose this madness,  
That seeing thou mayst proclaim it to all the Greeks  
Boldly await him here, nor apprehend  
Mischance, for I will turn aside his eyes,  
Foiling his vision lest he see thy face

*(She calls to AJAX within the tent)*

Hearken, thou who art pinioning with cords  
The wrists of captives, hither, I bid thee, come  
Thou, Ajax, hear me come to thy tent's door

ODYSSEUS

What dost thou, Athena? Do not summon him forth

ATHENA

Abide in silence Earn not the name of coward

ODYSSEUS

Nay, by the Gods, let him remain within

ATHENA

What dost thou dread? Was he not once a man?

ODYSSEUS

Yes, and to me a foeman, and still is

ATHENA

To mock foes, is not that the sweetest mockery?

ODYSSEUS

I am content he should remain indoors

ATHENA

To look upon a madman art thou afraid?

ODYSSEUS

Had he been sane, no fear had made me shrink

ATHENA

Even now he shall not see thee, near as thou art

ODYSSEUS

How so, if still with the same eyes he sees?

ATHENA

His orbs will I make dark, though vision is theirs

ODYSSEUS

Well, all is possible, when 'tis a god contrives

ATHENA

Stand then silent, abiding as thou art

ODYSSEUS

Stay I must, yet I fain would be far hence

ATHENA

Ho, Ajax! Once again I summon thee  
So slight is thy regard for thine ally?

(AJAX appears in the tent door, with a blood-stained scourge in  
his hand)

AJAX

Oh hail, Athena! Hail thou Zeus-born maid!  
Nobly hast thou stood by me Now will I crown thee  
With trophies all of gold for this rich conquest

ATHENA

Thy words are welcome But now tell me this  
Hast thou dyed well thy sword in the Argive host?

AJAX

Such vaunt is mine I disclaim not that glory

ATHENA

Against the Atreidae didst thou arm thy hand?

AJAX

So that Ajax nevermore shall they insult

ATHENA

The men are dead, if rightly I take thy meaning

AJAX

Yes, dead Now let them rob me of my arms

ATHENA

'Tis well And what then of I aertes' son?  
In what plight does he stand? Or has he escaped thee?

AJAX

Wouldst thou know where is that accursèd fox?

ATHENA

Even so—Odysseus, thine old adversary

AJAX

Goddess, a most dear captive in my tent  
He sits I do not mean him to die yet

ATHENA

Till thou hast done what, gained what further vantage?

AJAX

Till bound fast to a pillar beneath my roof—

ATHENA

What evil wilt thou inflict on the poor wretch?

AJAX

His back the scourge must crimson ere he dies

ATHENA

Nay, do not torture so the wretched man

AJAX

Athena, in all else will I do thy will,  
But his shall be no other doom than this

## ATHENA

Thou then, since thy delight is to act thus,  
Smite, spare not, abate nought of thy intent

## AJAX

To my work I return and thus I charge thee,  
As now, so always fight thou upon my side  
(AJAX goes back into the tent)

## ATHENA

Seest thou, Odysseus, how great the strength of gods?  
Whom couldst thou find more prudent than this man,  
Or whom in act more valiant, when need called?

## ODYSSEUS

I know none nobler, and I pity him  
In his misery, albeit he is my foe,  
Since he is yoked fast to an evil doom  
My own lot I regard no less than his  
For I see well, nought else are we but mere  
Phantoms, all we that live, mere fleeting shadows

## ATHENA

Warned therefore by his fate, never do thou  
Thyself utter proud words against the gods,  
Nor swell with insolence, if thou shouldst vanquish  
Some rival by main strength or by wealth's power  
For a day can bring all mortal greatness low,  
And a day can lift it up But the gods love  
The wise of heart, the froward they abhor

(ATHENA vanishes and ODYSSEUS departs The CHORUS OF SALAMINIANS enters)

## CHORUS (singing)

Son of Telamon, lord of Salamis' isle,  
On its wave-washed throne mid the breaking sea,  
I rejoice when fair are thy fortunes  
But whene'er thou art smitten by the stroke of Zeus,  
Or the vehement blame of the fierce-tongued Greeks,  
Then sore am I grieved, and for fear I quake,  
As a fluttering dove with a scared eye  
Even so by rumour murmuring loud  
Of the night late-spent our ears are assailed  
'Tis a tale of shame, how thou on the plains

Where the steeds roam wild, didst ruin the Danaan  
 Flocks and herds,  
 Our spear-won booty as yet unshared,  
 With bright sword smiting and slaughtering }  
 Such now are the slanders Odysseus forges  
 And whispers abroad into all men's ears,  
 Winning easy belief so specious the tale  
 He is spreading against thee, and each new hearer  
 Rejoices more than he who told,  
 Exulting in thy degradation  
 For the shaft that is aimed at the noble of soul  
 Smites home without fail but whoe'er should accuse *me*  
 Of such misdeeds, no faith would he win  
 'Tis the stronger whom creeping jealousy strikes  
 Yet small men reft of help from the mighty  
 Can ill be trusted to guard their walls  
 Best prosper the lowly in league with the great,  
 And the great have need to be served by the less  
 But none to the knowledge of such plain truths  
 May lead minds witless and froward  
 Even such are the men who murmur against thee  
 And vainly without thine aid, O King,  
 We strive to repel their accusing hate 177-184  
 For whene'er they are safe from the scorn of thy glance,  
 They chatter and screech like bids in a flock  
 But smitten with dread of the powerful vulture,  
 Doubtless at once, should'st thou but appear,  
 They will cower down dumbly in silence

*strophe*

What at the Tauric Olympian Artemis,  
 (Oh, the dread rumour of woe,  
 Parent of my grievous shame! )  
 Who drove thee forth to slaughter the herds of the people,  
 In wrath perchance for some unpaid-for victory, ~~perhaps~~  
 Whether defrauded of glorious spoil, or offerings  
 Due for a stag that was slain?  
 Or did the bronze-clad Demon of battle, aggrieved  
 On him who scorned the might of his succouring spear,  
 Plot revenge by nightly deception?

*antistrophe*

Ne'er of itself had thy heart, son of Telamon,  
 Strayed into folly so far



As to murder flocks and herds  
 Escape from heaven-sent madness is none: yet Apollo  
 And Zeus avert these evil rumours of the Greeks  
 But should the story be false, these crafty slanders  
 Spread by the powerful kings,  
 And by the child of the infamous Sisyphid line,  
 No more, my master, thus in the tent by the sea  
 Hide thy countenance, earning an ill fame

Nay, but arise from thy seat, where'er so long wrapt in  
 Brooding pause from the battle thou hast lurked arise,  
 Heaven-high kindle the flame of death  
 But the insolence of thy foes boldly  
 Thus wanders abroad in the wind-swept glens  
 Meanwhile all men mocking  
 With venomous tongues taunt thee  
 But grief in my heart wanes not

(TECMESSA enters *The following lines between TECMESSA and  
 the CHORUS are chanted responsively*)

TECMESSA

Liegem<sup>en</sup> of Ajax, ship-companions,  
 Ye children of earth-sprung Erechthid race,  
 Lamentation is now our portion, to whom  
 Dear is the far-off house of Telamon,  
 Now that the stern and terrible Ajax  
 Lies whelmed by a storm  
 Of turbid wildering fury

CHORUS

To what evil change from the day's woe now  
 Has night given birth?  
 Thou daughter of Phrygian Teleutas, speak,  
 For a constant love has valiant Ajax  
 Borne thee, his spear-won prisoner bride  
 Then hide from us nought that thou knowest

TECMESSA

How to utter a tale of unspeakable things'  
 For disastrous as death is the hap you will hear  
 In the darkness of night madness has seized  
 Our glorious Ajax he is ruined and lost  
 Hereof in the tent may proof be seen,

Sword-slain victims in their own blood bathed,  
By his hand sacrificially slaughtered

## CHORUS

*strophe*

What tidings of the fiery warrior tellest thou,  
Not to be borne, nor yet to be disputed,  
Rumoured abroad by the chiefs of the Danaan host,  
Mightily still spreading and waxing!  
Woe's me! I dread the horror to come Yea, to a public death  
doomed  
Will he die, if in truth *his* be the hand that wielded  
The red sword that in frenzy hath slain the herds and mounted  
herdsmen

## TECMESSA

Ah me! Thence was it, thence that he came to me  
Leading his captive flock from the pastures!  
Thereof in the tent some did he slaughter,  
Others hewed he asunder with slashing sword,  
Then he caught up amain two white-footed rams,  
Sliced off from the one both the head and the tongue,  
And flings them away,  
But the other upright to a pillar he binds,  
Then seizing a heavy horse-harnessing thong  
He smites with the whistling doubled lash,  
Uttering fierce taunts which an evil fiend  
No mere mortal could have taught him  
*his*

## CHORUS

*antistrophe*

'Tis time that now each with shamefully muffled head  
Forth from the camp should creep with stealthy footsteps  
Nay, on the ship let us muster, and benched at the oars  
Over the waves launch her in swift flight  
Such angry threats sound in our ears hurled by the brother princes,  
The Atreidae and I quake, fearing a death by stoning,  
The dread portion of all who would share our hapless master's  
ruin

## TECMESSA

Yet hope we for ceased is the lightning's flash  
His rage dies down like a fierce south-wind  
But now, grown sane, new misery is his

For on woes self-wrought he gazes aghast,  
Wherein no hand but his own had share,  
And with anguish his soul is afflicted

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Nay, if 'tis ceased, there is good cause to hope  
Once 'tis past, of less moment is his frenzy

## TECMESSA

And which, were the choice thine, wouldst thou prefer,  
To afflict thy friends and feel delight thyself,  
Or to share sorrow, grieving with their grief?

## LEADER

The twofold woe, lady, would be the greater

## TECMESSA

Then we, though plagued no more, are undone now

## LEADER

What mean thy words? Their sense is dark to me

## TECMESSA

Yonder man, while his spirit was diseased,  
Himself had joy in his own evil plight,  
Though to us, who were sane, he brought distress  
But now, since he has respite from his plague,  
He with sore grief is utterly cast down,  
And we likewise, no less than heretofore  
Are there not here two woes instead of one?

## LEADER

Yes truly And I fear, from some god came /  
This stroke, how else? if, now his frenzy is ceased,  
His mind has no more ease than when it raged

## TECMESSA

'Tis even as I said, rest well assured

## LEADER

But how did this bane first alight upon him?  
To us who share thy grief show what befell

## TECMESSA

Thou shalt hear all, as though thou hadst been present  
In the middle of the night, when the evening braziers

No longer flared, he took a two-edged sword,  
And fain would sally upon an empty quest  
But I rebuked him, saying "What doest thou,  
Ajax? Why thus uncalled wouldst thou go forth?  
No messenger has summoned thee, no trumpet  
Roused thee. Nay, the whole camp is sleeping still."  
But curtly he replied in well-worn phrase  
"Woman, silence is the grace of woman."  
Thus schooled, I yielded, and he rushed out alone  
What passed outside the tent, I cannot tell  
But in he came, driving lashed together  
Bulls, and shepherd dogs, and fleecy prey  
Some he beheaded, the wrenched-back throats of some  
He slit, or cleft their chins, others he bound  
And tortured, as though men they were, not beasts  
Last, darting through the doors, as to some phantom  
He tossed words, now against the Atreidae, now  
Taunting Odysseus, piling up huge jeers  
Of how he had gone and wreaked his scorn upon them  
Soon he rushed back within the tent, where slowly  
And hardly to his reason he returned  
And gazing round on the room filled with havoc,  
He struck his head and cried out, then amidst  
The wrecks of slaughtered sheep a wreck he fell,  
And sat clutching his hair with tight-clenched nails  
There first for a long while he crouched speechless,  
Then did he threaten me with fearful threats,  
If I revealed not all that had befallen him,  
Asking what meant the plight wherein he lay  
And I, friends, terror-stricken, told him all  
That had been done, so far as I had knowledge  
Forthwith he broke forth into bitter wailing,  
Such as I ne'er had heard from him before  
For always had he held that such laments  
Befitted cowards only, and low-souled men  
But uttering no shrill cries, he would express  
His grief in low groans, as of a moaning bull  
But now prostrate beneath so great a woe,  
Not tasting food nor drink, he sits among  
The sword-slain beasts, motionless where he sank  
And plainly he meditates some baleful deed  
For so portend his words and lamentations  
But, O friends!—'twas for this cause I came forth—

Enter and help, if help at all you can  
For by friends' words men so bestead are won

## LEADER

Child of Teleutas, fearful are thy tidings,  
That our prince has been maddened by his griefs

AJAX (*within*)

Alas! Woe, woe!

## TECMESSA

Soon, I fear, worse will follow Heard you not?  
'Twas Ajax Oh, how dreadful was that cry

## AJAX

Alas! Woe, woe!

## LEADER

He seems either still frenzied, or else grieving  
For his past frenzies, now he sees their work

## AJAX

Alas! My son, my son!

## TECMESSA

Woe's me! Eurysaces, 'tis for thee he calls  
What can he purpose?—Where art thou?—Ah, woe!

## AJAX

Teucer, come!—Where is Teucer? Will he never  
Come back from cattle-raiding?—while I perish!

## LEADER

He seems in his right mind But open the doors  
Perhaps even the sight of me may sober him

(*She opens the doors of the tent AJAX is revealed sitting among  
the slain beasts*)

## TECMESSA

See, I have opened You may now behold  
What he has done, and in what plight he lies

AJAX (*chanting*)

Alas!

My shipmates and friends, you that alone to me  
Loyal and true remain, of all friends alone,

Behold how great a billow lately rising from the storm of blood  
Surging around engulphs me!

## LEADER

Ah me, too true, it seems, was thy report  
This sight reveals the work of no sane mind

AJAX (*chanting*)

Alas!  
My mates, skilled and tried in brave seamanship,  
Ye who embarking drove the wave-cleaving oar,  
In you, in you alone I see a help and refuge from despair  
Smite me, and spill my blood too

## LEADER

Keep silence from dread words, nor curing ill  
By ill, so swell the misery of this curse

AJAX (*chanting*)

Behold now the bold, the man stout of heart, ‘  
Who ne’er shrank in fight against foes—behold  
How I have spent my rage on beasts that feared no harm!  
Ah me the mockery! To what shame am I brought low!

## TECMESSA

Ajax, my master, I entreat thee, speak not so

AJAX (*chanting*)

Away hence, I command thee! Take thyself elsewhere  
Aia! Aia!

## LEADER

Oh, by the Gods, we pray thee, yield to wisdom’s voice

AJAX (*chanting*)

Oh, wretch that I was to allow  
Those cursèd foes to slip from my hands, and assaulting  
Hornèd kine and goodly flocks, madly to spill  
Their life in streams of dark blood!

## LEADER

Why still be afflicted, now the deed is done past cure?  
Never can these things be as though they had not been,

AJAX (*chanting*)

Thou all-spying knave, of all deeds of shame  
The prompt, easy tool, Odysseus the wise!

Villain, of all the camp the most foul and vile!  
 Huge laughter doubtless shakes thee now for sheer delight

## LEADER

As God appoints, so every man laughs or laments

AJAX (*chanting*)

Would I might meet him, crushed and broken though I be  
 Alas! Woe, woe!

## LEADER

Speak no proud words Seest thou not to what woe thou art sunk?

AJAX (*chanting*)

O Zeus, of my fathers the sire,  
 Might I but kill that hateful and crafty dissembler,  
 Yea, and those two brother kings, partners in pride,  
 Then last myself too perish!

## TECMESSA

If thus thou prayest, pray therewith for me, that I  
 Die with thee Why, when thou art dead, should I live on?

AJAX (*chanting*)

Alas!  
 Shadow that art my light!  
 Erebus, oh to me verily bright as day!  
 Receive, receive me your habitant  
 Receive me now no more worthy to seek help of the gods,  
 Nor any more from fellow mortal men to claim kindness  
 No, but she the strong  
 Zeus-born deity  
 Miserably tortures me  
 Whither should I then flee?  
 Whither seek for rest?  
 Since my former glory is gone, my friends,  
 With yonder victims, yonder spoils by frenzy won,  
 Since all the host with swords uplifted  
 Sternly would slay me

## TECMESSA

Ah, woe is me! from such a noble warrior  
 To hear such words as once he ne'er had deigned to speak!

AJAX (*chanting*)

Alas!

Billowy paths of foam,  
 Eddying caves, and ye coppices by the shore,  
 A weary, weary time tarrying here  
 Beneath the walls of Troy me have you kept, but from this hour  
 Alive you shall not keep me Truth I speak let none doubt it  
 O Scamander's wave,  
 Stream whose neighbouring flow  
 Oft have the Argives blest,  
 Never, nevermore  
 Me shall you behold,  
 ( Me (a proud word will I utter now)  
 Whose peer in battle Troy has never seen yet come  
 From Hellas' land but now dishonoured  
 Thus am I prostrate

## LEADER

In truth I know not how to restrain thy speech, nor yet  
 To suffer it, so grievous is thy couch of woe

## AJAX

Aiai! <sup>1</sup> Who ever would have thought my name  
 Would harmonise so aptly with my woes?  
 For now well may I wail that sound out twice,  
 Yea thrice, such woeful destinies are mine,  
 Whose father from this land of Ida won  
 Fame's noblest guerdon over the whole host,  
 And crowned with praises only sailed back home, <sup>2</sup>  
 But I, his son, who to the self-same Troy  
 Came after him, in might no less than he,  
 Nor rendering meaner service by my deeds,  
 Dishonoured by the Argives perish thus  
 Yet this methinks I know for truth, were now  
 Achilles living and called on to adjudge  
 As the award of valour his own arms,  
 No man's hand would have grasped them before mine  
 But now the Atreidae to a scheming knave  
 Have dealt them, thrusting by my valiant deeds  
 And if these eyes, these wits had not in frenzy  
 Swerved from my purpose, never would they thus  
 Pervert judgment against another man  
 But the irresistible fierce-eyed goddess, even



As I was arming my right hand to slay them,  
 Foiled me, smiting me with a maddening plague,  
 So that I stained my hand butchering these cattle  
 Thus my foes mock me, escaped beyond my reach,  
 Through no goodwill of mine but if a god  
 Thwart vengeance, even the base may escape the nobler  
 And what should I now do, who manifestly  
 To Heaven am hateful, whom the Greeks abhor,  
 Whom every Trojan hates, and this whole land?  
 Shall I desert the beached ships, and abandoning  
 The Atreidae, sail home o'er the Aegean sea?  
 With what face shall I appear before my father  
 Telamon? How will *he* find heart to look  
 On me, stripped of my championship in war,  
 That mighty crown of fame that once was *his*?  
 No, that I dare not Shall I then assault  
 Troy's fortress, and alone against them all  
 Achieve some glorious exploit and then die?  
 No, I might gratify the Atreidae thus  
 That must not be Some scheme let me devise  
 Which may prove to my aged sire that I,  
 His son, at least by nature am no coward  
 For 'tis base for a man to crave long life  
 Who endures never-varying misery  
 What joy can be in day that follows day,  
 Bringing us close then snatching us from death?  
 As of no worth would I esteem that man  
 Who warms himself with unsubstantial hopes  
 Nobly to live, or else nobly to die  
Befits proud birth There is no more to say

## LEADER

The word thou hast uttered, Ajax, none shall call  
 Bastard, but the true offspring of thy soul  
 Yet pause Let those who love thee overrule  
 Thy resolution Put such thoughts aside

## TECMESSA

O my lord Ajax, of all human ills  
 Greatest is fortune's wayward tyranny,  
 Of a free father was I born the child,  
 One rich and great as any Phrygian else  
 Now am I a slave, for so the gods, or rather

Thy warrior's hand, would have it Therefore since  
 I am thy bedfellow, I wish thee well,  
 And I entreat thee by domestic Zeus,  
 And by the embraces that have made me thine,  
 Doom me not to the cruel taunts of those  
 Who hate thee, left a bond-slave in strange hands  
 For shouldst thou perish and forsake me in death,  
 That very day assuredly I too  
 Shall be seized by the Argives, with thy son  
 To endure henceforth the portion of a slave  
 Then one of my new masters with barbed words  
 Shall wound me scoffing "See the concubine  
 Of Ajax, who was mightiest of the host,  
 What servile tasks are hers who lived so daintily!"  
 Thus will men speak, embittering my hard lot,  
 But words of shame for thee and for thy race  
 Nay, piety forbid thee to forsake  
 Thy father in his drear old age—thy mother  
 With her sad weight of years, who many a time  
 Prays to the gods that thou come home alive  
 And pity, O king, thy son, who without thee  
 To foster his youth, must live the orphaned ward  
 Of loveless guardians Think how great a sorrow  
 Dying thou wilt bequeath to him and me  
 For I have nothing left to look to more  
 Save thee By thy spear was my country ravaged,  
 And by another stroke did fate lay low  
 My mother and my sire to dwell with Hades  
 Without thee then what fatherland were mine?  
 What wealth? On thee alone rests all my hope  
 O take thought for me too Do we not owe  
 Remembrance, where we have met with any joy?  
 For kindness begets kindness evermore  
*But he who from whose mind fades the memory*  
 Of benefits, noble is he no more

LFADER

Ajax, would that thy soul would feel compassion,  
 As mine does, so wouldst thou approve her words

AJAX

Verily my approval shall she win,  
 If only she find heart to do my bidding

TECMESSA

Dear Ajax, in all things will I obey

AJAX

Then bring me here my son, for I would see him

TECMESSA

Nay, but I sent him from me in my fears

AJAX

During my late affliction, is that thy meaning?

TECMESSA

Lest by ill chance he should meet thee and so perish

AJAX

Yes, that would have been worthy of my fate

TECMESSA

That at least I was watchful to avert

AJAX

I praise thine act and the foresight thou hast shown

TECMESSA

Since that is so, what shall I do to serve thee?

AJAX

Let me speak to him and behold his face

TECMESSA

He is close by in the attendants' charge

AJAX

Why is his coming then so long delayed?

TECMESSA (*calling*)

My son, thy father calls thee—Bring him thither  
Whichever of you is guiding the child's steps

AJAX

Is the man coming? Has he heard thy call?

TECMESSA

See, he is here already with the child  
(*An attendant enters, leading the child, EURYSACES*)

## AJAX

Lift him up, lift him hither He will not shrink  
 In terror at sight of yonder new-spilt blood,  
 If he be rightly mine, his father's son  
 Early must he be broken to his sire's  
 Stern rugged code, and grow like-natured with him  
 O son, mayst thou prove happier than thy father,  
 In all else like him, and thou'lt prove not base  
 Yet even now might I envy thee herein,  
 That of these woes thou hast no sense at all  
 For the life that is unconscious is most sweet—  
 Until we learn what joy and sorrow are  
 But that once learnt, then midst thy father's foes  
 Thou must show what thou art, and of what breed  
 Till then be nurtured on soft airs, cherishing  
 Thy tender life, and be thy mother's joy  
 None of the Greeks, I know, will do thee wrong  
 With cruel outrage, even though I be gone <sup>Aw</sup>  
 So trusty a guardian will I leave thee, Teucer,  
 Who will not stint his loving care, though now  
 He is gone far away, in chase of foes  
 But you, my warriors, comrades in sea-faring,  
 On you too I impose this task of love,  
 And fail not to announce my will to Teucer,  
 That to my home he take the child and show him  
 To Telamon and my mother Eriboea,  
 That henceforth he may comfort their old age  
 And charge him that no game-steward make my arms  
 A prize for the Greeks—nor he who ruined me  
 But this take thou, my son Eurysaces,  
 Hold it and wield it by its firm-stitched thong,  
 This sevenfold spear-proof shield, whence comes thy name<sup>e</sup>  
 But else with me my arms shall be interred

(*Speaking now to TECMLSSA*)

Come, take the child hence quickly, and bolt the doors  
 And let there be no weeping and lamenting  
 Before the hut Women love tears too well  
 Close quickly It is not for a skilful leech  
 To drone charms o'er a wound that craves the knife

## LEADER

I am fearful, listening to this eager mood  
 The sharp edge of thy tongue, I like it not

TECMESSA

O my lord Ajax, what art thou purposing?

AJAX

Question me not To be discreet is best

TECMESSA

Ah me, heavy is my heart Now by thy child,  
By the gods, I entreat, forsake us not

AJAX

Vex me no further Know'st thou not that I  
To the gods owe no duty any more?

TECMESSA

Utter no proud words

AJAX

Speak to those who listen

TECMESSA

Wilt thou not heed?

AJAX

Too much thou hast spoken already

TECMESSA

Yes, through my fears, O long

AJAX

Close the doors quickly

TECMESSA

For the gods' love, relent

AJAX

'Tis a foolish hope,  
If thou shouldst now propose to school my mood

(*The doors are closed upon* AJAX *TECMESSA goes out with*  
EURYSACLES)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

O famed Salamis, thou amidst  
Breaking surges abidest ever  
Blissful, a joy to the eyes of all men  
But I the while long and wearily tarrying

Through countless months still encamped on the fields of Ida  
 In misery here have made my couch,  
 By time broken and worn,  
 In dread waiting the hour  
 When I shall enter at last the terrible shadow abode of Hades

*antistrophe 1*

Now dismays me a new despair,  
 This incurable frenzy (woe, ah  
 Woe's me!) cast by the gods on Ajax,  
 Whom thou of old sentest forth from thy shores, a strong  
 And valiant chief, but now, to his friends a sore grief,  
 Devouring his lonely heart he sits  
 His once glorious deeds  
 Are now fallen and scorned,  
 Fallen to death without love from the loveless and pitiless sons  
 of Atreus

*strophe 2*

His mother, 'tis most like, burdened with many days,  
 And whitened with old age, when she shall hear how frenzy  
 Has smitten his soul to ruin,  
 Ailnon! ailnon!  
 Will break forth her despair, not as the nightingale's  
 Plaintive, tender lament, no, but in passion's wailing  
 Shriek-toned cries, and with fierce strokes  
 Wildly smiting her bosom,  
 In grief's anguish her hands will rend her grey locks

*antistrophe 2*

Yea, better Hell should hide one who is sick in soul,  
 Though there be none than he sprung from a nobler lineage  
 Of the war-weary Greeks, yet  
 Strayed from his inbred mood  
 Now amidst alien thoughts dwells he a stranger  
 Hapless father! alas, bitter the tale that waits thee,  
 Thy son's grievous affliction  
 No life save his alone  
 Of Aeacid kings such a curse has ever haunted

(AJAX enters, carrying a sword. As he speaks, TFCMESSA also enters.)

## AJAX

All things the long and countless lapse of time  
 Brings forth, displays, then hides once more in gloom

Nought is too strange to look for, but the event  
 May mock the sternest oath, the firmest will  
 Thus I, who late so strong, so stubborn seemed  
 Like iron dipped, yet now grow soft with pity  
 Before this woman, whom I am loath to leave  
 Midst foes a widow with this orphaned child  
 But I will seek the meadows by the shore  
 There will I wash and purge these stains, if so  
 I may appease Athena's heavy wrath  
 Then will I find some lonely place, where I  
 May hide this sword, beyond all others cursed,  
 Buried where none may see it, deep in earth  
 May night and Hades keep it there below  
For from that hour my hand accepted it,<sup>1</sup>  
The gift of Hector, deadliest of my foes,  
 Nought from the Greeks towards me hath sped well  
 So now I find that ancient proverb true,  
 Foes' gifts are no gifts profit bring they none  
 Therefore henceforth I study to obey  
 The Gods, and reverence the sons of Atreus  
 Our rulers are they we must yield How else?  
 For to authority yield all things most dread  
 And mighty Thus must Winter's snowy feet  
 Give place to Summer with her wealth of fruits,  
 And from her weary round doth Night withdraw,  
 That Day's white steeds may kindle heaven with light  
 After fierce tempest calm will ever lull  
 The moaning sea, and Sleep, that masters all,  
 Binds life awhile, yet loosens soon the bond  
 And who am I that I should not learn wisdom?  
 Of all men I, whom proof hath taught of late  
 How so far only should we hate our foes  
 As though we soon might love them, and so far  
 Do a friend service, as to one most like  
 Some day to prove our foe, since oftenest men  
 In friendship but a faithless haven find  
 Thus well am I resolved (*To Tecmessa*) Thou woman, pass  
 Within, and pray the gods that all things so  
 May be accomplished as my heart desires  
 And you, friends, heed my wishes as she doth,  
 And when he comes, bid Teucer he must guard  
 My rights at need, and withal stand your friend  
 For now I go whither I needs must pass

Do as I bid Soon haply you shall hear,  
With me, for all this misery, 'tis most well

(AJAX *departs* TECMESSA *goes into the tent* )

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophic*

I thrill with rapture, flutter on wings of ecstasy  
Io, Io, Pan, Pan!  
O Pan, Pan! from the stony ridge,  
Snow-bestrewn of Cyllene's height  
Appear roving across the waters,  
O dance-ordering king of gods,  
That thou mayst join me in flinging free  
Fancy measures of Nysa and of Cnossus  
Yea for the dance I now am eager  
And over the far Icarian billows come, O king Apollo,  
From Delos in haste, come thou,  
Thy kindly power here in our midst revealing

*antistrophic*

Ares hath lifted horror and anguish from our eyes  
Io, Io! Now again,  
Now, O Zeus, can the bright and blithe  
Glory of happier days return  
To our swift-voyaging ships, for now  
Hath Ajax wholly forgot his grief,  
And all rites due to the gods he now  
Fain would meetly perform with loyal worship  
Mighty is time to dwindle all things  
Nought would I call too strange for belief, when Ajax thus be-  
yond hope  
Hath learnt to repent his proud feuds,  
And lay aside anger against the Atreidae

(A MESSENGER *enters* )

MESSENGER

My friends, these tidings I would tell you first  
Teucer is present, from the Mysian heights  
*But now returned, and in the central camp*  
By all the Greeks at once is being reviled  
As he drew near they knew him from afar,  
Then gathering around him one and all  
With taunts assailed him from this side and that,  
Calling him kinsman of that maniac,



That plotter against the host, saying that nought  
Should save him, stoned and mangled he must die  
And so they had come to such a pitch that swords  
Plucked from their sheaths stood naked in men's hands  
Yet when the strife ran highest, it was stayed  
By words from the elders and so reconciled  
But where is Ajax? I must speak with him  
He whom it most concerns must be told all

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

He is not within, but has just now gone forth  
With a new purpose yoked to a new mood

## MESSENGER

Alas! Alas!  
Then too late on this errand was I sped  
By him who sent me, or I have proved too slow

## LEADER

What urgent need has been neglected here?

## MESSENGER

Teucer forbade that Ajax should go forth  
Outside his hut, till he himself should come

## LEADER

Well, he is gone To wisest purpose now  
His mind is turned, to appease heaven's wrath

## MESSENGER

These words of thine are filled with utter folly,  
If there was truth in Calchas' prophecy

## LEADER

What prophecy? And what know you of this thing?

## MESSENGER

Thus much I know, for by chance I was present  
Leaving the circle of consulting chiefs  
Where sat the Atreidae, Calchas went aside,  
And with kind purpose grasping Teucer's hand  
Enjoined him that by every artifice  
He should restrain Ajax within his tents  
This whole day, and not leave him to himself,  
If he wished ever to behold him alive  
For on this day alone, such were his words,

Would the wrath of divine Athena vex him  
 For the overweening and unprofitable  
 Fall crushed by heaven-sent calamities  
 (So the seer spoke), whene'er one born a man  
 Has conceived thoughts too high for man's estate  
 And this man, when he first set forth from home,  
 Showed himself foolish, when his father spoke to him  
 Wisely "My son, seek victory by the spear,  
 But seek it always with the help of heaven "  
 Then boastfully and witlessly he answered  
 "Father, with heaven's help a mere man of nought  
 Might win victory but I, albeit without  
 Their aid, trust to achieve a victor's glory "  
 Such was his proud vaunt Then a second time  
 Answering divine Athena, when she urged him  
 To turn a slaughterous hand upon his foes,  
 He gave voice to this dire, blasphemous boast  
 ' Goddess, stand thou beside the other Greeks  
 Where I am stationed, no foe shall break through "  
 By such words and such thoughts too great for man  
 Did he provoke Athena's pitiless wrath  
 But if he lives through this one day, perchance,  
 Should heaven be willing, we may save him yet  
 So spoke the seer, and Teucer from his seat  
 No sooner risen, sent me with this mandate  
 For you to observe But if we have been forestalled,  
 That man lives not, or Calchas is no prophet

LEADER (*calling*)

Woful Tecmessa, woman born to sorrow,  
 Come forth and hear this man who tells of a peril  
 That grazes us too close for our mind's ease  
 (TECMESSA *enters from the tent*)

TECMESSA

Why alas do you break my rest again  
 After brief respite from relentless woes?

LEADER

Give hearing to this messenger, who brings  
 Tidings that grieve me of how Ajax fares

TECMESSA

Ah me, what sayest thou, man? Are we undone?

## MESSENGER

I know not of *thy* fortune, but for Ajax,  
If he be gone abroad, my mind misgives

## TECMESSA

Yes, he is gone I am racked to know thy meaning

## MESSENGER

Teucer commands you to keep him within doors,  
And not to let him leave his tent alone

## TECMESSA

And where is Teucer, and why speaks he thus?

## MESSENGER

He has but now returned, and he forebodes  
That this going-forth will prove fatal to Ajax

## TECMESSA

Woe's me, alas! From whom has he learned this?

## MESSENGER

From the seer, Thestor's son, this very day,  
Which is fraught either with his death or life

## TECMESSA

Ah me, my friends, avert this threatening doom!  
Speed some of you to hasten Teucer hither  
Others go search the bays, some west, some east,  
And track my lord's ill-omened going-forth  
Yes, now I know I have been deceived by him,  
And from his former favour quite cast out  
Alas, child, what shall I do? Sit still I must not  
But far as I have strength I too will go  
Let us start quickly 'tis no time for loitering,  
If we would save one who is in haste to die

## LEADER

I am ready, as not words alone shall prove,  
But speed of act and foot to make words good

(*The CHORUS, TECMESSA and MESSENGER go out The scene changes to a lonely place by the sea-shore Bushes and underbrush are in the background AJAX enters alone*)

## AJAX

The slayer stands so that his edge may cleave  
Most surely (if there be leisure for such thought),  
Being the gift of Hector, of all friends  
Most unloved, and most hateful to my sight  
Then it is planted in Troy's hostile soil,  
New-sharpened on the iron-biting whet  
And heedfully have I planted it, that so  
With a swift death it prove to me most kind  
Thus have I made all ready Next be thou  
The first, O Zeus, to aid me, as is right  
It is no mighty boon that I shall crave  
Send some announcer of the evil news  
To Teucer, that he first may lift me up,  
When I have fallen upon this rcking sword,  
Lest ere he come some enemy should espy me  
And cast me forth to dogs and birds a prey  
This, O Zeus, I entreat thee, and likewise call  
On Hermes, guide to the underworld, to lay me  
Asleep without a struggle, at one swift bound,  
When I have thrust my heart through with this sword  
Next I call on those maidens ever-living  
And ever watchful of all human miseries,  
The dread swift-striding Erinyes, that they mark  
How by the Atreidae I have been destroyed  
And these vile men by a vile doom utterly  
May they cut off, even as they see me here  
Come, O ye swift avenging Erinyes,  
Spare not, touch with affliction the whole host  
And thou, whose chariot mounts up the steep sky,  
Thou Sun, when on the land where I was born  
Thou shalt look down, check thy gold-spangled rein,  
And announce my disasters and my doom  
To my aged sire and her who nurtured me  
She, woful woman, when she hears these tidings  
Will wail out a loud dirge through all the town  
But I waste labour with this idle moan  
The act must now be done, and that with speed  
O Death, Death, come now and look upon me —  
No, 'tis there I shall meet and speak to thee  
But thee, bright daylight which I now behold  
And Helios in his chariot I accost  
For this last time of all, and then no more

O sunlight! O thou hallowed soil, my own  
 Salamis, established seat of my sire's hearth,  
 And famous Athens, with thy kindred race,  
 And you, ye springs and streams, and Trojan plains,  
 Farewell, all ye who have sustained my life  
 This is the last word Ajax speaks to you  
 All else in Hades to the dead will I say  
 (*He falls on his sword His body lies partially concealed by the*  
*underbrush SEMI-CHORUS 1 enters*)

SEMI-CHORUS 1 (*chanting*)

'Tis toil on toil, and toil again  
 Where! where!  
 Where have not my footsteps been?  
 And still no place reveals the secret of my search  
 But hark!  
 There again I hear a sound

(SEMI-CHORUS 2 enters)

SEMI-CHORUS 2 (*chanting*)

'Tis we, the ship-companions of your voyage

SEMI-CHORUS 1 (*chanting*)

Well how now?

SEMI-CHORUS 2 (*chanting*)

We have searched the whole coast westward from the ship

SEMI-CHORUS 1 (*chanting*)

You have found nought?

SEMI-CHORUS 2 (*chanting*)

A deal of toil, but nothing more to see

SEMI-CHORUS 1 (*chanting*)

Neither has he been found along the path  
 That leads from the eastern glances of the sun

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe*

From whom, oh from whom? what hard son of the waves,  
 Plying his weary task without thought of sleep,  
 Or what Olympian nymph of hill or stream that flows  
 Down to the Bosphorus' shore,  
 Might I have tidings of my lord  
 Wandering somewhere seen

Fierce of mood? Grievous it is  
When I have toiled so long, and ranged far and wide  
Thus to fail, thus to have sought in vain  
Still the afflicted hero nowhere may I find

(TECMESSA *enters and discovers the body*)

TECMESSA

Alas, woe, woe!

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Whose cry was it that broke from yonder copse?

TECMESSA

Alas, woe is me!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

It is the hapless spear-won bride I see,  
Tecmessa, steeped in that wail's agony

TECMESSA

I am lost, destroyed, made desolate, my friends

LEADER

What is it? Speak

TECMESSA

Ajax, our master, newly slaughtered lies  
Yonder, a hidden sword sheathed in his body

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Woe for my lost hopes of home!  
Woe's me, thou hast slain me, my king,  
Me thy shipmate, hapless man!  
Woful-souled woman too!

TECMESSA

Since thus it is with him, 'tis mine to wail

LEADER

By whose hand has he wrought this luckless deed?

TECMESSA

By his own hand, 'tis evident This sword  
Whereon he fell, planted in earth, convicts him

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Woe for my blind folly! Lone in thy blood thou liest, from friends'  
help afar

And I the wholly witless, the all unwary,  
Forbore to watch thee Where, where  
Lieth the fatally named, intractable Ajax?

## TECMESSA

None must behold him I will shroud him wholly  
In this enfolding mantle, for no man  
Who loved him could endure to see him thus  
Through nostrils and through red gash spouting up  
The darkened blood from his self-stricken wound  
Ah me, what shall I do? What friend shall lift thee?  
Where is Teucer? Timely indeed would he now come,  
To compose duly his slain brother's corpse  
O hapless Ajax, who wast once so great,  
Now even thy foes might dare to mourn thy fall

CHORUS (*chanting*)*antistrophe*

'Twas fate's will, alas, twas fate then for thou  
Stubborn of soul at length to work out a dark  
Doom of ineffable miseries Such the dire  
Fury of passionate hate  
I heard thee utter fierce of mood  
Railing at Atreus' sons  
Night by night, day by day  
Verily then it was the sequence of woes  
First began, when as the prize of worth  
Fatally was proclaimed the golden panoply

## TECMESSA

Alas, woe, woe!

CHORUS (*chanting*)

A loyal grief pierces thy heart, I know

## TECMESSA

Alas, woe, woe!

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Woman, I marvel not that thou shouldst wail  
And wail again, reft of a friend so dear

## TECMESSA

'Tis thine to surmise, mine to feel, too surely

CHORUS (*chanting*)

'Tis even so

## TECMESSA

Ah, my child, to what bondage are we come,  
Seeing what cruel taskmasters will be ours

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Ah me, at what dost thou hint?  
What ruthless, unspeakable wrong  
From the Atreidae fearest thou?  
But may heaven avert that woe!

## TECMESSA

Ne'er had it come to this save by heaven's will

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Yes, too great to be borne this heaven-sent burden

## TECMESSA

Yet such the woe which the dread child of Zeus,  
Pallas, has gendered for Odysseus' sake

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Doubtless the much-enduring hero in his dark spy's soul exults  
mockingly,  
And laughs with mighty laughter at these agonies  
Of a frenzied spirit Shame! Shame!  
Sharers in glee at the tale are the royal Atreidae

## TECMESSA

Well, let them mock and glory in his ruin  
Perchance, though while he lived they wished not for him,  
They yet shall wail him dead, when the spear fails them  
Men of ill judgment oft ignore the good  
That lies within their hands, till they have lost it  
More to their grief he died than to their joy,  
And to his own content All his desire  
He now has won, that death for which he longed  
Why then should they deride him? 'Tis the gods  
Must answer for his death, not these men, no  
Then let Odysseus mock him with empty taunts  
Ajax is no more with them, but has gone,  
Leaving to me despair and lamentation



TEUCER (*from without*)

Alas, woe, woe!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Keep silence! Is it Teucer's voice I hear

Lifting a dirge over this tragic sight?

(TEUCER *enters*)

TEUCER

O brother Ajax, to mine eyes most dear,  
Can it be thou hast fared as rumour tells?

LEADER

Yes, he is dead, Teucer of that be sure

TEUCER

Alas, how then can I endure my fate!

LEADER

Since thus it is

TEUCER

O wretched, wretched me!

LEADER

Thou hast cause to moan

TEUCER

O swift and cruel woe!

LEADER

Too cruel, Teucer!

TEUCER

Woe is me! But say—

His child—where shall I find him? Tell me where

LEADER

Alone within the tent

TEUCER (*to TECMESSA*)

Then with all speed

Go, bring him thither, lest some foe should snatch him

Like a whelp from a lioness bereaved

Away! See it done quickly! All men are wont

To insult over the dead, once they lie low

(TECMESSA *departs*)

## LEADER

Yes, Teucer, while he lived, did he not charge thee  
To guard his son from harm, as now thou dost?

## TEUCER

O sight most grievous to me of all sights  
That ever I have looked on with my eyes!  
And hatefullest of all paths to my soul  
This path that now has led me to thy side,  
O dearest Ajax, when I heard thy fate,  
While seeking thee I tracked thy footsteps out  
For a swift rumour, as from some god, ran  
Through the Greek host that thou wast dead and gone  
While yet far off I heard it, and groaned deep  
In anguish, now I see, and my life dies  
Ay me!

Uncover Let me behold woe's very worst

*(The cover is lifted from the body)*

O ghastly sight! victim of ruthless courage!  
What miseries hast thou dying sown for me!  
Whither, among what people, shall I go,  
Who in thy troubles failed to give thee succour?  
Oh doubtless Telamon, thy sire and mine,  
With kind and gracious face is like to greet me,  
Returned without thee how else?—he who is wont  
Even at good news to smile none the sweeter  
What will he keep back? What taunt not hurl forth  
Against the bastard of a spear-won slave,  
Him who through craven cowardice betrayed  
Thee, beloved Ajax—or by guile, that so  
I might inherit thy kingdom and thy house  
So will he speak, a passionate man, grown peevish  
In old age, quick to wrath without a cause  
Then shall I be cast off, a banished man,  
Proclaimed no more a freeman but a slave  
Such is the home that waits me, while at Troy  
My foes are many, my well-wishers few  
All this will be my portion through thy death  
Ah me, what shall I do? How draw thee, brother,  
From this fell sword, on whose bright murderous point  
Thou hast breathed out thy soul? See how at last  
Hector, though dead, was fated to destroy thee!  
Consider, I pray, the doom of these two men

Hector, with that same girdle Ajax gave him  
Was lashed fast to Achilles' chariot rail  
And mangled till he had gasped forth his life  
And 'twas from him that Ajax had this gift,  
The blade by which he perished and lies dead  
Was it not some Erinyes forged this sword,  
And Hades the grim craftsman wrought that girdle?  
I at least would maintain that the gods plan  
These things and all things ever for mankind  
But whosoever's judgment likes not this,  
Let him uphold his doctrine as I mine

## LEADER

Speak no more, but take counsel how to inter  
Our dear lord, and what now it were best to say  
For 'tis a foe I see Perchance he comes  
To mock our misery, villain that he is

## TEUCER

What chieftain of the host do you behold?

## LEADER

Menelaus, for whose sake we voyaged hither

## TEUCER

'Tis he I know him well, now he is near

(MENELAUS enters with his retinue)

## MENELAUS

You, Sir, I warn you, raise not yonder corpse  
For burial, but leave it as it lies

## TEUCER

For what cause do you waste such swelling words?

## MENELAUS

'Tis *my* will, and *his* will who rules the host

## TEUCER

Let us know then what pretext you allege

## MENELAUS

We hoped that we had brought this man from home  
To be a friend and champion for the Greeks  
But a worse than Phrygian foe on trial we found him  
Devising death for the whole host, by night

He sallied forth against us, armed for slaughter  
And had not some god baffled this exploit,  
Ours would have been the lot which now is his  
While we lay slain by a most shameful doom,  
He would have still been living But his outrage,  
Foiled by a god, has fallen on sheep and herds  
Wherefore there lives no man so powerful  
That he shall lay this corpse beneath a tomb,  
But cast forth somewhere upon the yellow sands  
It shall become food for the sea-shore birds  
Then lift not up your voice in threatening fury  
If while he lived we could not master him,  
Yet in death will we rule him, in your despite,  
Guiding him with our hands, since in his life  
At no time would he hearken to my words  
Yet 'tis a sign of wickedness, when a subject  
Deigns not to obey those placed in power above him  
For never can the laws be prosperously  
Stablished in cities where awe is not found,  
Nor may a camp be providently ruled  
Without the shield of dread and reverence  
Yea, though a man be grown to mighty bulk,  
Let him look lest some slight mischance o'erthrow him  
He with whom awe and reverence abide,  
Doubt not, will flourish in security  
But where outrage and licence are not checked,  
Be sure that state, though sped by prosperous winds,  
Some day at last will founder in deep seas  
Yes, fear should be established in due season  
Dream not that we can act as we desire,  
Yet avoid payment of the price in pain  
Well, fortune goes by turns This man was fiery  
And insolent once 'tis mine now to exult  
I charge thee, bury him not, lest by that act  
Thou thyself shouldst be digging thine own grave

## LEADER

Menelaus, do not first lay down wise precepts,  
Then thyself offer outrage to the dead

TEUCER (*to the CHORUS*)

Never, friends, shall I marvel any more,  
If one of low birth acts injuriously,

When they who are accounted nobly born  
Can utter such injurious calumnies

(To MENELAUS)

Come, once more speak You say you *brought* him hither?  
*Took* him to be a champion of the Greeks?  
Did he not sail as his own master, freely?  
How are *you* his chieftain? How have *you* the right  
To lord it o'er the folk he brought from home?  
As Sparta's lord you came, not as *our* master  
In no way was it your prerogative  
To rule him, any more than he could you  
As vassal of others you sailed hither, not  
As captain of us all, still less of Ajax  
Go, rule those whom you *may* rule chastise *them*  
With proud words But this man, though you forbid me,  
Aye, and your fellow-captain, by just right  
Will I lay in his grave, scorning your threats  
It was not for the sake of your lost wife  
He came to Troy, like your toil-broken serfs,  
But for the sake of oaths that he had sworn,  
Not for yours What cared *he* for nobodies?  
Then come again and bring more heralds hither,  
And the captain of the host For such as you  
I would not turn my head, for all your bluster

LEADER

Such speech I like not, either, in peril's midst  
For harsh words rankle, be they ne'er so just

MENELAUS

This bowman, it seems, has pride enough to spare

TEUCER

Yes, 'tis no mean craft I have made my own

MENELAUS

How big would be your boasts, had you a shield!

TEUCER

Shieldless, I would outmatch you panoplied

MENELAUS

How terrible a courage dwells within your tongue!

TEUCER

He may be bold of heart whose side right favours

MENELAUS

Is it right that my assassin should be honoured?

TEUCER

Assassin? How strange, if, though slain, you live!

MENELAUS

Heaven saved me I was slain in his intent

TEUCER

Do not dishonour then the gods who saved you

MENELAUS

What, I rebel against the laws of heaven?

TEUCER

Yes, if you come to rob the dead of burial

MENELAUS

My own foes! How could I endure such wrong?

TEUCER

Did Ajax ever confront you as your foe?

MENELAUS

He loathed me, and I him, as well you know

TEUCER

Because to defraud him you intrigued for votes

MENELAUS

It was the judges cast him, and not I

TEUCER

Much secret villainy you could make seem fair

MENELAUS

That saying will bring someone into trouble

TEUCER

Not greater trouble than we mean to inflict

MENELAUS

My one last word this man must not have burial.

## TEUCER

Then hear my answer burial he shall have

## MENELAUS

Once did I see a fellow bold of tongue,  
Who had urged a crew to sail in time of storm,  
Yet no voice had you found in him, when winds  
Began to blow, but hidden beneath his cloak  
The mariners might trample on him at will  
And so with you and your fierce raileries,  
Perchance a great storm, though from a little cloud  
Its breath proceed, shall quench your blatant outcry

## TEUCER

And I once saw a fellow filled with folly,  
Who gloried scornfully in his neighbour's woes  
So it came to pass that someone like myself,  
And of like mood, beholding him spoke thus  
"Man, act not wickedly towards the dead,  
Or, if thou dost, be sure that thou wilt rue it"  
Thus did he monish that infatuate man  
And lo! yonder I see him, and as I think,  
He is none else but thou Do I speak riddles?

## MENELAUS

I go It were disgrace should any know  
I had fallen to chiding where I might chastise

## TEUCER

Begone then For to me 'twere worst disgrace  
That I should listen to a fool's idle blustering  
(MENELAUS and his retinue depart)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Soon mighty and fell will the strife be begun  
But speedily now, Teucer, I pray thee,  
Seek some fit place for his hollow grave,  
Which men's memories evermore shall praise,  
As he lies there mouldering at rest

(TEUCRESSA enters with EURYSACES)

## TEUCER

Look yonder, where the child and wife of Ajax  
Are hastening hither in good time to tend  
The funeral rites of his unhappy corpse

My child, come hither Stand near and lay thy hand  
 As a suppliant on thy father who begat thee  
 And kneel imploringly with locks of hair  
 Held in thy hand—mine, and hers, and last thine—  
 The suppliant's treasure But if any Greek  
 By violence should tear thee from this corpse,  
 For that crime from the land may he be cast  
 Unburied, and his whole race from the root  
 Cut off, even as I sever this lock  
 There, take it, boy, and keep it Let none seek  
 To move thee, but still kneel there and cling fast  
 And you, like men, no women, by his side  
 Stand and defend him till I come again,  
 When I have dug his grave, though all forbid  
 (TEUCER goes out)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

When will this agony draw to a close?  
 When will it cease, the last of our years of exile?  
 Years that bring me labour accurst of hurdling spears,  
 Woe that hath no respite or end,  
 But wide-spread over the plains of Troy  
 Works sorrow and shame for Hellas' sons

*antistrophe 1*

Would he had vanished away from the earth,  
 Rapt to the skies, or sunk to devouring Hades,  
 He who first revealed to the Greeks the use of arms  
 Leagued in fierce confederate war!  
 Ah, toils eternally breeding toils!  
 Yea, he was the fiend who wrought man's ruin

*strophe 2*

The wretch accurst, what were his gifts?  
 Neither the glad, festival wreath,  
 Nor the divine, mirth-giving wine-cup,  
 No music of flutes, soothing and sweet  
 Slumber by night, blissful and calm,  
 None he bequeathed us  
 And love's joys, alas! love did he banish from me  
 Here couching alone neglected,  
 With hair by unceasing dews drenched evermore, we curse  
 Thy shores, O cruel Ilium



Erewhile against terror by night,  
Javelin or sword, firm was our trust:  
He was our shield, valiant Ajax  
But now a malign demon of fate  
Claims him. Alas! When, when again  
Shall joy befall me?  
Oh once more to stand, where on the wooded headland  
The ocean is breaking, under  
The shadow of Sunium's height, thence could I greet from far  
The divine city of Athens

(TEUCER enters, followed by AGAMEMNON and his retinue)

## TEUCER

In haste I come, for the captain of the host,  
Agamemnon, I have seen hurrying hither  
To a perverse tongue now will he give rein

## AGAMEMNON

Is it you, they tell me, have dared to stretch your lips  
In savage raillery against us, unpunished?  
'Tis you I mean, the captive woman's son  
Verily of well-born mother had you been bred,  
Superb had been your boasts and high your strut,  
Since you, being nought, have championed one who is nought,  
Vowing that no authority is ours  
By sea or land to rule the Greeks or you  
Are not these monstrous taunts to hear from slaves?  
What was this man whose praise you vaunt so loudly?  
Whither went he, or where stood he, where I was not?  
Among the Greeks are there no men but he?  
In evil hour, it seems, did we proclaim  
The contest for Achilles' panoply,  
If come what may Teucer is to call us knaves,  
And if you never will consent, though worsted,  
To accept the award that seemed just to most judges,  
But either must keep pelting us with foul words,  
Or stab us craftily in your rage at losing  
Where such discords are customary, never  
Could any law be established and maintained,  
If we should thrust the rightful winners by,  
And bring the rearmost to the foremost place  
But such wrong must be checked. 'Tis not the big

Broad-shouldered men on whom we most rely,  
 No, 'tis the wise who are masters everywhere  
 An ox, however large of rib, may yet  
 Be kept straight on the road by a little whip  
 And this corrective, I perceive, will soon  
 Descend on you, unless you acquire some wisdom,  
 Who, though this man is dead, a mere shade now,  
 Can wag your insolent lips so freely and boldly  
 Come to your senses think what you are by birth  
 Bring hither someone else, a man born free,  
 Who in your stead may plead your cause before us  
 For when *you* speak, the sense escapes me quite  
 I comprehend not your barbarian tongue

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Would that you both might learn wisdom and temperance  
 There is no better counsel I can give you

## TEUCER

Alas! how soon gratitude to the dead  
 Proves treacherous and vanishes from men's minds,  
 If for thee, Ajax, this man has no more  
 The least word of remembrance, he for whom oft  
 Toiling in battle thou didst risk thy life  
 But all that is forgotten and flung aside  
 Thou who but now wast uttering so much folly,  
 Hast thou no memory left, how in that hour  
 When, pent within your lines, you were already  
 No more than men of nought, routed in battle,  
 He alone stood forth to save you, while the flames  
 Were blazing round the stern-decks of the ships  
 Already, and while Hector, leaping high  
 Across the trench, charged down upon the hulls?  
 Who checked this ruin? Was it not he, who nowhere  
 So much as stood beside thee, so thou sayest?  
 Would you deny he acted nobly there?  
 Or when again chosen by lot, unbidden,  
 Alone in single combat he met Hector?  
 For no runaway's lot did he cast in,  
 No lump of clammy earth, but such that fust  
 It should leap lightly from the crested helm?  
 His were these exploits, and beside him stood  
 I, the slave, the barbarian mother's son

Wretch, with what face can you fling forth such taunts?  
Know you not that of old your father's father  
Was Pelops, a barbarian, and a Phrygian?  
That your sire Atreus set before his brother  
A feast most impious of his own children's flesh?  
And from a Cretan mother you were born,<sup>4</sup>  
Whom when her father found her with a paramour,  
He doomed her for dumb fishes to devour  
Being such, do you reproach *me* with my lineage?  
Telamon is the father who begat me,  
Who, as the foremost champion of the Greeks,  
Won as his bride my mother, a princess  
By birth, Laomedon's daughter a chosen spoil  
She had been given him by Alcmena's son  
Thus of two noble parents nobly born,  
How should I shame one of my blood, whom now,  
Laid low by such calamity, you would thrust  
Unburied forth, and feel no shame to say it?  
But of this be sure wheresoever you may cast him,  
Us three also with him will you cast forth  
For it beseems me in his cause to die  
In sight of all, rather than for the sake  
Of your wife—or your brother's should I say?  
Look then not to my interest, but your own  
For if you assail me, you shall soon wish rather  
To have been a coward than too bold against *me*  
(*ODYSSEUS enters*)

## LEADER

In good time, King Odysseus, hast thou come,  
If 'tis thy purpose not to embroil but reconcile

## ODYSSEUS

What is it, friends? Far off I heard high words  
From the Atreidae over this hero's corpse

## AGAMEMNON

Royal Odysseus, but now from this man  
We have been listening to most shameful taunts

## ODYSSEUS

How shameful? I could find excuse for one  
Who, when reviled, retorts with bitter words

AGAMEMNON

Yes, I repaid his vile deeds with reviling

ODYSSEUS

What has he done thee whereby thou art wronged?

AGAMEMNON

He says he will not leave yon corpse unhonoured  
By sepulture, but will bury it in my spite

ODYSSEUS

May now a friend speak out the truth, yet still  
As ever ply his oar in stroke with thine?

AGAMEMNON

Speak I should be witless else, for thee  
Of all the Greeks I count the greatest friend

ODYSSEUS

Then listen For the gods' sake venture not  
Thus ruthlessly to cast forth this man unburied  
And in no wise let violence compel thee  
To such deep hate that thou shouldst tread down justice  
Once for me too this man was my worst foe,  
From that hour when I won Achilles' arms,  
Yet, though he was such towards me, I would not so  
Repay him with dishonour as to deny  
That of all Greeks who came to Troy, no hero  
So valiant save Achilles have I seen  
So it is not just thou shouldst dishonour him  
Not him wouldst thou be wronging but the laws  
Of heaven It is not righteousness to outrage  
A brave man dead, not even though thou hate him

AGAMEMNON

Thou, Odysseus, champion *him* thus against *me*?

ODYSSEUS

Yes, but I hated him while hate was honourable

AGAMEMNON

Shouldst thou not also trample on him when dead?

ODYSSEUS

Atreides, glory not in dishonouring triumphs

AGAMEMNON

'Tis hard for a king to act with piety

ODYSSEUS

Yet not hard to respect a friend's wise counsel

AGAMEMNON

A good man should obey those who bear rule

ODYSSEUS

Relent 'Tis no defeat to yield to friends

AGAMEMNON

Reflect who it is to whom thou dost this grace

ODYSSEUS

This man was once my foe, yet was he noble

AGAMEMNON

Can it be thou wilt reverence a dead foe?

ODYSSEUS

His worth with me far outweighs enmity

AGAMEMNON

Unstable of impulse are such men as thou

ODYSSEUS

Many are friends now and hereafter foes

AGAMEMNON

Do you then praise such friends as worth the winning?

ODYSSEUS

I am not wont to praise a stubborn soul

AGAMEMNON

Cowards you would have us show ourselves this day

ODYSSEUS

Not so, but just men before all the Greeks

AGAMEMNON

You bid me then permit these funeral rites?

ODYSSEUS

Even so for I myself shall come to this

## AGAMEMNON

Alike in all things each works for himself

## ODYSSEUS

And for whom should I work, if not myself?

## AGAMEMNON

Let it be known then as your doing, not mine

## ODYSSEUS

So be it At least you will have acted nobly

## AGAMEMNON

Nay, but of this be certain, that to thee

Willingly would I grant a greater boon

Yet he, in that world as in this, shall be

Most hateful to me But act as you deem fit

(AGAMEMNON *and his retinue go out*)

## LEADER

After such proof, Odysseus, a fool only

Could say that inborn wisdom was not thine

## ODYSSEUS

Let Teucer know that I shall be henceforth

His friend, no less than I was once his foe

And I will join in burying this dead man,

And share in all due rites, omitting none

Which mortal men to noblest heroes owe

## TEUCER

Noble Odysseus, for thy words I praise thee

Without stint Wholly hast thou belied my fears

Thou, his worst foe among the Greeks, hast yet

Alone stood by him staunchly, nor thought fit

To glory and exult over the dead,

Like that chief crazed with arrogance, who came,

He and his brother, hoping to cast forth

The dead man shamefully without burial

May therefore the supreme Olympian Father,

The remembering Fury and fulfilling Justice

Destroy these vile men vilely, even as they

Sought to cast forth this hero unjustly outraged

But pardon me, thou son of old Laertes,

That I must scruple to allow thine aid

In these rites, lest I so displease the dead  
In all else share our toil, and wouldst thou bring  
Any man from the host, we grudge thee not  
What else remains, I will provide And know  
That thou towards us hast acted generously

## ODYSSEUS

It was my wish But if my help herein  
Pleases you not, so be it, I depart

(*ODYSSEUS goes out*)

## TEUCER

'Tis enough Too long is the time we have wasted  
In talk Haste some with spades to the grave  
Speedily hollow it Some set the cauldron  
On high amid wreathing flames ready filled  
For pious ablution  
Then a third band go, fetch forth from the tent  
All the armour he once wore under his shield  
Thou too, child, lovingly lay thy hand  
On thy father's corpse, and with all thy strength  
Help me to lift him for the dark blood-tide  
Still upward is streaming warm through the arteries  
All then who openly now would appear  
Friends to the dead, come, hasten forwards  
To our valiant lord this labour is due  
We have served none nobler among men

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Unto him who has seen many manifold knowledge  
Come but before he sees, no man  
May divine what destiny awaits him

## NOTES FOR AJAX

<sup>1</sup> For a general treatment of the various critical problems of the play, the readers may be referred to the introduction in R. C. Jebb's edition.

R. C. Trevelyan, in the original printing of his translation, points out that in his version he has so rendered all the choral passages that they can be used with music written for the original Greek text. It might also be noted that Trevelyan's form of the name *Aias* has in the present version been changed to Ajax throughout.

1. Ajax is alluding to the fact that his cry of lamentation, *aiaa*, closely accords with the letters of his name, *Aias*, as it is spelled in the Greek.

2. These lines refer to the former war at Troy in which Heracles and Telamon, the father of Ajax, participated.

3. The incident is recorded in Book VII of the *Iliad*, lines 303 ff. where Hector exchanged his sword for Ajax's belt, "bright with purple."

4. Aerope, wife of Atreus and mother of Agamemnon, was the daughter of Catreus, King of Crete, according to the version of the legend which Sophocles is following here.





✓  
II

OEDIPUS THE KING

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

OEDIPUS, *King of Thebes*

PRIEST OF ZEUS

CREON, *brother of JOCASTA*

TEIRESIAS, *the blind prophet*

JOCASTA

FIRST MESSENGER, *a shepherd from Corinth*

A SHEPHERD, *formerly in the service of LAIUS*

SECOND MESSENGER, *from the house*

CHORUS OF THEBAN ELDERS

### Mute Persons

*A train of Suppliants (old men, youths, and children)*

*The children ANTIGONE and ISMENE, daughters of  
OEDIPUS and JOCASTA*

## OEDIPUS THE KING

(SCENE —*Before the royal palace of Oedipus at Thebes In front of the large central doors there is an altar, a smaller altar stands also near each of the two side-doors Suppliants—old men, youths, and young children—are seated on the steps of the altars They are dressed in white tunics and cloaks,—their hair bound with white fillets On the altars they have laid down olive-branches wreathed with fillets of wool The PRIEST OF ZEUS, a venerable man, is alone standing, facing the central doors of the palace These are now thrown open Followed by two attendants, who place themselves on either side of the doors, OEDIPUS enters, in the robes of a king For a moment he gazes silently on the groups at the altars, and then speaks* )

### OEDIPUS

MY CHILDREN, latest-born to Cadmus who was of old, why are ye set before me thus with wreathed branches of suppliants, while the city reeks with incense, rings with prayers for health and cries of woe? I deemed it unmeet, my children, to hear these things at the mouth of others, and have come hither myself, I, Oedipus renowned of all

Tell me, then, thou venerable man—since it is thy natural part to speak for these—in what mood are ye placed here, with what dread or what desire? Be sure that I would gladly give all aid, hard of heart were I, did I not pity such suppliants as these

### PRIEST OF ZEUS

Nay, Oedipus, ruler of my land, thou seest of what years we are who beset thy altars,—some, nestlings still too tender for far flights,—some, bowed with age, priests, as I of Zeus,—and these, the chosen youth, while the rest of the folk sit with wreathed branches in the market-places, and before the two shrines of Pallas, and where Ismenus gives answer by fire

For the city, as thou thyself seest, is now too sorely vexed, and can no more lift her head from beneath the angry waves of death, a blight is on her in the fruitful blossoms of the land, in the herds among the pastures, in the barren pangs of women, and withal the flaming god, the malign

plague, hath swooped on us, and ravages the town; by whom the house of Cadmus is made waste, but dark Hades rich in groans and tears

It is not as deeming thee ranked with gods that I and these children are suppliants at thy hearth, but as deeming thee first of men, both in life's common chances, and when mortals have to do with more than man seeing that thou camest to the town of Cadmus, and didst quit us of the tax that we rendered to the hard songstress, and this, though thou knewest nothing from us that could avail thee, nor hadst been schooled, no, by a god's aid, 'tis said and believed, didst thou uplift our life

And now, Oedipus, king glorious in all eyes, we beseech thee, all we suppliants, to find for us some succour, whether by the whisper of a god thou knowest it, or haply as in the power of man, for I see that, when men have been proved in deeds past, the issues of their counsels, too, most often have effect

On, best of mortals, again uplift our State! On, guard thy fame,—since now this land calls thee saviour for thy former zeal, and never be it our memory of thy reign that we were first restored and afterward cast down nay, lift up this State in such wise that it fall no more!

With good omen didst thou give us that past happiness, now also show thyself the same For if thou art to rule this land, even as thou art now its lord, 'tis better to be lord of men than of a waste since neither walled town nor ship is anything, if it is void and no men dwell with thee therein

#### OEDIPUS

Oh my piteous children, known, well known to me are the desires wherewith ye have come well wot I that ye suffer all, yet, sufferers as ye are, there is not one of you whose suffering is as mine Your pain comes on each one of you for himself alone, and for no other, but my soul mourns at once for the city, and for myself, and for thee

So that ye rouse me not, truly, as one sunk in sleep no, be sure that I have wept full many tears, gone many ways in wanderings of thought And the sole remedy which, well pondering, I could find, this I have put into act I have sent the son of Menoeceus, Creon, mine own wife's brother, to the Pythian house of Phoebus, to learn by what deed or word I might deliver this town And already, when the lapse of days is reckoned, it troubles me what he doth, for he tarries strangely, beyond the fitting space But when he comes, then shall I be no true man if I do not all that the god shows

#### CREON

Nay, in season hast thou spoken, at this moment these sign to me that Creon draws near

## OEDIPUS

O king Apollo, may he come to us in the brightness of saving fortune,  
even as his face is bright!

## PRIEST

Nay, to all seeming, he brings comfort, else would he not be coming  
crowned thus thickly with berry-laden bay

## OEDIPUS

We shall know soon he is at range to hear — (*Enter CREON*) Prince,  
my kinsman, son of Menoeceus, what news hast thou brought us from  
the god?

## CREON

Good news I tell thee that even troubles hard to bear,—if haply they  
find the right issue,—will end in perfect peace

## OEDIPUS

But what is the oracle? So far, thy words make me neither bold nor yet  
afraid

## CREON

If thou wouldst hear while these are nigh, I am ready to speak, or else  
to go within

## OEDIPUS

Speak before all the sorrow which I bear is for these more than for  
mine own life

## CREON

With thy leave, I will tell what I heard from the god Phoebeus our lord  
bids us plainly to drive out a defiling thing, which (he saith) hath been  
harboured in this land, and not to harbour it, so that it cannot be healed

## OEDIPUS

By what rite shall we cleanse us? What is the manner of the misfortune?

## CREON

By banishing a man, or by bloodshed in quittance of bloodshed, since  
it is that blood which brings the tempest on our city

## OEDIPUS

And who is the man whose fate he thus reveals?

## CREON

Laius, king, was lord of our land before thou wast pilot of this State

OEDIPUS

I know it well—by hearsay, for I saw him ~~never~~

CREON

He was slain, and the god now bids us plainly to wreak vengeance on his murderers—whosoever they be

OEDIPUS

And where are they upon the earth? Where shall the dim track of this old crime be found?

CREON

In this land,—said the god What is sought for can be caught, only that which is not watched escapes

OEDIPUS

And was it in the house, or in the field, or on strange soil that Laius met this bloody end?

CREON

'Twas on a visit to Delphi, as he said, that he had left our land, and he came home no more, after he had once set forth

OEDIPUS

And was there none to tell? Was there no comrade of his journey who saw the deed, from whom tidings might have been gained, and used?

CREON

All perished, save one who fled in fear, and could tell for certain but one thing of all that he saw

OEDIPUS

And what was that? One thing might show the clue to many, could we get but a small beginning for hope

CREON

He said that robbers met and fell on them, not in one man's might, but with full many hands

OEDIPUS

How, then, unless there was some trafficking in bribes from here, should the robber have dared thus far?

CREON

Such things were surmised, but, Laius once slain, amid our troubles no avenger arose

## OEDIPUS

But, when royalty had fallen thus, what trouble in your path can have hindered a full search?

## CREON

The riddling Sphinx had made us let dark things go, and was inviting us to think of what lay at our doors

## OEDIPUS

Nay, I will start afresh, and once more make dark things plain Right worthily hath Phoebus, and worthily hast thou, bestowed this care on the cause of the dead, and so, as is meet, ye shall find me too leagued with you in seeking vengeance for this land, and for the god besides. On behalf of no far-off friend, no, but in mine own cause, shall I dispel this taint. For whoever was the slayer of Laius might wish to take vengeance on me also with a hand as fierce. Therefore, in doing right to Laius, I serve myself

Come, haste ye, my children, rise from the altar-steps, and lift these suppliant boughs, and let some other summon hither the folk of Cadmus, warned that I mean to leave nought untried, for our health (with the god's help) shall be made certain—or our ruin

## PRIEST

My children, let us rise, we came at first to seek what this man promises of himself. And may Phoebus, who sent these oracles, come to us therewith, our saviour and deliverer from the pest!

(*Exeunt OEDIPUS and PRIEST Enter CHORUS OF THEBAN ELDERS*)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophē 1*

O sweetly-speaking message of Zeus, in what spirit hast thou come from golden Pytho unto glorious Thebes? I am on the rack, terror shakes my soul, O thou Delian healer to whom wild cries rise, in holy fear of thee, what thing thou wilt work for me, perchance unknown before, perchance renewed with the revolving years tell me, thou immortal Voice, born of Golden Hope!

*antistrophe 1*

First call I on thee, daughter of Zeus, divine Athena, and on thy sister, guardian of our land, Artemis, who sits on her throne of fame, above the circle of our Agora, and on Phoebus the far-darter. O shine forth on me, my three-fold help against death! If ever aforetime, in arrest of ruin hurrying on the city, ye drove a fiery pest beyond our borders, come now also!



*strophe 2*

Woe is me, countless are the sorrows that I bear, a plague is on all our host, and thought can find no weapon for defence. The fruits of the glorious earth grow not, by no birth of children do women surmount the pangs in which they shriek, and life on life mayest thou see sped, like bird on nimble wing, aye, swifter than resistless fire, to the shore of the western god

*antistrophe 2*

By such deaths, past numbering, the city perishes unpitied, her children lie on the ground, spreading pestilence, with none to mourn and meanwhile young wives, and grey-haired mothers with them, uplift a wail at the steps of the altars, some here, some there, entreating for their weary woes. The prayer to the Healer rings clear, and, blent therewith, the voice of lamentation for these things, golden daughter of Zeus, send us the bright face of comfort

*strophe 3*

And grant that the fierce god of death, who now with no brazen shields, yet amid cries as of battle, wraps me in the flame of his onset, may turn his back in speedy flight from our land, borne by a fair wind to the great deep of Amphitrite, or to those waters in which none find haven, even to the Thracian wave, for if night leave aught undone, day follows to accomplish this. O thou who wieldest the powers of the fire-fraught lightning, O Zeus our father, slay him beneath thy thunderbolt!

*antistrophe 3*

Lycean King, fain were I that thy shafts also, from thy bent bow's string of woven gold, should go abroad in their might, our champions in the face of the foe, yea, and the flashing fires of Artemus wherewith she glances through the Lycian hills. And I call him whose locks are bound with gold, who is named with the name of this land, ruddy Bacchus to whom Bacchants cry, the comrade of the Maenads, to draw near with the blaze of his blithe torch, our ally against the god unhonoured among gods

(OEDIPUS enters during the closing strains of the choral song)

## OEDIPUS

Thou prayest and in answer to thy prayer,—if thou wilt give a loyal welcome to my words and minister to thine own disease,—thou mayest hope to find succour and relief from woes. These words will I speak publicly, as one who has been a stranger to this report, a stranger to the

deed, for I should not be far on the track, if I were tracing it alone, without a clue But as it is,—since it was only after the time of the deed that I was numbered a Theban among Thebans,—to you, the Cadmeans all, I do thus proclaim

Whosoever of you knows by whom Laius son of Labdacus was slain, I bid him to declare all to me And if he is afraid, I tell him to remove the danger of the charge from his path by denouncing himself; for he shall suffer nothing else unlovely, but only leave the land, unhurt Or if any one knows an alien, from another land, as the assassin, let him not keep silence, for I will pay his guerdon, and my thanks shall rest with him besides

But if ye keep silence—if any one, through fear, shall seek to screen friend or self from my behest—hear ye what I then shall do I charge you that no one of this land, whereof I hold the empire and the throne, give shelter or speak word unto that murderer, whosoever he be,—make him partner of his prayer or sacrifice, or serve him with the lustral rite, but that all ban him their homes, knowing that *this* is our defiling thing, as the oracle of the Pythian god hath newly shown me I then am on this wise the ally of the god and of the slain And I pray solemnly that the slayer, whoso he be, whether his hidden guilt is lonely or hath partners, evilly, as he is evil, may wear out his unblest life And for myself I pray that if, with my privity, he should become an inmate of my house, I may suffer the same things which even now I called down upon others And on you I lay it to make all these words good, for my sake, and for the sake of the god, and for our land's, thus blasted with barrenness by angry heaven

For even if the matter had not been urged on us by a god, it was not meet that ye should leave the guilt thus unpurged, when one so noble, and he your king, had perished, rather were ye bound to search it out And now, since tis I who hold the powers which once he held, who possess his bed and the wife who bare seed to him, and since, had his hope of issue not been frustrate, children born of one mother would have made ties betwixt him and me—but, as it was, fate swooped upon his head, by reason of these things will I uphold this cause, even as the cause of mine own sire, and will leave nought untried in seeking to find him whose hand shed that blood, for the honour of the son of Labdacus and of Polydorus and elder Cadmus and Agenor who was of old

And for those who obey me not, I pray that the gods send them neither harvest of the earth nor fruit of the womb, but that they be wasted by their lot that now is, or by one yet more dire But for all you, the loyal folk of Cadmus to whom these things seem good, may Justice, our ally, and all the gods be with you graciously for ever

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

As thou hast put me on my oath, on my oath, O king, I will speak I am not the slayer, nor can I point to him who slew As for the question, it was for Phoebus, who sent it, to tell us this thing—who can have wrought the deed

## OEDIPUS

Justly said, but no man on the earth can force the gods to what they will not

## LEADER

I would fain say what seems to me next best after this

## OEDIPUS

If there is yet a third course, spare not to show it

## LEADER

I know that our lord Teiresias is the seer most like to our lord Phoebus, from whom, O king, a searcher of these things might learn them most clearly

## OEDIPUS

Not even this have I left out of my cares On the hint of Creon, I have twice sent a man to bring him, and this long while I marvel why he is not here

## LEADER

Indeed (his skill apart) the rumours are but faint and old

## OEDIPUS

What rumours are they? I look to every story

## LEADER

Certain wayfarers were said to have killed him

## OEDIPUS

I, too, have heard it, but none sees him who saw it

## LEADER

Nay, if he knows what fear is, he will not stay when he hears thy curses, so dire as they are

## OEDIPUS

When a man shrinks not from a deed, neither is he scared by a word

## LEADER

But there is one to convict him For here they bring at last the godlike prophet, in whom alone of men doth live the truth

(*Enter TEIRESIAS, led by a boy*)

## OEDIPUS

Teiresias, whose soul grasps all things, the lore that may be told and the unspeakable, the secrets of heaven and the low things of earth,—thou feelest, though thou canst not see, what a plague doth haunt our State,—from which, great prophet, we find in thee our protector and only saviour Now, Phoebus—if indeed thou knowest it not from the messengers—sent answer to our question that the only riddance from this pest which could come was if we should learn aright the slayers of Laius, and slay them, or send them into exile from our land Do thou, then, grudge neither voice of birds nor any other way of seer-lore that thou hast, but rescue thyself and the State, rescue me, rescue all that is defiled by the dead For we are in thy hand, and man's noblest task is to help others by his best means and powers

## TEIRESIAS

Alas, how dreadful to have wisdom where it profits not the wise' Aye, I knew this well, but let it slip out of mind, else would I never have come here

## OEDIPUS

What now? How sad thou hast come in'

## TEIRESIAS

Let me go home, most easily wilt thou bear thine own burden to the end, and I mine, if thou wilt consent

## OEDIPUS

Thy words are strange, nor kindly to this State which nurtured thee, when thou withholdest this response

## TEIRESIAS

Nay, I see that thou, on thy part, openest not thy lips in season therefore I speak not, that neither may I have thy mishap

## OEDIPUS

For the love of the gods, turn not away, if thou hast knowledge all we suppliants implore thee on our knees

## TEIRESIAS

Aye, for ye are all without knowledge, but never will I reveal my griefs—that I say not thine

## OEDIPUS

How sayest thou? Thou knowest the secret, and wilt not tell it, but art minded to betray us and to destroy the State?

## TEIRESIAS

I will pain neither myself nor thee Why vainly ask these things? Thou wilt not learn them from me

## OEDIPUS

What, basest of the base,—for thou wouldest anger a very stone,— wilt thou never speak out? Can nothing touch thee? Wilt thou never make an end?

## TEIRESIAS

Thou blamest my temper, but seest not that to which thou thyself art wedded no, thou findest fault with me

## OEDIPUS

And who would not be angry to hear the words with which thou now dost slight this city?

## TEIRESIAS

The future will come of itself, though I shroud it in silence

## OEDIPUS

Then, seeing that it must come, thou on thy part shouldst tell me thereof

## TEIRESIAS

I will speak no further, rage, then, if thou wilt, with the fiercest wrath thy heart doth know

## OEDIPUS

Aye, verily, I will not spare—so wroth I am—to speak all my thought Know that thou seemest to me e'en to have helped in plotting the deed, and to have done it, short of slaying with thy hands Hadst thou eyesight, I would have said that the doing, also, of this thing was thine alone

## TEIRESIAS

In sooth?—I charge thee that thou abide by the decree of thine own mouth, and from this day speak neither to these nor to me *thou* art the accursed defiler of this land

## OEDIPUS

So brazen with thy blustering taunt? And wherein dost thou trust to escape thy due?

TEIRESIAS

I have escaped in my truth is my strength

OEDIPUS

Who taught thee this? It was not, at least, thine art

TEIRESIAS

Thou for thou didst spur me into speech against my will

OEDIPUS

What speech? Speak again that I may learn it better

TEIRESIAS

Didst thou not take my sense before? Or art thou tempting me in talk?

OEDIPUS

No, I took it not so that I can call it known —speak again

TEIRESIAS

I say that thou art the slayer of the man whose slayer thou seekest

OEDIPUS

Now thou shalt rue that thou hast twice said words so dire

TEIRESIAS

Wouldst thou have me say more, that thou mayest be more wroth?

OEDIPUS

What thou wilt, it will be said in vain

TEIRESIAS

I say that thou hast been living in unguessed shame with thy nearest kin, and seest not to what woe thou hast come

OEDIPUS

Dost thou indeed think that thou shalt always speak thus without smarting?

TEIRESIAS

Yes, if there is any strength in truth

OEDIPUS

Nay, there is,—for all save thee, for thee that strength is not, since thou art maimed in ear, and in wit, and in eye

TEIRESIAS

Aye, and thou art a poor wretch to utter taunts which every man here will soon hurl at thee

## OEDIPUS

Night, endless night hath thee in her keeping, so that thou canst never hurt me, or any man who sees the sun

## TEIRESIAS

No, thy doom is not to fall by *me* Apollo is enough, whose care it is to work that out

## OEDIPUS

Are these Creon's devices, or thine?

## TEIRESIAS

Nay, Creon is no plague to thee, thou art thine own

## OEDIPUS

O wealth, and empire, and skill surpassing skill in life's keen rivalries, how great is the envy that cleaves to you, if for the sake, yea, of this power which the city hath put into my hands, a gift unsought, Creon the trusty, Creon mine old friend, hath crept on me by stealth, yearning to thrust me out of it, and hath suborned such a scheming juggler as this, a tricky quack, who hath eyes only for his gains, but in his art is blind!

Come, now, tell me, where hast thou proved thyself a seer? Why, when the Watcher was here who wove dark song, *didst* thou say nothing that could free this folk? Yet the riddle, at least, was not for the first comer to read, there was need of a seer's skill, and none such thou wast found to have either by help of birds, or as known from any god no, I came, I, Oedipus the ignorant, and made her mute, when I had seized the answer by my wit, untaught of birds. And it is I whom thou art trying to oust, thinking to stand close to Creon's throne. Methinks thou and the plotter of these things will rue your zeal to purge the land. Nay, *didst* thou not seem to be an old man, thou shouldst have learned to thy cost how bold thou art

## LEADER

To our thinking, both this man's words and thine, Oedipus, have been said in anger. Not for such words is our need, but to seek how we shall best discharge the mandates of the god

## TEIRESIAS

King though thou art, the right of reply, at least, must be deemed the same for both, of that I too am lord. Not to thee do I live servant, but to Loxias, and so I shall not stand enrolled under Creon for my patron. And I tell thee—since thou hast taunted me even with blindness—that thou hast sight, yet seest not in what misery thou art, nor where thou dwellest, nor with whom. Dost thou know of what stock thou art? And thou hast

been an unwitting foe to thine own kin, in the shades, and on the earth above, and the double lash of thy mother's and thy father's curse shall one day drive thee from this land in dreadful haste, with darkness then on the eyes that now see true

And what place shall not be harbour to thy shriek, what of all Cithaeron shall not ring with it soon, when thou hast learnt the meaning of the nuptials in which, within that house, thou didst find a fatal haven, after a voyage so fair? And a throng of other ills thou guessest not, which shall make thee level with thy true self and with thine own brood

Therefore heap thy scorn on Creon and on my message for no one among men shall ever be crushed more miserably than thou

OEDIPUS

Are these taunts to be indeed borne from *him*?—Hence, ruin take thee! Hence, this instant! Back!—away!—avaunt thee from these doors!

TEIRESIAS

I had never come, not I, hadst thou not called me

OEDIPUS

I knew not that thou wast about to speak folly, or it had been long ere I had sent for thee to my house

TEIRESIAS

Such am I;—as thou thinkest, a fool, but for the parents who begat thee, sane

OEDIPUS

What parents? Stay and who of men is my sire?

TEIRESIAS

This day shall show thy birth and shall bring thy ruin

OEDIPUS

What riddles, what dark words thou always speakest!

TEIRESIAS

Nay, art not thou most skilled to unravel dark speech?

OEDIPUS

Make that my reproach in which thou shalt find me great

TEIRESIAS

Yet 'twas just that fortune that *undid* thee

OEDIPUS

Nay, if I delivered this town, I care not



## TEIRESIAS

Then I will go so do thou, boy, take me hence

## OEDIPUS

Aye, let him take thee while here, thou art a hindrance, thou, a trouble when thou hast vanished, thou wilt not vex me more

## TEIRESIAS

I will go when I have done mine errand, fearless of thy frown for thou canst never destroy me And I tell thee—the man of whom thou hast this long while been in quest, uttering threats, and proclaiming a search into the murder of Laius—that man is here,—in seeming, an alien sojourner, but anon he shall be found a native Theban, and shall not be glad of his fortune A blind man, he who now hath sight, a beggar, who now is rich, he shall make his way to a strange land, feeling the ground before him with his staff And he shall be found at once brother and father of the children with whom he consorts, son and husband of the woman who bore him, heir to his father's bed, shedder of his father's blood

So go thou in and think on that, and if thou find that I have been at fault, say thenceforth that I have no wit in prophecy

(TEIRESIAS is led out by the boy OEDIPUS enters the palace)

CHORUS (*singing*)\* *strophe 1*

Who is he of whom the divine voice from the Delphian rock hath spoken, as having wrought with red hands horrors that no tongue can tell?

It is time that he ply in flight a foot stronger than the feet of storm-swift steeds for the son of Zeus is springing on him, all armed with fiery lightnings, and with him come the dread, unerring Fates

*antistrophe 1*

Yea, newly given from snowy Parnassus, the message hath flashed forth to make all search for the unknown man Into the wild wood's covert, among caves and rocks he is roaming, fierce as a bull, wretched and forlorn on his joyless path, still seeking to put from him the doom spoken at Earth's central shrine but that doom ever lives, ever flits around him

*strophe 2*

Dreadly, in sooth, dreadly doth the wise augur move me, who approve not, nor am able to deny How to speak, I know not, I am flutured with forebodings, neither in the present have I clear vision,

nor of the future Never in past days, nor in these, have I heard how the house of Labdacus or the son of Polybus had, either against other, any grief that I could bring as proof in assailing the public fame of Oedipus, and seeking to avenge the line of Labdacus for the undiscovered murder

*antistrophe 2*

Nay, Zeus indeed and Apollo are keen of thought, and know the things of earth, but that mortal seer wins knowledge above mine, of this there can be no sure test, though man may surpass man in lore Yet, until I see the word made good, never will I assent when men blame Oedipus Before all eyes the winged maiden came against him of old, and he was seen to be wise, he bore the test, in welcome service to our State, never, therefore, by the verdict of my heart shall he be adjudged guilty of crime

(Enter CREON)

CREON

Fellow-citizens, having learned that Oedipus the king lays dire charges against me, I am here, indignant If, in the present troubles, he thinks that he has suffered from me, by word or deed, aught that tends to harm, in truth I crave not my full term of years, when I must bear such blame as this The wrong of this rumour touches me not in one point alone, but has the largest scope, if I am to be called a traitor in the city, a traitor too by thee and by my friends

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Nay, but this taunt came under stress, perchance, of anger, rather than from the purpose of the heart

CREON

And the saying was uttered, that my counsels won the seer to utter his falsehoods?

LEADER

Such things were said—I know not with what meaning

CREON

And was this charge laid against me with steady eyes and steady mind?

LEADER

I know not, I see not what my masters do but here comes our lord forth from the house

(Enter OEDIPUS)

OEDIPUS

Sirrah, how camest thou here? Hast thou a front so bold that thou hast come to my house, who art the proved assassin of its master,—the palpable robber of my crown? Come, tell me, in the name of the gods, was it cowardice or folly that thou sawest in me, that thou didst plot to do this thing? Didst thou think that I would not note this deed of thine creeping on me by stealth, or, aware, would not ward it off? Now is not thine attempt foolish,—to seek, without followers or friends, a throne,—a prize which followers and wealth must win?

CREON

Mark me now,—in answer to thy words, hear a fair reply, and then judge for thyself on knowledge

OEDIPUS

Thou art apt in speech, but I have a poor wit for thy lessons, since I have found thee my malignant foe

CREON

Now first hear how I will explain this very thing—

OEDIPUS

Explain me not one thing—that thou art not false

CREON

If thou deemest that stubbornness without sense is a good gift, thou art not wise

OEDIPUS

If thou deemest that thou canst wrong a kinsman and escape the penalty, thou art not sane

CREON

Justly said, I grant thee but tell me what is the wrong that thou sayest thou hast suffered from me

OEDIPUS

Didst thou advise, or didst thou not, that I should send for that reverend seer?

CREON

And now I am still of the same mind

OEDIPUS

How long is it, then, since Laius—

CREON

Since Laius       ? I take not thy drift

OEDIPUS

—was swept from men's sight by a deadly violence?

CREON

The count of years would run far into the past

OEDIPUS

Was this seer, then, of the craft in those days?

CREON

Yea, skilled as now, and in equal honour

OEDIPUS

Made he, then, any mention of me at that time?

CREON

Never, certainly, when I was within hearing

OEDIPUS

But held ye not a search touching the murder?

CREON

Due search we held, of course—and learned nothing

OEDIPUS

And how was it that this sage did not tell his story *then*?

CREON

I know not, where I lack light, 'tis my wont to be silent

OEDIPUS

Thus much, at least, thou knowest, and couldst declare with light enough

CREON

What is that? If I know it, I will not deny

OEDIPUS

That, if he had not conferred with thee, he would never have named *my* slaying of Laius

CREON

If so he speaks, thou best knowest, but I claim to learn from thee as much as thou hast now from me

OEDIPUS

Learn thy fill: I shall never be found guilty of the blood

CREON

Say, then—thou hast married my sister?

OEDIPUS

The question allows not of denial

CREON

And thou rulest the land as she doth, with like sway?

OEDIPUS

She obtains from me all her desire

CREON

And rank not I as a third peer of you twain?

OEDIPUS

Aye, 'tis just therein that thou art seen a false friend

CREON

Not so, if thou wouldst reason with thine own heart as I with mine And first weigh this,—whether thou thinkest that any one would choose to rule amid terrors rather than, in unruffled peace,—granting that he is to have the same powers Now I, for one, have no yearning in my nature to be a king rather than to do kingly deeds, no, nor hath any man who knows how to keep a sober mind For now I win all boons from thee without fear, but, were I ruler myself, I should be doing much e'en against mine own pleasure

How, then, could royalty be sweeter for me to have than painless rule and influence? Not yet am I so misguided as to desire other honours than <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ which profit Now, all wish me joy, now, every man has a greeting for me, now, those who have a suit to thee crave speech with me, since therein is all their hope of success Then why should I resign these things, and take those? No mind will become false, while it is wise Nay, I am no lover of such policy, and, if another put it into deed, never could I bear to act with him

And, in proof of this, first, go to Pytho, and ask if I brought thee true word of the oracle, then next, if thou find that I have planned aught in concert with the soothsayer, take and slay me, by the sentence not of one mouth, but of twain—by mine own, no less than thine But make me not guilty in a corner, on unproved surmise It is not right to adjudge bad men good at random, or good men bad I count it a like thing for a man to cast off a true friend as to cast away the life in his own bosom, which

most he loves Nay, thou wilt learn these things with sureness in time,  
for time alone shows a just man, but thou couldst discern a knave even  
in one day

LEADER

Well hath he spoken, O king, for one who giveth heed not to fall the  
quick in counsel are not sure

OEDIPUS

When the stealthy plotter is moving on me in quick sort, I, too, must  
be quick with my counterplot If I await him in repose, his ends will have  
been gained, and mine missed

CREON

What wouldst thou, then? Cast me out of the land?

OEDIPUS

Not so I desire thy death—not thy banishment—that thou mayest  
show forth what manner of thing is envy

CREON

Thou speakest as resolved not to yield or to believe?

OEDIPUS

No, for thou persuadest me not that thou art worthy of belief

CREON

No, for I find thee not sane

OEDIPUS

Sane, at least, in mine own interest

CREON

Nay, thou shouldst be so in mine also

OEDIPUS

Nay, thou art false

CREON

But if thou understandest nought?

OEDIPUS

Yet must I rule

CREON

Not if thou rule ill.

OEDIPUS

Hear him, O Thebes!

CREON

Thebes is for me also—not for thee alone

*(Jocasta enters from the palace)*

LEADER

Cease, princes, and in good time for you I see Jocasta coming yonder from the house, with whose help ye should compose your present feud

Jocasta

Misguided men, why have ye raised such foolish strife of tongues? Are ye not ashamed, while the land is thus sick, to stir up troubles of your own? Come, go thou into the house,—and thou, Creon, to thy home,—and forbear to make much of a petty grief

CREON

Kinswoman, Oedipus thy lord claims to do dread things unto me, even one or other of two ills,—to thrust me from the land of my fathers, or to slay me amain

OEDIPUS

Yea, for I have caught him, lady, working evil, by ill arts, against my person

CREON

Now may I see no good, but perish accursed, if I have done aught to thee of that wherewith thou chargest me!

Jocasta

O, for the gods' love, believe it, Oedipus—first, for the awful sake of this oath unto the gods,—then for my sake and for theirs who stand before thee!

*(The following lines between the CHORUS and OEDIPUS and between the CHORUS, JOCASTA, and OEDIPUS are chanted responsively)*

CHORUS

*strophe 1*

Consent, reflect, hearken, O my king, I pray thee!

OEDIPUS

What grace, then wouldest thou have me grant thee?

CHORUS

Respect him who aforetime was not foolish, and who now is strong in his oath

OEDIPUS

Now dost thou know what thou cravest?

CHORUS

Yea

OEDIPUS

Declare, then, what thou meanest

CHORUS

That thou shouldest never use an unproved rumour to cast a dishonouring charge on the friend who has bound himself with a curse

OEDIPUS

Then be very sure that, when thou seekest this, for me thou art seeking destruction, or exile from this land

CHORUS

*strophe 2*

No, by him who stands in the front of all the heavenly host, no, by the Sun! Unblest, unfriended, may I die by the uttermost doom, if I have that thought! But my unhappy soul is worn by the withering of the land, and again by the thought that our old sorrows should be crowned by sorrows springing from yon twin

OEDIPUS

Then let him go, though I am surely doomed to death, or to be thrust dishonoured from the land Thy lips, not his, move my compassion by their plaint, but he, where'er he be, shall be hated

CREON

Sullen in yielding art thou seen, even as vehement in the excesses of thy wrath, but such natures are justly sorest for themselves to bear

OEDIPUS

Then wilt thou not leave me in peace, and get thee gone?

CREON

I will go my way, I have found thee undiscerning, but in the sight of these I am just

*(Exit CREON)*

CHORUS

*antistrophe 1*

Lady, why dost thou delay to take yon man into the house?



JOCASTA

I will do so, when I have learned what hath chanced

CHORUS

Blind suspicion, bred of talk, arose, and, on the other part, injustice wounds

JOCASTA

It was on both sides?

CHORUS

Aye

JOCASTA

And what was the story?

CHORUS

Enough, methinks, enough—when our land is already vexed—that the matter should rest where it ceased

OEDIPUS

Seest thou to what thou hast come, for all thy honest purpose, in seeking to slack and blunt my zeal?

CHORUS

*antistrophe 2*

King, I have said it not once alone—be sure that I should have been shown a madman, bankrupt in sane counsel, if I put thee away—thee, who gavest a true course to my beloved country when distraught by troubles—thee, who now also art like to prove our prospering guide

JOCASTA

In the name of the gods, tell me also, O king, on what account thou hast concerned this steadfast wrath

OEDIPUS

That will I, for I honour thee, lady, above yonder men—the cause is Creon, and the plots that he hath laid against me

JOCASTA

Speak on—if thou canst tell clearly how the feud began

OEDIPUS

He says that I stand guilty of the blood of Laius

JOCASTA

As on his own knowledge? Or on hearsay from another?

OEDIPUS

Nay, he hath made a rascal seer his mouthpiece, as for himself, he keeps his lips wholly pure

JOCASTA

Then absolve thyself of the things whereof thou speakest, hearken to me, and learn for thy comfort that nought of mortal birth is a sharer in the science of the seer I will give thee pithy proof of that

An oracle came to Laius once—I will not say from Phoebus himself, but from his ministers—that the doom should overtake him to die by the hand of his child, who should spring from him and me

Now Laius,—as, at least, the rumour saith,—was murdered one day by foreign robbers at a place where three highways meet And the child's birth was not three days past, when Laius pinned its ankles together, and had it thrown, by others' hands, on a trackless mountain

So, in that case, Apollo brought it not to pass that the babe should become the slayer of his sire, or that Laius should die—the dread thing which he feared—by his child's hand Thus did the messages of seer-craft map out the future Regard them, thou, not at all Whatsoever needful things the god seeks, he himself will easily bring to light

OEDIPUS

What restlessness of soul, lady, what tumult of the mind hath just come upon me since I heard thee speak!

JOCASTA

What anxiety hath startled thee, that thou sayest this?

OEDIPUS

Methought I heard this from thee,—that Laius was slain where three highways meet

JOCASTA

Yea, that was the story, nor hath it ceased yet

OEDIPUS

And where is the place where this befell?

JOCASTA

The land is called Phocis, and branching roads lead to the same spot from Delphi and from Daulia

OEDIPUS

And what is the time that hath passed since these things were?

JOCASTA

The news was published to the town shortly before thou wast first seen in power over this land

OEDIPUS

O Zeus, what hast thou decreed to do unto me?

JOCASTA

And wherefore, Oedipus, doth this thing weigh upon thy soul?

OEDIPUS

Ask me not yet, but say what was the stature of Laius, and how ripe his manhood

JOCASTA

He was tall,—the silver just lightly strewn among his hair, and his form was not greatly unlike to thine

OEDIPUS

Unhappy that I am! Methinks I have been laying myself even now *under a dread curse, and knew it not*

JOCASTA

How sayest thou? I tremble when I look on thee, my king

OEDIPUS

Dread misgivings have I that the seer can see But thou wilt show better if thou wilt tell me one thing more

JOCASTA

Indeed—though I tremble—I will answer all thou askest, when I hear it

OEDIPUS

Went he in small force, or with many armed followers, like a chieftain?

JOCASTA

Five they were in all,—a herald one of them, and there was one carriage, which bore Laius

OEDIPUS

Alas! 'Tis now clear indeed —Who was he who gave you these tidings lady?

JOCASTA

A servant—the sole survivor who came home

OEDIPUS

Is he haply at hand in the house now?

JOCASTA

No, truly, so soon as he came thence, and found thee reigning in the stead of Laius, he supplicated me, with hand laid on mine, that I would send him to the fields, to the pastures of the flocks, that he might be far from the sight of this town. And I sent him, he was worthy, for a slave, to win e'en a larger boon than that

OEDIPUS

Would, then, that he could return to us without delay!

JOCASTA

It is easy but wherefore dost thou enjoin this?

OEDIPUS

I fear, lady, that mine own lips have been unguarded, and therefore am I fain to behold him

JOCASTA

Nay, he shall come. But I too, methinks, have a claim to learn what lies heavy on thy heart, my king

OEDIPUS

Yea, and it shall not be kept from thee, now that my forebodings have advanced so far. Who, indeed, is more to me than thou, to whom I should speak in passing through such a fortune as this?

My father was Polybus of Corinth,—my mother, the Dorian Merope, and I was held the first of all the folk in that town, until a chance befell me, worthy, indeed, of wonder, though not worthy of mine own heat concerning it. At a banquet, a man full of wine cast it at me in his cups that I was not the true son of my sire. And I, vexed, restrained myself for that day as best I might, but on the next I went to my mother and father, and questioned them, and they were wroth for the taunt with him who had let that word fly. So on their part I had comfort, yet was this thing ever rankling in my heart, for it still crept abroad with strong rumour. And, unknown to mother or father, I went to Delphi, and Phoebus sent me forth disappointed of that knowledge for which I came, but in his response set forth other things, full of sorrow and terror and woe, even that I was fated to defile my mother's bed, and that I should show unto men a brood which they could not endure to behold, and that I should be the slayer of the sire who begat me.

And I, when I had listened to this, turned to flight from the land of Corinth, thenceforth wotting of its ~~region~~ by the stars alone, to some spot where I should never see fulfilment of the infamies foretold in mine evil doom And on my way I came to the regions in which thou sayest that this prince perished Now, lady, I will tell thee the truth When in my journey I was near to those three roads, there met me a herald, and a man seated in a carriage drawn by colts, as thou hast described, and he who was in front, and the old man himself, were for thrusting me rudely from the path Then, in anger, I struck him who pushed me aside—the driver, and the old man, seeing it, watched the moment when I was passing, and, from the carriage, brought his goad with two teeth down full upon my head Yet was he paid with interest, by one swift blow from the staff in this hand he was rolled right out of the carriage, on his back, and I slew every man of them

But if this stranger had any tie of kinship with Laius, who is now more wretched than the man before thee? What mortal could prove more hated of heaven? Whom no stranger, no citizen, is allowed to receive in his house, whom it is unlawful that any one accost, whom all must repel from their homes! And this—this curse—was laid on me by no mouth but mine own! And I pollute the bed of the slain man with the hands by which he perished Say, am I vile? Oh, am I not utterly unclean?—seeing that I must be banished, and in banishment see not mine own people, nor set foot in mine own land, or else be joined in wedlock to my mother, and slay my sire, even Polybus, who begat and reared me

Then would not he speak aright of Oedipus, who judged these things sent by some cruel power above man? Forbid, forbid, ye pure and awful gods, that I should see that day! No, may I be swept from among men, ere I behold myself visited with the brand of such a doom!

#### LEADER OF THE CHORUS

To us, indeed, these things, O king, are fraught with fear, yet have hope, until at least thou hast gained full knowledge from him who saw the deed

#### OEDIPUS

Hope, in truth, rests with me thus far alone, I can await the man summoned from the pastures

#### JOCASTA

And when he has appeared—what wouldst thou have of him?

#### OEDIPUS

I will tell thee If his story be found to tally with thine, I, at least, shall stand clear of disaster

JOCASTA

And what of special note didst thou hear from me?

OEDIPUS

Thou wast saying that he spoke of Laius as slain by robbers. If, then, he still speaks, as before, of several, I was not the slayer: a solitary man could not be held the same with that band. But if he names one lonely wayfarer, then beyond doubt this guilt leans to me.

JOCASTA

Nay, be assured that thus, at least, the tale was first told, he cannot revoke that, for the city heard it, not I alone. But even if he should diverge somewhat from his former story, never, king, can he show that the murder of Laius, at least, is truly square to prophecy, of whom Loxias plainly said that he must die by the hand of my child. Howbeit that poor innocent never slew him, but perished first itself. So henceforth, for what touches divination, I would not look to my right hand or my left.

OEDIPUS

Thou judgest well. But nevertheless send some one to fetch the peasant, and neglect not this matter.

JOCASTA

I will send without delay. But let us come into the house: nothing will I do save at thy good pleasure.

(OEDIPUS and JOCASTA go into the palace.)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

May destiny still find ~~the~~ winning the praise of reverent purity in all words and deeds sanctioned by those laws of range sublime, called into life throughout the high clear heaven, whose father is Olympus alone, their parent was no race of mortal men, no, nor shall oblivion ever lay them to sleep, the god is mighty in them, and he grows not old.

*antistrophe 1*

Insolence breeds the tyrant, Insolence, once vainly surfeited on wealth that is not meet nor good for it, when it hath scaled the topmost ramparts, is hurled to a dire doom, wherein no service of the feet can serve. But I pray that the god never quell such rivalry as benefits the State, the god will I ever hold for our protector.

## strophe 2

But if any man walks haughtily in deed or word, with no fear of Justice, no reverence for the images of gods, may an evil doom seize him for his ill-starred pride, if he will not win his vantage fairly, nor keep him from unholy deeds, but must lay profaning hands on sanctities

Where such things are, what mortal shall boast any more than he can ward the arrows of the gods from his life? Nay, if such deeds are in honour, wherefore should we join in the sacred dance?

## antistrophe 2

No more will I go reverently to earth's central and inviolate shrine, no more to Abae's temple or Olympia, if these oracles fit not the issue, so that all men shall point at them with the finger Nay, king,—if thou art rightly called,—Zeus all-ruling, may it not escape thee and thine ever-deathless power!

The old prophecies concerning Laius are fading, already men are setting them at nought, and nowhere is Apollo glorified with honours, the worship of the gods is perishing

(Jocasta comes forth, bearing a branch, wreathed with festoons of wool, which, as a suppliant, she is about to lay on the altar of the household god, Lycean Apollo, in front of the palace)

## Jocasta

Princes of the land, the thought has come to me to visit the shrines of the gods, with this wreathed branch in my hands, and these gifts of incense For Oedipus excites his soul overmuch with all manner of alarms, nor, like a man of sense, judges the new things by the old, but is at the will of the speaker, if he speak terrors

Since, then, by counsel I can do no good, to thee, Lycean Apollo, for thou art nearest, I have come, a suppliant with these symbols of prayer, that thou mayest find us some riddance from uncleanness. For now we are all afraid, seeing him affrighted, even as they who see fear in the helmsman of their ship

(While JOCASTA is offering her prayers to the god, a MESSENGER, evidently a stranger, enters and addresses the Elders of the CHORUS)

## MESSENGER

Might I learn from you, strangers, where is the house of the king Oedipus? Or, better still, tell me where he himself is—if ye know

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

This is his dwelling, and he himself, stranger, is within, and this lady is the mother of his children

## MESSENGER

Then may she be ever happy in a happy home, since she is his heaven-blest queen

## JOCASTA

Happiness to thee also, stranger! 'tis the due of thy fair greeting — But say what thou hast come to seek or to tell

## MESSENGER

Good tidings, lady, for thy house and for thy husband

## JOCASTA

What are they? And from whom hast thou come?

## MESSENGER

From Corinth and at the message which I will speak anon thou wilt rejoice—doubtless, yet haply grieve

## JOCASTA

And what is it? How hath it thus a double potency?

## MESSENGER

The people will make him king of the Isthmian land, as 'twas said there

## JOCASTA

How then? Is the aged Polybus no more in power?

## MESSENGER

No, verily: for death holds him in the tomb

## JOCASTA

How sayest thou? Is Polybus dead, old man?

## MESSENGER

If I speak not the truth, I am content to die

## JOCASTA

O handmaid, away with all speed, and tell this to thy master! O ye oracles of the gods, where stand ye now! This is the man whom Oedipus long feared and shunned, lest he should slay him, and now this man hath died in the course of destiny, not by his hand

(*OEDIPUS enters from the palace* )



OEDIPUS

Jocasta, dearest wife, why hast thou summoned me forth from these doors?

JOCASTA

Hear this man and judge, as thou listenest, to what the awful oracles of the gods have come

OEDIPUS

And he—who may he be, and what news hath he for me?

JOCASTA

He is from Corinth, to tell that thy father Polybus lives no longer, but hath perished

OEDIPUS

How, stranger? Let me have it from thine own mouth

MESSENGER

If I must first make these tidings plain, know indeed that he is dead and gone

OEDIPUS

By treachery, or by visit of disease?

MESSENGER

A light thing in the scale brings the aged to their rest |

OEDIPUS

Ah, he died, it seems, of sickness?

MESSENGER

Yea, and of the long years that he had told

OEDIPUS

Alas, alas! Why, indeed, my wife, should one look to the hearth of the Pythian seer, or to the birds that scream above our heads, on whose showing I was doomed to slay my sire? But he is dead, and hid already beneath the earth, and here am I, who have not put hand to spear—Unless, perchance, he was killed by longing for me—thus, indeed, I should be the cause of his death. But the oracles as they stand, at least, Polybus hath swept with him to his rest in Hades—they are worth nought

JOCASTA

Nay, did I not so foretell to thee long since?

OEDIPUS

Thou didst but I was misled by my fear

JOCASTA

Now no more lay aught of those things to heart

OEDIPUS

But surely I must needs fear my mother's bed?

JOCASTA

Nay, what should mortal fear, for whom the decrees of Fortune are supreme, and who hath clear foresight of nothing? 'Tis best to live at random, as one may But fear not thou touching wedlock with thy mother Many men ere now have so far'd in dreams also but he to whom these things are as nought bears his life most easily

OEDIPUS

All these bold words of thine would have been well, were not my mother living, but as it is, since she lives, I must needs fear—though thou sayest well

JOCASTA

Howbeit thy father's death is a great sign to cheer us

OEDIPUS

Great, I know, but my fear is of her who lives

MESSENGER

And who is the woman about whom ye fear?

OEDIPUS

Merope, old man, the consort of Polybus

MESSENGER

And what is it in her that moves your fear?

OEDIPUS

A heaven-sent oracle of dread import, stranger

MESSENGER

Lawful, or unlawful, for another to know?

OEDIPUS

Lawful, surely Loxias once said that I was doomed to espouse mine own mother, and to shed with mine own hands my father's blood Wherefore my home in Corinth was long kept by me afar, with happy event, indeed,—yet still 'tis sweet to see the face of parents

MESSENGER

Was it indeed for fear of this that thou wast an ~~exile~~ from that city?

OEDIPUS

And because I wished not, old man, to be the slayer of my sire

MESSENGER

Then why have I not freed thee, king, from this fear, seeing that I came with friendly purpose?

OEDIPUS

Indeed thou shouldst have guerdon due from me

MESSENGER

Indeed 'twas chiefly for this that I came—that, on thy return home, I might reap some good

OEDIPUS

Nay, I will never go near my parents

MESSENGER

Ah my son, 'tis plain enough that thou knowest not what thou doest

OEDIPUS

How, old man? For the gods' love, tell me

MESSENGER

If for these reasons thou shrinkest from going home

OEDIPUS

Aye, I dread lest Phoebus prove himself true for me

MESSENGER

Thou darest to be stained with guilt through thy parents?

OEDIPUS

Even so, old man—this it is that ever affrights me

MESSENGER

Dost thou know, then, that thy fears are wholly vain?

OEDIPUS

How so, if I was born of those parents?

MESSENGER

Because Polybus was nothing to thee in blood

---

OEDIPUS

What sayest thou? Was Polybus not my sire?

MESSENGER

No more than he who speaks to thee, but just so much

OEDIPUS

And how can my sire be level with him who is as nought to me?

MESSENGER

Nay, he begat thee not, any more than I

OEDIPUS

Nay, wherefore, then, called he me his son?

MESSENGER

Know that he had received thee as a gift from my hands of yore

OEDIPUS

And yet he loved me so dearly, who came from another's hand?

MESSENGER

Yea, his former childlessness won him thereto

OEDIPUS

And thou—hadst thou bought me or found me by chance, when thou gavest me to him?

MESSENGER

Found thee in Cithaeron's winding glens

OEDIPUS

And wherefore wast thou roaming in those regions?

MESSENGER

I was there in charge of mountain flocks

OEDIPUS

What, thou wast a shepherd—a vagrant hireling?

MESSENGER

But thy preserver, my son, in that hour

OEDIPUS

And what pain was mine when thou didst take me in thine arms?

MESSENGER

The ankles of thy feet might witness

OEDIPUS

Ah me, why dost thou speak of that old trouble?

MESSENGER

I freed thee when thou hadst thine ankles pinned together

OEDIPUS

Aye, 'twas a dread brand of shame that I took from my cradle

MESSENGER

Such, that from that fortune thou wast called by the name which still is thine

OEDIPUS

Oh, for the gods' love—was the deed my mother's or father's? Speak!

MESSENGER

I know not, he who gave thee to me wots better of that than I

OEDIPUS

What, thou hadst me from another? Thou didst not light on me thyself?

MESSENGER

No another shepherd gave thee up to me

OEDIPUS

Who was he? Art thou in case to tell clearly?

MESSENGER

I think he was called one of the household of Laius

OEDIPUS

The king who ruled this country long ago?

MESSENGER

The same 'twas in his service that the man was a herd

OEDIPUS

Is he still alive, that I might see him?

MESSENGER

Nay, ye folk of the country should know best

OEDIPUS

Is there any of you here present that knows the herd of whom he speaks—that hath seen him in the pastures or the town? Answer! The hour hath come that these things should be finally revealed

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Methinks he speaks of no other than the peasant whom thou wast already fain to see, but our lady Jocasta might best tell that

## OEDIPUS

Lady, wottest thou of him whom we lately summoned? Is it of him that this man speaks?

## JOCASTA

Why ask of whom he spoke? Regard it not          waste not a thought  
on what he said          'twere idle

## OEDIPUS

It must not be that, with such clues in my grasp, I should fail to bring my birth to light

## JOCASTA

For the gods' sake, if thou hast any care for thine own life, forbear this search! My anguish is enough

## OEDIPUS

Be of good courage, though I be found the son of servile mother,—aye, a slave by three descents,—*thou* wilt not be proved base-born

## JOCASTA

Yet hear me, I implore thee do not thus

## OEDIPUS

I must not hear of not discovering the whole truth

## JOCASTA

Yet I wish thee well—I counsel thee for the best

## OEDIPUS

These best counsels, then, vex my patience

## JOCASTA

Ill-fated one! Mayst thou never come to know who thou art!

## OEDIPUS

Go, some one, fetch me the herdsman hither,—and leave yon woman to glory in her princely stock

## JOCASTA

Alas, alas, miserable!—that word alone can I say unto thee, and no other word henceforth for ever

(*She rushes into the palace*)

## LEADER

Why hath the lady gone, Oedipus, in a transport of wild grief? I misdoubt, a storm of sorrow will break forth from this silence.

## OEDIPUS

Break forth what will! Be my race never so lowly, I must crave to learn it. Yon woman, perchance,—for she is proud with more than a woman's pride—thinks shame of my base source. But I, who hold myself son of Fortune that gives good, will not be dishonoured. ~~She~~ <sup>She</sup> is the mother from whom I spring, and the months, my kinsmen, have marked me sometimes lowly, sometimes great. Such being my lineage, never more can I prove false to it, or spare to search out the secret of my birth.

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe*

If I am a seer or wise of heart, O Cithaeron, thou shalt not fail—by yon heaven, thou shalt not!—to know at tomorrow's full moon that Oedipus honours thee as native to him, as his nurse, and his mother, and that thou art celebrated in our dance and song, because thou art well-pleasing to our prince. O Phoebus to whom we cry, may these things find favour in thy sight!

*antistrophe*

Who was it, my son, who of the race whose years are many that bore thee in wedlock with Pan, the mountain-roaming father? Or was it a bride of Loxias that bore thee? For dear to him are all the upland pastures. Or perchance 'twas Cyllene's lord,<sup>2</sup> or the Bacchants' god, dweller on the hill-tops, that received thee, a new-born joy, from one of the Nymphs of Helicon, with whom he most doth sport.

## OEDIPUS

Elders, if 'tis for me to guess, who have never met with him, I think I see the herdsman of whom we have long been in quest, for in his venerable age he tallies with yon stranger's years, and withal I know those who bring him, methinks, as servants of mine own. But perchance thou mayest have the advantage of me in knowledge, if thou hast seen the herdsman before.

## LEADER

Aye, I know him, be sure, he was in the service of Laius—trusty as any man, in his shepherd's place.

(*The HERDSMAN is brought in*)

## OEDIPUS

I ask thee first, Corinthian stranger, is this he whom thou meanest?

MESSENGER

This man whom thou beholdest

OEDIPUS

Ho thou, old man—I would have thee look this way, and answer all that I ask thee Thou wast once in the service of Laius?

HERDSMAN

I was—a slave not bought, but reared in his house

OEDIPUS

Employed in what labour, or what way of life?

HERDSMAN

For the best part of my life I tended flocks

OEDIPUS

And what the regions that thou didst chiefly haunt?

HERDSMAN

Sometimes it was Cithaeron, sometimes the neighbouring ground

OEDIPUS

Then wottest thou of having noted yon man in these parts—

HERDSMAN

Doing what?        What man dost thou mean?

OEDIPUS

This man here—or of having ever met him before?

HERDSMAN

Not so that I could speak at once from memory

MESSENGER

And no wonder, master But I will bring clear recollection to his ignorance I am sure that he well wots of the time when we abode in the region of Cithaeron,—he with two flocks, I, his comrade, with one,—three full half-years, from spring to Arcturus, and then for the winter I used to drive my flock to mine own fold, and he took his to the fold of Laius Did aught of this happen as I tell, or did it not?

HERDSMAN

Thou speakest the truth—though 'tis long ago

\*

MESSENGER

Come, tell me now—wottest thou of having given me a boy in those days, to be reared as mine own foster-son?



HERDSMAN

What now? Why dost thou ask the question?

MESSENGER

Yonder man, my friend, is he who then was young

HERDSMAN

Plague seize thee—be silent once for all!

OEDIPUS

Ha! chide him not, old man—thy words need chiding more than his

HERDSMAN

And wherein, most noble master, do I offend?

OEDIPUS

In not telling of the boy concerning whom he asks

HERDSMAN

He speaks without knowledge—he is busy to no purpose

OEDIPUS

Thou wilt not speak with a good grace, but thou shalt on pain

HERDSMAN

Nay, for the gods' love, misuse not an old man!

OEDIPUS

Ho, some one—pinion him this instant!

HERDSMAN

Alas, wherefore? what more wouldst thou learn?

OEDIPUS

D'dst thou give this man the child of whom he asks?

HERDSMAN

I did,—and would I had perished that day!

OEDIPUS

Well, thou wilt come to that, unless thou tell the honest truth

HERDSMAN

Nay, much more am I lost, if I speak

OEDIPUS

The fellow is bent, methinks, on more delays

HERDSMAN

No, no!—I said before that I gave it to him

OEDIPUS

Whence hadst thou got it? In thine own house, or from another?

HERDSMAN

Mine own it was not—I had received it from a man

OEDIPUS

*From whom of the citizens here? from what home?*

HERDSMAN

Forbear, for the gods' love, master, forbear to ask more!

OEDIPUS

Thou art lost if I have to question thee again

HERDSMAN

It was a child, then, of the house of Laius

OEDIPUS

A slave? or one born of his own race?

HERDSMAN

Ah me—I am on the dreaded brink of speech

OEDIPUS

And I of hearing, yet must I hear

HERDSMAN

Thou must know, then, that 'twas said to be his own child—but thy lady within could best say how these things are

OEDIPUS

How? She gave it to thee?

HERDSMAN

Yea, O king

OEDIPUS

For what end?

HERDSMAN

That I should make away with it

OEDIPUS

Her own child, the wretch?

HERDSMAN

'Aye, from fear of evil prophecies

OEDIPUS

What were they?

HERDSMAN

The tale ran that he must slay his sire

OEDIPUS

Why, then, didst thou give him up to this old man?

HERDSMAN

Through pity, master, as deeming that he would bear him away to another land, whence he himself came, but he saved him for the direst woe. For if thou art what this man saith, know that thou wast born to misery

OEDIPUS

Oh, oh! All brought to pass—all true! Thou light, may I now look my last on thee—I who have been found accursed in birth, accursed in wedlock, accursed in the shedding of blood!

(He rushes into the palace)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

Alas, ye generations of men, how mere a shadow do I count your life! Where, where is the mortal who wins more of happiness than just the seeming, and, after the semblance, a falling away? Thine is a fate that warns me,—thine, thine, unhappy Oedipus—to call no earthly creature blest

*antistrophe 1*

For he, O Zeus, sped his shaft with peerless skill, and won the prize of an all-prosperous fortune, he slew the maiden with crooked talons who sang darkly, he arose for our land as a tower against death. And from that time, Oedipus, thou hast been called our king, and hast been honoured supremely, bearing sway in great Thebes

*strophe 2*

But now whose story is more grievous in men's ears? Who is a more wretched captive to fierce plagues and troubles, with all his life reversed?

Alas, renowned Oedipus! The same bounteous place of rest sufficed thee, as child and as sire also, that thou shouldst make thereon thy nuptial couch. Oh, how can the soil wherein thy father sowed, unhappy one, have suffered thee in silence so long?

*antistrophe 2*

Time the all-seeing hath found thee out in thy despite he judgeth  
the monstrous marriage wherein begetter and begotten have long  
been one

Alas, thou child of Laius, would, would that I had never seen thee!  
I wail as one who pours a dirge from his lips, sooth to speak, 'twas  
thou that gavest me new life, and through thee darkness hath fallen  
upon mine eyes

(*Enter SECOND MESSENGER from the palace*)

SECOND MESSENGER

Ye who are ever most honoured in this land, what deeds shall ye hear,  
what deeds behold, what burden of sorrow shall be yours, if, true to your  
race, ye still care for the house of Labdacus! For I ween that not Ister  
nor Phasis could wash this house clean, so many are the ills that it shrouds,  
or will soon bring to light,—ills wrought not unwittingly, but of purpose  
And those griefs smart most which are seen to be of our own choice

LEADER

Indeed those which we knew before fall not short of claiming sore  
lamentation besides them, what dost thou announce?

SECOND MESSENGER

This is the shortest tale to tell and to hear our royal lady Jocasta is  
dead

LEADER

Alas, hapless one! From what cause?

SECOND MESSENGER

By her own hand The worst pain in what hath chanced is not for you,  
for yours it is not to behold Nevertheless, so far as mine own memory  
serves, ye shall learn that unhappy woman's fate

When, frantic, she had passed within the vestibule, she rushed straight  
towards her nuptial couch, clutching her hair with the fingers of both  
hands, once within the chamber, she dashed the doors together at her  
back, then called on the name of Laius, long since a corpse, mindful of  
that son, begotten long ago, by whom the sire was slain, leaving the  
mother to breed accursed offspring with his own

And she bewailed the wedlock wherein, wretched, she had borne a two-  
fold brood, husband by husband, children by her child And how there-  
after she perished, is more than I know For with a shriek Oedipus burst  
in, and suffered us not to watch her woe unto the end, on him, as he  
rushed around, our eyes were set To and fro he went, asking us to give  
him a sword,—asking where he should find the wife who was no wife, but

a mother whose womb had borne alike himself and his children And, in his frenzy, a power above man was his guide, for 'twas none of us mortals who were nigh And with a dread shriek, as though some one beckoned him on, he sprang at the double doors, and from their sockets forced the bending bolts, and rushed into the room

There beheld we the woman hanging by the neck in a twisted noose of swinging cords But he, when he saw her, with a dread, deep cry of misery, loosed the halter whereby she hung And when the hapless woman was stretched upon the ground, then was the sequel dread to see For he tore from her raiment the golden brooches wherewith she was decked, and lifted them, and smote full on his own eye-balls, uttering words like these 'No more shall ye behold such horrors as I was suffering and working' long enough have ye looked on those whom ye ought never to have seen, failed in knowledge of those whom I yearned to know—henceforth ye shall be dark'

To such dire refrain, not once alone but oft struck he his eyes with lifted hand, and at each blow the ensanguined eye-balls bedewed his beard, nor sent forth sluggish drops of gore, but all at once a dark shower of blood came down like hail

From the deeds of twain such ills have broken forth, not on one alone, but with mingled woe for man and wife The old happiness of their ancestral fortune was aforetime happiness indeed, but to-day—lamentation, ruin, death, shame, all earthly ills that can be named—all, all are theirs

#### LEADER

And hath the sufferer now any respite from pain?

#### SECOND MESSENGER

He cries for some one to unbar the gates and show to all the Cadmeans his father's slayer, his mother's—the unholy word must not pass my lips, —as purposing to cast himself out of the land, and abide no more, to make the house accursed under his own curse Howbeit he lacks strength, and one to guide his steps, for the anguish is more than man may bear. And he will show this to thee also, for lo, the bars of the gates are withdrawn, and soon thou shalt behold a sight which even he who abhors it must pity

*(The central door of the palace is now opened OEDIPUS comes forth, leaning on attendants, the bloody stains are still upon his face The following lines between OEDIPUS and the CHORUS are chanted responsively)*

## CHORUS

O dread fate for men to see, O most dreadful of all that have met mine eyes! Unhappy one, what madness hath come on thee? Who is the unearthly foe that, with a bound of more than mortal range, hath made thine ill-starred life his prey?

Alas, alas, thou hapless one! Nay, I cannot e'en look on thee, though there is much that I would fain ask, fain learn, much that draws my wistful gaze,—with such a shuddering dost thou fill me!

## OEDIPUS

Woe is me! Alas, alas, wretched that I am! Whither, whither am I borne in my misery? How is my voice swept abroad on the wings of the air? Oh my Fate, how far hast thou sprung!

## CHORUS

To a dread place, dire in men's ears, dire in their sight

## OEDIPUS

*strophe 1*

O thou horror of darkness that enfoldest me, visitant unspeakable, resistless, sped by a wind too fair!

Ay me! and once again, ay me!

How is my soul pierced by the stab of these goads, and withal by the memory of sorrows!

## CHORUS

Yea, amid woes so many a twofold pain may well be thine to mourn and to bear

## OEDIPUS

*antistrophe 1*

Ah, friend, thou still art steadfast in thy tendance of me,—thou still hast patience to care for the blind man! Ah me! Thy presence is not hid from me—no, dark though I am, yet know I thy voice full well

## CHORUS

Man of dread deeds, how couldst thou in such wise quench thy vision? What more than human power urged thee?

## OEDIPUS

*strophe 2*

Apollo, friends, Apollo was he that brought these my woes to pass, these my sore, sore woes but the hand that struck the eyes was none save mine, wretched that I am! Why was I to see, when sight could show me nothing sweet?

## CHORUS

These things were even as thou sayest

## OEDIPUS

Say, friends, what can I more behold, what can I love, what greeting can touch mine ear with joy? Haste, lead me from the land, friends, lead me hence, the utterly lost, the thrice accursed, yea, the mortal most abhorred of heaven!

## CHORUS

Wretched alike for thy fortune and for thy sense thereof, would that I had never so much as known thee!

## OEDIPUS

*antistrophe 2*

Perish the man, whoe'er he was, that freed me in the pastures from the cruel shackle on my feet, and saved me from death, and gave me back to life,—a thankless deed! Had I died then, to my friends and to thine own soul I had not been so sore a grief.

## CHORUS

I also would have had it thus

## OEDIPUS

So had I not come to shed my father's blood, nor been called among men the spouse of her from whom I sprang but now am I forsaken of the gods, son of a defiled mother, successor to his bed who gave me mine own wretched being and if there be yet a woe surpassing woes, it hath become the portion of Oedipus

## CHORUS

I know not how I can say that thou hast counselled well for thou wert better dead than living and blind

## OEDIPUS

Show me not at large that these things are not best done thus give me counsel no more For, had I sight, I know not with what eyes I could e'en have looked on my father, when I came to the place of the dead, aye, or on my miserable mother, since against both I have sinned such sins as strangling could not punish But deem ye that the sight of children, born as mine were born, was lovely for me to look upon? No, no, not lovely to mine eyes for ever! No, nor was this town with its towered walls, nor the sacred statues of the gods, since I, thrice wretched that I am,—I, noblest of the sons of Thebes,—have doomed myself to know these no more, by mine own command that all should thrust away the impious one,

—even him whom gods have shown to be unholy—and of the race of Laius!

After bearing such a stain upon me, was I to look with steady eyes on this folk? No, verily no, were there yet a way to choke the fount of hearing, I had not spared to make a fast prison of this wretched frame, that so I should have known nor sight nor sound, for 'tis sweet that our thought should dwell beyond the sphere of griefs

Alas, Cithaeron, why hadst thou a shelter for me? When I was given to thee, why didst thou not slay me straightway, that so I might never have revealed my source to men? 'Ah, Polybus,—ah, Corinth, and thou that wast called the ancient house of my fathers, how seeming-fair was I your nurseling, and what ills were festering beneath! For now I am found evil, and of evil birth, O ye three roads, and thou secret glen,—thou coppice, and narrow way where three paths met—ye who drank from my hands that father's blood which was mine own,—remember ye, perchance, what deeds I wrought for you to see,—and then, when I came hither, what fresh deeds I went on to do?

O marriage-rites, ye gave me birth, and when ye had brought me forth, again ye bore children to your child, ye created an incestuous kinship of fathers, brothers, sons,—brides, wives, mothers,—yea, all the foulest shame that is wrought among men! Nay, but 'tis unmeet to name what 'tis unmeet to do —haste ye, for the gods' love, hide me somewhere beyond the land, or slay me, or cast me into the sea, where ye shall never behold me more! Approach,—deign to lay your hands on a wretched man,—hearken, fear not,—my plague can rest on no mortal beside

(Enter CREON)

#### LEADER

Nay, here is Creon, in meet season for thy requests, crave they act or counsel, for he alone is left to guard the land in thy stead

#### OEDIPUS

Ah me, how indeed shall I accost him? What claim to credence can be shown on my part? For in the past I have been found wholly false to him

#### CREON

I have not come in mockery, Oedipus, nor to reproach thee with any bygone fault (*To the attendants*) But ye, if ye respect the children of men no more, revere at least the all-nurturing flame of our lord the Sun,—spare to show thus nakedly a pollution such as this,—one which neither earth can welcome, nor the holy ram, nor the light. Nay, take him into the house as quickly as ye may, for it best accords with piety that kinsfolk alone should see and hear a kinsman's woes.



## OEDIPUS

For the gods' love—~~since~~ thou hast done a gentle violence to my presage, who hast come in a spirit so noble to me, a man most vile—grant me a boon—for thy good I will speak, not for mine own

## CREON

And what wish art thou so fain to have of me?

## OEDIPUS

Cast me out of this land with all speed, to a place where no mortal shall be found to greet me more

## CREON

This would I have done, be thou sure, but that I craved first to learn all my duty from the god

## OEDIPUS

Nay, his behest hath been set forth in full,—to let me perish, the parricide, the unholy one, that I am

## CREON

Such was the purport, yet, seeing to what a pass we have come, 'tis better to learn clearly what should be done

## OEDIPUS

Will ye, then, seek a response on behalf of such a wretch as I am?

## CREON

Aye, for thou thyself wilt now surely put faith in the god

## OEDIPUS

Yea, and on thee lay I this charge, to thee will I make this entreaty—give to her who is within such burial as thou thyself wouldest, for thou wilt meetly render the last rites to thine own. But for me—never let this city of my sire be condemned to have me dwelling therein, while I live no, suffer me to abide on the hills, where yonder is Cithaeron, famed as mine,—which my mother and sire, while they lived, set for my appointed tomb,—that so I may die by their decree who sought to slay me. Howbeit of thus much am I sure,—that neither sickness nor aught else can destroy me, for never had I been snatched from death, but in reserve for some strange doom

Nay, let my fate go whither it will but as touching my children,—I pray thee, Creon, take no care on thee for my sons, they are men, so that, be they where they may, they can never lack the means to live. But my two girls, poor hapless ones,—who never knew my table spread apart, or lacked their father's presence, but ever in all things shared my daily

bread,—I pray thee, care for *them*, and—if thou canst—suffer me to touch them with my hands, and to indulge my ~~grief~~ <sup>grief</sup> Grant it, prince, grant it, thou noble heart! Ah, could I but once touch them with my hands, I should think that they were with me, even as when I had sight

(CREON's attendants lead in the children ANTIGONE and ISMENÉ )

Ha? O ye gods, can it be my loved ones that I hear sobbing,—can Creon have taken pity on me and sent me my children—my darlings? Am I right?

CREON

Yea 'tis of my contriving, for I knew thy joy in them of old,—the joy that now is thine

OEDIPUS

Then blessed be thou, and, for guerdon of this errand, may heaven prove to thee a kinder guardian than it hath to me! My children, where are ye? Come hither,—hither to the hands of him whose mother was your own, the hands whose offices have wrought that your sire's once bright eyes should be such orbs as these,—his, who seeing nought, knowing nought, became your father by her from whom he sprang! For you also do I weep—behold you I cannot—when I think of the bitter life in days to come which men will make you live To what company of the citizens will ye go, to what festival, from which ye shall not return home in tears, instead of sharing in the holiday? But when ye are now come to years ripe for marriage, who shall he be, who shall be the man, my daughters, that will hazard taking unto him such reproaches as must be baneful alike to my offspring and to yours? For what misery is wanting? Your sire slew his sire, he had seed of her who bare him, and begat you at the sources of his own being! Such are the taunts that will be cast at you, and who then will wed? The man lives not, no, it cannot be, my children, but ye must wither in barren maidenhood

Ah, son of Menoeceus, hear me—since thou art the only father left to them, for we, their parents, are lost, both of us,—allow them not to wander poor and unwed, who are thy kinswomen, nor abase them to the level of my woes Nay, pity them, when thou seest them at this tender age so utterly forlorn, save for thee Signify thy promise, generous man, by the touch of thy hand! To you, my children, I would have given much counsel, were your minds mature, but now I would have this to be your prayer—that ye live where occasion suffers, and that the life which is your portion may be happier than your sire's

CREON

Thy grief hath had large scope enough nay, pass into the house

OEDIPUS

I must obey, though 'tis in no wise sweet

CREON

Yea for it is in season that all things are good

OEDIPUS

Knowest thou, then, on what conditions I will go?

CREON

Thou shalt name them, so shall I know them when I hear

OEDIPUS

See that thou send me to dwell beyond this land

CREON

Thou askest me for what the god must give

OEDIPUS

Nay, to the gods I have become most hateful }

CREON

Then shalt thou have thy wish anon

OEDIPUS

So thou consentest?

CREON

'Tis not my wont to speak idly what I do not mean

OEDIPUS

Then 'tis time to lead me hence

CREON

Come, then,—but let thy children go

OEDIPUS

Nay, take not these from me!

CREON

Crave not to be master in all things for the mastery which thou didst win hath not followed thee through life

CHORUS (*singing*)

Dwellers in our native Thebes, behold, this is Oedipus, who knew the famed riddle, and was a man most mighty, on whose fortunes what citizen did not gaze with envy? Behold into what a stormy sea of dread trouble he hath come!

Therefore, while our eyes wait to see the destined final day, we  
must call no one happy who is of mortal race, until he hath crossed  
life's border, free from pain.<sup>8</sup>

#### NOTES FOR OEDIPUS THE KING

- 1 Jebb has inserted this line for one which he believes has been lost
- 2 The reference is to Hermes
- 3 These last lines evidently derive from a maxim traditionally attributed to Solon in antiquity The thought is found frequently in Greek tragedy

III  
ANTIGONE

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

ANTIGONE }  
ISMENE } *daughters of Oedipus*

CREON, *King of Thebes*

EURYDICE, *his wife*

HAFMON, *his son*

TLIRIASIAS, *the blind prophet*

GUARD, *set to watch the corpse of Polyneices*

FIRST MESSENGER

SECOND MESSENGER, *from the house*

CHORUS OF THEBAN ELDERS

## INTRODUCTION

THREE of the extant plays of Sophocles interpret aspects of the familiar Theban saga. The *Antigone*, the earliest of the three, being written probably about 442 B C, treats the latest events of the legend. The second, *Oedipus the King*, deals with the early part of the story, while the third, *Oedipus at Colonus*, the crowning achievement of Sophocles' old age, presents the last hours and death of Oedipus, which in the chronology of the legend fall between the episodes of *Oedipus the King* and the *Antigone*. Although Sophocles follows in its general outlines the received version of the legend, he has not scrupled to alter it or change its emphases in order to serve his own particular dramatic purpose. For example, Creon is a very sympathetic character in *Oedipus the King*, whereas he is portrayed quite differently in the *Antigone*.

According to the legend, Eteocles, son of Oedipus and now king of Thebes, had exiled his brother, Polyneices, who also desired to hold the royal power. Polyneices had enlisted the support of Argos, and had led a tremendous host against Thebes in order to seize the throne. In the battle which then ensued, the brothers, who met in individual combat, fell each by the other's hand, and fulfilled thereby the curse which their father, Oedipus, had called down upon them just before his death. The Argive host has been repulsed, and Creon has assumed the vacant throne. The action of the *Antigone* takes place on the day after the battle. Creon has just issued a proclamation that the body of Eteocles shall be given the full funeral honours due a hero, while the corpse of Polyneices shall lie unburied. At this point the play opens.

The central conflict of the play between Antigone and Creon is presented in simple terms, and derives, on the surface, from the conventional Greek attitude towards burial ritual. Creon has inflicted upon the dead Polyneices a punishment which the Greeks looked upon with peculiar terror, namely that his body should not receive the requisite funeral rites. In fact, the problem is precisely that which preoccupied Sophocles in the closing scenes of his *Ajax*. However, in the *Antigone*, the poet has universalized the conflict which arises from this particular situation, until it becomes basically a question whether man-made and tyrannically en-



forced law should take precedence over what any individual conceives in his heart to be divine law. Creon endeavours to impose his human law on Antigone, who disobeys out of respect for a higher law.

— Creon is distinctly a tragic figure, who holds firmly to what he believes to be right and who has no doubts as to the absolute validity of his beliefs. Nothing shakes him, not even the criticism and open opposition of his son, Haemon, with whom Creon is sharply contrasted, until it is too late and the catastrophe has already occurred. Creon gains in stature at the conclusion because he realizes his guilt and assumes responsibility for it. In many respects he is not unlike Pentheus, in Euripides' *Bacchae*. As for Antigone, critics are divided in their interpretations. Some hold that she is guilty of pride, *hybris*, and that she is suffering from an absurd and stubborn desire to become a martyr. Others insist that she is unswervingly and magnificently devoted to her ideals for which she is willing to sacrifice her life, that she does not possess any "tragic flaw" in any sense of the word, and that her fate is completely undeserved. Whatever may be a satisfactory interpretation of her character, at least it is certain that Sophocles has created a living and a vital figure in Antigone. Her devotion to her ideals may perhaps lead her to a somewhat unpromising harshness towards her sister, but Sophocles makes it clear that she has within her a warmth and gentleness of spirit which she has suppressed but which are revealed, now in her love for Haemon, and now when she asks pathetically, as she is led away to death, why it is that she suffers.

One is tempted to formulate clearly the major issues of the play and forget that they are fused with other varied elements in such a way that the resultant work of art possesses great richness. To cite examples of this richness, one need only mention the brilliant choral ode on the wonders of man, the realistic and somewhat comic treatment of the Guard, or the scene between Haemon and Creon which contains political implications of great significance. As a result, though the *Antigone* may not be the equal of *Oedipus the King*, either in point of technique or of universal meaning, yet it remains one of the most satisfying of all the Greek tragedies.

## ANTIGONE

(SCENE —*The same as in the Oedipus the King, an open space before the royal palace, once that of Oedipus, at Thebes. The backscene represents the front of the palace, with three doors, of which the central and largest is the principal entrance into the house. The time is at daybreak on the morning after the fall of the two brothers, Eteocles and Polyneices, and the flight of the defeated Argives. ANTIGONE calls ISMENE forth from the palace, in order to speak to her alone.*)

### ANTIGONE

ISMENE, sister, mine own dear sister, knowest thou what ill there is, of all bequeathed by Oedipus, that Zeus fulfils not for us twain while we live? Nothing painful is there, nothing fraught with ruin, no shame, no dishonour, that I have not seen in thy woes and mine.

And now what new edict is this of which they tell, that our Captain hath just published to all Thebes? Knowest thou aught? Hast thou heard? Or is it hidden from thee that our friends are threatened with the doom of our foes?

### ISMENE

No word of friends, Antigone, gladsome or painful, hath come to me, since we two sisters were bereft of brothers twain, killed in one day by a twofold blow and since in this last night the Argive host hath fled, I know no more, whether my fortune be brighter, or more grievous.

### ANTIGONE

I knew it well, and therefore sought to bring thee beyond the gates of the court, that thou mightest hear alone.

### ISMENE

What is it? 'Tis plain that thou art brooding on some dark tidings.

### ANTIGONE

What, hath not Creon destined our brothers, the one to honoured burial, the other to unburied shame? Eteocles, they say, with due observance of right and custom, he hath laid in the earth, for his honour among the

dead below But the hapless corpse of Polynices, as ~~the~~ saith, it hath been published to the town that none shall entomb him or mourn, but leave unwept, unsepulchred, a welcome store for the birds, as they espy him, to feast on at will

Such, 'tis said, is the edict that the good Creon hath set forth for thee and for me,—yes, for *me*,—and is coming hither to proclaim it clearly to those who know it not, nor counts the matter light, but, whoso disobeys in aught, his doom is death by stoning before all the folk Thou knowest it now; and thou wilt soon show whether thou art nobly bred, or the base daughter of a noble line

ISMENE

Poor sister,—and if things stand thus, what could I help to do or undo?

ANTIGONE

Consider if thou wilt share the toil and the deed

ISMENE

In what venture? What can be thy meaning?

ANTIGONE

Wilt thou aid this hand to lift the dead?

ISMENE

Thou wouldst bury him,—when 'tis forbidden to Thebes?

ANTIGONE

I will do my part,—and thine, if thou wilt not,—to a brother False to him will I never be found

ISMENE

Ah, over-bold! when Creon hath forbidden?

ANTIGONE

Nay, he hath no right to keep me from mine own.

ISMENE

Ah me! think, sister, how our father perished, amid hate and scorn, when sins bared by his own search had moved him to strike both eyes with self-blinding hand, then the mother wife, two names in one, with twisted noose did despite unto her life, and last, our two brothers in one day,—each shedding, hapless one, a kinsman's blood,—wrought out with mutual hands their common doom And now *we* in turn—we two left all alone—think how we shall perish, more miserably than all the rest, if, in defiance of the law, we brave a king's decree or his powers Nay, we must remember, first, that we were born women, as *who* should not strive with men,

next, that we are ruled of the stronger, so that we must obey in these things, and in things yet sorer I, therefore, asking the Spirits Infernal to pardon, seeing that force is put on me herein, will hearken to our rulers, for 'tis witless to be over busy

## ANTIGONE

I will not urge thee,—no, nor, if thou yet shouldst have the mind, wouldst thou be welcome as a worker with *me* Nay, be what thou wilt, but I will bury him well for me to die in doing that I shall rest, a loved one with him whom I have loved, sinless in my crime, for I owe a longer allegiance to the dead than to the living in that world I shall abide for ever But if *thou* wilt, be guilty of dishonouring laws which the gods have established in honour

## ISMENE

I do them no dishonour, but to defy the State,—I have no strength for that

## ANTIGONE

Such be thy plea —I, then, will go to heap the earth above the brother whom I love

## ISMENE

Alas, unhappy one! How I fear for thee!

## ANTIGONE

Fear not for me guide thine own fate aright

## ISMENE

At least, then, disclose this plan to none, but hide it closely,—and so, too, will I

## ANTIGONE

Oh, denounce it! Thou wilt be far more hateful for thy silence, if thou proclaim not these things to all

## ISMENE

Thou hast a hot heart for chilling deeds

## ANTIGONE

I know that I please where I am most bound to please

## ISMENE

Aye, if thou canst, but thou wouldst what thou canst not

## ANTIGONE

Why, then, when my strength fails, I shall have done

## ISMENE

A hopeless quest should not be made at all

## ANTIGONE

If thus thou speakest, thou wilt have hatred from me, and will justly be subject to the lasting hatred of the dead But leave me, and the folly that is mine alone, to suffer this dread thing, for I shall not suffer aught so dreadful as an ignoble death

## ISMENE

Go, then, if thou must, and of this be sure,—that, though thine errand is foolish, to thy dear ones thou art truly dear

(Exit ANTIGONE on the spectators' left ISMENE retires into the palace by one of the two side-doors When they have departed, the CHORUS OF THEBAN ELDERS enters)

## CHORUS (singing)

## strophe 1

Beam of the sun, fairest light that ever dawned on Thebe of the seven gates, thou hast shone forth at last, eye of golden day, arisen above Dirce's streams! The warrior of the white shield, who came from Argos in his panoply, hath been stirred by thee to headlong flight, in swifter career,

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

## systema 1

who set forth against our land by reason of the vexed claims of Polyneices, and, like shrill-screaming eagle, he flew over into our land, in snow-white pinion sheathed, with an armed throng, and with plumage of helms

## CHORUS

## antistrophe 1

He paused above our dwellings, he ravened around our sevenfold portals with spears athirst for blood, but he went hence, or ever his jaws were glutted with our gore, or the Fire-god's pine-fed flame had seized our crown of towers So fierce was the noise of battle raised behind him, a thing too hard for him to conquer, as he wrestled with his dragon foe

## LEADER

## systema 2

For Zeus utterly abhors the boasts of a proud tongue, and when he beheld them coming on in a great stream, in the haughty pride of

clanging gold, he smote with brandished fire one who was now hasting to shout victory at his goal upon our ramparts

## CHORUS

*strophe 2*

Swung down, he fell on the earth with a crash, torch in hand, he who so lately, in the frenzy of the mad onset, was raging against us with the blasts of his tempestuous hate But those threats fared not as he hoped, and to other foes the mighty War-god dispensed their several dooms, dealing havoc around, a mighty helper at our need

## LEADER

*systema 3*

For seven captains at seven gates, matched against seven, left the tribute of their panoplies to Zeus who turns the battle, save those two of cruel fate, who, born of one sire and one mother, set against each other their twain conquering spears, and are sharers in a common death

## CHORUS

*antistrophe 2*

But since Victory of glorious name hath come to us, with joy responsive to the joy of Thebe whose chariots are many, let us enjoy forgetfulness after the late wars, and visit all the temples of the gods with night-long dance and song, and may Bacchus be our leader, whose dancing shakes the land of Thebe

## LEADER

*systema 4*

But lo, the king of the land comes yonder, Creon, son of Menoeceus, our new ruler by the new fortunes that the gods have given, what counsel is he pondering, that he hath proposed this special conference of elders, summoned by his general mandate?

(Enter CREON, from the central doors of the palace, in the garb of king, with two attendants)

## CREON

Sirs, the vessel of our State, after being tossed on wild waves, hath once more been safely steadied by the gods and ye, out of all the folk, have been called apart by my summons, because I knew, first of all, how true and constant was your reverence for the royal power of Laius, how, again, when Oedipus was ruler of our land, and when he had perished, your steadfast loyalty still upheld their children Since, then, his sons have fallen in one day by a twofold doom,—each smitten by the other,

each stained with a brother's blood,—I now possess the throne and all its powers, by nearness of kinship to the dead

No man can be fully known, in soul and spirit and mind, until he hath been seen versed in rule and law-giving For if any, being supreme guide of the State, cleaves not to the best counsels, but, through some fear, keeps his lips locked, I hold, and have ever held, him most base, and if any makes a friend of more account than his fatherland, that man hath no place in my regard For I—be Zeus my witness, who sees all things always—would not be silent if I saw ruin, instead of safety, coming to the citizens, nor would I ever deem the country's foe a friend to myself, remembering this, that our country is the ship that bears us safe, and that only while she prospers in our voyage can we make true friends

Such are the rules by which I guard this city's greatness And in accord with them is the edict which I have now published to the folk touching the sons of Oedipus,—that Eteocles, who hath fallen fighting for our city, in all renown of arms, shall be entombed, and crowned with every rite that follows the noblest dead to their rest But for his brother, Polyneices,—who came back from exile, and sought to consume utterly with fire the city of his fathers and the shrines of his fathers' gods,—sought to taste of kindred blood, and to lead the remnant into slavery,—touching this man, it hath been proclaimed to our people that none shall grace him with sepulture or lament, but leave him unburied, a corpse for birds and dogs to eat, a ghastly sight of shame

Such the spirit of my dealing, and never, by deed of mine, shall the wicked stand in honour before the just, but whoso hath good will to Thebes, he shall be honoured of me, in his life and in his death

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Such is thy pleasure, Creon, son of Menoeceus, touching this city's foe, and its friend, and thou hast power, I ween, to take what order thou wilt, both for the dead, and for all us who live

CREON

See, then, that ye be guardians of the mandate

LEADER

Lay the burden of this task on some younger man

CREON

Nay, watchers of the corpse have been found

LEADER

What, then, is this further charge that thou wouldst give?

CREON

That ye side not with the breakers of these commands

LEADER

No man is so foolish that he is enamoured of death

CREON

In sooth, that is the meed, yet lucre hath oft ruined men through their hopes

(A GUARD enters from the spectators' left)

GUARD

My liege, I will not say that I come breathless from speed, or that I have phed a nimble foot, for often did my thoughts make me pause, and wheel round in my path, to return My mind was holding large discourse with me, 'Fool, why goest thou to thy certain doom?' 'Wretch, tarrying again? And if Creon hears this from another, must not thou smart for it?' So debating, I went on my way with lagging steps, and thus a short road was made long At last, however, it carried the day that I should come hither—to thee, and, though my tale be nought, yet will I tell it, for I come with a good grip on one hope,—that I can suffer nothing but what is my fate

CREON

And what is it that disquiets thee thus?

GUARD

I wish to tell thee first about myself—I did not do the deed—I did not see the doer—it were not right that I should come to any harm

CREON

Thou hast a shrewd eye for thy mark, well dost thou fence thyself round against the blame, clearly thou hast some strange thing to tell

GUARD

Aye, truly, dread news makes one pause long

CREON

Then tell it, wilt thou, and so get thee gone?

GUARD

Well, this is it —The corpse—some one hath just given it burial, and gone away,—after sprinkling thirsty dust on the flesh, with such other rites as piety enjoins



## CREON

What sayest thou? What living man hath dared this deed?

## GUARD

I know not, no stroke of pickaxe was seen there, no earth thrown up by mattock, the ground was hard and dry, unbroken, without track of wheels, the doer was one who had left no trace And when the first day-watchman showed it to us, sore wonder fell on all The dead man was veiled from us, not shut within a tomb, but lightly strewn with dust, as by the hand of one who shunned a curse And no sign met the eye as though any beast of prey or any dog had come nigh to him, or torn him

Then evil words flew fast and loud among us, guard accusing guard, and it would e'en have come to blows at last, nor was there any to hinder Every man was the culprit, and no one was convicted, but all disclaimed knowledge of the deed And we were ready to take red-hot iron in our hands,—to walk through fire,—to make oath by the gods that we had not done the deed,—that we were not privy to the planning or the doing

At last, when all our searching was fruitless, one spake, who made us all bend our faces on the earth in fear, for we saw not how we could gam-say him, or escape mischance if we obeyed His counsel was that this deed must be reported to thee, and not hidden And this seemed best, and the lot doomed my hapless self to win this prize So here I stand,—as unwelcome as unwilling, well I wot, for no man delights in the bearer of bad news

## LEADER

O king, my thoughts have long been whispering, can this deed, perchance, be e'en the work of gods?

## CREON

Cease, ere thy words fill me utterly with wrath, lest thou be found at once an old man and foolish For thou sayest what is not to be borne, in saying that the gods have care for this corpse Was it for high reward of trusty service that they sought to hide his nakedness, who came to burn their pillared shrines and sacred treasures, to burn their land, and scatter its laws to the winds? Or dost thou behold the gods honouring the wicked? It cannot be No! From the first there were certain in the town that muttered against me, chafing at this edict, wagging their heads in secret, and kept not their necks duly under the yoke, like men contented with my sway

'Tis by them, well I know, that these have been beguiled and bribed to do this deed Nothing so evil as money ever grew to be current among men This lays cities low, this drives men from their homes, this trains and warps honest souls till they set themselves to works of shame, this

still teaches folk to practise villainies, and to know every godless deed

But all the men who wrought this thing for hire have made it sure that, soon or late, they shall pay the price Now, as Zeus still hath my reverence, know this—I tell it thee on my oath —If ye find not the very author of this burial, and produce him before mine eyes, death alone shall not be enough for you, till first, hung up alive, ye have revealed this outrage,—that henceforth ye may thieve with better knowledge whence lucre should be won, and learn that it is not well to love gain from every source For thou wilt find that ill-gotten pelf brings more men to ruin than to weal

GUARD

May I speak? Or shall I just turn and go?

CREON

Knowest thou not that even now thy voice offends?

GUARD

Is thy smart in the ears, or in the soul?

CREON

And why wouldst thou define the seat of my pain?

GUARD

The doer vexes thy mind, but I, thine ears

CREON

Ah, thou art a born babbler, 'tis well seen

GUARD

May be, but never the doer of this deed

CREON

Yea, and more,—the seller of thy life for silver

GUARD

Alas! 'Tis sad, truly, that he who judges should misjudge

CREON

Let thy fancy play with 'judgment' as it will,—but, if ye show me not the doers of these things, ye shall avow that dastardly gains work sorrows  
(CREON goes into the palace)

GUARD

Well, may he be found! so 'twere best But, be he caught or be he not—fortune must settle that—truly thou wilt not see me here again Saved, even now, beyond hope and thought, I owe the gods great thanks  
(The GUARD goes out on the spectators' left)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

Wonders are many, and none is more wonderful than man, the power that crosses the white sea, driven by the stormy south-wind, making a path under surges that threaten to engulf him, and Earth, the eldest of the gods, the immortal, the unwearied, doth he wear, turning the soil with the offspring of horses, as the ploughs go to and fro from year to year

*antistrophe 1*

And the light-hearted race of birds, and the tribes of savage beasts, and the sea-brood of the deep, he snares in the meshes of his woven toils, he leads captive, man excellent in wit And he masters by his arts the beast whose lair is in the wilds, who roams the hills, he tames the horse of shaggy mane, he puts the yoke upon its neck, he tames the tireless mountain bull

*strophe 2*

And speech, and wind-swift thought, and all the moods that mould a state, hath he taught himself, and how to flee the arrows of the frost, when 'tis hard lodging under the clear sky, and the arrows of the rushing rain, yea, he hath resource for all, without resource he meets nothing that must come only against Death shall he call for aid in vain, but from baffling maladies he hath devised escapes

*antistrophe 2*

Cunning beyond fancy's dream is the fertile skill which brings him, now to evil, now to good When he honours the laws of the land, and that justice which he hath sworn by the gods to uphold, proudly stands his city no city hath he who, for his rashness, dwells with sin Never may he share my hearth, never think my thoughts, who doth these things!

(*Enter the GUARD on the spectators' left, leading in ANTIGONE*)

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

What portent from the gods is this?—my soul is amazed I know her—how can I deny that yon maiden is Antigone?

O hapless, and child of hapless sire,—of Oedipus! What means this? Thou brought a prisoner?—thou, disloyal to the king's laws, and taken in folly?

## GUARD

Here she is, the doer of the deed — we caught this girl burying him — but where is Creon?

(CREON enters hurriedly from the palace)

## LEADER

Lo, he comes forth again from the house, at our need

## CREON

What is it? What hath chanced, that makes my coming timely?

## GUARD

O king, against nothing should men pledge their word, for the afterthought belies the first intent I could have vowed that I should not soon be here again,—scared by thy threats, with which I had just been lashed but,—since the joy that surprises and transcends our hopes is like in fulness to no other pleasure,—I have come, though 'tis in breach of my sworn oath, bringing this maid, who was taken showing grace to the dead This time there was no casting of lots, no, this luck hath fallen to me, and to none else And now, sire, take her thyself, question her, examine her, as thou wilt, but I have a right to free and final quittance of this trouble

## CREON

And thy prisoner here—how and whence hast thou taken her?

## GUARD

She was burying the man, thou knowest all

## CREON

Dost thou mean what thou sayest? Dost thou speak aright?

## GUARD

I saw her burying the corpse that thou hadst forbidden to bury Is that plain and clear?

## CREON

And how was she seen? how taken in the act?

## GUARD

It befell on this wise When we had come to the place,—with those dread menaces of thine upon us,—we swept away all the dust that covered the corpse, and bared the dank body well, and then sat us down on the brow of the hill, to windward, heedful that the smell from him should not strike us, every man was wide awake, and kept his neighbour alert with torrents of threats, if anyone should be careless of this task

So went it, until the sun's bright orb stood in mid heaven, and the heat began to burn and then suddenly a whirlwind lifted from the earth a

storm of dust, a trouble in the sky, and filled the plain, marring all the leafage of its woods, and the wide air was choked therewith we closed our eyes, and bore the plague from the gods

And when, after a long while, this storm had passed, the maid was seen, and she cried aloud with the sharp cry of a bird in its bitterness,—even as when, within the empty nest, it sees the bed stripped of its nestlings. So she also, when she saw the corpse bare, lifted up a voice of wailing, and called down curses on the doers of that deed. And straightway she brought thirsty dust in her hands, and from a shapely ewer of bronze, held high, with thrice-poured drink-offering she crowned the dead.

We rushed forward when we saw it, and at once closed upon our quarry, who was in no wise dismayed. Then we taxed her with her past and present doings, and she stood not on denial of aught,—at once to my joy and to my pain. To have escaped from ill, one's self is a great joy, but 'tis painful to bring friends to ill. Howbeit, all such things are of less account to me than mine own safety.

CREON

Thou—thou whose face is bent to earth—dost thou avow, or disavow, this deed?

ANTIGONE

I avow it, I make no denial.

CREON (*to GUARD*)

Thou canst betake thee whither thou wilt, free and clear of a grave charge.

(*Exit GUARD*)

(*To ANTIGONE*) Now, tell me thou—not in many words, but briefly—knewest thou that an edict had forbidden this?

ANTIGONE

I knew it. Could I help it? It was public.

CREON

And thou didst indeed dare to transgress that law?

ANTIGONE

Yes, for it was not Zeus that had published me that edict, not such are the laws set among men by the Justice who dwells with the gods below, nor deemed I that thy decrees were of such force, that a mortal could override the unwritten and unfailing statutes of heaven. For their life is not of to-day or yesterday, but from all time, and no man knows when they were first put forth.

Not through dread of any human pride could I answer to the gods for

breaking *these* Die I must,—I knew that well (how should I not?)—even without thy edicts But if I am to die before my time, I count that a gain for when any one lives, as I do, compassed about with evils, can such an one find aught but gain in death?

So for me to meet this doom is trifling grief, but if I had suffered my mother's son to lie in death an unburied corpse, that would have grieved me, for this, I am not grieved And if my present deeds are foolish in thy sight, it may be that a foolish judge arraigns my folly

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

The maid shows herself passionate child of passionate sire, and knows not how to bend before troubles.

CREON

Yet I would have thee know that o'er-stubborn spirits are most often humbled, 'tis the stiffest iron, baked to hardness in the fire, that thou shalt oftenest see snapped and shivered, and I have known horses that show temper brought to order by a little curb, there is no room for pride, when thou art thy neighbour's slave—This girl was already versed in insolence when she transgressed the laws that had been set forth, and, that done, lo, a second insult,—to vaunt of this, and exult in her deed

Now verily I am no man, she is the man, if this victory shall rest with her, and bring no penalty No! be she sister's child, or nearer to me in blood than any that worships Zeus at the altar of our house,—she and her kinsfolk shall not avoid a doom most dire, for indeed I charge that other with a like share in the plotting of this burial

And summon her—for I saw her e'en now within,—raving, and not mistress of her wits So oft, before the deed, the mind stands self-convicted in its treason, when folks are plotting mischief in the dark But verily this, too, is hateful,—when one who hath been caught in wickedness then seeks to make the crime a glory

ANTIGONE

Wouldst thou do more than take and slay me?

CREON

No more, indeed, having that, I have all

ANTIGONE

Why then dost thou delay? In thy discourse there is nought that pleases me,—never may there be!—and so my words must needs be displeasing to thee And yet, for glory—whence could I have won a nobler, than by giving burial to mine own brother? All here would own that they thought it well, were not their lips sealed by fear But royalty, blest in so much besides, hath the power to do and say what it will

CREON

Thou differest from all these Thebans in that view

ANTIGONE

These also share it, but they curb their tongues for thee

CREON

And art thou not ashamed to act apart from them?

ANTIGONE

No, there is nothing shameful in piety to a brother

CREON

Was it not a brother, too, that died in the opposite cause?

ANTIGONE

Brother by the same mother and the same sire

CREON

Why, then, dost thou render a grace that is impious in his sight?

ANTIGONE

The dead man will not say that he so deems it

CREON

Yea, if thou makest him but equal in honour with the wicked

ANTIGONE

It was his brother, not his slave, that perished

CREON

Wasting this land, while *he* fell as its champion

ANTIGONE

Nevertheless, Hades desires these rites

CREON

But the good desires not a like portion with the evil

ANTIGONE

Who knows but this seems blameless in the world below?

CREON

A foe is never a friend—not even in death

ANTIGONE

Tis not my nature to join in hating, but in loving

CREON

Pass, then, to the world of the dead, and, if thou must needs love, love them While I live, no woman shall rule me

(Enter ISMENE from the house, led in by two attendants)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Lo, yonder Ismene comes forth, shedding such tears as fond sisters weep, a cloud upon her brow casts its shadow over her darkly-flushing face, and breaks in rain on her fair cheek

CREON

And thou, who, lurking like a viper in my house, wast secretly draining my life-blood, while I knew not that I was nurturing two pests, to rise against my throne—come, tell me now, wilt thou also confess thy part in this burial, or wilt thou forswear all knowledge of it?

ISMENE

I have done the deed,—if she allows my claim,—and share the burden of the charge

ANTIGONE

Nay, justice will not suffer thee to do that thou didst not consent to the deed, nor did I give thee part in it

ISMENE

But, now that ills beset thee, I am not ashamed to sail the sea of trouble at thy side

ANTIGONE

Whose was the deed, Hades and the dead are witnesses a friend in words is not the friend that I love

ISMENE

Nay, sister, reject me not, but let me die with thee, and duly honour the dead

ANTIGONE

Share not thou my death, nor claim deeds to which thou hast not put thy hand my death will suffice

ISMENE

And what life is dear to me, bereft of thee?

ANTIGONE

Ask Creon, all thy care is for him



ISMENE

Why vex me thus, when it avails thee nought?

ANTIGONE

Indeed, if I mock, 'tis with pain that I mock thee

ISMENE

Tell me,—how can I serve thee, even now?

ANTIGONE

Save thyself I grudge not thy escape

ISMENE

Ah, woe is me! And shall I have no share in thy fate?

ANTIGONE

Thy choice was to live, mine, to die

ISMENE

At least thy choice was not made without my protest

ANTIGONE

One world approved thy wisdom, another mine

ISMLNI

Howbeit, the offence is the same for both of us

ANTIGONL

Be of good cheer, thou livest, but my life hath long been given to death, that so I might serve the dead

CREON

Lo, one of these maidens hath newly shown herself foolish, as the other hath been since her life began

ISMENE

Yea, O king, such reason as nature may have given abides not with the unfortunate, but goes astray

CREON

Thine did, when thou chocest vile deeds with the vile

ISMENE

What life could I endure, without her presence?

CREON

Nay, speak not of her 'presence', she lives no more

ISMENE

But wilt thou slay the betrothed of thine own son?

CREON

Nay, there are other fields for him to plough

ISMENE

But there can never be such love as bound him to her

CREON

I like not an evil wife for my son

ANTIGONE

Haemon, beloved! How thy father wrongs thee!

CREON

Enough, enough of thee and of thy marriage!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Wilt thou indeed rob thy son of this maiden?

CREON

'Tis Death that shall stay these bridals for me

LEADER

'Tis determined, it seems, that she shall die

CREON

Determined, yes, for thee and for me — (*To the two attendants*) No more delay—servants, take them within! Henceforth they must be women, and not range at large, for verily even the bold seek to fly, when they see Death now closing on their life

(*Exit attendants, guarding ANTIGONE and ISMENE — CREON remains*)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

Blest are they whose days have not tasted of evil For when a house hath once been shaken from heaven, there the curse fails nevermore, passing from life to life of the race, even as, when the surge is driven over the darkness of the deep by the fierce breath of Thracian sea-winds, it rolls up the black sand from the depths, and there is a sullen roar from wind-vexed headlands that front the blows of the storm

*antistrophe 1*

I see that from olden time the sorrows in the house of the Labdacidae are heaped upon the sorrows of the dead, and generation is

not freed by generation, but some god strikes them down, and the race hath no deliverance

For now that hope of which the light had been spread above the last root of the house of Oedipus—that hope, in turn, is brought low—by the blood-stained dust due to the gods infernal, and by folly in speech, and frenzy at the heart

*strophe 2*

Thy power, O Zeus, what human trespass can limit? That power which neither Sleep, the all-ensnaring, nor the untiring months of the gods can master, but thou, a ruler to whom time brings not old age, dwellest in the dazzling splendour of Olympus

And through the future, near and far, as through the past, shall this law hold good. Nothing that is vast enters into the life of mortals without a curse

*antistrophe 2*

For that hope whose wanderings are so wide is to many men a comfort, but to many a false lure of giddy desires, and the disappointment comes on one who knoweth nought till he burn his foot against the hot fire

For with wisdom hath some one given forth the famous saying, that evil seems good, soon or late, to him whose mind the god draws to mischief, and but for the briefest space doth he fare free of woe

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

But lo, Haemon, the last of thy sons,—comes he grieving for the doom of his promised bride, Antigone and bitter for the baffled hope of his marriage?

(Enter HAEMON)

CREON

We shall know soon, better than seers could tell us—My son, hearing the fixed doom of thy betrothed, art thou come in rage against thy father? Or have I thy good will, act how I may?

HAEMON

Father, I am thine, and thou, in thy wisdom, tracest for me rules which I shall follow. No marriage shall be deemed by me a greater gain than thy good guidance

CREON

Yea, this, my son, should be thy heart's fixed law,—in all things to obey thy father's will. 'Tis for this that men pray to see dutiful children

grow up around them in their homes,—that such may requite their father's foe with evil, and honour, as their father doth, his friend. But he who begets unprofitable children—what shall we say that he hath sown, but troubles for himself, and much triumph for his foes? Then do not thou, my son, at pleasure's beck, dethrone thy reason for a woman's sake, knowing that this is a joy that soon grows cold in claspings arms,—an evil woman to share thy bed and thy home. For what wound could strike deeper than a false friend? Nay, with loathing, and as if she were thine enemy, let this girl go to find a husband in the house of Hades. For since I have taken her, alone of all the city, in open disobedience, I will not make myself a liar to my people—I will slay her.

So let her appeal as she will to the majesty of kindred blood. If I am to nurture mine own kindred in naughtiness, needs must I bear with it in aliens. He who does his duty in his own household will be found righteous in the State also. But if any one transgresses, and does violence to the laws, or thinks to dictate to his rulers, such an one can win no praise from me. No, whomsoever the city may appoint, that man must be obeyed, in little things and great, in just things and unjust, and I should feel sure that one who thus obeys would be a good ruler no less than a good subject, and in the storm of spears would stand his ground where he was set, loyal and dauntless at his comrade's side.

But disobedience is the worst of evils. This it is that ruins cities, this makes homes desolate; by this, the ranks of allies are broken into head-long rout, but, of the lives whose course is fair, the greater part owes safety to obedience. Therefore we must support the cause of order, and in no wise suffer a woman to worst us. Better to fall from power, if we must, by a man's hand, then we should not be called weaker than a woman.

#### LLADER

To us, unless our years have stolen our wit, thou seemest to say wisely what thou sayest.

#### HAEMON

Father, the gods implant reason in men, the highest of all things that we call our own. Not mine the skill—far from me be the quest!—to say wherein thou speakest not aright, and yet another man, too, might have some useful thought. At least, it is my natural office to watch, on thy behalf, all that men say, or do, or find to blame. For the dread of thy frown forbids the citizen to speak such words as would offend thine ear, but I can hear these murmurs in the dark, these moanings of the city for this maiden, 'no woman,' they say, 'ever merited her doom less,—none ever was to die so shamefully for deeds so glorious as hers, who, when her own brother had fallen in bloody strife, would not leave him unburied, to be

devoured by carrion dogs, or by any bird —deserves not *she* the meed of golden honour?’

Such is the darkling rumour that spreads in secret For me, my father, no treasure is so precious as thy welfare What, indeed, is a nobler ornament for children than a prospering sire’s fair fame, or for sire than son’s? Wear not, then, one mood only in thyself, think not that thy word, and thine alone, must be right For if any man thinks that he alone is wise,—that in speech, or in mind, he hath no peer,—such a soul, when laid open, is ever found empty

No, though a man be wise, ’tis no shame for him to learn many things, and to bend in season Seest thou, beside the wintry torrent’s course, how the trees that yield to it save every twig, while the stiff-necked perish root and branch? And even thus he who keeps the sheet of his sail taut, and never slackens it, upsets his boat, and finishes his voyage with keel uppermost

Nav, forego thy wrath, permit thyself to change For if I, a younger man, may offer my thought, it were far best, I ween, that men should be all-wise by nature, but, otherwise—and oft the scale inclines not so—’tis good also to learn from those who speak aright

LLADER

Sire, ’tis meet that thou shouldest profit by his words, if he speaks aught in season, and thou, Haemon, by thy father’s, for on both parts there hath been wise speech

CREON

Men of my age—are we indeed to be schooled, then, by men of his?

HAEMON

In nothing that is not right, but if I am young, thou shouldest look to my merits, not to my years

CREON

Is it a merit to honour the unruly?

HAEMON

I could wish no one to show respect for evil-doers

CREON

Then is not she tainted with that malady?

HAEMON

Our Theban folk, with one voice, denies it

CRFON

Shall Thebes prescribe to me how I must rule?

HAEMON

See, there thou hast spoken like a youth indeed

CREON

Am I to rule this land by other judgment than mine own?

HAEMON

That is no city which belongs to one man

CREON

Is not the city held to be the ruler's?

HAEMON

Thou wouldst make a good monarch of a desert

CREON

This boy, it seems, is the woman's champion

HAEMON

If thou art a woman, indeed, my care is for thee

CREON

Shameless, at open feud with thy father!

HAEMON

Nay, I see thee offending against justice

CREON

Do I offend, when I respect mine own prerogatives?

HAEMON

Thou dost not respect them, when thou tramplest on the gods' honours

CREON

O dastard nature, yielding place to woman!

HAEMON

Thou wilt never find me yield to baseness

CREON

All thy words, at least, plead for that girl

HAEMON

And for thee, and for me, and for the gods below

CREON

Thou canst never marry her, on this side the grave

HAEMON

Then she must die, and in death destroy another

CREON

How! doth thy boldness run to open threats?

HAEMON

What threat is it, to combat vain resolves?

CREON

Thou shalt rue thy witless teaching of wisdom

HAEMON

Wert thou not my father, I would have called thee unwise

CREON

Thou woman's slave, use not wheedling speech with me

HAEMON

Thou wouldst speak, and then hear no reply?

CREON

Sayest thou so? Now, by the heaven above us—be sure of it—thou shalt smart for taunting me in this opprobrious strain. Bring forth that hated thing, that she may die forthwith in his presence—before his eyes—at her bridegroom's side!

HAEMON

No, not at my side—never think it—shall she perish, nor shalt thou ever set eyes more upon my face—rave, then, with such friends as can endure thee

(*Exit HAEMON*)

LEADER

The man is gone, O king, in angry haste, a youthful mind, when stung, is fierce

CREON

Let him do, or dream, more than man—good speed to him!—But he shall not save these two girls from their doom

LEADER

Dost thou indeed purpose to slay both?

CREON

Not her whose hands are pure thou sayest well

## LEADER

And by what doom mean'st thou to slay the other?

## CREON

I will take her where the path is loneliest, and hide her, living, in a rocky vault, with so much food set forth as piety prescribes, that the city may avoid a public stain. And there, praying to Hades, the only god whom she worships, perchance she will obtain release from death, or else will learn, at last, though late, that it is lost labour to revere the dead.

(CREON goes into the palace.)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe*

Love, unconquered in the fight, Love, who makest havoc of wealth, who keepest thy vigil on the soft cheek of a maiden, thou roamest over the sea, and among the homes of dwellers in the wilds, no immortal can escape thee, nor any among men whose life is for a day, and he to whom thou hast come is mad.

*antistrophe*

The just themselves have their minds warped by thee to wrong, for their ruin 'tis thou that hast stirred up this present strife of kinsmen, victorious is the love-kindling light from the eyes of the fair bride, it is a power enthroned in sway beside the eternal laws, for there the goddess Aphrodite is working her unconquerable will. (ANTIGONE is led out of the palace by two of CREON's attendants who are about to conduct her to her doom.)

But now I also am carried beyond the bounds of loyalty, and can no more keep back the streaming tears, when I see Antigone thus passing to the bridal chamber where all are laid to rest.

(The following lines between ANTIGONE and the CHORUS are chanted responsively.)

## ANTIGONE

*strophe 1*

See me, citizens of my fatherland, setting forth on my last way, looking my last on the sunlight that is for me no more, no, Hades who gives sleep to all leads me living to Acheron's shore, who have had no portion in the chant that brings the bride, nor hath any song been mine for the crowning of bridals, whom the lord of the Dark Lake shall wed.



## CHORUS

*systema 1*

Glorious, therefore, and with praise, thou departest to that deep place of the dead wasting sickness hath not smitten thee, thou hast not found the wages of the sword, no, mistress of thine own fate, and still alive, thou shalt pass to Hades, as no other of mortal kind hath passed

## ANTIGONE

*antistrophe 1*

I have heard in other days how dread a doom befell our Phrygian guest, the daughter of Tantalus, on the Siplyian heights,<sup>1</sup> how, like clinging ivy, the growth of stone subdued her, and the rains fail not, as men tell, from her wasting form, nor fails the snow, while beneath her weeping lids the tears bedew her bosom, and most like to hers is the fate that brings me to my rest

## CHORUS

*systema 2*

Yet she was a goddess, thou knowest, and born of gods, we are mortals, and of mortal race But 'tis great renown for a woman who hath perished that she should have shared the doom of the godlike, in her life, and afterward in death

## ANTIGONE

*strophe 2*

Ah, I am mocked! In the name of our fathers' gods, can ye not wait till I am gone,—must ye taunt me to my face, O my city, and ye, her wealthy sons? Ah, fount of Dirce, and thou holy ground of Thebe whose chariots are many, ye, at least, will bear me witness, in what sort, unwept of friends, and by what laws I pass to the rock-closed prison of my strange tomb, ah me unhappy! who have no home on the earth or in the shades, no home with the living or with the dead

## CHORUS

*strophe 3*

Thou hast rushed forward to the utmost verge of daring, and against that throne where Justice sits on high thou hast fallen, my daughter, with a grievous fall But in this ordeal thou art paying, haply, for thy father's sin

## ANTIGONE

*antistrophe 2*

Thou hast touched on my bitterest thought,—awaking the ever-new lament for my sire and for all the doom given to us, the famed

house of Labdacus Alas for the horrors of the mother's bed! alas for the wretched mother's slumber at the side of her own son,—and my sire! From what manner of parents did I take my miserable being! And to them I go thus, accursed, unwed, to share their home Alas, my brother, ill-starred in thy marriage, in thy death thou hast undone my life!

## CHORUS

*antistrophe 3*

Reverent action claims a certain praise for reverence, but an offence against power cannot be brooked by him who hath power in his keeping Thy self-willed temper hath wrought thy ruin.

## ANTIGONE

*epode*

Unwept, unfriended, without marriage-song, I am led forth in my sorrow on this journey that can be delayed no more No longer, hapless one, may I behold yon day-star's sacred eye, but for my fate no tear is shed, no friend makes moan

*(CREON enters from the palace)*

## CREON

Know ye not that songs and wailings before death would never cease, if it profited to utter them? Away with her—away! And when ye have enclosed her, according to my word, in her vaulted grave, leave her alone, forlorn—whether she wishes to die, or to live a buried life in such a home Our hands are clean as touching this maiden But this is certain—she shall be deprived of her sojourn in the light

## ANTIGONE

Tomb, bridal-chamber, eternal prison in the caverned rock, whither I go to find mine own, those many who have perished, and whom Persephone hath received among the dead! Last of all shall I pass thither, and far most miserably of all, before the term of my life is spent But I cherish good hope that my coming will be welcome to my father, and pleasant to thee, my mother, and welcome, brother, to thee, for, when ye died, with mine own hands I washed and dressed you, and poured drink-offerings at your graves, and now, Polyneices, 'tis for tending thy corpse that I win such recompense as this

And yet I honoured thee, as the wise will deem, rightly Never, had I been a mother of children, or if a husband had been mouldering in death, would I have taken this task upon me in the city's despite What law, ye ask, is my warrant for that word? The husband lost, another might have been found, and child from another, to replace the first-born, but, father

and mother hidden with Hades, no brother's life could ever bloom for me again. Such was the law whereby I held thee first in honour, but Creon deemed me guilty of error therein, and of outrage, ah brother mine! And now he leads me thus, a captive in his hands, no bridal bed, no bridal song hath been mine, no joy of marriage, no portion in the nurture of children, but thus, forlorn of friends, unhappy one, I go living to the vaults of death.<sup>2</sup>

And what law of heaven have I transgressed? Why, hapless one, should I look to the gods any more,—what ally should I invoke,—when by piety I have earned the name of impious? Nay, then, if these things are pleasing to the gods, when I have suffered my doom, I shall come to know my sin, but if the sin is with my judges, I could wish them no fuller measure of evil than they, on their part, mete wrongfully to me.

## CHORUS

Still the same tempest of the soul vexes this maiden with the same fierce gusts

## CREON

Then for this shall her guards have cause to rue their slowness

## ANTIGONE

Ah me! that word hath come very near to death

## CREON

I can cheer thee with no hope that this doom is not thus to be fulfilled

## ANTIGONE

O city of my fathers in the land of Thebe! O ye gods, eldest of our race!—they lead me hence—now, now—they tarry not! Behold me, princes of Thebes, the last daughter of the house of your kings,—see what I suffer, and from whom, because I feared to cast away the fear of Heaven!

(ANTIGONE is led away by the guards.)

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe 1*

Even thus endured Danae in her beauty to change the light of day for brass-bound walls, and in that chamber, secret as the grave, she was held close prisoner, yet was she of a proud lineage, O my daughter, and charged with the keeping of the seed of Zeus, that fell in the golden rain

But dreadful is the mysterious power of fate, there is no deliver-

ance from it by wealth or by war, by fenced city, or dark, sea-beaten ships

*antistrophe 1*

And bonds tamed the son of Dryas, swift to wrath, that king of the Edonians, so paid he for his frenzied taunts, when, by the will of Dionysus, he was pent in a rocky prison. There the fierce exuberance of his madness slowly passed away. That man learned to know the god, whom in his frenzy he had provoked with mockeries, for he had sought to quell the god-possessed women, and the Bacchanalian fire, and he angered the Muses that love the flute.

*strophe 2*

And by the waters of the Dark Rocks, the waters of the twofold sea, are the shores of Bosphorus, and Thracian Salmydessus, where Ares, neighbour to the city, saw the accurst, blinding wound dealt to the two sons of Phineus by his fierce wife,—the wound that brought darkness to those vengeance-craving orbs, smitten with her bloody hands, smitten with her shuttle for a dagger.

*antistrophe 2*

Pining in their misery, they bewailed their cruel doom, those sons of a mother hapless in her marriage, but she traced her descent from the ancient line of the Erechtheidae, and in far-distant caves she was nursed amid her father's storms, that child of Boreas, swift as a steed over the steep hills, a daughter of gods, yet upon her also the gray Fates bore hard, my daughter.

(*Enter TEIRESIAS, led by a Boy, on the spectators' right*)

## TEIRESIAS

Princes of Thebes, we have come with linked steps, both served by the eyes of one, for thus, by a guide's help, the blind must walk.

## CREON

And what, aged Teiresias, are thy tidings?

## TEIRESIAS

I will tell thee, and do thou hearken to the seer.

## CREON

Indeed, it has not been my wont to slight thy counsel.

## TEIRESIAS

Therefore didst thou steer our city's course aright.

CREON

I have felt, and can attest, thy benefits

TEIRESIAS

Mark that now, once more, thou standest on fate's fine edge

CREON

What means this? How I shudder at thy message!

TEIRESIAS

Thou wilt learn, when thou hearest the warnings of mine art. As I took my place on mine old seat of augury, where all birds have been wont to gather within my ken, I heard a strange voice among them, they were screaming with dire, feverish rage, that drowned their language in a jargon, and I knew that they were rending each other with their talons, murderously, the whirr of wings told no doubtful tale.

Forthwith, in fear, I essayed burnt-sacrifice on a duly kindled altar but from my offerings the Fire-god showed no flame, a dank moisture, oozing from the thigh-flesh, trickled forth upon the embers, and smoked, and sputtered, the gall was scattered to the air, and the streaming thighs lay bared of the fat that had been wrapped round them.

Such was the failure of the rites by which I vainly asked a sign, as from this boy I learned, for he is my guide, as I am guide to others. And 'tis thy counsel that hath brought this sickness on our State. For the altars of our city and of our hearths have been tainted, one and all, by birds and dogs, with carrion from the hapless corpse, the son of Oedipus—and therefore the gods no more accept prayer and sacrifice at our hands, or the flame of meat-offering, nor doth any bird give a clear sign by its shrill cry, for they have tasted the fatness of a slain man's blood.

Think, then, on these things, my son. All men are liable to err, but when an error hath been made, that man is no longer witless or unblest who heals the ill into which he hath fallen, and remains not stubborn.

Self-will, we know, incurs the charge of folly. Nay, allow the claim of the dead, stab not the fallen, what prowess is it to slay the slain anew? I have sought thy good, and for thy good I speak—and never is it sweeter to learn from a good counsellor than when he counsels for thine own gain.

CREON

Old man, ye all shoot your shafts at me, as archers at the butts,—ye must needs practise on me with seer-craft also,—aye, the seer-tribe hath long trafficked in me, and made me their merchandise. Gain your gains, drive your trade, if ye list, in the silver-gold of Sardis and the gold of India, but ye shall not hide that man in the grave,—no, though the eagles of Zeus should bear the carrion morsels to their Master's throne—no, not

for dread of that defilement will I suffer his burial —for well I know that no mortal can defile the gods —But, aged Teiresias, the wisest fall with a shameful fall, when they clothe shameful thoughts in fair words, for lucre's sake

TEIRESIAS

Alas! Doth any man know, doth any consider

CREON

Whereof? What general truth dost thou announce?

TEIRESIAS

How precious, above all wealth, is good counsel

CREON

As folly, I think, is the worst mischief

TEIRESIAS

Yet thou art tainted with that distemper

CREON

I would not answer the seer with a taunt

TEIRESIAS

But thou dost, in saying that I prophesy falsely

CREON

Well, the prophet-tribe was ever fond of money

TEIRESIAS

And the race bred of tyrants loves base gain

CREON

Knowest thou that thy speech is spoken of thy king?

TEIRESIAS

I know it, for through me thou hast saved Thebes

CREON

Thou art a wise seer, but thou lovest evil deeds

TEIRESIAS

Thou wilt rouse me to utter the dread secret in my soul

CREON

Out with it!—Only speak it not for gain

## TEIRESIAS

Indeed, methinks, I shall not,—as touching thee.

## CREON

Know that thou shalt not trade on my resolve

## TEIRESIAS

Then know thou—aye, know it well—that thou shalt not live through many more courses of the sun's swift chariot, ere one begotten of thine own loins shall have been given by thee, a corpse for corpses, because thou hast thrust children of the sunlight to the shades, and ruthlessly lodged a living soul in the grave, but keepest in this world one who belongs to the gods infernal, a corpse unburied, unhonoured, all unhallowed In such thou hast no part, nor have the gods above, but this is a violence done to them by thee Therefore the avenging destroyers lie in wait for thee, the Furies of Hades and of the gods, that thou mayest be taken in these same ills

And mark well if I speak these things as a hireling A time not long to be delayed shall awaken the wailing of men and of women in thy house And a tumult of hatred against thee stirs all the cities whose mangled sons had the burial-rite from dogs, or from wild beasts, or from some winged bird that bore a polluting breath to each city that contains the hearths of the dead

Such arrows for thy heart—since thou provokest me—have I launched at thee, archer-like, in my anger,—sure arrows, of which thou shalt not escape the smart —Boy, lead me home, that he may spend his rage on younger men, and learn to keep a tongue more temperate, and to bear within his breast a better mind than now he bears

*(The Boy leads TEIRESIAS out)*

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

The man hath gone, O King, with dread prophecies And, since the hair on this head, once dark, hath been white, I know that he hath never been a false prophet to our city

## CREON

I, too, know it well, and am troubled in soul 'Tis dire to yield, but, by /resistance, to smite my pride with ruin—this, too, is a dire choice

## LEADER

Son of Menoeceus, it behoves thee to take wise counsel

## CREON

What should I do, then? Speak, and I will obey

## LEADER

Go thou, and free the maiden from her rocky chamber, and make a tomb for the unburied dead

## CREON

And this is thy counsel? Thou wouldst have me yield?

## LEADER

Yea, King, and with all speed, for swift harms from the gods cut short the folly of men

## CREON

Ah me, 'tis hard, but I resign my cherished resolve,—I obey ——— We must not wage a vain war with destiny—

## LEADER

Go, thou, and do these things, leave them not to others

## CREON

Even as I am I'll go —on, on, my servants, each and all of you,—take axes in your hands, and hasten to the ground that ye see yonder! Since our judgment hath taken this turn, I will be present to unloose her, as I myself bound her My heart misgives me, 'tis best to keep the established laws, even to life's end

(CREON and his servants hasten out on the spectators' left)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

O thou of many names, glory of the Cadmeian bride, offspring of loud-thundering Zeus! thou who watchest over famed Italia, and reignest, where all guests are welcomed, in the sheltered plain of Eleusinian Deo! O Bacchus, dweller in Thebe, mother-city of Bacchants, by the softly-gliding stream of Ismenus, on the soil where the fierce dragon's teeth were sown!

*antistrophe 1*

Thou hast been seen where torch-flames glare through smoke, above the crests of the twin peaks, where move the Corycian nymphs, thy votaries, hard by Castalia's stream

Thou comest from the ivy-mantled slopes of Nysa's hills, and from the shore green with many-clustered vines, while thy name is lifted up on strains of more than mortal power, as thou visitest the ways of Thebe



*strophe 2*

Thebe, of all cities, thou holdest first in honour, thou, and thy mother whom the lightning smote, and now, when all our people is captive to a violent plague, come thou with healing feet over the Parnassian height, or over the moaning strait!

*antistrophe 2*

O thou with whom the stars rejoice as they move, the stars whose breath is fire, O master of the voices of the night, son begotten of Zeus, appear, O king, with thine attendant Thyiads, who in night-long frenzy dance before thee, the giver of good gifts, Iacchus!

(*Enter MESSENGER, on the spectators' left*)

## MESSENGER

Dwellers by the house of Cadmus and of Amphion, there is no estate of mortal life that I would ever praise or blame as settled. Fortune raises and Fortune humbles the lucky or unlucky from day to day, and no one can prophesy to men concerning those things which are established. For Creon was blest once, as I count bliss, he had saved this land of Cadmus from its foes, he was clothed with sole dominion in the land, he reigned, the glorious sire of princely children. And now all hath been lost. For when a man hath forfeited his pleasures, I count him not as living,—I hold him but a breathing corpse. Heap up riches in thy house, if thou wilt, live in kingly state, yet, if there be no gladness therewith, I would not give the shadow of a vapour for all the rest, compared with joy.

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

And what is this new grief that thou hast to tell for our princes?

## MESSENGER

Death, and the living are guilty for the dead.

## LEADER

And who is the slayer? Who the stricken? Speak.

## MESSENGER

Haemon hath perished, his blood hath been shed by no stranger.

## LEADER

By his father's hand, or by his own?

## MESSENGER

By his own, in wrath with his sire for the murder.

## LEADER

O prophet, how true, then, hast thou proved thy word!

## MISSENGER

These things stand thus, ye must consider of the rest

## LEADER

Lo, I see the hapless Eurydice, Creon's wife, approaching, she comes from the house by chance, haply,—or because she knows the tidings of her son

*(Enter EURYDICE from the palace.)*

## EURYDICE

People of Thebes, I heard your words as I was going forth, to salute the goddess Pallas with my prayers. Even as I was loosing the fastenings of the gate, to open it, the message of a household woe smote on mine ear. I sank back, terror-stricken, into the arms of my handmaids, and my senses fled. But say again what the tidings were, I shall hear them as one who is no stranger to sorrow.

## MISSENGER

Dear lady, I will witness of what I saw, and will leave no word of the truth untold. Why, indeed, should I soothe thee with words in which I must presently be found false? Truth is ever best.—I attended thy lord as his guide to the furthest part of the plain, where the body of Polyneices, torn by dogs, still lay unpitied. We prayed the goddess of the roads, and Pluto, in mercy to restrain their wrath, we washed the dead with holy washing, and with freshly-plucked boughs we solemnly burned such relics as there were. We raised a high mound of his native earth, and then we turned away to enter the maiden's nuptial chamber with rocky couch, the caverned mansion of the bride of Death. And, from afar off, one of us heard a voice of loud wailing at that bride's unhallowed bower, and came to tell our master Creon.

And as the king drew nearer, doubtful sounds of a bitter cry floated around him, he groaned, and said in accents of anguish, 'Wretched that I am, can my foreboding be true? Am I going on the wofullest way that ever I went? My son's voice greets me—Go, my servants,—haste ye nearer, and when ye have reached the tomb, pass through the gap, where the stones have been wrenched away, to the cell's very mouth,—and look, and see if 'tis Haemon's voice that I know, or if mine ear is cheated by the gods.'

This search, at our despairing master's word, we went to make, and in the furthest part of the tomb we descried *her* hanging by the neck, slung by a thread-wrought halter of fine linen, while *he* was embracing

her with arms thrown around her waist,—bemoaning the loss of his bride who is with the dead, and his father's deeds, and his own ill-starred love

But his father, when he saw him, cried aloud with a dread cry and went in, and called to him with a voice of wailing —'Unhappy, what a deed hast thou done! What thought hath come to thee? What manner of mischance hath marred thy reason? Come forth, my child! I pray thee—I implore!' But the boy glared at him with fierce eyes, spat in his face, and, without a word of answer, drew his cross-hilted sword—as his father rushed forth in flight, he missed his aim,—then, hapless one, wroth with himself, he straightway leaned with all his weight against his sword, and drove it, half its length, into his side, and, while sense lingered, he clasped the maiden to his faint embrace, and, as he gasped, sent forth on her pale cheek the swift stream of the oozing blood

Corpse enfolding corpse he lies, he hath won his nuptial rites, poor youth, not here, yet in the halls of Death, and he hath witnessed to mankind that, of all curses which cleave to man, ill counsel is the sovereign curse

(EURYDICE retires into the house)

#### LEADER

What wouldst thou augur from this? The lady hath turned back, and is gone, without a word, good or evil

#### MESSENGER

I, too, am startled, yet I nourish the hope that, at these sore tidings of her son, she cannot deign to give her sorrow public vent, but in the privacy of the house will set her handmaids to mourn the household grief For she is not untaught of discretion, that she should err

#### LEADER

I know not, but to me, at least, a strained silence seems to portend peril, no less than vain abundance of lament

#### MESSENGER

Well, I will enter the house, and learn whether indeed she is not hiding some repressed purpose in the depths of a passionate heart Yea, thou sayest well excess of silence, too, may have a perilous meaning

(The MESSENGER goes into the palace Enter CREON, on the spectators' left, with attendants, carrying the shrouded body of HÆMON on a bier The following lines between CREON and the CHORUS are chanted responsively.)

## CHORUS

Lo, yonder the king himself draws near, bearing that which tells too clear a tale,—the work of no stranger's madness,—if we may say it,—but of his own misdeeds

## CREON

*strophe 1*

Woe for the sins of a darkened soul, stubborn sins, fraught with death! Ah, ye behold us, the sire who hath slain, the son who hath *perished*! Woe is me, for the wretched blindness of my counsels! Alas, my son, thou hast died in thy youth, by a timeless doom, woe is me!—thy spirit hath fled,—not by thy folly, but by mine own!

## CHORUS

*strophe 2*

Ah me, how all too late thou seemest to see the right!

## CREON

Ah me, I have learned the bitter lesson! But then, methinks, oh then, some god smote me from above with crushing weight, and hurled me into ways of cruelty, woe is me,—overthrowing and trampling on my joy! Woe, woe, for the troublous toils of men!

(Enter MESSENGER from the house)

## MESSENGER

Sire, thou hast come, methinks, as one whose hands are not empty, but who hath store laid up besides, thou bearest yonder burden with thee, and thou art soon to look upon the woes within thy house

## CREON

And what worse ill is yet to follow upon ills?

## MESSENGER

Thy queen hath died, true mother of yon corpse—ah, hapless lady!—by blows newly dealt

## CREON

*antistrophe 1*

Oh Hades, all-receiving, whom no sacrifice can appease! Hast thou, then, no mercy for me? O thou herald of evil, bitter tidings, what word dost thou utter? Alas, I was already as dead, and thou hast smitten me anew! What sayest thou, my son? What is this new message that thou bringest—woe, woe is me!—of a wife's doom,—of slaughter heaped on slaughter?

## CHORUS

Thou canst behold 'tis no longer hidden within  
*(The doors of the palace are opened, and the corpse of EURYDICE is disclosed)*

## CREON

*antistrophe 2*

Ah me,—yonder I behold a new, a second woe! What destiny, ah what, can yet await me? I have but now raised my son in my arms,—and there, again, I see a corpse before me! Alas, alas, unhappy mother! Alas, my child!

## MESSENGER

There, at the altar, self-stabbed with a keen knife, she suffered her darkening eyes to close, when she had waited for the noble fate of Megareus<sup>3</sup> who died before, and then for his fate who lies there,—and when, with her last breath, she had invoked evil fortunes upon thee, the slayer of thy sons

## CREON

*strophe 3*

Woe, woe! I thrill with dread Is there none to strike me to the heart with two-edged sword?—O miserable that I am, and steeped in miserable anguish!

## MESSENGER

Yea, both this son's doom, and that other's, were laid to thy charge by her whose corpse thou seest

## CREON

And what was the manner of the violent deed by which she passed away?

## MESSENGER

Her own hand struck her to the heart, when she had learned her son's sorely lamented fate

## CREON

*strophe 4*

Ah me, this guilt can never be fixed on any other of mortal kind, for my acquittal! I, even I, was thy slayer, wretched that I am—I own the truth Lead me away, O my servants, lead me hence with all speed, whose life is but as death!

## CHORUS

Thy counsels are good, if there can be good with ills, briefest is best,  
when trouble is in our path

## CREON

*antistrophe 3*

Oh, let it come, let it appear, that fairest of fates for me, that brings  
my last day,—aye, best fate of all! Oh, let it come, that I may never  
look upon to-morrow's light

## CHORUS

These things are in the future, present tasks claim our care the order  
ing of the future rests where it should rest

## CREON

All my desires, at least, were summed in that prayer

## CHORUS

Pray thou no more, for mortals have no escape from destined woe

## CREON

*antistrophe 4*

Lead me away, I pray you, a rash, foolish man, who have slain  
thee, ah my son, unwittingly, and thee, too, my wife—unhappy that  
I am! I know not which way I should bend my gaze, or where I should  
seek support, for all is amiss with that which is in my hands,—and  
yonder, again, a crushing fate hath leapt upon my head

(As CREON is being conducted into the palace, the LEADER OF THE

CHORUS speaks the closing verses )

## LEADER

Wisdom is the supreme part of happiness, and reverence towards the  
gods must be inviolate Great words of prideful men are ever punished  
with great blows, and, in old age, teach the chastened to be wise

## NOTES FOR ANTIGONE

- 1 Antigone is referring to the story of Niobe
- 2 Lines 904–920, rendered in this paragraph, are rejected as spurious by Jebb
- 3 Megareus, the other son of Creon, was one of the Theban champions who defended a gate of the city, in Aeschylus' *The Seven Against Thebes*. Euripides, in *The Phoenissae* calls him Menoeceus and presents a version of his death

IV  
THE TRACHINIAE



## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

DEIANEIRA

NURSE

HYLLUS, *son of HERACLES and DEIANEIRA*

MESSENGER

LICHAS, *the herald of HERACLES*

HERACLES

AN OLD MAN

CHORUS OF TRACHINIAN MAIDENS

## INTRODUCTION

THE TRACHINIAE is presumably a later work of Sophocles, but there is no means of determining its exact date. The theory that it is a later composition of the poet rests upon the fact that it bears the unmistakable marks of Euripidean influence. The Chorus is much less integral to the play than is normal in Sophocles. The odes in general serve merely as lyrical interludes between the several episodes of the tragedy. Likewise, there is the motif of the poisoned robe, which naturally calls to mind its use in Euripides' *Medea*. Furthermore, Deianeira's opening speech is almost a perfect example of a conventional Euripidean prologue. Because of these and other reasons, *The Trachiniae* holds a position somewhat apart from Sophocles' other tragedies.

Myths of Heracles were always absorbing to the Greek audience, since hero-cults for his worship were widespread in the ancient world. The particular antecedents of Sophocles' plot in *The Trachiniae*, which derive from the legends of Heracles, begin with the story of his marriage to Deianeira, whom he rescued from the wooing of the river-god, Achelous. After he had taken his bride away, the newly married couple came to a river across which the centaur, Nessus, carried travellers. While Nessus was transporting Deianeira over the river, he attempted to lay violent hands upon her, whereupon Heracles in anger shot him with one of his poisoned arrows. As Nessus was dying he told Deianeira to take some of the blood which was clotted round his wound, and use it as a charm to win back the love of Heracles if ever he should prove unfaithful to her. Later, after Heracles had completed his labours for Eurystheus, he and his family were banished to Trachis because he had treacherously slain a man. Heracles was further punished by Zeus, for he was made to serve a year under Omphale, the queen of Lydia. *The Trachiniae* begins fifteen months after Heracles had departed for Lydia. Deianeira has had no word from her husband.

The play's power and effectiveness lie almost wholly in its portrayal of Deianeira. There are, to be sure, excellent delineations of the subordinate characters, such as Lichas and Hyllus, and several poetic passages of great lyric beauty. However, the closing scenes which present the suf-

ferings of the dying Heracles constitute a serious defect in the play. Despite the stoutest efforts of enthusiastic Sophoclean apologists, Heracles remains a brutal and self-centred character, for whom there can be little sympathy. Sophocles in the latter part of the play seems to have become so preoccupied with presenting Heracles' physical agony that he loses sight of Deianeira, his truly great tragic creation, and the artistic integrity of the whole piece is correspondingly impaired.

## THE TRACHINIAE

(SCENE —*At Trachis, before the house of HERACLES Enter DEIANEIRA from the house, accompanied by the NURSE* )

### DEIANEIRA

THERE IS a saying among men, put forth of old, that thou canst not rightly judge whether a mortal's lot is good or evil, ere he die But I, even before I have passed to the world of death, know well that my life is sorrowful and bitter, I, who in the house of my father Oeneus, while yet I dwelt at Pleuron, had such fear of bridals as never vexed any maiden of Aetolia For my wooer was a river-god, Achelous, who in three shapes was ever asking me from my sire,—coming now as a bull in bodily form, now as a serpent with sheeny coils, now with trunk of man and front of ox, while from a shaggy beard the streams of fountain-water flowed abroad With the fear of such a suitor before mine eyes, I was always praying in my wretchedness that I might die, or ever I should come near to such a bed

But at last, to my joy, came the glorious son of Zeus and Alcmena, who closed with him in combat, and delivered me How the fight was waged, I cannot clearly tell, I know not, if there be any one who watched that sight without terror, such might speak I, as I sat there, was distraught with dread, lest beauty should bring me sorrow at the last But finally the Zeus of battles ordained well,—if well indeed it be for since I have been joined to Heracles as his chosen bride, fear after fear hath haunted me on his account, one night brings a trouble, and the next night, in turn, drives it out And then children were born to us, whom he has seen only as the husbandman sees his distant field, which he visits at seedtime, and once again at harvest Such was the life that kept him journeying to and fro, in the service of a certain master

But now, when he hath risen above those trials,—now it is that my anguish is sorest Ever since he slew the valiant Iphitus, we have been dwelling here in Trachis, exiles from our home, and the guests of a stranger, but where he is, no one knows, I only know that he is gone, and hath pierced my heart with cruel pangs for him I am almost sure that some evil hath befallen him, it is no short space that hath passed, but

ten long months, and then five more,—and still no message from him. Yes, there has been some dread mischance,—witness that tablet which he left with me ere he went forth: oft do I pray to the gods that I may not have received it for my sorrow.

## NURSE

Deianeira, my mistress, many a time have I marked thy bitter tears and lamentations, as thou bewailedst the going forth of Heracles, but now,—if it be meet to school the free-born with the counsels of a slave, and if I must say what behoves thee,—why, when thou art so rich in sons, dost thou send no one of them to seek thy lord,—Hyllus, before all, who might well go on that errand, if he cared that there should be tidings of his father's welfare? Lo! there he comes, speeding towards the house with timely step, if, then, thou deemest that I speak in season, thou canst use at once my counsel, and the man

(HYLLUS comes in from the side)

## DEIANEIRA

My child, my son, wise words may fall, it seems, from humble lips, this woman is a slave, but hath spoken in the spirit of the free.

## HYLLUS

How, mother? Tell me, if it may be told.

## DEIANEIRA

It brings thee shame, she saith, that, when thy father hath been so long a stranger, thou hast not sought to learn where he is.

## HYLLUS

Nay, I know,—if rumour can be trusted.

## DEIANEIRA

And in what region, my child, doth rumour place him?

## HYLLUS

Last year, they say, through all the months, he toiled as bondman to a Lydian woman.

## DEIANEIRA

If he bore that, then no tidings can surprise.

## HYLLUS

Well, he has been delivered from that, as I hear.

## DEIANEIRA

Where, then, is he reported to be now,—alive, or dead?

## HYLLUS

He is waging or planning a war, they say, upon Euboea, the realm of Eurytus

## DEIANEIRA

Knowest thou, my son, that he hath left with me sure oracles touching that land?

## HYLLUS

What are they, mother? I know not whereof thou speakest

## DEIANEIRA

That either he shall meet his death, or, having achieved this task, shall have rest thenceforth, for all his days to come

So, my child, when his fate is thus trembling in the scale, wilt thou not go to succour him? For we are saved, if he find safety, or we perish with him

## HYLLUS

Ay, I will go, my mother, and, had I known the import of these prophecies, I had been there long since, but, as it was, my father's wonted fortune suffered me not to feel fear for him, or to be anxious overmuch. Now that I have the knowledge, I will spare no pains to learn the whole truth in this matter

## DEIANEIRA

Go, then, my son, be the seeker ne'er so late, he is rewarded if he learn tidings of joy

(HYLLUS *departs as the* CHORUS OF TRACHINIAN MAIDENS *enters. They are free-born young women of Trachis who are friends and confidantes of* DEIANEIRA *She remains during their opening choral song*)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe* 1

Thou whom Night brings forth at the moment when she is despoiled of her starry crown, and lays to rest in thy splendour, tell me, I pray thee, O Sun-god, tell me where abides Alcmena's son? Thou glorious lord of flashing light, say, is he threading the straits of the sea, or hath he found an abode on either continent? Speak, thou who seest as none else can see!

*antistrophe* 1

For Deianeira, as I hear, hath ever an aching heart, she, the battle-prize of old, is now like some bird lorn of its mate, she can never lull her yearning, nor stay her tears, haunted by a sleepless fear for her

absent lord, she pines on her anxious, widowed couch, miserable in her foreboding of mischance

*strophe 2*

As one may see billow after billow driven over the wide deep by the tireless south-wind or the north, so the trouble of his life, stormy

as the Cretan sea, now whirls back the son of Cadmus, now lifts him to honour But some god ever saves him from the house of death, and suffers him not to fail

*antistrophe 2*

Lady, I praise not this thy mood, with all reverence will I speak yet in reproof Thou dost not well, I say, to kill fair hope by fretting, remember that the son of Cronus himself, the all-disposing king, hath not appointed a painless lot for mortals Sorrow and joy come round to all, as the Bear moves in his circling paths

*epode*

Yea, starry night abides not with men, nor tribulation, nor wealth, in a moment it is gone from us, and another hath his turn of gladness, and of bereavement So would I wish thee also, the Queen, to keep that prospect ever in thy thoughts, for when hath Zeus been found so careless of his children?

DEIANEIRA

Ye have heard of my trouble, I think, and that hath brought you here, but the anguish which consumes my heart—ye are strangers to that, and never may ye learn it by suffering! Yes, the tender plant grows in those sheltered regions of its own, and the Sun-god's heat vexes it not, nor rain, nor any wind, but it rejoices in its sweet, untroubled being, till such time as the maiden is called a wife, and finds her portion of anxious thoughts in the night, brooding on danger to husband or to children Such an one could understand the burden of my cares, she could judge them by her own

Well, I have had many a sorrow to weep for ere now, but I am going to speak of one more grievous than them all

When Heracles my lord was going from home on his last journey, he left in the house an ancient tablet, inscribed with tokens which he had never brought himself to explain to me before, many as were the ordeals to which he had gone forth He had always departed as if to conquer, not to die But now, as if he were a doomed man, he told me what portion of his substance I was to take for my dower, and how he would have his sons share their father's land amongst them And he fixed the time, say-

ing that, when a year and three months should have passed since he had left the country, then he was fated to die, or, if he should have survived that term, to live thenceforth an untroubled life

Such, he said, was the doom ordained by the gods to be accomplished in the toils of Heracles as the ancient oak at Dodona had spoken of yore, by the mouth of the two Pelciades And this is the precise moment when the fulfilment of that word becomes due, so that I start up from sweet slumber, my friends, stricken with terror at the thought that I must remain widowed of the noblest among men

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Hush—no more ill-omened words, I see a man approaching, who wears a wreath, as if for joyous tidings

( 1 MESSENGER enters )

MESSENGER

Queen Deianeira, I shall be the first of messengers to free thee from fear Know that Alcmena's son lives and triumphs, and from battle brings the first-fruits to the gods of this land

DEIANEIRA

What news is this, old man, that thou hast told me?

MESSENGER

That thy lord, admired of all, will soon come to thy house, restored to thee in his victorious might

DEIANEIRA

What citizen or stranger hath told thee this?

MESSENGER

In the meadow, summer haunt of oxen, Lichas the herald is proclaiming it to many from him I heard it, and flew hither, that I might be the first to give thee these tidings, and so might reap some guerdon from thee, and win thy grace

DEIANEIRA

And why is *he* not here, if he brings good news?

MESSENGER

His task, lady, is no easy one, all the Malian folk have thronged around him with questions, and he cannot move forward each and all are bent on learning what they desire, and will not release him until they are satisfied Thus their eagerness detains him against his will, but thou shalt presently see him face to face



## DEIANEIRA

O Zeus, who rulest the meads of Oeta, sacred from the scythe, at last, though late, thou hast given us joy! Uplift your voices, ye women within the house and ye beyond our gates, since now we are gladdened by the light of this message, that hath risen on us beyond my hope!

LEADER OF ONE SEMI-CHORUS (*singing*)

Let the maidens raise a joyous strain for the house, with songs of triumph at the hearth, and, amidst them, let the shout of the men go up with one accord for Apollo of the bright quiver, our Defender! And at the same time, ye maidens, lift up a paeon, cry aloud to his sister, the Ortygian Artemis, smiter of deer, goddess of the twofold torch, and to the Nymphs her neighbours!

## LEADER OF OTHER SEMI-CHORUS

My spirit soars, I will not reject the wooing of the flute —O thou sovereign of my soul! Lo, the ivy's spell begins to work upon me! Euoe!—even now it moves me to whirl in the swift dance of Bacchanals!

## CHORUS

Praise, praise unto the Healer!

## LEADER OF WHOLE CHORUS

See, dear lady, see! Behold, these tidings are taking shape before thy gaze

## DEIANEIRA

I see it, dear maidens, my watching eyes had not failed to note yon company (*Enter LICHAS, followed by Captive Maidens. Conspicuous among them is IOLE*)—All hail to the herald, whose coming hath been so long delayed!—if indeed thou bringest aught that can give joy

## LICHAS

We are happy in our return, and happy in thy greeting, lady, which befits the deed achieved, for when a man hath fair fortune, he needs must win good welcome

## DEIANEIRA

O best of friends, tell me first what first I would know,—shall I receive Heracles alive?

## LICHAS

I, certainly, left him alive and well,—in vigorous health, unburdened by disease.

DEIANEIRA

Where, tell me—at home, or on foreign soil?

LICHAS

There is a headland of Euboea, where to Cenean Zeus he consecrates altars, and the tribute of fruitful ground

DEIANEIRA

In payment of a vow, or at the bidding of an oracle?

LICHAS

For a vow, made when he was seeking to conquer and despoil the country of these women who are before thee

DEIANEIRA

And these—who are they, I pray thee, and whose daughters? They deserve pity, unless their plight deceives me

LICHAS

These are captives whom he chose out for himself and for the gods, when he sacked the city of Eurytus

DEIANEIRA

Was it the war against that city which kept him away so long, beyond all forecast, past all count of days?

LICHAS

Not so the greater part of the time he was detained in Lydia,—no free man, as he declares, but sold into bondage. No offence should attend on the word, lady, when the deed is found to be of Zeus. So he passed a whole year, as he himself avows, in thralldom to Omphale the barbarian. And so stung was he by that reproach, he bound himself by a solemn oath that he would one day enslave, with wife and child, the man who had brought that calamity upon him. Nor did he speak the word in vain, but, when he had been purged, gathered an alien host, and went against the city of Eurytus. That man, he said, alone of mortals, had a share in causing his misfortune. For when Heracles, an old friend, came to his house and hearth, Eurytus heaped on him the taunts of a bitter tongue and spiteful soul,—saying, ‘Thou hast unerring arrows in thy hands, and yet my sons surpass thee in the trial of archery’, ‘Thou art a slave,’ he cried, a free man’s broken thrall’ and at a banquet, when his guest was full of wine, he thrust him from his doors.

Wroth thereat, when afterward Iphitus came to the hill of Tiryns, in search for horses that had strayed, Heracles seized a moment when the man’s wandering thoughts went not with his wandering gaze, and hurled

him from a tower-like summit But in anger at that deed, Zeus our lord, Olympian sire of all, sent him forth into bondage, and spared not, because, this once, he had taken a life by guile Had he wreaked his vengeance openly, Zeus would surely have pardoned him the righteous triumph, for the gods, too, love not insolence

So those men, who waxed so proud with bitter speech, are themselves in the mansions of the dead, all of them, and their city is enslaved, while the women whom thou beholdest, fallen from happiness to misery, come here to thee, for such was thy lord's command, which I, his faithful servant, perform He himself, thou mayest be sure,—so soon as he shall have offered holy sacrifice for his victory to Zeus from whom he sprang,—will be with thee After all the fair tidings that have been told, this, indeed, is the sweetest word to hear

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Now, O Queen, thy joy is assured, part is with thee, and thou hast promise of the rest

DEIANEIRA

Yea, have I not the fullest reason to rejoice at these tidings of my lord's happy fortune? To such fortune, such joy must needs respond And yet a prudent mind can see room for misgiving lest he who prospers should one day suffer reverse A strange pity hath come over me, friends, at the sight of these ill-fated exiles, homeless and fatherless in a foreign land, once the daughters, perchance, of free-born sires, but now doomed to the life of slaves O Zeus, who turnest the tide of battle, never may I see child of mine thus visited by thy hand, nay, if such visitation is to be, may it not fall while Deianeira lives! Such dread do I feel, beholding these

(*To IOLE*) Ah, hapless girl, say, who art thou? A maiden, or a mother? To judge by thine aspect, an innocent maiden, and of a noble race Lichas, whose daughter is this stranger? Who is her mother, who her sire? Speak, I pity her more than all the rest, when I behold her, as she alone shows a due feeling for her plight

LICHAS

How should I know? Why should'st thou ask me? Perchance the offspring of not the meanest in yonder land

DEIANEIRA

Can she be of royal race? Had Eurytus a daughter?

LICHAS

I know not, indeed, I asked not many questions

DEIANEIRA

And thou hast not heard her name from any of her companions?

LICHAS

No, indeed, I went through my task in silence

DEIANEIRA

Unhappy girl, let me, at least, hear it from thine own mouth. It is indeed distressing not to know *thy* name

(IOLE maintains her silence)

LICHAS

It will be unlike her former behaviour, then, I can tell thee, if she opens her lips for she hath not uttered one word, but hath ever been travelling with the burden of her sorrow, and weeping bitterly, poor girl, since she left her wind-swept home. Such a state is grievous for herself, but claims our forbearance

DEIANEIRA

Then let her be left in peace, and pass under our roof as she wishes, her present woes must not be crowned with fresh pains at my hands, she hath enough already — Now let us all go in, that thou mayest start speedily on thy journey, while I make all things ready in the house

(LICHAS leads the captives into the house. DEIANEIRA starts to follow them, but the MESSENGER, who has been present during the entire scene, detains her. He speaks as he moves nearer to her.)

MESSENGER

Ay, but first tarry here a brief space, that thou mayest learn apart from yonder folk, whom thou art taking to thy hearth, and mayest gain the needful knowledge of things which have not been told to thee. Of these I am in full possession

DEIANEIRA

What means this? Why wouldest thou stay my departure?

MESSENGER

Pause and listen. My former story was worth thy hearing, and so will this one be, methinks

DEIANEIRA

Shall I call those others back? Or wilt thou speak before me and these maidens?

MESSENGER

To thee and these I can speak freely, never mind the others

## DEIANEIRA

Well, they are gone,—so thy story can proceed

## MESSENGER

Yonder man was not speaking the straight-forward truth in aught that he has just told. He has given false tidings now, or else his former report was dishonest.

## DEIANEIRA

How sayest thou? Explain thy whole drift clearly, thus far, thy words are riddles to me.

## MESSENGER

I heard this man declare, before many witnesses, that for this maiden's sake Heracles overthrew Eurytus and the proud towers of Oechalia, Love, alone of the gods, wrought on him to do those deeds of arms,—not the toilsome servitude to Omphale in Lydia, nor the death to which Iphitus was hurled. But now the herald has thrust Love out of sight, and tells a different tale.

Well, when he could not persuade her sire to give him the maiden for his paramour, he devised some petty complaint as a pretext, and made war upon her land,—that in which, as he said, this Eurytus bore sway,—and slew the prince her father, and sacked her city. And now, as thou seest, he comes sending her to this house not in careless fashion, lady, nor like a slave,—no, dream not of that,—it is not likely, if his heart is kindled with desire.

I resolved, therefore, O Queen, to tell thee all that I had heard from yonder man. Many others were listening to it, as I was, in the public place where the Trachinians were assembled, and they can convict him. If my words are unwelcome, I am grieved, but nevertheless I have spoken out the truth.

## DEIANEIRA

Ah me unhappy! In what plight do I stand? What secret bane have I received beneath my roof? Hapless that I am! Is she nameless, then, as her convoy sware?

## MESSENGER

Nay, illustrious by name as by birth, she is the daughter of Eurytus, and was once called Iole, she of whose parentage Lichas could say nothing, because, forsooth, he asked no questions.

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Accursed, above other evil-doers, be the man whom deeds of treachery dishonour!

DEIANEIRA

Ah, maidens, what am I to do? These latest tidings have bewildered me!

LEADER

Go and inquire from Lichas, perchance he will tell the truth, if thou constrain him to answer

DEIANEIRA

Well, I will go, thy counsel is not amiss

MESSNGER

And I, shall I wait here? Or what is thy pleasure?

DEIANEIRA

Remain,—here he comes from the house of his own accord, without summons from me

(Enter LICHAS)

LICHAS

Lady, what message shall I bear to Heracles? Give me thy commands, for, as thou seest, I am going

DEIANEIRA

How hastily thou art rushing away, when thy visit had been so long delayed,—before we have had time for further talk

LICHAS

Nay, if there be aught that thou would'st ask, I am at thy service

DEIANEIRA

Wilt thou indeed give me the honest truth?

LICHAS

Yes, be great Zeus my witness,—in any thing that I know

DEIANEIRA

Who is the woman, then, whom thou hast brought?

LICHAS

She is Euboean, but of what birth, I cannot say

MESSNGER

Sirrah, look at me —to whom art thou speaking, think'st thou?

LICHAS

And thou—what dost thou mean by such a question?

MESSENGER

\* Deign to answer me, if thou comprehendest

LICHAS

To the royal Deianeira, unless mine eyes deceive me,—daughter of Oeneus, wife of Heracles, and my queen

MESSENGER

The very word that I wished to hear from thee —thou sayest that she is thy queen?

LICHAS

Yes, as in duty bound

MESSENGER

Well, then, what art thou prepared to suffer, if found guilty of failing in that duty?

LICHAS

Failing in duty? What dark saying is this?

MESSENGER

'Tis none, the darkest words are thine own

LICHAS

I will go,—I was foolish to hear thee so long

MESSENGER

No, not till thou hast answered a brief question

LICHAS

Ask what thou wilt, thou art not taciturn

MESSENGER

That captive, whom thou hast brought home—thou knowest whom I mean?

LICHAS

Yes, but why dost thou ask?

MESSENGER

Well, saidst thou not that thy prisoner—she, on whom thy gaze now turns so vacantly—was Iole, daughter of Eurytus?

LICHAS

Said it to whom? Who and where is the man that will be thy witness to hearing this from me?

## MESSENGER

To many of our own folk thou saidst it in the public gathering of Trachinians, a great crowd heard thus much from thee

## LICHAS

Ay—said they heard, but 'tis one thing to report a fancy, and another to make the story good

## MESSENGER

A fancy! Didst thou not say on thine oath that thou wast bringing her as a bride for Heracles?

## LICHAS

I? bringing a bride?—In the name of the gods, dear mistress, tell me who this stranger may be?

## MESSENGER

One who heard from thine own lips that the conquest of the whole city was due to love for this girl the Lydian woman was not its destroyer, but the passion which this maid has kindled

## LICHAS

Lady, let this fellow withdraw to prate with the brainsick befits not a sane man

## DEIANIRA

Nay, I implore thee by Zeus whose lightnings go forth over the high glens of Oeta, do not cheat me of the truth! For she to whom thou wilt speak is not ungenerous, nor hath she yet to learn that the human heart is inconstant to its joys. They are not wise, then, who stand forth to buffet against Love, for Love rules the gods as he will, and me, and why not another woman, such as I am? So I am mad indeed, if I blame my husband, because that distemper hath seized him, or this woman, his partner in a thing which is no shame to them, and no wrong to me. Impossible! No, if he taught thee to speak falsely, 'tis not a noble lesson that thou art learning, or if thou art thine own teacher in this, thou wilt be found cruel when it is thy wish to prove kind. Nay, tell me the whole truth. To a free-born man, the name of liar cleaves as a deadly brand. If thy hope is to escape detection, that, too, is vain, there are many to whom thou hast spoken, who will tell me

And if thou art afraid, thy fear is mistaken. *Not* to learn the truth,—that, indeed, would pain me, but to know it—what is there terrible in that? Hath not Heracles wedded others ere now,—ay, more than living man,—and no one of them hath had harsh word or taunt from me, nor shall this girl, though her whole being should be absorbed in her passion,



for indeed I felt a profound pity when I beheld her, because her beauty hath wrecked her life, and she, hapless one, all innocent, hath brought her fatherland to ruin and to bondage

Well, those things must go with wind and stream—To thee I say,—deceive whom thou wilt, but ever speak the truth to me

## LEADER

Hearken to her good counsel, and hereafter thou shalt have no cause to complain of this lady—our thanks, too, will be thine

## LICHAS

Nay, then, dear mistress,—since I see that thou thinkest as mortals should think, and canst allow for weakness,—I will tell thee the whole truth, and hide it not. Yes, it is even as yon man saith. This girl inspired that overmastering love which long ago smote through the soul of Hercules, for this girl's sake the desolate Oechalia, her home, was made the prey of his spear. And he,—it is just to him to say so,—never denied this,—never told me to conceal it. But I, lady, fearing to wound thy heart by such tidings, have sinned, if thou count this in any sort a sin.

Now, however, that thou knowest the whole story, for both your sakes,—for his, and not less for thine own,—bear with the woman, and be content that the words which thou hast spoken regarding her should bind thee still. For he, whose strength is victorious in all else, hath been utterly vanquished by his passion for this girl.

## DEIANEIRA

Indeed, mine own thoughts move me to act thus. Trust me, I will not add a new affliction to my burdens by waging a fruitless fight against the gods.

But let us go into the house, that thou mayest receive my messages, and, since gifts should be meetly recompensed with gifts,—that thou mayest take these also. It is not right that thou shouldest go back with empty hands, after coming with such a goodly train.

(*Exit MESSENGER, as LICHAS and DEIANEIRA go into the house.*)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe*

Great and mighty is the victory which the Cyprian queen ever bears away. I stay not now to speak of the gods, I spare to tell how she beguiled the son of Cronus, and Hades, the lord of darkness, or Poseidon, shaker of the earth.

But, when this bride was to be won, who were the valiant rivals that entered the contest for her hand? Who went forth to the ordeal of battle, to the fierce blows and the blinding dust?

*antistrophe*

One was a mighty river-god, the dread form of a horned and four-legged bull, Achelous, from Oeniadae the other came from Thebe, dear to Bacchus, with curved bow, and spears, and brandished club, the son of Zeus who then met in combat, fain to win a bride and the Cyprian goddess of nuptial joy was there with them, sole umpire of their strife

*epode*

Then was there clatter of fists and clang of bow, and the noise of a bull's horns therewith, then were there close-locked grapplings, and deadly blows from the forehead, and loud deep cries from both

Meanwhile, she, in her delicate beauty, sat on the side of a hill that could be seen afar, awaiting the husband that should be hers

So the battle rages, as I have told, but the fair bride who is the prize of the strife abides the end in piteous anguish And suddenly she is parted from her mother, as when a heifer is taken from its dam

(DEIANEIRA enters from the house alone, carrying in her arms a casket containing a robe)

## DEIANEIRA

Dear friends, while our visitor is saying his farewell to the captive girls in the house, I have stolen forth to you,—partly to tell you what these hands have devised, and partly to crave your sympathy with my sorrow

A maiden,—or, methinks, no longer a maiden, but a mistress,—hath found her way into my house, as a freight comes to a mariner,—a merchandise to make shipwreck of my peace And now we twain are to share the same marriage-bed, the same embrace Such is the reward that Heracles hath sent me,—he whom I called true and loyal,—for guarding his home through all that weary time I have no thought of anger against him, often as he is vexed with this distemper But then to live with her, sharing the same union—what woman could endure it? For I see that the flower of her age is blossoming, while mine is fading, and the eyes of men love to cull the bloom of youth, but they turn aside from the old This, then, is my fear,—lest Heracles, in name my spouse, should be the younger's mate

But, as I said, anger ill beseems a woman of understanding I will tell you, friends, the way by which I hope to find deliverance and relief I had a gift, given to me long ago by a monster of olden time, and stored in an urn of bronze, a gift which, while yet a girl, I took up from the shaggy-breasted Nessus,—from his life-blood, as he lay dying, Nessus, who used

to carry men in his arms for hire across the deep waters of the Evenus, using no oar to waft them, nor sail of ship

I, too, was carried on his shoulders,—when, by my father's sending, I first went forth with Heracles as his wife, and when I was in mid-stream, he touched me with wanton hands I shrieked, the son of Zeus turned quickly round, and shot a feathered arrow, it whizzed through his breast to the lungs, and, in his mortal faintness, thus much the Centaur spake —

'Child of aged Oeneus, thou shalt have at least this profit of my ferrying,—if thou wilt hearken,—because thou wast the last whom I conveyed If thou gatherest with thy hands the blood clotted round my wound, at the place where the Hydra, Lerna's monstrous growth, hath tinged the arrow with black gall,—this shall be to thee a charm for the soul of Heracles, so that he shall never look upon any woman to love her more than thee'

I bethought me of this, my friends—for, after his death, I had kept it carefully locked up in a secret place, and I have anointed this robe, doing everything to it as he enjoined while he lived The work is finished May deeds of wicked daring be ever far from my thoughts, and from my knowledge,—as I abhor the women who attempt them! But if in any wise I may prevail against this girl by love-spells and charms used on Heracles, the means to that end are ready,—unless, indeed, I seem to be acting rashly if so, I will desist forthwith

#### LEADER

Nay, if these measures give any ground of confidence, we think that thy design is not amiss

#### DEIANEIRA

Well, the ground stands thus,—there is a fair promise, but I have not yet essayed the proof

#### LEADER

Nay, knowledge must come through action, thou canst have no test which is not fanciful, save by trial

#### DEIANEIRA

Well, we shall know presently—for there I see the man already at the doors, and he will soon be going—Only may my secret be well kept by you! While thy deeds are hidden, even though they be not seemly, thou wilt never be brought to shame

(*LICHAS enters from the house*)

#### LICHAS

What are thy commands? Give me my charge, daughter of Oeneus, for already I have tarried over long

## DEIANEIRA

Indeed, I have just been seeing to this for thee, Lichas, while thou wast speaking to the stranger maidens in the house,—that thou shouldest take for me this long robe, woven by mine own hand, a gift to mine absent lord

And when thou givest it, charge him that he, and no other, shall be the first to wear it, that it shall not be seen by the light of the sun, nor by the sacred precinct, nor by the fire at the hearth, until he stand forth, conspicuous before all eyes, and show it to the gods on a day when bulls are slain

For thus had I vowed,—that if I should ever see or hear that he had come safely home, I would duly clothe him in this robe, and so present him to the gods, newly radiant at their altar in new garb

As proof, thou shalt carry a token, which he will quickly recognise within the circle of this seal

Now go thy way, and, first, remember the rule that messengers should not be meddlers, next, so bear thee that my thanks may be joined to his, doubling the grace which thou shalt win

## LICHAS

Nay, if I ply this herald-craft of Hermes with any sureness, I will never trip in doing thine errand I will not fail to deliver this casket as it is, and to add thy words in attestation of thy gift

## DEIANEIRA

Thou mayest be going now, for thou knowest well how things are with us in the house

## LICHAS

I know, and will report, that all hath prospered

## DEIANEIRA

And then thou hast seen the greeting given to the stranger maiden—thou knowest how I welcomed her?

## LICHAS

So that my heart was filled with wondering joy

## DEIANEIRA

What more, then, is there for thee to tell? I am afraid that it would be too soon to speak of the longing on my part, before we know if I am longed for there

(LICHAS departs with the casket and DEIANEIRA retires into the house)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

O ye who dwell by the warm springs between haven and crag, and by Oeta's heights, O dwellers by the land-locked waters of the Mælian sea, on the shore sacred to the virgin-goddess of the golden shafts, where the Greeks meet in famous council at the Gates,

*antistrophe 1*

Soon shall the glorious voice of the flute go up for you again, resounding with no harsh strain of grief, but with such music as the lyre maketh to the gods! For the son whom Alcmena bore to Zeus is hastening homeward, with the trophies of all prowess

*strophe 2*

He was lost utterly to our land, a wanderer over sea, while we waited through twelve long months, and knew nothing, and his loving wife, sad dweller with sad thoughts, was ever pining amid her tears. But now the War-god, roused to fury, hath delivered her from the days of her mourning

*antistrophe 2*

May he come, may he come! Pause not the many-oared ship that carries him, till he shall have reached this town, leaving the island altar where, as rumour saith, he is sacrificing! Thence may he come, full of desire, steeped in love by the specious device of the robe, on which Persuasion hath spread her sovereign charm!

(*DEIANEIRA comes out of the house in agitation*)

## DEIANEIRA

Friends, how I fear that I may have gone too far in all that I have been doing just now!

## LEADER

What hath happened, Deianeira, daughter of Oeneus?

## DEIANEIRA

I know not, but feel a misgiving that I shall presently be found to have wrought a great mischief, the issue of a fair hope

## LEADER

It is nothing, surely, that concerns thy gift to Heracles?

## DEIANEIRA

Yea, even so And henceforth I would say to all, act not with zeal, ~~there~~  
act without light

## LEADER

Tell us the cause of thy fear, if it may be told

## DEIANEIRA

A thing hath come to pass, my friends, such that, if I declare it, ye will  
hear a marvel whereof none could have dreamed

That with which I was lately anointing the festal robe,—a white tuft of  
fleecy sheep's wool,—hath disappeared,—not consumed by anything in  
the house, but self-devoured and self-destroyed, as it crumbled down from  
the surface of a stone But I must tell the story more at length, that thou  
mayest know exactly how this thing befell

I neglected no part of the precepts which the savage Centaur gave me,  
when the bitter barb was rankling in his side they were in my memory,  
like the graven words which no hand may wash from a tablet of bronze  
Now these were his orders, and I obeyed them —to keep this unguent in a  
secret place, always remote from fire and from the sun's warm ray, until  
I should apply it, newly spread, where I wished So had I done And now,  
when the moment for action had come, I performed the anointing privily  
in the house, with a tuft of soft wool which I had plucked from a heep of  
our home-flock, then I folded up my gift, and laid it, unvisited by sun-  
light, within its casket, as ye saw

But as I was going back into the house, I beheld a thing too wondrous  
for words, and passing the wit of man to understand I happened to have  
thrown the shred of wool, with which I had been preparing the robe, into  
the full blaze of the sunshine As it grew warm, it shrivelled all away, and  
quickly crumbled to powder on the ground, like nothing so much as the  
dust shed from a saw's teeth where men work timber In such a state it lies  
as it fell And from the earth, where it was strewn, clots of foam seethed  
up, as when the rich juice of the blue fruit from the vine of Bacchus is  
poured upon the ground

So I know not, hapless one, whither to turn my thoughts, I only see that  
I have done a fearful deed Why or wherefore should the monster, in his  
death-throes, have shown good will to me, on whose account he was dy-  
ing? Impossible! No, he was cajoling me, in order to slay the man who  
had smitten him and I gain the knowledge of this too late, when it avails  
no more Yes, I alone—unless my foreboding prove false—I, wretched  
one, must destroy him! For I know that the arrow which made the wound  
did scathe even to the god Cheiron, and it kills all beasts that it touches  
And since 'tis this same black venom in the blood that hath passed out

through the wound of Nessus, must it not kill my lord also? I ween it  
must

Howbeit, I am resolved that, if he is to fall, at the same time I also shall  
be swept from life, for no woman could bear to live with an evil name, if  
she rejoices that her nature is not evil

LEADER

Mischief must needs be feared, but it is not well to doom our hope  
before the event

DEIANEIRA

Unwise counsels leave no room even for a hope which can lend courage

LEADER

Yet towards those who have erred unwittingly, men's anger is softened,  
and so it should be towards thee

DEIANEIRA

Nay, such words are not for one who has borne a part in the ill deed,  
but only for him who has no trouble at his own door

LEADER

'Twere well to refrain from further speech, unless thou would'st tell  
aught to thine own son, for he is at hand, who went erewhile to seek his  
sire

(Enter HYLLUS)

HYLLUS

O mother, would that one of three things had befallen thee! Would  
that thou wert dead,—or, if living, no mother of mine,—or that some  
new and better spirit had passed into thy bosom

DEIANEIRA

Ah, my son, what cause have I given thee to abhor me?

HYLLUS

I tell thee that thy husband—vea, my sire—hath been done to death  
by thee this day!

DEIANEIRA

Oh, what word hath passed thy lips, my child!

HYLLUS

A word that shall not fail of fulfilment, for who may undo that which  
hath come to pass?

## DEIANEIRA

What saidst thou, my son? Who is thy warranty for charging me ~~with~~ a deed so terrible?

## HYLLUS

I have seen my father's grievous fate with mine own eyes, I speak not from hearsay

## DEIANEIRA

And where didst thou find him,—where didst thou stand at his side?

## HYLLUS

If thou art to hear it, then must all be told

After sacking the famous town of Eurytus, he went his way with the trophies and first-fruits of victory. There is a sea-washed headland of Euboea, Cape Ceneum, where he dedicated altars and a sacred grove to the Zeus of his fathers, and there I first beheld him, with the joy of yearning love

He was about to celebrate a great sacrifice, when his own herald, Lichas, came to him from home, bearing thy gift, the deadly robe, which he put on, according to thy precept, and then began his offering with twelve bulls, free from blemish, the firstlings of the spoil, but altogether he brought a hundred victims, great or small, to the altar

At first, hapless one, he prayed with serene soul, rejoicing in his comely garb. But when the blood-ted flame began to blaze from the holy offerings and from the resinous pine, a sweat broke forth upon his flesh, and the tunic clung to his sides, at every joint, close-glued, as if by a craftsman's hand, there came a biting pain that racked his bones, and then the venom, as of some deadly, cruel viper, began to devour him

Thereupon he shouted for the unhappy Lichas,—in no wise to blame for thy crime,—asking what treason had moved him to bring that robe; but he, all-unknowing, hapless one, said that he had brought the gift from thee alone, as it had been sent. When his master heard it, as a piercing spasm clutched his lungs, he caught him by the foot, where the ankle turns in the socket, and hurled him at a surf-beaten rock in the sea, and he made the white brain to ooze from the hair, as the skull was dashed to splinters, and blood scattered therewith

But all the people lifted up a cry of awe-struck grief, seeing that one was frenzied, and the other slain, and no one dared to come before the man. For the pain dragged him to earth, or made him leap into the air, with yells and shrieks, till the cliffs rang around, steep headlands of Locris, and Euboean capes

But when he was spent with oft throwing himself on the ground in his anguish, and oft making loud lament,—cursing his fatal marriage with



thee, the vile one, and his alliance with Oeneus,—saying how he had found in it the ruin of his life,—then, from out of the shrouding altar-smoke, he lifted up his wildly-rolling eyes, and saw me in the great crowd, weeping. He turned his gaze on me, and called me ‘O son, draw near, do not fly from my trouble, even though thou must share my death. Come, bear me forth, and set me, if thou canst, in a place where no man shall see me, or, if thy pity forbids that, at least convey me with all speed out of this land, and let me not die where I am.’

That command sufficed, we laid him in mid-ship, and brought him—but hardly brought him—to this shore, moaning in his torments. And ye shall presently behold him, alive, or lately dead.

Such, mother, are the designs and deeds against my sire whereof thou hast been found guilty. May avenging Justice and the Erinyes visit thee for them! Yes, if it be right, that is my prayer—and right it is,—for I have seen thee trample on the right, by slaying the noblest man in all the world, whose like thou shalt see nevermore!

(DEIANEIRA moves towards the house)

LEADER (to DEIANEIRA)

Why dost thou depart in silence? Knowest thou not that such silence pleads for thine accuser?

(DEIANEIRA goes in the house)

HYLLUS

Let her depart. A fair wind speed her far from my sight! Why should the name of mother bring her a semblance of respect, when she is all unlike a mother in her deeds? No, let her go,—farewell to her, and may such joy as she gives my sire become her own!

(Exit HYLLUS, into the house)

CHORUS (singing)

*strophe 1*

See, maidens, how suddenly the divine word of the old prophecy hath come upon us, which said that, when the twelfth year should have run through its full tale of months, it should end the series of toils for the true-born son of Zeus! And that promise is wafted surely to its fulfilment. For how shall he who beholds not the light have toilsome servitude any more beyond the grave?

*antistrophe 1*

If a cloud of death is around him, and the doom wrought by the Centaur's craft is stinging his sides, where cleaves the venom which Thanatos begat and the gleaming serpent nourished, how can he look upon to-morrow's sun,—when that appalling Hydra-shape holds him

in its grip, and those murderous goads, prepared by the wily words of black-haired Nessus, have started into fury, vexing him with tumultuous pain?

*strophe 2*

Of such things this hapless lady had no foreboding, but she saw a great mischief swiftly coming on her home from the new marriage. Her own hand applied the remedy, but for the issues of a stranger's counsel, given at a fatal meeting,—for these, I ween, she makes despairing lament, shedding the tender dew of plenteous tears. And the coming fate foreshadows a great misfortune, contrived by guile.

*antistrophe 2*

Our streaming tears break forth—alas, a plague is upon him more piteous than any suffering that foemen ever brought upon that glorious hero.

Ah, thou dark steel of the spear foremost in battle, by whose might yonder bride was lately borne so swiftly from Oechalia's heights! But the Cyprian goddess, ministering in silence, hath been plainly proved the doer of these deeds.

## LEADER OF ONE SEMI-CHORUS

Is it fancy, or do I hear some cry of grief just passing through the house? What is this?

## LEADER OF OTHER SEMI-CHORUS

No uncertain sound, but a wail of anguish from within the house hath some new trouble.

## LEADER OF WHOLE CHORUS

And mark how sadly, with what a cloud upon her brow, that aged woman approaches, to give us tidings.

(*Enter NURSE, from the house*)

## NURSE

Ah, my daughters, great, indeed, were the sorrows that we were to reap from the gift sent to Heracles!

## LEADER

Aged woman, what new mischance hast thou to tell?

## NURSE

Deianeira hath departed on the last of all her journeys, departed without stirring foot.

LEADER

Thou speakest not of death?

NURSE

My tale is told

LEADER

Dead, hapless one?

NURSE

Again thou hearest it

CHORUS

Hapless, lost one! Say, what was the manner of her death?

NURSE

Oh, a cruel deed was there!

CHORUS

Speak, woman, how hath she met her doom?

NURSE

By her own hand hath she died

CHORUS

What fury, what pangs of frenzy have cut her off by the edge of a dire weapon? How contrived she this death, following death,—all wrought by her alone?

NURSE

By the stroke of the sword that makes sorrow

CHORUS

Sawest thou that violent deed, poor helpless one?

NURSE

I saw it, yea, I was standing near

CHORUS

Whence came it? How was it done? Oh, speak!

NURSE

'Twas the work of her own mind and her own hand

CHORUS

What dost thou tell us?

NURSE

The sure truth

## CHORUS

The first-born, the first-born of that new bride is a dread Erinyes  
for this house!

## NURSE

Too true, and, hadst thou been an eye-witness of the action, verily thy  
pity would have been yet deeper

## LEADER

And could a woman's hand dare to do such deeds?

## NURSE

Yea, with dread daring thou shalt hear, and then thou wilt bear me  
witness

When she came alone into the house, and saw her son preparing a deep  
litter in the court, that he might go back with it to meet his sire, then she  
hid herself where none might see, and, falling before the altars, she wailed  
aloud that they were left desolate, and, when she touched any household  
thing that she had been wont to use, poor lady, in the past, her tears would  
flow, or when, roaming hither and thither through the house, she beheld  
the form of any well-loved servant, she wept, hapless one, at that sight,  
crying aloud upon her own fate, and that of the household which would  
thenceforth be in the power of others

But when she ceased from this, suddenly I beheld her rush into the  
chamber of Heracles. From a secret place of espial, I watched her, and  
saw her spreading coverings on the couch of her lord. When she had done  
this, she sprang thereon, and sat in the middle of the bed, her tears burst  
forth in burning streams, and thus she spake: 'Ah, bridal bed and bridal  
chamber mine, farewell now and for ever, never more shall ye receive me  
to rest upon this couch.' She said no more, but with a vehement hand  
loosed her robe, where the gold-wrought brooch lay above her breast,  
baring all her left side and arm. Then I ran with all my strength, and  
warned her son of her intent. But lo, in the space between my going and  
our return, she had driven a two-edged sword through her side to the  
heart.

At that sight, her son uttered a great cry, for he knew, alas, that in his  
anger he had driven her to that deed, and he had learned, too late, from  
the servants in the house that she had acted without knowledge, by the  
prompting of the Centaur. And now the youth, in his misery, bewailed her  
with all passionate lament, he knelt, and showered kisses on her lips, he  
threw himself at her side upon the ground, bitterly crying that he had  
rashly smitten her with a slander,—weeping, that he must now live be-  
reaved of both alike,—of mother and of sire.

Such are the fortunes of this house. Rash indeed, is he who reckons on

the morrow, or haply on days beyond it, for to-morrow is not, until to-day is safely past

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe 1*

Which woe shall I bewail first, which nursery is the greater? Alas,  
'tis hard for me to tell

*antistrophe 1*

One sorrow may be seen in the house, for one we wait with fore-  
boding and suspense hath a kinship with pain

*strophe 2*

Oh that some strong breeze might come with wafting power unto  
our hearth, to bear me far from this land, lest I die of terror, when I  
look but once upon the mighty son of Zeus'

For they say that he is approaching the house in torments from  
which there is no deliverance, a wonder of unutterable woe

*antistrophe 2*

Ah, it was not far off, but close to us, that woe of which my lament  
gave warning, like the nightingale's piercing note'

Men of an alien race are coming yonder And how, then, are they  
bringing him? In sorrow, as for some loved one, they move on their  
mournful, noiseless march

Alas, he is brought in silence! What are we to think, that he is  
dead, or sleeping?

(*Enter HYLLUS and an OLD MAN, with attendants, bearing HERA-  
CLES upon a litter*)

HYLLUS

Woe is me for thee, my father, woe is me for thee, wretched that I  
am! Whither shall I turn? What can I do? Ah me!

OLD MAN (*whispering*)

Hush, my son! Rouse not the cruel pain that infuriates thy sire!  
He lives, though prostrated Oh, put a stern restraint upon thy lips!

HYLLUS

How sayest thou, old man—is he alive?

OLD MAN (*whispering*)

Thou must not awake the slumberer! Thou must not rouse and  
revive the dread frenzy that visits him, my son!

## HYLLUS

Nay, I am crushed with this weight of misery—there is madness in my heart!

HERACLES (*awaking*)

O Zeus, to what land have I come? Who are these among whom I lie, tortured with unending agonies? Wretched, wretched that I am! Oh, that dire pest is gnawing me once more!

OLD MAN (*to HYLLUS*)

Knew I not how much better it was that thou shouldest keep silence, instead of scaring slumber from his brain and eyes?

## HYLLUS

Nay, I cannot be patient when I behold this misery

## HERACLES

O thou Cnæan rock whereon mine altars rose, what a cruel reward hast thou won me for those fair offerings —be Zeus my witness! Ah, to what ruin hast thou brought me, to what ruin! Would that I had never beheld thee for thy sorrow! Then had I never come face to face with this fiery madness, which no spell can soothe! Where is the charmer, where is the cunning healer, save Zeus alone, that shall lull this plague to rest? I should marvel, if he ever came within my ken

*strophe 1*

Ah!

Leave me, hapless one, to my rest—leave me to my last rest!

*strophe 2*

Where art thou touching me? Whither wouldst thou turn me? Thou wilt kill me, thou wilt kill me! If there be any pang that slumbers, thou hast aroused it!

It hath seized me,—ch, the pest comes again!—Whence are ye, most ungrateful of all the Greeks? I wore out my troublous days in ridding Greece of pests, on the deep and in all forests, and now, when I am stricken, will no man succour me with merciful fire or sword?

*antistrophe 1*

Oh, will no one come and sever the head, at one fierce stroke, from this wretched body? Woe, woe is me!

## OLD MAN

Son of Heracles, this task exceeds my strength,—help thou,—for strength is at thy command, too largely to need my aid in his relief

## HYLLUS

My hands are helping but no resource, in myself or from another, avails me to make his life forget its anguish —such is the doom appointed by Zeus!

## HERACLES

*strophe 3*

O my son, where art thou? Raise me,—take hold of me,—thus, thus! Alas, my destiny!

*antistrophe 2*

Again, again the cruel pest leaps forth to rend me, the fierce plague with which none may cope!

O Pallas, Pallas, it tortures me again! Alas, my son, pity thy sire, —draw a blameless sword, and smite beneath my collar-bone, and heal this pain wherewith thy godless mother hath made me wild! So may I see her fall,—thus, even thus, as she hath destroyed me!

*antistrophe 3*

Sweet Hades, brother of Zeus, give me rest, give me rest,—end my woe by a swiftly-spiced doom!

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

I shudder, friends, to hear these sorrows of our lord, what a man is here, and what torments afflict him!

## HERACLES

Ah, fierce full oft, and grievous not in name alone, have been the labours of these hands, the burdens borne upon these shoulders! But no toil ever laid on me by the wife of Zeus or by the hateful Eurystheus was like unto this thing which the daughter of Oeneus, fair and false, hath fastened upon my back,—this woven net of the Furies, in which I perish! Glued to my sides, it hath eaten my flesh to the inmost parts, it is ever with me, sucking the channels of my breath, already it hath drained my fresh life-blood, and my whole body is wasted, a captive to these unutterable bonds

Not the warrior on the battle-field, not the Giants' earth-born host, nor the might of savage beasts, hath ever done unto me thus,—not Hellas, nor the land of the alien, nor any land to which I have come as a deliverer no, a woman, a weak woman, born not to the strength of man, all alone hath vanquished me, without stroke of sword!

Son, show thyself my son indeed, and do not honour a mother's name above a sire's bring forth the woman that bare thee, and give her with thine own hands into my hand, that I may know of a truth which sight grieves thee most,—my tortured frame, or hers, when she suffers her righteous doom!

Go, my son, shrink not—and show thy pity for me, whom many might deem pitiful,—for me, moaning and weeping like a girl,—and the man lives not who can say that he ever saw me do thus before, no, without complaining I still went whither mine evil fortune led But now, alas, the strong man hath been found a woman

Approach, stand near thy sire, and see what a fate it is that hath brought me to this pass, for I will lift the veil Behold! Look, all of you, on this miserable body, see how wretched, how piteous is my plight!

Ah, woe is me!

The burning throe of torment is there anew, it darts through my sides—I must wrestle once more with that cruel, devouring plague!

O thou lord of the dark realm, receive me! Smite me, O fire of Zeus! Hurl down thy thunderbolt, O King, send it, O father, upon my head! For again the pest is consuming me, it hath blazed forth, it hath started into fury! O hands, my hands, O shoulders and breast and trusty arms, ye, now in this plight, are the same whose force of old subdued the dweller in Nemea, the scourge of herdsmen, the lion, a creature that no man might approach or confront, ye tamed the Lernaean Hydra, and that monstrous host of double form, man joined to steed, a race with whom none may commune, violent, lawless, of surpassing might, ye tamed the Erymanthian beast, and the three-headed whelp of Hades underground, a resistless terror, offspring of the dread Echidna, ye tamed the dragon that guarded the golden fruit in the utmost places of the earth

These toils and countless others have I proved, nor hath any man vaunted a triumph over my prowess But now, with joints unhinged and with flesh torn to shreds, I have become the miserable prey of an unseen destroyer,—I, who am called the son of noblest mother,—I, whose reputed sire is Zeus, lord of the starry sky

But ye may be sure of one thing —though I am as nought, though I cannot move a step, yet she who hath done this deed shall feel my heavy hand even now let her but come, and she shall learn to proclaim this message unto all, that in my death, as in my life, I chastised the wicked!

#### LLADER

Ah, hapless Greece, what mourning do I foresee for her, if she must lose this man!



## HYLLUS

Father, since thy pause permits an answer, hear me, afflicted though thou art I will ask thee for no more than is my due Accept my counsels, in a calmer mood than that to which this anger stings thee else thou canst not learn how vain is thy desire for vengeance, and how causeless thy resentment

## HERACLES

Say what thou wilt, and cease, in this my pain I understand nought of all thy riddling words

## HYLLUS

I come to tell thee of my mother,—how it is now with her, and how she sinned unwittingly

## HERACLES

Villain! What—hast thou dared to breathe her name again in my hearing,—the name of the mother who hath slain thy sire?

## HYLLUS

Yea, such is her state that silence is unmeet

## HERACLES

Unmeet, truly, in view of her past crimes

## HYLLUS

And also of her deeds this day,—as thou wilt own

## HERACLES

Speak,—but give heed that thou be not found a traitor

## HYLLUS

These are my tidings She is dead, lately slain

## HERACLES

By whose hand? A wondrous message, from a prophet of ill-omened voice!

## HYLLUS

By her own hand, and no stranger's

## HERACLES

Alas, ere she died by mine, as she deserved!

## HYLLUS

Even thy wrath would be turned, couldst thou hear all

HERACLES

A strange preamble, but unfold thy meaning

HYLLUS

The sum is this,—she erred, with a good intent

HERACLES

Is it a good deed, thou wretch, to have slain thy sire?

HYLLUS

Nay, she thought to use a love-charm for thy heart, when she saw the new bride in the house, but missed her aim

HERACLES

And what Trachinian deals in spells so potent?

HYLLUS

Nessus the Centaur persuaded her of old to inflame thy desire with such a charm

HERACLES

Alas, alas, miserable that I am! Woe is me, I am lost,—undone, undone! No more for me the light of day! Alas, now I see in what a plight I stand! Go, my son,—for thy father's end hath come,—summon, I pray thee, all thy brethren, summon, too, the hapless Alcmena, in vain the bride of Zeus,—that ye may learn from my dying lips what oracles I know

HYLLUS

Nay, thy mother is not here, as it chances, she hath her abode at Tiryns by the sea. Some of thy children she hath taken to live with her there, and others, thou wilt find, are dwelling in Thebe's town. But we who are with thee, my father, will render all service that is needed, at thy bidding

HERACLES

Hear, then, thy task. Now is the time to show what stuff is in thee, who art called my son

It was foreshown to me by my Sire of old that I should perish by no creature that had the breath of life, but by one that had passed to dwell with Hades. So I have been slain by this savage Centaur, the living by the dead, even as the divine will had been foretold

And I will show thee how later oracles tally therewith, confirming the old prophecy. I wrote them down in the grove of the Selli, dwellers on the hills, whose couch is on the ground, they were given by my Father's oak of many tongues, which said that, at the time which liveth and now is, my release from the toils laid upon me should be accomplished. And I

looked for prosperous days, but the meaning, it seems, was only that I should die, for toil comes no more to the dead

Since, then, my son, those words are clearly finding their fulfilment, thou, on thy part, must lend me thine aid Thou must not delay, and so provoke me to bitter speech thou must consent and help with a good grace, as one who hath learned that best of laws, obedience to a sire

HYLLUS

Yea, father,—though I fear the issue to which our talk hath brought me,—I will do thy good pleasure

HERACLES

First of all, lay thy right hand in mine

HYLLUS

For what purpose dost thou insist upon his pledge?

HERACLES

Give thy hand at once—disobey me not!

HYLLUS

Lo, there it is thou shalt not be gainsaid

HERACLES

Now, swear by the head of Zeus my sire!

HYLLUS

To do what deed? May this also be told?

HERACLES

To perform for me the task that I shall enjoin

HYLLUS

I swear it, with Zeus for witness of the oath

HERACLES

And pray that, if thou break this oath, thou mayest suffer

HYLLUS

I shall not suffer, for I shall keep it —yet so I pray

HERACLES

Well, thou knowest the summit of Oeta, sacred to Zeus?

HYLLUS

Ay, I have often stood at his altar on that height

## HERACLES

Thither, then, thou must carry me up with thine own hands, aided by what friends thou wilt, thou shalt lop many a branch from the deep-rooted oak, and hew many a faggot also from the sturdy stock of the wild-olive, thou shalt lay my body thereupon, and kindle it with flaming pine-torch

And let no tear of mourning be seen there, no, do this without lament and without weeping, if thou art indeed my son But if thou do it not, even from the world below my curse and my wrath shall wait on thee for ever

## HYLLUS

Alas, my father, what hast thou spoken? How has thou dealt with me!

## HERACLES

I have spoken that which thou must perform, if thou wilt not, then get thee some other sire, and be called my son no more!

## HYLLUS

Woe, woe is me! What a deed dost thou require of me, my father,—that I should become thy murderer, guilty of thy blood!

## HERACLES

Not so, in truth, but healer of my sufferings, sole physician of my pain!

## HYLLUS

And how, by enkindling thy body, shall I heal it?

## HERACLES

Nay, if that thought dismay thee, at least perform the rest

## HYLLUS

The service of carrying thee shall not be refused

## HERACLES

And the heaping of the pyre, as I have bidden?

## HYLLUS

Yea, save that I will not touch it with mine own hand All else will I do, and thou shalt have no hindrance on my part

## HERACLES

Well, so much shall be enough —But add one small boon to thy large benefits

## HYLLUS

Be the boon never so large, it shall be granted

## HERACLES

Knowest thou, then, the girl whose sire was Eurytus?

## HYLLUS

It is of Iole that thou speakest, if I mistake not

## HERACLES

Even so This, in brief, is the charge that I give thee, my son When I am dead, if thou wouldst show a pious remembrance of thine oath unto thy father, disobey me not, but take this woman to be thy wife Let no other espouse her who hath lain at my side, but do thou, O my son, make that marriage-bond thine own Consent after loyalty in great matters, to rebel in less is to cancel the grace that had been won

## HYLLUS

Ah me, it is not well to be angry with a sick man but who could bear to see him in such a mind?

## HERACLES

Thy words show no desire to do my bidding

## HYLLUS

What! When she alone is to blame for my mother's death, and for thy present plight besides? Lives there the man who would make such a choice, unless he were maddened by avenging fiends?

Better were it, father, that I too should die, rather than live united to the worst of our foes!

## HERACLES

He will render no reverence, it seems, to my dying prayer —Nay, be sure that the curse of the gods will attend thee for disobedience to my voice

## HYLLUS

Ah, thou wilt soon show, methinks, how distempered thou art!

## HERACLES

Yea, for thou art breaking the slumber of my plague

## HYLLUS

Hapless that I am! What perplexities surround me!

## HERACLES

Yea, since thou deignest not to hear thy sire

## HYLLUS

But must I learn, then, to be impious my father?

## HERACLES

'Tis not impiety, if thou shalt gladden my heart

## HYLLUS

Dost thou command me, then, to do this deed, as a clear duty?

## HERACLES

I command thee,—the gods bear me witness!

## HYLLUS

Then will I do it, and refuse not,—calling upon the gods to witness thy deed I can never be condemned for loyalty to thee, my father

## HERACLES

Thou endest well, and to these words, my son, quickly add the gracious deed, that thou mayest lay me on the pyre before any pain returns to rend or sting me

Come, make haste and lift me! This, in truth, is rest from troubles, this is the end, the last end, of Heracles!

## HYLLUS

Nothing, indeed, hinders the fulfilment of thy wish, since thy command constrains us, my father

HERACLES (*chanting*)

Come, then, ere thou arouse this plague, O my stubborn soul, give me a curb as of steel on lips set like stone to stone, and let no cry escape them, seeing that the deed which thou art to do, though done perforce, is yet worthy of thy joy!

HYLLUS (*chanting*)

Lift him, followers! And grant me full forgiveness for this, but mark the great cruelty of the gods in the deeds that are being done. They beget children, they are hailed as fathers, and yet they can look upon such sufferings

(*The attendants raise HERACLES on the litter and move slowly off, as HYLLUS chants to the CHORUS in the closing lines*)

No man foresees the future, but the present is fraught with mourning for us, and with shame for the powers above, and verily with anguish beyond compare for him who endures this doom

Maidens, come ye also, nor linger at the house, ye who have lately seen a dread death, with sorrows manifold and strange and in all this there is nought but Zeus!

NOTE FOR THE FRACHINIAI

1 There is a puzzling, almost Euripidean, ring to these last lines. They scarcely reflect the normal thought of Sophocles. It may be reasonable to suggest that the lines are a result of the poet's inability to resolve to his satisfaction the problems of the concluding section of the play.

V  
ELECTRA



## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

ORESTES, *son of Agamemnon and* CLYTEMNESTRA

FLECTRA  
CHRYSOthemis } *sisters of* ORESTES

AN OLD MAN, *formerly the* PAEDAGOGUS *or Attendant of* ORESTES

CLYTEMNESTRA

AEGISTHUS

CHORUS OF WOMEN OF MYCENAE

### Mute Persons

PYLADES, *son of Strophius, King of Crisa, the friend of* ORESTES

A handmaid of CLYTEMNESTRA Two attendants of ORESTES

## INTRODUCTION

THE *Electra*, the date of whose composition is unknown, gives us Sophocles' version of the legendary events interpreted by Aeschylus in his *Choephori*, and Euripides in his *Electra*. Sophocles' plot differs only in minor points from that of Aeschylus. In the Sophoclean play Orestes, whom Electra saved as a child by placing him in the care of the friendly King Strophius in Phocis, returns to avenge the murder of his father, Agamemnon. Clytemnestra and her paramour, Aegisthus, the murderers of Agamemnon on his return from Troy, have been ruling in Argos, but are haunted by the fear that one day Orestes will return to wreak his vengeance. Electra, who has made no effort to conceal her hatred for Clytemnestra and Aegisthus, has been brutally treated by them, whereas her sisters by prudent silence have lived comfortably in the palace. Electra has clung steadfastly through long years to the hope that Orestes will appear to right the wrongs that she and her father have suffered. The play opens dramatically with the entrance of the long-absent Orestes.

Electra is the focal point of the play. Sophocles gives her a full-length portrait, largely through his familiar technique of placing her in contrast with the other persons of the play. In the scene with her sister, Chrysothemis, a close parallel to the scene between Antigone and Ismene in the *Antigone*, Electra's courage and fixity of purpose clearly emerge. Further details are added to the characterization when she comes face to face with Clytemnestra, or again, in a most dramatically effective scene, when she addresses the urn which she believes to contain the ashes of her brother, although, unknown to her, her brother stands living at her side. By the end of the play, Sophocles has skilfully delineated every salient feature of her being.

The action of the play centres on the consummation of an act of vengeance. In Aeschylus, the religious and psychological implications of such an act loom large, as do the psychological and emotional factors in the Euripidean counterpart. In the Sophoclean rendering, the act of murder and matricide is condoned. No Furies threaten Orestes, and the play ends on a note of triumph. It has been argued that Sophocles is here being archaic, if not archaistic, and is dealing with the problem in a

Homeric fashion, or at least according to a pre-Aeschylean theology. Perhaps it may be that Sophocles here was not primarily interested in probing the religious aspects of his problem, but rather in the psychological study, on the human level, of an individual caught in this particular situation. In this sense our play may be regarded as a dimly remote ancestor of *Hamlet* and dramas of its type.

## ELECTRA

(SCENE —*At Mycenae, before the palace of the Pelopidae It is morning and the new-risen sun is bright The PAEDAGOGUS enters on the left of the spectators, accompanied by the two youths, ORESTES and PYLADES*)

### PAEDAGOGUS

SON of him who led our hosts at Troy of old, son of Agamemnon!—now thou mayest behold with thine eyes all that thy soul hath desired so long There is the ancient Argos of thy yearning,—that hallowed scene whence the gad-fly drove the daughter of Inachus, and there, Orestes, is the Lycean Agora, named from the wolf-slaying god, there, on the left, Hera's famous temple, and in this place to which we have come, deem that thou seest Mycenae rich in gold, with the house of the Pelopidae there, so often stained with bloodshed, whence I carried thee of yore, from the slaying of thy father, as thy kinswoman, thy sister, charged me, and saved thee, and reared thee up to manhood, to be the avenger of thy murdered sire

Now, therefore, Orestes, and thou, best of friends, Pylades, our plans must be laid quickly, for lo, already the sun's bright ray is wakening the songs of the birds into clearness, and the dark night of stars is spent. Before, then, anyone comes forth from the house, take counsel, seeing that the time allows not of delay, but is full ripe for deeds

### ORISTIS

True friend and follower, how well dost thou prove thy loyalty to our house! As a steed of generous race, though old, loses not courage in danger, but pricks his ear, even so thou urgest us forward, and art foremost in our support I will tell thee, then, what I have determined, listen closely to my words, and correct me, if I miss the mark in aught

When I went to the Pythian oracle, to learn how I might avenge my father on his murderers, Phoebus gave me the response which thou art now to hear —that, alone, and by stealth, without aid of arms or numbers, I should snatch the righteous vengeance of my hand Since, then, the god spake to us on this wise, thou must go into yonder house, when oppor-

tunity gives thee entrance, and learn all that is passing there, so that thou mayest report to us from sure knowledge Thine age, and the lapse of time, will prevent them from recognising thee, they will never suspect who thou art, with that silvered hair Let thy tale be that thou art a Phocian stranger, sent by Phanoteus, for he is the greatest of their allies Tell them, and confirm it with thine oath, that Orestes hath perished by a fatal chance,—hurled at the Pythian games from his rapid chariot, be that the substance of thy story

We, meanwhile, will first crown my father's tomb, as the god enjoined, with drink-offerings and the luxuriant tribute of severed hair, then come back, bearing in our hands an urn of shapely bronze,—now hidden in the brushwood, as I think thou knowest,—so to gladden them with the false tidings that this my body is no more, but has been consumed with fire and turned to ashes Why should the omen trouble me, when by a feigned death I find life indeed, and win renown? I trow, no word is ill-omened, if fraught with gain Often ere now have I seen wise men die in vain report, then, when they return home, they are held in more abiding honour as I trust that from this rumour I also shall emerge in radiant life, and yet shine like a star upon my foes

O my fatherland, and ye gods of the land, receive me with good fortune in this journey,—and ye also, halls of my fathers, for I come with a divine mandate to cleanse you righteously, send me not dishonoured from the land, but grant that I may rule over my possessions, and restore my house!

Enough,—be it now thy care, old man, to go and heed thy task, and we twain will go forth, for so occasion bids, chief ruler of every enterprise for men

ELECTRA (*within*)

Ah me, ah me!

PAIDAGOGUS

Hark, my son,—from the doors, methought, came the sound of some handmaid moaning within

ORESTES

Can it be the hapless Electra? Shall we stay here, and listen to her laments?

PAIDAGOGUS

No, no before all else, let us seek to obey the command of Loxias, and thence make a fair beginning, by pouring libations to thy sire, that brings victory within our grasp, and gives us the mastery in all that we do

(*Exeunt* PAEDAGOGUS *on the spectators' left*, ORESTES and PYLADES *on the right* — *Enter* ELECTRA, *from the house* *She is meanly clad* )

ELECTRA (*chanting*)

*systema*

O thou pure sunlight, and thou air, earth's canopy, how often have ye heard the strains of my lament, the wild blows dealt against this bleeding breast, when dark night fails! And my wretched couch in yonder house of woe knows well, ere now, how I keep the watches of the night,—how often I bewail my hapless sire, to whom deadly Ares gave not of his gifts in a strange land, but my mother, and her mate Aegisthus, cleft his head with murderous axe, as woodmen fell an oak And for this no plant bursts from any lip save mine, when thou, my father, hath died a death so cruel and so piteous'

*antisystema*

But never will I cease from dirge and sore lament, while I look on the trembling rays of the bright stars, or on this light of day, but like the nightingale, slayer of her offspring, I will wail without ceasing, and cry aloud to all, here, at the doors of my father

O home of Hades and Persephone! O Hermes of the shades! O potent Curse, and ye, dread daughters of the gods, Erinyes,—ye who behold when a life is reft by violence, when a bed is dishonoured by stealth,—come, help me, avenge the murder of my sire,—and send to me my brother, for I have no more the strength to bear up alone against the load of grief that weighs me down

(*As ELECTRA finishes her lament, the CHORUS OF WOMEN OF MYCENAE enter* *The following lines between ELECTRA and the CHORUS are chanted responsively* )

CHORUS

*strophe 1*

Ah, Electra, child of a wretched mother, why art thou ever pining thus in ceaseless lament for Agamemnon, who long ago was wickedly ensnared by thy false mother's wiles, and betrayed to death by a dastardly hand? Perish the author of that deed, if I may utter such a prayer!

ELECTRA

Ah, noble-hearted maidens, ye have come to soothe my woes I know and feel it, it escapes me not, but I cannot leave this task undone, or cease from mourning for my hapless sire Ah, friends whose love responds to mine in every mood, leave me to rave thus,—oh leave me, I entreat you!

## CHORUS

*antistrophe 1*

But never by laments or prayers shalt thou recall thy sire from that lake of Hades to which all must pass. Nay, thine is a fatal course of grief, passing ever from due bounds into a cureless sorrow, wherein there is no deliverance from evils. Say, wherefore art thou enamoured of misery?

## ELECTRA

Foolish is the child who forgets a parent's piteous death. No, dearer to my soul is the mourner that laments for Itys, Itys, evermore, that bird distraught with grief, the messenger of Zeus. Ah, queen of sorrow, Niobe, thee I deem divine,—thee, who evermore weepst in thy rocky tomb!

## CHORUS

*strophe 2*

Not to thee alone of mortals, my daughter, hath come any sorrow which thou bearest less calmly than those within, thy kinswomen and sisters, Chrysothemis and Iphianassa,<sup>1</sup> who still live,—as he, too, lives, sorrowing in a secluded youth, yet happy in that this famous realm of Mycenae shall one day welcome him to his heritage, when the kindly guidance of Zeus shall have brought him to this land,—Orestes

## ELECTRA

Yes, I wait for him with unwearied longing, as I move on my sad path from day to day, unwed and childless, bathed in tears, bearing that endless doom of woe, but he forgets all that he has suffered and heard. What message comes to me, that is not belied? He is ever yearning to be with us, but, though he yearns, he never resolves

## CHORUS

*antistrophe 2*

Courage, my daughter, courage, great still in heaven is Zeus, who sees and governs all. Leave thy bitter quarrel to him, forget not thy foes, but refrain from excess of wrath against them, for Time is a god who makes rough ways smooth. Not heedless is the son of Agamemnon, who dwells by Crisa's pastoral shore, not heedless is the god who reigns by Acheron.

## ELECTRA

Nay, the best part of life hath passed away from me in hopelessness, and I have no strength left, I, who am pining away without children,—whom no loving champion shields,—but, like some de-

spised <sup>\*</sup>alien, I serve in the halls of my father, clad in this mean garb,  
and standing at a meagre board

## CHORUS

*strophe 3*

Piteous was the voice heard at his return, and piteous, as thy sire  
lay on the festal couch, when the straight, swift blow was dealt him  
with the blade of bronze Guile was the plotter, Lust the slayer, dread  
parents of a dreadful shape, whether it was mortal that wrought  
therein, or god

## ELECTRA

O that bitter day, bitter beyond all that have come to me, O that  
night, O the horrors of that unutterable feast, the ruthless death-  
strokes that my father saw from the hands of twain, who took my life  
captive by treachery, who doomed me to woe! May the great god of  
Olympus give them sufferings in requital, and never may their splen-  
dour bring them joy, who have done such deeds!

## CHORUS

*antistrophe 3*

Be advised to say no more, canst thou not see what conduct it is  
which already plunges thee so cruelly in self-made miseries? Thou  
hast greatly aggravated thy troubles, ever breeding wars with thy  
sullen soul, but such strife should not be pushed to a conflict with  
the strong

## ELECTRA

I have been forced to it,—forced by dread causes I know my own  
passion, it escapes me not, but, seeing that the causes are so dire, I  
will never curb these frenzied plaints, while life is in me Who in-  
deed, ye kindly sisterhood, who that thinks aright, would deem that  
any word of solace could avail me? Forbear, forbear, my comforters!  
Such ills must be numbered with those which have no cure, I can  
never know a respite from my sorrows, or a limit to this wailing

## CHORUS

*epode*

At least it is in love, like a true-hearted mother, that I dissuade  
thee from adding misery to miseries

## ELECTRA

But what measure is there in my wretchedness? Say, how can it  
be right to neglect the dead? Was that impiety ever born in mor-  
tal? Never may I have praise of such, never, when my lot is cast



in pleasant places, may I cling to selfish ease, or dishonour my sire ,  
by restraining the wings of shrill lamentation!

For if the hapless dead is to lie in dust and nothingness, while  
the slayers pay not with blood for blood, all regard for man, all  
fear of heaven, will vanish from the earth

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

I came, my child, in zeal for thy welfare no less than for mine own,  
but if I speak not well, then be it as thou wilt, for we will follow thee

ELFCTRA

I am ashamed, my friends, if ye deem me too impatient for my oft complaining, but, since a hard constraint forces me to this, bear with me  
How indeed could any woman of noble nature refrain, who saw the  
calamities of a father's house, as I see them by day and night continually,  
not fading, but in the summer of their strength? I, who, first, from the  
mother that bore me have found bitter enmity, next, in mine own home  
I dwell with my father's murderers, they rule over me, and with them  
it rests to give or to withhold what I need

And then think what manner of days I pass, when I see Aegisthus sitting  
on my father's throne, wearing the robes which he wore, and pouring  
libations at the hearth where he slew my sire, and when I see the outrage  
that crowns all, the murderer in our father's bed at our wretched  
mother's side, if mother she should be called, who is his wife, but so  
hardened is she that she lives with that accursed one, fearing no Erinys,  
nay, as if exulting in her deeds, having found the day on which she  
treacherously slew my father of old, she keeps it with dance and song,  
and month by month sacrifices sheep to the gods who have wrought her  
deliverance

But I, hapless one, beholding it, weep and pine in the house, and bewail  
the unholy feast named after my sire,—weep to myself alone, since I  
may not even indulge my grief to the full measure of my yearning For  
this woman, in professions so noble, loudly upbraids me with such taunts  
as these 'Impious and hateful girl, hast thou alone lost a father, and is  
there no other mourner in the world? An evil doom be thine, and may  
the gods infernal give thee no riddance from thy present laments'

Thus she insults, save when any one brings her word that Orestes is  
coming then, infuriated, she comes up to me, and cries,—'Hast not *thou*  
brought this upon me? Is not this deed thine, who didst steal Orestes from  
my hands, and privily convey him forth? Yet be sure that thou shalt  
have thy due reward' So she shrieks, and, aiding her, the renowned spouse  
at her side is vehement in the same strain,—that abject dastard, that  
utter pest, who fights his battles with the help of women, But I, looking

ever for Orestes to come and end these woes, languish in my misery Always intending to strike a blow, he has worn out every hope that I could conceive In such a case, then, friends, there is no room for moderation or for reverence, in sooth, the stress of ills leaves no choice but to follow evil ways

LEADER

Say, is Aegisthus near while thou speakest thus, or absent from home?

ELECTRA

Absent, certainly, do not think that I should have come to the doors, if he had been near, but just now he is afield

LEADER

Might I converse with thee more freely, if this is so?

ELECTRA

He is not here, so put thy question, what wouldst thou?

LEADER

I ask thee, then, what sayest thou of thy brother? Will he come soon, or is he delaying? I fain would know

ELECTRA

He promises to come, but he never fulfils the promise

LEADER

Yea, a man will pause on the verge of a great work

ELECTRA

And yet I saved *him* without pausing

LEADER

Courage, he is too noble to fail his friends

ELECTRA

I believe it, or I should not have lived so long

LEADER

Say no more now, for I see thy sister coming from the house, Chrysothemis, daughter of the same sire and mother, with sepulchral gifts in her hands, such as are given to those in the world below

(CHRYSTHEMIS *enters from the palace She is richly dressed*)

CHRYSTHEMIS

Why, sister, hast thou come forth once more to declaim thus at the public doors? Why wilt thou not learn with any lapse of time to desist

from vain indulgence of idle wrath? Yet this I know,—that I myself **am** grieved at our plight, indeed, could I find the strength, I would show **what** love I bear them But now, in these troubled waters, 'tis best, methinks, to shorten sail, I care not to seem active, without the power to hurt And would that thine own conduct were the same! Nevertheless, right is on the side of thy choice, not of that which I advise, but if I am to live in freedom, our rulers must be obeyed in all things

## ELECTRA

Strange indeed, that thou, the daughter of such a sire as thine, shouldst forget him, and think only of thy mother! All thy admonitions to me have been taught by her, no word is thine own Then take thy choice,—to be imprudent, or prudent, but forgetful of thy friends thou, who hast just said that, couldst thou find the strength, thou wouldst show thy hatred of them, yet, when I am doing my utmost to avenge my sire, thou givest no aid, but seekest to turn thy sister from her deed

Does not this crown our miseries with cowardice? For tell me,—or let me tell thee,—what I should gain by ceasing from these laments? Do I not live?—miserably, I know, yet well enough for me And I vex *them*, thus rendering honour to the dead, if pleasure can be felt in that world But thou, who tellest me of thy hatred, hatest in word alone, while in deeds thou art with the slayers of thy sire I, then, would never yield to them, though I were promised the gifts which now make thee proud, thine be the richly-spread table and the life of luxury For me, be it food enough that I do not wound mine own conscience, I covet not such privilege as thine,—nor wouldst thou, wert thou wise But now, when thou mightest be called daughter of the noblest father among men, be called the child of thy mother, so shall thy baseness be most widely seen, in betrayal of thy dead sire and of thy kindred

## LEADER

No angry word, I entreat! For both of you there is good in what is urged,—if thou, Electra, wouldst learn to profit by her counsel and she, again, by thine

## CHRYSOthemis

For my part, friends, I am not wholly unused to her discourse, nor should I have touched upon this theme, had I not heard that she was threatened with a dread doom, which shall restrain her from her long-drawn laments

## ELECTRA

Come, declare it then, this terror! If thou canst tell me of aught worse than my present lot, I will resist no more

## CHRYSOTHEMIS

Indeed, I will tell thee all that I know. They purpose, if thou wilt not cease from these laments, to send thee where thou shalt never look upon the sunlight, but pass thy days in a dungeon beyond the borders of this land, there to chant thy dreary strain. Bethink thee, then, and do not blame me hereafter, when the blow hath fallen, now is the time to be wise.

## ELECTRA

Have they indeed resolved to treat me thus?

## CHRYSOTHEMIS

Assuredly, whenever Aegisthus comes home.

## ELECTRA

If that be all, then may he arrive with speed!

## CHRYSOTHEMIS

Misguided one! what dire prayer is this?

## ELECTRA

That he may come, if he hath any such intent.

## CHRYSOTHEMIS

That thou mayst suffer—what? Where are thy wits?

## ELECTRA

That I may fly as far as may be from you all.

## CHRYSOTHEMIS

But hast thou no care for thy present life?

## ELECTRA

Aye, my life is marvellously fair.

## CHRYSOTHEMIS

It might be, couldst thou only learn prudence.

## ELECTRA

Do not teach me to betray my friends.

## CHRYSOTHEMIS

I do not,—but to bend before the strong.

## ELECTRA

Thine be such flattery: those are not my ways.

CHRYSOthemis  
'Tis well, however, not to fall by folly

ELECTRA  
I will fall, if need be, in the cause of my sire

CHRYSOthemis  
But our father, I know, pardons me for this

ELECTRA  
It is for cowards to find peace in such maxims

CHRYSOthemis  
So thou wilt not hearken, and take my counsel?

ELECTRA  
No, verily, long may be it before I am so foolish

CHRYSOthemis  
Then I will go forth upon mine errand

ELECTRA  
And whither goest thou? To whom bearest thou these offerings?

CHRYSOthemis  
Our mother sends me with funeral libations for our sire

ELECTRA  
How sayest thou? For her deadliest foe?

CHRYSOthemis  
Slain by her own hand—so thou wouldst say

ELECTRA  
What friend hath persuaded her? Whose wish was this?

CHRYSOthemis  
The cause, I think, was some dread vision of the night

ELECTRA  
Gods of our house! be ye with me—now at last!

CHRYSOthemis  
Dost thou find any encouragement in this terror?

ELECTRA  
If thou wouldst tell me the vision, then I could answer

## CHRYSOTHEMIS

Nay, I can tell but little of the story

## ELECTRA

Tell what thou canst, a little word hath often marred, or made, men's fortunes

## CHRYSOTHEMIS

'Tis said that she beheld our sire, restored to the sunlight, at her side once more, then he took the sceptre,—once his own, but now borne by Aegisthus,—and planted it at the hearth, and thence a fruitful bough sprang upward, wherewith the whole land of Mycenae was overshadowed. Such was the tale that I heard told by one who was present when she declared her dream to the Sun-god. More than this I know not,—save that she sent me by reason of that fear. So by the gods of our house I beseech thee, hearken to me, and be not ruined by folly! For if thou repel me now, thou wilt come back to seek me in thy trouble.

## ELECTRA

Nay, dear sister, let none of these things in thy hands touch the tomb, for neither custom nor piety allows thee to dedicate gifts or bring libations to our sire from a hateful wife. No—to the winds with them! or bury them deep in the earth, where none of them shall ever come near his place of rest, but, when she dies, let her find these treasures laid up for her below.

And were she not the most hardened of all women, she would never have sought to pour these offerings of enmity on the grave of him whom she slew. Think now if it is likely that the dead in the tomb should take these honours kindly at her hand, who ruthlessly slew him, like a foeman, and mangled him, and, for ablution, wiped off the blood-stains on his head? Canst thou believe that these things which thou bringest will absolve her of the murder?

It is not possible. No, cast these things aside, give him rather a lock cut from thine own tresses, and on my part, hapless that I am,—scant gifts these, but my best,—this hair, not glossy with unguents, and this girdle, decked with no rich ornament. Then fall down and pray that he himself may come in kindness from the world below, to aid us against our foes, and that the young Orestes may live to set his foot upon his foes in victorious might, that henceforth we may crown our father's tomb with wealthier hands than those which grace it now.

I think, indeed, I think that he also had some part in sending her these appalling dreams, still, sister, do this service, to help thyself, and me, and him, that most beloved of all men, who rests in the realm of Hades, thy sire and mine.

## LEADER

The maiden counsels piously, and thou, friend, wilt do her bidding, if thou art wise

## CHRYSOthemis

I will When a duty is clear, reason forbids that two voices should contend, and claims the hastening of the deed Only, when I attempt this task, aid me with your silence, I entreat you, my friends, for, should my mother hear of it, methinks I shall yet have cause to rue my venture  
(CHRYSOthemis *departs, to take the offerings to Agamemnon's grave*)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe*

If I am not an erring seer and one who fails in wisdom, Justice, that hath sent the presage, will come, triumphant in her righteous strength,—will come ere long, my child, to avenge There is courage in my heart, through those new tidings of the dream that breathes comfort Not forgetful is thy sire, the lord of Hellas, not forgetful is the two-edged axe of bronze that struck the blow of old, and slew him with foul cruelty

*antistrophe*

The Erinys of untiring feet, who is lurking in her dread ambush, will come, as with the march and with the might of a great host For wicked ones have been fired with passion that hurried them to a forbidden bed, to accursed bridals, to a marriage stained with guilt of blood Therefore am I sure that the portent will not fail to bring woe upon the partners in crime Verily mortals cannot read the future in fearful dreams or oracles, if this vision of the night find not due fulfilment

*epode*

O chariot-race of Pelops long ago, source of many a sorrow, what weary troubles hast thou brought upon this land! For since Myrtilus sank to rest beneath the waves, when a fatal and cruel hand hurled him to destruction out of the golden car, this house was never yet free from misery and violence

(CLYTEMNESTRA *enters from the palace*)

## CLYTEMNESTRA

At large once more, it seems, thou rangest,—for Aegisthus is not here, who always kept thee at least from passing the gates, to shame thy friends But now, since he is absent, thou takest no heed of me, though

thou hast said of me oft-times, and to many, that I am a bold and lawless tyrant, who insults thee and thine I am guilty of no insolence, I do but return the taunts that I often hear from thee

Thy father—this is thy constant pretext—was slain by me Yes, by me—I know it well, it admits of no denial, for Justice slew him, and not I alone,—Justice, whom it became thee to support, hadst thou been right-minded, seeing that this father of thine, whom thou art ever lamenting, was the one man of the Greeks who had the heart to sacrifice thy sister to the gods—he, the father, who had not shared the mother's pangs

Come, tell me now, wherefore, or to please whom, did he sacrifice her? To please the Argives, thou wilt say? Nay, they had no right to slay my daughter Or if, forsooth, it was to screen his brother Menelaus that he slew my child, was he not to pay me the penalty for that? Had not Menelaus two children, who should in fairness have been taken before my daughter, as sprung from the sire and mother who had caused that voyage? Or had Hades some strange desire to feast on my offspring, rather than on hers? Or had that accursed father lost all tenderness for the children of my womb, while he was tender to the children of Menelaus? Was not that the part of a callous and perverse parent? I think so, though I differ from thy judgment, and so would say the dead, if she could speak For myself, then, I view the past without dismay, but if thou deemest me perverse, see that thine own judgment is just, before thou blame thy neighbour

#### ELECTRA

This time thou canst not say that I have done anything to provoke such words from thee But, if thou wilt give me leave, I fain would declare the truth, in the cause alike of my dead sire and of my sister

#### CLYTEMNESTRA

Indeed, thou hast my leave, and didst thou always address me in such a tone, thou wouldst be heard without pain

#### ELECTRA

Then I will speak Thou sayest that thou hast slain my father What word could bring thee deeper shame than that, whether the deed was just or not? But I must tell thee that thy deed was not just, no, thou wert drawn on to it by the wooing of the base man who is now thy spouse

Ask the huntress Artemis what sin she punished when she stayed the frequent winds at Aulis, or I will tell thee, for we may not learn from her My father—so I have heard—was once disporting himself in the grove of the goddess, when his footfall startled a dappled and antlered stag, he shot it, and chanced to utter a certain boast concerning its slaughter Wroth thereat, the daughter of Leto detained the Greeks, that, in



quittance for the wild creature's life, my father should yield up the life of his own child. Thus it befell that she was sacrificed, since the fleet had no other release, homeward or to Troy, and for that cause, under sore constraint and with sore reluctance, at last he slew her—not for the sake of Menelaus.

But grant—for I will take thine own plea—grant that the motive of his deed was to benefit his brother,—was that a reason for his dying by thy hand? Under what law? See that, in making such a law for men, thou make not trouble and remorse for thyself, for, if we are to take blood for blood, thou wouldst be the first to die, didst thou meet with thy desert.

But look if thy pretext is not false. For tell me, if thou wilt, wherefore thou art now doing the most shameless deeds of all,—dwelling as wife with that blood-guilty one, who first helped thee to slay my sire, and bearing children to him, while thou hast cast out the earlier-born, the stainless offspring of a stainless marriage. How can I praise these things? Or wilt thou say that this, too, is thy vengeance for thy daughter? Nay, a shameful plea, if so thou plead, 'tis not well to wed an enemy for a daughter's sake.

But indeed I may not even counsel thee,—who shriekest that I revile my mother, and truly I think that to me thou art less a mother than a mistress, so wretched is the life that I live, ever beset with miseries by thee and by thy partner. And that other, who scarce escaped thy hand, the hapless Orestes, is wearing out his ill-starred days in exile. Often hast thou charged me with rearing him to punish thy crime, and I would have done so, if I could, thou mayst be sure—for that matter, denounce me to all, as disloyal, if thou wilt, or petulant, or impudent, for if I am accomplished in such ways, methinks I am no unworthy child of thee.

#### LEADER OF THE CHORUS

I see that she breathes forth anger, but whether justice be with her, for this she seems to care no longer.

#### CLYTEMNESTRA (*to the CHORUS*)

And what manner of care do I need to use against her, who hath thus insulted a mother, and this at her ripe age? Thinkest thou not that she would go forward to any deed, without shame?

#### ELECTRA

Now be assured that I do feel shame for this, though thou believe it not, I know that my behaviour is unseemly, and becomes me ill. But then the enmity on thy part, and thy treatment, compel me in mine own despite to do thus, for base deeds are taught by base.

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Thou brazen one! Truly I and my sayings and my deeds give thee too much matter for words

## ELECTRA

The words are thine, not mine, for thine is the action, and the acts find the utterance

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Now by our lady Artemis, thou shalt not fail to pay for this boldness, so soon as Aegisthus returns

## ELECTRA

Lo, thou art transported by anger, after granting me free speech, and hast no patience to listen

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Now wilt thou not hush thy clamour, or even suffer me to sacrifice, when I have permitted *thee* to speak unchecked?

## ELECTRA

I hinder not,—begin thy rites, I pray thee, and blame not my voice, for I shall say no more

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Raise then, my handmaid, the offerings of many fruits, that I may uplift my prayers to this our king, for deliverance from my present fears Lend now a gracious ear, O Phoebus our defender, to my words, though they be dark, for I speak not among friends, nor is it meet to unfold my whole thought to the light, while *she* stands near me, lest with her malice and her garrulous cry she spread some rash rumour throughout the town but hear me thus, since on this wise I must speak

That vision which I saw last night in doubtful dreams—if it hath come for my good, grant, Lycean king, that it be fulfilled, but if for harm, then let it recoil upon my foes And if any are plotting to hurl me by treachery from the high estate which now is mine, permit them not, rather vouchsafe that, still living thus unscathed, I may bear sway over the house of the Atreidae and this realm, sharing prosperous days with the friends who share them now, and with those of my children from whom no enmity or bitterness pursues me

O Lycean Apollo, graciously hear these prayers, and grant them to us all, even as we ask! For the rest, though I be silent, I deem that thou, a god, must know it, all things, surely, are seen by the sons of Zeus

(*The PAEDAGOGUS enters*)

## PAEDAGOGUS

Ladies, might a stranger crave to know if this be the palace of the king Aegisthus?

## LEADER

It is, sir, thou thyself hast guessed aright

## PAEDAGOGUS

And am I right in surmising that this lady is his consort? She is of queenly aspect

## LEADER

Assuredly, thou art in the presence of the queen

## PAEDAGOGUS

Hail, royal lady! I bring glad tidings to thee and to Aegisthus, from a friend

## CLYTEMNESTRA

I welcome the omen, but I would fain know from thee, first, who may have sent thee

## PAEDAGOGUS

Phanoteus the Phocian, on a weighty mission

## CLYTEMNESTRA

What is it, sir? Tell me coming from a friend, thou wilt bring, I know, a kindly message

## PAEDAGOGUS

Orestes is dead, that is the sum

## ELECTRA

Oh, miserable that I am! I am lost this day!

## CLYTEMNESTRA

What sayest thou, friend, what sayest thou?—listen not to her!

## PAEDAGOGUS

I said, and say again—Orestes is dead

## ELECTRA

I am lost, hapless one, I am undone!

CLYTEMNESTRA (*to ELECTRA*)

See thou to thine own concerns—But do thou, sir, tell me exactly,—how did he perish?

## PAEDAGOGUS

I was sent for that purpose, and will tell thee all Having gone to the renowned festival, the pride of Greece, for the Delphian games, when he heard the loud summons to the foot-race which was first to be decided, he entered the lists, a brilliant form, a wonder in the eyes of all there, and, having finished his course at the point where it began, he went out with the glorious meed of victory To speak briefly, where there is much to tell, I know not the man whose deeds and triumphs have matched his, but one thing thou must know, in all the contests that the judges announced, he bore away the prize, and men deemed him happy, as oft as the herald proclaimed him an Argive, by name Orestes, son of Agamemnon, who once gathered the famous armament of Greece

Thus far, 'twas well, but, when a god sends harm not even the strong man can escape For, on another day, when chariots were to try their speed at sunrise, he entered, with many charioteers One was an Achæan, one from Sparta, two masters of yoked cars were Libyans, Orestes, driving Thessalian mares, came fifth among them, the sixth from Aetolia, with chestnut colts, a Magnesian was the seventh, the eighth, with white horses, was of Aenian stock, the ninth, from Athens, built of gods, there was a Boeotian too, making the tenth chariot

They took their stations where the appointed umpires placed them by lot and ranged the cars, then at the sound of the brazen trumpet, they started All shouted to their horses, and shook the reins in their hands, the whole course was filled with the noise of rattling chariots, the dust flew upward, and all, in a confused throng, plied their goads unsparingly, each of them striving to pass the wheels and the snorting steeds of his rivals, for alike at their backs and at their rolling wheels the breath of the horses foamed and smote

Orestes, driving close to the pillar at either end of the course, almost grazed it with his wheel each time, and, giving rein to the 'race-horse on the right, checked the horse on the inner side Hitherto, all the chariots had escaped overthrow, but presently the Aenian's hard-mouthed colts ran away, and, swerving, as they passed from the sixth into the seventh round, dashed their foreheads against the team of the Barcean Other mishaps followed the first, shock on shock and crash on crash, till the whole race-ground of Crisa was strewn with the wreck of the chariots

Seeing this, the wary charioteer from Athens drew aside and paused, allowing the billow of chariots, surging in mid course, to go by Orestes was driving last, keeping his horses behind,—for his trust was in the end; but when he saw that the Athenian was alone left in, he sent a shrill cry ringing through the ears of his swift colts, and gave chase Team was brought level with team, and so they raced,—first one man, then the other, showing his head in front of the chariots

Hitherto the ill-fated Orestes had passed safely through every round steadfast in his steadfast car, at last, slackening his left rein while the horse was turning, unawares he struck the edge of the pillar, he broke the axle-box in twain, he was thrown over the chariot-rail, he was caught in the shapely reins, and, as he fell on the ground, his colts were scattered into the middle of the course

But when the people saw him fallen from the car, a cry of pity went up for the youth, who had done such deeds and was meeting such a doom,—now dashed to earth, now tossed feet uppermost to the sky,—till the charioteers, with difficulty checking the career of his horses, loosed him, so covered with blood that no friend who saw it would have known the hapless corpse Straightway they burned it on a pyre, and chosen men of Phocis are bringing in a small urn of bronze the sad dust of that mighty form, to find due burial in his fatherland

Such is my story,—grievous to hear, if words can grieve, but for us, who beheld, the greatest of sorrows that these eyes have seen

## LEADER

Alas, alas! Now, methinks, the stock of our ancient masters hath utterly perished, root and branch

## CLYTEMNESTRA

O Zeus what shall I call these tidings,—glad tidings? Or dire, but gainful? 'Tis a bitter lot, when mine own calamities make the safety of my life

## PAEDAGOGUS

Why art thou so downcast, lady, at this news?

## CLYTEMNESTRA

There is a strange power in motherhood, a mother may be wronged, but she never learns to hate her child

## PAEDAGOGUS

Then it seems that we have come in vain

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Nay, not in vain, how canst thou say 'in vain,' when thou hast brought me sure proofs of his death?—His, who sprang from mine own life, yet, forsaking me who had suckled and reared him, became an exile and an alien, and, after he went out of this land, he saw me no more, but, charging me with the murder of his sire, he uttered dread threats against me, so that neither by night nor by day could sweet sleep cover mine eyes, but from moment to moment I lived in fear of death Now, however—since this day I am rid of terror from him, and from this girl,—that worse

plague who shared my home, while still she drained my very life-blood,—now, methinks, for aught that she can threaten, I shall pass my days in peace

## ELECTRA

Ah, woe is me! Now, indeed, Orestes, thy fortune may be lamented, when it is thus with thee, and thou art mocked by this thy mother! Is it not well?

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Not with thee, but his state is well

## ELECTRA

Hear, Nemesis of him who hath lately died!

## CLYTEMNESTRA

She hath heard who should be heard, and hath ordained well

## ELECTRA

Insult us, for this is the time of thy triumph

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Then will not Orestes and thou silence me?

## ELECTRA

We are silenced, much less should we silence thee

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Thy coming, sir, would deserve large recompense, if thou hast hushed her clamorous tongue

## PALDAGOGUS

Then I may take my leave, if all is well

## CLYTEMNESTRA

Not so, thy welcome would then be unworthy of me, and of the ally who sent thee. Nay, come thou in, and leave her without, to make loud lament for herself and for her friends

(CLYTEMNESTRA and the PALDAGOGUS enter the palace)

## ELECTRA

How think ye? Was there not grief and anguish there, wondrous weeping and wailing of that miserable mother, for the son who perished by such a fate? Nay, she left us with a laugh! Ah, woe is me! Dearest Orestes, how is my life quenched by thy death! Thou hast torn away with thee from my heart the only hopes which still were mine,—that thou wouldst live to return some day, an avenger of thy sire, and of me unhappy. But now—whither shall I turn? I am alone, bereft of thee, as of my father

Henceforth I must be a slave again among those whom most I hate, my father's murderers. Is it not well with me? But never, at least, henceforward, will I enter the house to dwell with them, nay, at these gates I will lay me down, and here, without a friend, my days shall wither. Therefore, if any in the house be wroth, let them slay me, for 'tis a grace, if I die, but if I live, a pain, I desire life no more.

(*The following lines between ELECTRA and the CHORUS are chanted responsively*)

CHORUS

*strophe 1*

Where are the thunderbolts of Zeus, or where is the bright Sun, if they look upon these things, and brand them not, but rest?

ELECTRA

Woe, woe, ah me, ah me!

CHORUS

O daughter, why weepest thou?

ELECTRA (*with hands outstretched to heaven*)

Alas!

CHORUS

Utter no rash cry!

ELECTRA

Thou wilt break my heart!

CHORUS

How meanest thou?

ELECTRA

If thou suggest a hope concerning those who have surely passed to the realm below, thou wilt trample yet more upon my misery.

CHORUS

*antistrophe 1*

Nay, I know how, ensnared by a woman for a chain of gold, the prince Amphiarus found a grave, and now beneath the earth—

ELECTRA

Ah me, ah me!

CHORUS

—he reigns in fulness of force

## ELECTRA

Alas!

## CHORUS

Alas indeed! for the murderess—

## ELECTRA

Was slain

## CHORUS

Yea

## ELECTRA

I know it, I know it, for a champion arose to avenge the mourning dead, but to me no champion remains, for he who yet was left hath been snatched away

## CHORUS

*strophe 2*

Hapless art thou, and hapless is thy lot!

## ELECTRA

Well know I that, too well,—I, whose life is a torrent of woes \  
dread and dark, a torrent that surges through all the months!

## CHORUS

We have seen the course of thy sorrow

## ELECTRA

Cease, then, to divert me from it, when no more—

## CHORUS

How sayest thou?

## ELECTRA

—when no more can I have the comfort of hope from a brother,  
the seed of the same noble sire

## CHORUS

*antistrophe 2*

For all men it is appointed to die

## ELECTRA

What, to die as that ill-starred one died, amid the tramp of racing  
steeds, entangled in the reins that dragged him?

## CHORUS

Cruel was his doom, beyond thought!



## ELECTRA

Yea, surely, when in foreign soil, without ministry of my hands—

## CHORUS

Alas!

## ELECTRA

—he is buried, ungraced by me with sepulture or with tears

(CHRYSTHEMIS *enters in excitement*)

## CHRYSTHEMIS

Joy wings my feet, dear sister, not careful of seemliness, if I come with speed, for I bring joyful news, to relieve thy long sufferings and sorrows

## ELECTRA

And whence couldst *thou* find help for my woes, whereof no cure can be imagined?

## CHRYSTHEMIS

Orestes is with us,—know this from my lips,—in living presence, as surely as thou seest me here

## ELECTRA

What, art thou mad, poor girl? Art thou laughing at my sorrows, and thine own?

## CHRYSTHEMIS

Nay, by our father's hearth, I speak not in mockery, I tell thee that he is with us indeed

## ELECTRA

Ah, woe is me! And from whom hast thou heard this tale, which thou believest so lightly?

## CHRYSTHEMIS

I believe it on mine own knowledge, not on hearsay, I have seen clear proofs

## ELECTRA

What hast thou seen, poor girl, to warrant thy belief? Whither, I wonder hast thou turned thine eyes, that thou art fevered with this baneful fire?

## CHRYSTHEMIS

Then, for the gods' love, listen, that thou mayest know my story, before deciding whether I am sane or foolish

## ELECTRA

Speak on, then, if thou findest pleasure in speaking

## CHRYSTHEMIS

Well, thou shalt hear all that I have seen When I came to our father's ancient tomb, I saw that streams of milk had lately flowed from the top of the mound, and that his sepulchre was encircled with garlands of all flowers that blow I was astonished at the sight, and peered about, lest haply some one should be close to my side But when I perceived that all the place was in stillness, I crept nearer to the tomb, and on the mound's edge I saw a lock of hair, freshly severed

And the moment that I saw it, ah me, a familiar image rushed upon my soul, telling me that there I beheld a token of him whom most I love, Orestes Then I took it in my hands, and uttered no ill-omened word, but the tears of joy straightway filled mine eyes And I know well, as I knew then, that this fair tribute has come from none but him Whose part else was that, save mine and thine? And I did it not, I know,—nor thou, how shouldst thou?—when thou canst not leave this house, even to worship the gods, but at thy peril Nor, again, does our mother's heart incline to do such deeds, nor could she have so done without our knowledge

No, these offerings are from Orestes' Come, dear sister, courage! No mortal life is attended by a changeless fortune Ours was once gloomy, but this day, perchance, will seal the promise of much good

## ELECTRA

Alas for thy folly! How I have been pitying thee!

## CHRYSTHEMIS

What, are not my tidings welcome?

## ELECTRA

Thou knowest not whither or into what dreams thou wanderest

## CHRYSTHEMIS

Should I not know what mine own eyes have seen?

## ELECTRA

He is dead, poor girl, and thy hopes in that deliverer are gone look not to him

## CHRYSTHEMIS

Woe, woe is me! From whom hast thou heard this?

## ELECTRA

From the man who was present when he perished

CHRYSOTHEMIS

And where is he? Wonder steals over my mind

ELECTRA

He is within, a guest not unpleasing to our mother

CHRYSOTHEMIS

Ah, woe is me! Whose, then, can have been those ample offerings to our father's tomb?

ELECTRA

Most likely, I think, some one brought those gifts in memory of the dead Orestes

CHRYSOTHEMIS

Oh, hapless that I am! And I was bringing such news in joyous haste, ignorant, it seems, how dire was our plight, but now that I have come, I find fresh sorrows added to the old!

ELECTRA

So stands thy case, yet, if thou wilt hearken to me, thou wilt lighten the load of our present trouble

CHRYSOTHEMIS

Can I ever raise the dead to life?

ELECTRA

I meant not that, I am not so foolish

CHRYSOTHEMIS

What biddest thou, then, for which my strength avails?

ELECTRA

That thou be brave in doing what I enjoin

CHRYSOTHEMIS

Nay, if any good can be done, I will not refuse

ELECTRA

Remember, nothing succeeds without toil

CHRYSOTHEMIS

I know it, and will share thy burden with all my power

ELECTRA

Hear, then, how I am resolved to act As for the support of friends, thou thyself must know that we have none, Hades hath taken our friends away, and we two are left alone I, so long as I heard that my brother

still lived and prospered, had hopes that he would yet come to avenge the murder of our sire. But now that he is no more, I look next to thee, not to flinch from aiding me thy sister to slay our father's murderer, Aegisthus —I must have no secret from thee more

How long art thou to wait inactive? What hope is left standing, to which thine eyes can turn? Thou hast to complain that thou art robbed of thy father's heritage, thou hast to mourn that thus far thy life is fading without nuptial song or wedded love. Nay, and do not hope that such joys will ever be thine, Aegisthus is not so ill-advised as ever to permit that children should spring from thee or me for his own sure destruction. But if thou wilt follow my counsels, first thou wilt win praise of piety from our dead sire below, and from our brother too, next, thou shalt be called free henceforth, as thou wert born, and shalt find worthy bridals, for noble natures draw the gaze of all

Then seest thou not what fair fame thou wilt win for thyself and for me, by hearkening to my word? What citizen or stranger, when he sees us, will not greet us with praises such as these?—'Behold these two sisters, my friends, who saved their father's house, who, when their foes were firmly planted of yore, took their lives in their hands and stood forth as avengers of blood! Worthy of love are these twain, worthy of reverence from all, at festivals, and wherever the folk are assembled, let these be honoured of all men for their prowess.' Thus will every one speak of us, so that in life and in death our glory shall not fail

Come, dear sister, hearken! Work with thy sire, share the burden of thy brother, win rest from woes for me and for thyself,—mindful of this, that an ignoble life brings shame upon the noble

#### LEADER OF THE CHORUS

In such case as this, forethought is helpful for those who speak and those who hear

#### CHRYSOTHEMIS

Yea, and before she spake, my friends, were she blest with a sound mind, she would have remembered caution, as she doth not remember it

Now whither canst thou have turned thine eyes, that thou art arming thyself with such rashness, and calling me to aid thee? Seest thou not, thou art a woman, not a man, and no match for thine adversaries in strength? And their fortune prospers day by day, while ours is ebbing and coming to nought. Who, then, plotting to vanquish a foe so strong, shall escape without suffering deadly scathe? See that we change not our evil plight to worse, if any one hears these words. It brings us no relief or benefit, if, after winning fair fame, we die an ignominious death, for mere death is not the bitterest, but rather when one who craves to die cannot obtain even that boon

Nay, I beseech thee, before we are utterly destroyed, and leave our house desolate, restrain thy rage! I will take care that thy words remain secret and harmless, and learn thou the prudence, at last though late, of yielding, when so helpless, to thy rulers

## LEADER

Hearken, there is no better gain for mortals to win than foresight and a prudent mind

## ELECTRA

Thou hast said nothing unlooked-for, I well knew that thou wouldst reject what I proffered Well! I must do this deed with mine own hand, and alone, for assuredly I will not leave it void

## CHRYSTHEMIS

Alas! Would thou hadst been so purposed on the day of our father's death! What mightst thou not have wrought?

## ELECTRA

My nature was the same then, but my mind less ripe

## CHRYSTHEMIS

Strive to keep such a mind through all thy life

## ELECTRA

These counsels mean that thou wilt not share my deed

## CHRYSTHEMIS

No, for the venture is likely to bring disaster

## ELECTRA

I admire thy prudence, thy cowardice I hate

## CHRYSTHEMIS

I will listen not less calmly when thou praise me

## ELECTRA

Never fear to suffer that from me

## CHRYSTHEMIS

Time enough in the future to decide that

## ELECTRA

Begone, there is no power to help in thee

## CHRYSTHEMIS

Not so, but in thee, no mind to learn

ELECTRA

Go, declare all this to thy mother!

CHRYSOthemis

But, again, I do not hate thee with such a hate

ELECTRA

Yet know at least to what dishonour thou bringest me

CHRYSOthemis

Dishonour, no! I am only thinking of thy good

ELECTRA

Am I bound, then, to follow thy rule of right?

CHRYSOthemis

When thou art wise, then thou shalt be our guide

ELECTRA

Sad, that one who speaks so well should speak amiss!

CHRYSOthemis

Thou hast well described the fault to which thou cleavest

ELECTRA

How? Dost thou not think that I speak with justice?

CHRYSOthemis

But sometimes justice itself is fraught with harm

ELECTRA

I care not to live by such a law

CHRYSOthemis

Well, if thou must do this, thou wilt praise me yet

ELECTRA

And do it I will, no whit dismayed by thee

CHRYSOthemis

Is this so indeed? Wilt thou not change thy counsels?

ELECTRA

No, for nothing is more hateful than bad counsel

CHRYSOthemis

Thou seemest to agree with nothing that I urge

## ELECTRA

My resolve is not new, but long since fixed

## CHRYSTHEMIS

Then I will go, thou canst not be brought to approve my words, nor I to commend thy conduct

## ELECTRA

Nay, go within, never will I follow thee, however much thou mayst desire it, it were great folly even to attempt an idle quest

## CHRYSTHEMIS

Nay, if thou art wise in thine own eyes, be such wisdom thine, by and by, when thou standest in evil plight, thou wilt praise my words

(CHRYSTHEMIS goes into the palace)

## CHORUS (singing)

*strophe 1*

When we see the birds of the air, with sure instinct, careful to nourish those who give them life and nurture, why do not we pay these debts in like measure? Nay, by the lightning-flash of Zeus, by Themis throned in heaven, it is not long till sin brings sorrow

Voice that comest to the dead beneath the earth, send a piteous cry, I pray thee, to the son of Atreus in that world, a joyless message of dishonour,

*antistrophe 1*

tell him that the fortunes of his house are now distempered, while, among his children, strife of sister with sister hath broken the harmony of loving days Electra, forsaken, braves the storm alone, she bewails alway, hapless one, her father's fate, like the nightingale unwearied in lament, she recks not of death, but is ready to leave the sunlight, could she but quell the two Furies of her house Who shall match such noble child of noble sire?

*strophe 2*

No generous soul deigns, by a base life, to cloud a fair repute, and leave a name inglorious, as thou, too, O my daughter, hast chosen to mourn all thy days with those that mourn, and hast spurned dishonour, that thou mightest win at once a twofold praise, as wise, and as the best of daughters

*antistrophe 2*

May I yet see thy life raised in might and wealth above thy foes, even as now it is humbled beneath their hand! For I have found thee

in no prosperous estate, and yet, for observance of nature's highest laws, winning the noblest renown, by thy piety towards Zeus

(*ORESTES enters, with PYLADES and two attendants, one of them carrying a funeral urn*)

ORESTES

Ladies, have we been directed aright, and are we on the right path to our goal?

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

And what seekest thou? With what desire hast thou come?

ORLSTFS

I have been searching for the home of Aegisthus

LEADER

Well, thou hast found it, and thy guide is blameless

ORESTES

Which of you, then, will tell those within that our company, long desired, hath arrived?

LEADER

This maiden,—if the nearest should announce it

ORFSTES

I pray thee, mistress, make it known in the house that certain men of Phocis seek Aegisthus

ELECTRA

Ah, woe is me! Surely ye are not bringing the visible proofs of that rumour which we heard?

ORESTES

I know nothing of thy 'rumour', but the aged Strophius charged me with tidings of Orestes

ELECTRA

What are they, sir? Ah, how I thrill with fear!

ORESTES

He is dead, and in a small urn, as thou seest, we bring the scanty relics home

ELECTRA

Ah me unhappy! There, at last, before mine eyes, I see that woful burden in your hands!



## ORESTES

If thy tears are for aught which Orestes hath suffered, know that yonder vessel holds his dust

## ELECTRA

Ah, sir, allow me, then, I implore thee, if this urn indeed contains him, to take it in my hands,—that I may weep and wail, not for these ashes alone, but for myself and for all our house therewith!

ORFSTES (*to the attendants*)

Bring it and give it her, whoe'er she be, for she who begs this boon must be one who wished him no evil, but a friend, or haply a kinswoman in blood

(*The urn is placed in ELECTRA'S hands*)

## ELECTRA

Ah, memorial of him whom I loved best on earth! Ah, Orestes, whose life hath no relic left save this,—how far from the hopes with which I sent thee forth is the manner in which I receive thee back! Now I carry thy poor dust in my hands, but thou wert radiant, my child, when I sped thee forth from home! Would that I had yielded up my breath, ere, with these hands, I stole thee away, and sent thee to a strange land, and rescued thee from death, that so thou mightest have been stricken down on that self-same day, and had thy portion in the tomb of thy sire!

But now, an exile from home and fatherland, thou hast perished miserably, far from thy sister, woe is me, these loving hands have not washed or decked thy corpse, nor taken up, as was meet, their sad burden from the flaming pyre. No! at the hands of strangers, hapless one, thou hast had those rites, and so art come to us, a little dust in a narrow urn.

Ah, woe is me for my nursing long ago, so vain, that I oft bestowed on thee with loving toil! For thou wast never thy mother's darling so much as mine, nor was any in the house thy nurse but I, and by thee I was ever called 'sister.' But now all this hath vanished in a day, with thy death, like a whirlwind, thou hast swept all away with thee. Our father is gone, I am dead in regard to thee, thou thyself hast perished: our foes exult, that mother, who is none, is mad with joy,—she of whom thou didst oft send me secret messages, thy heralds, saying that thou thyself wouldst appear as an avenger. But our evil fortune, thine and mine, hath reft all that away, and hath sent thee forth unto me thus,—no more the form that I loved so well, but ashes and an idle shade.

Ah me, ah me! O piteous dust! Alas, thou dear one, sent on a dire journey, how hast undone me,—undone me indeed, O brother mine!

Therefore take me to this thy home, me who am as nothing, to thy nothingness, that I may dwell with thee henceforth below, for when thou

wert on earth, we shared alike, and now I fain would die, that I may not be parted from thee in the grave For I see that the dead have rest from pain

## LEADER

Bethink thee, *Electra*, thou art the child of mortal sire, and mortal was *Orestes*, therefore grieve not too much This is a debt which all of us must pay

## ORESTES

Alas, what shall I say? What words can serve me at this pass? I can restrain my lips no longer!

## ELECTRA

What hath troubled thee? Why didst thou say that?

## ORESTES

Is this the form of the illustrious *Electra* that I behold?

## ELECTRA

It is, and very grievous is her plight

## ORESTES

Alas, then, for this miserable fortune!

## ELECTRA

Surely, sir, thy lament is not for *me*?

## ORESTES

O form cruelly, godlessly misused!

## ELECTRA

Those ill-omened words, sir, fit no one better than me

## ORESTES

Alas for thy life, unwedded and all unblest!

## ELECTRA

Why this steadfast gaze, stranger, and these laments?

## ORESTES

How ignorant was I, then, of mine own sorrows!

## ELECTRA

By what that hath been said hast thou perceived this?

## ORESTES

By seeing thy sufferings, so many and so great

ELECTRA

And yet thou seest but a few of my woes.

ORSTES

Could any be more painful to behold?

ELECTRA

This, that I share the dwelling of the murderers

ORESTES

Whose murderers? Where lies the guilt at which thou hintest?

ELECTRA

My father's,—and then I am their slave perforce

ORESTES

Who is it that subjects thee to this constraint?

ELECTRA

A mother—in name, but no mother in her deeds

ORESTES

How doth she oppress thee? With violence or with hardship?

ELECTRA

With violence, and hardships, and all manner of ill

ORESTES

And is there none to succour, or to hinder?

ELECTRA

None I *had* one, and thou hast shown me his ashes

ORESTES

Hapless girl, how this sight hath stirred my pity!

ELECTRA

Know, then, that thou art the first who ever pitied me

ORESTES

No other visitor hath ever shared thy pain

ELECTRA

Surely thou art not some unknown kinsman?

ORESTES

I would answer, if these were friends who hear us

ELECTRA

Oh, they are friends, thou canst speak without mistrust

ORESTES

Give up this urn, then, and thou shalt be told all

ELECTRA

Nay, I beseech thee be not so cruel to me, sir!

ORESTES

Do as I say, and never fear to do amiss

ELECTRA

I conjure thee, rob me not of my chief treasure!

ORESTES

Thou must not keep it

ELECTRA

Ah woe is me for thee, Orestes, if I am not to give thee burial!

ORESTES

Hush! —no such word! —Thou hast no right to lament

ELECTRA

No right to lament for my dead brother?

ORESTES

It is not meet for thee to speak of him thus

ELECTRA

Am I so dishonoured of the dead?

ORESTES

Dishonoured of none —but this is not thy part

ELECTRA

Yes, if these are the ashes of Orestes that I hold

ORESTES

They are not, a fiction clothed them with his name

*(He gently takes the urn from her)*

ELECTRA

And where is that unhappy one's tomb?

ORESTES

There is none, the living have no tomb

ELECTRA

What sayest thou, boy?

ORESTES

Nothing that is not true

ELECTRA

The man is alive?

ORESTES

If there be life in me

ELECTRA

What? Art thou he?

ORESTES

Look at this signet, once our father's, and judge if I speak truth

ELECTRA

O blissful day!

ORESTES

Blissful, in very deed!

ELECTRA

Is this thy voice?

ORESTES

Let no other voice reply

ELECTRA

Do I hold thee in my arms?

ORESTES

As mayest thou hold me always!

ELECTRA

Ah, dear friends and fellow-citizens, behold Orestes here, who was feigned dead, and now, by that feigning hath come safely home!

LEADER

We see him, daughter, and for this happy fortune a tear of joy trickles from our eyes

(*The following lines between ORESTES and ELECTRA are chanted responsively*)

## ELECTRA

*strophe*

Offspring of him whom I loved best, thou hast come even now,  
thou hast come, and found and seen her whom thy heart desired!

## ORESTES

I am with thee,—but keep silence for a while

## ELECTRA

What meanest thou?

## ORESTES

'Tis better to be silent, lest some one within should hear

## ELECTRA

Nay, by ever-virgin Artemis, I will never stoop to fear women,  
stay-at-homes, vain burdens of the ground!

## ORESTES

Yet remember that in women, too, dwells the spirit of battle, thou  
hast had good proof of that, I ween

## ELECTRA

Alas! ah me! Thou hast reminded me of my sorrow, one which,  
from its nature, cannot be veiled, cannot be done away with, cannot  
forget!

## ORESTES

I know this also, but when occasion prompts, then will be the  
moment to recall those deeds

## ELECTRA

*antistrophe*

Each moment of all time, as it comes, would be meet occasion for  
these my just complaints, scarcely now have I had my lips set free

## ORESTES

I grant it, therefore guard thy freedom

## ELECTRA

What must I do?

## ORESTES

When the season serves not, do not wish to speak too much

## ELECTRA

Nay, who could fitly exchange speech for such silence, when thou hast appeared? For now I have seen thy face, beyond all thought and hope!

## ORESTES

Thou sawest it, when the gods moved me to come 2

## ELECTRA

Thou hast told me of a grace above the first, if a god hath indeed brought thee to our house, I acknowledge therein the work of heaven

## ORESTES

I am loth, indeed, to curb thy gladness, but yet this excess of joy moves my fear

## ELECTRA

*epode*

O thou who, after many a year, hast deigned thus to gladden mine eyes by thy return, do not, now that thou hast seen me in all my woe—

## ORESTES

What is thy prayer?

## ELECTRA

—do not rob me of the comfort of thy face, do not force me to forego it!

## ORESTES

I should be wroth, indeed, if I saw another attempt it

## ELECTRA

My prayer is granted?

## ORESTES

Canst thou doubt?

## ELECTRA

Ah, friends, I heard a voice that I could never have hoped to hear, nor could I have restrained my emotion in silence, and without a cry, when I heard it

Ah me! But now I have thee, thou art come to me with the light of that dear countenance, which never, even in sorrow, could I forget

*(The chant is concluded)*

## ORESTES

Spare all superfluous words, tell me not of our mother's wickedness, or how Aegisthus drains the wealth of our father's house by lavish luxury or aimless waste, for the story would not suffer thee to keep due limit. Tell me rather that which will serve our present need,—where we must show ourselves, or wait in ambush, that this our coming may confound the triumph of our foes.

And look that our mother read not thy secret in thy radiant face, when we twain have advanced into the house, but make lament, as for the feigned disaster, for when we have prospered, then there will be leisure to rejoice and exult in freedom.

## ELECTRA

Nay, brother, as it pleases thee, so shall be my conduct also, for all my joy is a gift from thee, and not mine own. Nor would I consent to win a great good for myself at the cost of the least pain to thee, for so should I ill serve the divine power that befriends us now.

But thou knowest how matters stand here, I doubt not: thou must have heard that Aegisthus is from home, but our mother within,—and fear not that she will ever see my face lit up with smiles, for mine old hatred of her hath sunk into my heart, and, since I have beheld thee, for very joy I shall never cease to weep. How indeed should I cease, who have seen thee come home this day, first as dead, and then in life? Strangely hast thou wrought on me, so that, if my father should return alive, I should no longer doubt my senses, but should believe that I saw him. Now, therefore, that thou hast come to me so wondrously, command me as thou wilt, for, had I been alone, I should have achieved one of two things,—a noble deliverance, or a noble death.

## ORFSTTS

Thou hadst best be silent, for I hear some one within preparing to go forth.

ELECTRA (*to ORESTES and PYLADTS*)

Enter, sirs, especially as ye bring that which no one could repulse from these doors, though he receive it without joy.

(*The PAEDAGOGUS enters from the palace*.)

## PAEDAGOGUS

Foolish and senseless children! Are ye weary of your lives, or was there no wit born in you, that ye see not how ye stand, not on the brink, but in the very midst of deadly perils? Nay, had I not kept watch this long while at these doors, your plans would have been in the house before yourselves, but, as it is, my care shielded you from that. Now have done with this



long discourse, these insatiate cries of joy, and pass within, for in such deeds delay is evil, and 'tis well to make an end

ORESTES

What, then, will be my prospects when I enter?

PAEDAGOGUS

Good, for thou art secured from recognition

ORESTES

Thou hast reported me, I presume, as dead?

PAEDAGOGUS

Know that here thou art numbered with the shades

ORESTES

Do they rejoice, then, at these tidings? Or what say they?

PAEDAGOGUS

I will tell thee at the end, meanwhile, all is well for us on their part,—even that which is not well

ELECTRA

Who is this, brother? I pray thee, tell me

ORESTES

Dost thou not perceive?

ELECTRA

I cannot guess

ORESTES

Knowest thou not the man to whose hands thou gavest me once?

ELECTRA

What man? How sayest thou?

ORESTES

By whose hands, through thy forethought, I was secretly conveyed forth to Phocian soil

ELECTRA

Is this he in whom, alone of many, I found a true ally of old, when our sire was slain?

ORESTES

'Tis he, question me no further

## ELECTRA

O joyous day! O sole preserver of Agamemnon's house, how hast thou come? Art thou he indeed, who didst save my brother and myself from many sorrows? O dearest hands, O messenger whose feet were kindly servants! How couldst thou be with me so long, and remain unknown, nor give a ray of light, but afflict me by fables, while possessed of truths most sweet? Hail, father,—for 'tis a father that I seem to behold! All hail,—and know that I have hated thee, and loved thee, in one day, as never man before!

## PAEDAGOGUS

Enough, methinks, as for the story of the past, many are the circling nights, and days as many, which shall show it thee, Electra, in its fulness (*To ORESTES and PYLADES*) But this is my counsel to you twain, who stand there—now is the time to act, now Clytemnestra is alone,—no man is now within but, if ye pause, consider that ye will have to fight, not with the inmates alone, but with other foes more numerous and better skilled

## ORESTES

Pylades, this our task seems no longer to crave many words, but rather that we should enter the house forthwith,—first adoring the shrines of my father's gods, who keep these gates

(*ORESTES and PYLADES enter the palace, followed by the PAEDAGOGUS — ELECTRA remains outside*)

## ELECTRA

O King Apollo! graciously hear them, and hear me besides, who so oft have come before thine altar with such gifts as my devout hand could bring! And now, O Lycean Apollo, with such vows as I can make, I pray thee, I supplicate, I implore, grant us thy benignant aid in these designs, and show men how impiety is rewarded by the gods!

(*ELECTRA enters the palace*)

CHORUS (*singing*)

Behold how Ares moves onward, breathing deadly vengeance, against which none may strive!

Even now the pursuers of dark guilt have passed beneath yon roof, the hounds which none may flee Therefore the vision of my soul shall not long tarry in suspense

The champion of the spirits infernal is ushered with stealthy feet into the house, the ancestral palace of his sire, bearing keen-edged death in his hands, and Hermes, son of Maia, who hath shrouded the

guile in darkness, leads him forward, even to the end, and delays no more

(ELECTRA enters from the palace.)

ELECTRA

*strophe*

Ah, dearest friends, in a moment the men will do the deed,—but wait in silence

CHORUS

How is it?—what do they now?

ELECTRA

She is decking the urn for burial, and those two stand close to her

CHORUS

And why hast thou sped forth?

ELECTRA

To guard against Aegisthus entering before we are aware

CLYTEMNESTRA (*within*)

Alas! Woe for the house forsaken of friends and filled with murderers!

ELECTRA

A cry goes up within —hear ye not, friends?

CHORUS

I heard, ah me, sounds dire to hear, and shuddered!

CLYTEMNESTRA (*within*)

O hapless that I am!—Aegisthus, where, where art thou?

ELECTRA

Hark, once more a voice resounds!

CLYTEMNESTRA (*within*)

My son, my son, have pity on thy mother!

ELECTRA

Thou hadst none for him, nor for the father that begat him

CHORUS

Ill-fated realm and race, now the fate that hath pursued thee day by day is dying,—is dying!

CLYTEMNESTRA (*within*)

Oh, I am smitten!

ELECTRA

Smite, if thou canst, once more!

CLYTEMNESTRA (*within*)

Ah, woe is me again!

ELECTRA

Would that the woe were for Aegisthus too!

CHORUS

The curses are at work, the buried live, blood flows for blood,  
drained from the slayers by those who died of yore

(*ORESTES and PYLADES enter from the palace*)

*antistrophe*

Behold, they come! That red hand reeks with sacrifice to Ares,  
nor can I blame the deed

ELECTRA

Orestes, how fare ye?

ORESTES

All is well within the house, if Apollo's oracle spake well

ELECTRA

The guilty one is dead?

ORESTES

Fear no more that thy proud mother will ever put thee to dishonour

CHORUS

Cease, for I see Aegisthus full in view

ELECTRA

Rash boys, back, back!

ORESTES

Where see ye the man?

ELECTRA

Yonder, at our mercy, he advances from the suburb, full of joy

CHORUS

Make with all speed for the vestibule, that, as your first task  
prospered, so this again may prosper now

ORESTES

Fear not,—we will perform it

ELECTRA

Haste, then, whither thou wouldst

ORESTES

See, I am gone

ELECTRA

I will look to matters here

*(ORISTES and PYLADES go back into the palace )*

CHORUS

'Twere well to soothe his ear with some few words of seeming gentleness, that he may rush blindly upon the struggle with his doom

*(AEGISTHUS enters )*

AEGISTHUS

Which of you can tell me, where are those Phocian strangers, who, 'tis said, have brought us tidings of Orestes slain in the wreck of his chariot? Thee, thee I ask, yes, thee, in former days so bold,—for methinks it touches thee most nearly, thou best must know, and best canst tell

ELECTRA

I know assuredly, else were I a stranger to the fortune of my nearest kinsfolk

AEGISTHUS

Where then may be the strangers? Tell me

ELECTRA

Within, they have found a way to the heart of their hostess

AEGISTHUS

Have they in truth reported him dead?

ELECTRA

Nay, not reported only, they have shown him

AEGISTHUS

Can I, then, see the corpse with mine own eyes?

ELECTRA

Thou canst, indeed, and 'tis no enviable sight

AEGISTHUS

Indeed, thou hast given me a joyful greeting, beyond thy wont

ELECTRA

Joy be thine, if in these things thou findest joy

AEGISTHUS

Silence, I say, and throw wide the gates, for all Mycenaeans and Argives to behold, that, if any of them were once buoyed on empty hopes from this man, now, seeing him dead, they may receive my curb, instead of waiting till my chastisement make them wise perforce!

ELECTRA

No loyalty is lacking on my part, time hath taught me the prudence of concord with the stronger  
(*The central doors of the palace are thrown open and a shrouded corpse is disclosed* ORESTES and PYLADIS stand near it )

AEGISTHUS

O Zeus, I behold that which hath not fallen save by the doom of jealous Heaven, but, if Nemesis attend that word, be it unsaid!

Take all the covering from the face, that kinship, at least, may receive the tribute of lament from me also

ORESTES

Lift the veil thyself, not my part this, but thine, to look upon these relics, and to greet them kindly

AEGISTHUS

'Tis good counsel, and I will follow it — (*To ELECTRA*) But thou—call me Clytemnestra, if she is within

ORESTES

Lo, she is near thee turn not thine eyes elsewhere  
(*AEGISTHUS removes the face-cloth from the corpse* )

AEGISTHUS

O, what sight is this!

ORESTES

Why so scared? Is the face so strange?

AEGISTHUS

Who are the men into whose mid toils I have fallen, hapless that I am?

## ORESTES

Nay, hast thou not discovered ere now that the dead, as thou miscallest them, are living?

## AEGISTHUS

Alas, I read the riddle this can be none but Orestes who speaks to me!

## ORESTES

And, though so good a prophet, thou wast deceived so long?

## AEGISTHUS

Oh lost, undone! Yet suffer me to say one word

## ELECTRA

In heaven's name, my brother, suffer him not to speak further, or to plead at length! When mortals are in the meshes of fate, how can such respite avail one who is to die? No,—slay him forthwith, and cast his corpse to the creatures from whom such as he should have burial, far from our sight! To me, nothing but this can make amends for the woes of the past

ORESTES (*to AEGISTHUS*)

Go in, and quickly, the issue here is not of words, but of thy life

## AEGISTHUS

Why take me into the house? If this deed be fair, what need of darkness? Why is thy hand not prompt to strike?

## ORESTES

Dictate not, but go where thou didst slay my father, that in the same place thou mayest die

## AEGISTHUS

Is this dwelling doomed to see all woes of Pelops' line, now, and in time to come?

## ORESTES

Thine, at least, trust my prophetic skill so far

## AEGISTHUS

The skill thou vauntest belonged not to thy sire

## ORESTES

Thou bandiest words, and our going is delayed Move forward!

## AEGISTHUS

Lead thou

Thou must go first

ORESTES

AEGISTHUS

Lest I escape thee?

ORESTES

No, but that thou mayest not choose how to die, I must not spare thee any bitterness of death. And well it were if this judgment came straightway upon all who dealt in lawless deeds, even the judgment of the sword so should not wickedness abound.

(ORESTES and PYLADIS drive AEGISTHUS into the palace.)

CHORUS (*singing*)

O house of Atreus, through how many sufferings hast thou come forth at last in freedom, crowned with good by this day's enterprise!



#### NOTES FOR ELECTRA

1 Jebb's note to this line points out that, according to the version of the legend which Sophocles is following, Agamemnon had four daughters, Iphigenia, who was sacrificed at Aulis, Electra, Chrysothemis, and Iphianassa. In other versions Iphigenia and Iphianassa are variant names for the same person.

2 A line has been lost here.

VI  
PHILOCTETES

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

ULYSSES, *King of Ithaca*

NEOPTOLEMUS, *son of Achilles*

PHILOCTETES, *son of Pocus and Companion of HERCULES*

A SPY

HERCULES

CHORUS, *composed of the companions of ULYSSES and NEOPTOLEMUS*

## INTRODUCTION

THE *Philoctetes* was presented in 409 B C and received the first prize in the tragic contest in the spring of that year. Though written late in the poet's life, the play is among the greatest of his compositions. Both Aeschylus and Euripides also rendered in dramatic form the story of Philoctetes. These two plays are no longer extant, but through the writings of an ancient critic, who compared the three plays on the same subject composed by the three great tragedians, we know something about the Aeschylean and Euripidean versions. Furthermore the critic has given us his opinion that Sophocles' play surpassed in excellence the other two. Like *The Trachiniae*, it exhibits evidence of Euripidean influence, but in this instance the play has not suffered, but rather its quality has been enhanced.

The story of Philoctetes is found among the legends of the Trojan War. It seems that at Heracles' request Philoctetes, then a youth, lighted the funeral pyre of the hero, and in return for this service received Heracles' famed bow and arrows. Many years later, Philoctetes joined Agamemnon's host for the expedition against Troy. On the way to Troy an oracle commanded that certain sacrifices be made to Chrysa, a deity whose shrine was on a small island in the Aegean. Philoctetes alone of the expedition knew its whereabouts and therefore guided the Greeks to the spot. When they were preparing the sacrifice a serpent bit Philoctetes in the foot, and his cries of agony rendered it impossible to perform the sacrifice according to orthodox religious ritual. Furthermore, a foul stench which emanated from the wound made Philoctetes' presence intolerable to his companions. The commanders of the host, Agamemnon and Menelaus, solved the problem by ordering Odysseus (or Ulysses, as he is called in Franklin's translation) to place Philoctetes ashore on the uninhabited island of Lemnos. Here Philoctetes has remained in solitary suffering, inasmuch as his wound had never healed, eking out a painful existence, but still in possession of Heracles' bow. Meanwhile, at Troy the war was dragging on. Achilles and Ajax both were dead, and the Greek hopes were flagging. But then it was foretold that if Neoptolemus, Achilles' son, came to Troy, received his father's arms which were his

due, and if Philoctetes were rescued from Lemnos and brought to the Greek camp with Heracles' bow and arrows, Troy would be taken. Neoptolemus was accordingly sent for, presented with the arms, and accompanied Odysseus to Lemnos, from which he had been ordered to take Philoctetes. The play begins just after Odysseus and Neoptolemus have landed on the island.

There is no play among the Greek tragedies where a moral conflict or issue is more clearly or more forcefully presented than in the *Philoctetes*. Neoptolemus faces the problem of deciding between the conflicting claims of patriotism and of personal honour. Odysseus endeavours to convince his young companion that the end of serving his "nation," so to speak, justifies the use of any means, and hence appears as the quasi-villain of the piece. Philoctetes, quite apart from the conflict between the other two principal characters, faces his own set of problems. Sophocles draws him magnificently, bringing out in his character the effects of his physical suffering, the mental torture he has endured as well, his hatred for the Atreidae and Odysseus, his pride, and his pathetic craving to be rescued. It is interesting to note that, though Sophocles could have convincingly resolved the complications of his plot without using a *deus ex machina*, he has chosen to introduce Heracles at the conclusion in that capacity. That Philoctetes finally leaves with Neoptolemus and Odysseus in accordance with Heracles' orders, seems to reflect Sophocles' conviction that ultimately the divine exercises control over human affairs, though men bear their fair share in working out their own destinies. In essence, Sophocles seems here to restate the religious thesis which is fundamental to *Oedipus the King*.

## PHILOCTETES

(SCENE —*A lonely region on the shore of Lemnos, before a steep cliff in which is the entrance to PHILOCTETES' cave* ULYSSES, NEOPTOLMUS and an attendant enter )

### ULYSSES

At length, my noble friend, thou bravest son  
Of a brave father—father of us all,  
The great Achilles—we have reached the shore  
Of sea-girt Lemnos, desert and forlorn,  
Where never tread of human step is seen,  
Or voice of mortal heard, save his alone,  
Poor Philoctetes, Poëas' wretched son,  
Whom here I left, for such were my commands  
From Grecia's chiefs, when by his fatal wound  
Oppressed, his groans and execrations dreadful  
Alarmed our hosts, our sacred rites profaned,  
And interrupted holy sacrifice  
But why should I repeat the tale? The time  
Admits not of delay We must not linger,  
Lest he discover our arrival here,  
And all our purposed fraud to draw him hence  
Be ineffectual Lend me then thy aid  
Surveying round thee, canst thou see a rock  
With double entrance—to the sun's warm rays  
In winter open, and in summer's heat  
Giving free passage to the welcome breeze?  
A little to the left there is a fountain  
Of living water, where, if yet he breathes,  
He slakes his thirst If aught thou seest of this  
Inform me, so shall each to each impart  
Counsel most fit, and serve our common cause

NEOPTOLEMUS (*leaving ULYSSES a little behind him*)

If I mistake not, I behold a cave,  
E'en such as thou describst

ULYSSES

Dost thou? which way?

NEOPTOLEMUS

Yonder it is, but no path leading thither,  
Or trace of human footstep

ULYSSES

In his cell

A chance but he hath lain him down to rest,  
Look if he hath not

NEOPTOLEMUS (*advancing to the cave*)

Not a creature there

ULYSSES

Nor food, nor mark of household preparation?

NEOPTOLEMUS

A rustic bed of scattered leaves

ULYSSES

What more?

NEOPTOLEMUS

A wooden bowl, the work of some rude hand,  
With a few sticks for fuel

ULYSSES

This is all

His little treasure here

NEOPTOLEMUS

Unhappy man!

Some linen for his wounds

ULYSSES

This must be then

His place of habitation, far from hence  
He cannot roam, distempered as he is,  
It were impossible He is but gone  
A little way for needful food, or herb  
Of power to 'suage and mitigate his pain

Wherefore despatch this servant to some place  
Of observation, whence he may espy  
His every motion, lest he rush upon us  
There's not a Grecian whom his soul so much  
Could wish to crush beneath him as Ulysses

*(He makes a signal to the Attendant, who retires )*

NEOPTOLEMUS

He's gone to guard each avenue, and now,  
If thou hast aught of moment to impart  
Touching our purpose, say it, I attend

ULYSSES

Son of Achilles, mark me well! Remember,  
What we are doing not on strength alone,  
Or courage, but on conduct will depend,  
Therefore if aught uncommon be proposed,  
Strange to thy ears and adverse to thy nature,  
Reflect that 'tis thy duty to comply,  
And act conjunctive with me

NEOPTOLEMUS

Well, what is it?

ULYSSES

We must deceive this Philoctetes, that  
Will be thy task When he shall ask thee who  
And what thou art, Achilles' son reply—  
Thus far within the verge of truth, no more  
Add that resentment fired thee to forsake  
The Grecian fleet, and seek thy native soil,  
Unkindly used by those who long with vows  
Had sought thy aid to humble haughty Troy,  
And when thou cam'st, ungrateful as they were,  
The arms of great Achilles, thy just right,  
Gave to Ulysses Here thy bitter taunts  
And sharp invectives liberally bestow  
On me Say what thou wilt, I shall forgive,  
And Greece will not forgive thee if thou dost not,  
For against Troy thy efforts are all vain  
Without his arrows Safely thou mayst hold  
Friendship and converse with him, but I cannot  
Thou wert not with us when the war began,  
Nor bound by solemn oath to join our host,



As I was, me he knows, and if he find  
That I am with thee, we are both undone.  
They must be ours then, these all-conquering arms,  
Remember that I know thy noble nature  
Abhors the thought of treachery or fraud  
But what a glorious prize is victory!  
Therefore be bold, we will be just hereafter  
Give to deceit and me a little portion  
Of one short day, and for thy future life  
Be called the holiest, worthiest, best of men

## NEOPTOLEMUS

What but to hear alarms my conscious soul,  
Son of Laertes, I shall never practise  
I was not born to flatter or betray,  
Nor I, nor he—the voice of fame reports—  
Who gave me birth What open arms can do  
Behold me prompt to act, but ne'er to fraud  
Will I descend Sure we can more than match  
In strength a foe thus lame and impotent  
I came to be a helpmate to thee, not  
A base betrayer, and, O king! believe me,  
Rather, much rather would I fall by virtue  
Than rise by guilt to certain victory

## ULYSSES

O noble youth! and worthy of thy sire!  
When I like thee was young, like thee of strength  
And courage boastful, little did I deem  
Of human policy, but long experience  
Hath taught me, son, 'tis not the powerful arm,  
But soft enchanting tongue that governs all

## NEOPTOLEMUS

And thou wouldst have me tell an odious falsehood?

## ULYSSES

He must be gained by fraud

## NEOPTOLEMUS

By fraud? And why  
Not by persuasion?

ULYSSES

He'll not listen to it,  
And force were vainer still

NEOPTOLEMUS

What mighty power  
Hath he to boast?

ULYSSES

His arrows winged with death  
Inevitable

NEOPTOLEMUS

Then it were not safe  
E'en to approach him

ULYSSES

No, unless by fraud  
He be secured

NEOPTOLEMUS

And thinkst thou 'tis not base  
To tell a lie then?

ULYSSES

Not if on that lie  
Depends our safety

NEOPTOLEMUS

Who shall dare to tell it  
Without a blush?

ULYSSES

We need not blush at aught  
That may promote our interest and success

NEOPTOLEMUS

But where's the interest that should bias me?  
Come he or not to Troy, imports it aught  
To Neoptolemus?

ULYSSES

Troy cannot fall  
Without his arrows

NEOPTOLEMUS

Saidst thou not that I

Was destined to destroy her?

ULYSSES

Without them

Naught canst thou do, and they without thee nothing

NEOPTOLEMUS

Then I must have them

ULYSSES

When thou hast, remember

A double prize awaits thee

NEOPTOLEMUS

What, Ulysses?

ULYSSES

The glorious names of valiant and of wise

NEOPTOLEMUS

Away! I'll do it Thoughts of guilt or shame

No more appal me

ULYSSES

Wilt thou do it then?

Wilt thou remember what I told thee of?

NEOPTOLEMUS

Depend on 't, I have promised—that's sufficient

ULYSSES

Here then remain thou, I must not be seen  
If thou stay long, I'll send a faithful spy,  
Who in a sailor's habit well disguised  
May pass unknown, of him, from time to time,  
What best may suit our purpose thou shalt know  
I'll to the ship Farewell! and may the god  
Who brought us here, the fraudulent Mercury,  
And great Minerva, guardian of our country,  
And ever kind to me, protect us still!

(*ULYSSES goes out as the CHORUS enters The following lines are  
chanted responsively between NEOPTOLEMUS and the  
CHORUS*)

## CHORUS

*strophe 1*

Master, instruct us, strangers as we are,  
 What we may utter, what we must conceal  
 Doubtless the man we seek will entertain  
 Suspicion of us, how are we to act?  
 To those alone belongs the art to rule  
 Who bear the sceptre from the hand of Jove,  
 To thee of right devolves the power supreme,  
 From thy great ancestors delivered down,  
 Speak then, our royal lord, and we obey

## NEOPTOLEMUS

*systema 1*

If you would penetrate yon deep recess  
 To seek the cave where Philoctetes lies,  
 Go forward, but remember to return  
 When the poor wanderer comes this way, prepared  
 To aid our purpose here if need require

## CHORUS

*antistrophe 1*

O king! we ever meant to fix our eyes  
 On thee, and wait attentive to thy will,  
 But, tell us, in what part is he concealed?  
 'Tis fit we know the place, lest unobserved  
 He rush upon us Which way doth it lie?  
 Seest thou his footsteps leading from the cave,  
 Or hither bent?

NEOPTOLEMUS (*advancing towards the cave*)*systema 2*

Behold the double door  
 Of his poor dwelling, and the flinty bed

## CHORUS

And whither is its wretched master gone?

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Doubtless in search of food, and not far off,  
 For such his manner is, accustomed here,  
 So fame reports, to pierce with winged arrows  
 His savage prey for daily sustenance,  
 His wound still painful, and no hope of cure

## CHORUS

*strophe 2*

Alas! I pity him Without a friend,  
Without a fellow-sufferer, left alone,  
Deprived of all the mutual joys that flow  
From sweet society—distempered too!  
How can he bear it? O unhappy race  
Of mortal man! doomed to an endless round  
Of sorrows, and immeasurable woe!

*antistrophe 2*

Second to none in fair nobility  
Was Philoctetes, of illustrious race,  
Yet here he lies, from every human aid  
Far off removed, in dreadful solitude,  
And mingles with the wild and savage herd,  
With them in famine and in misery  
Consumes his days, and weeps their common fate,  
Unheeded, save when babbling echo mourns  
In bitterest notes responsive to his woe

## NEOPTOLEMUS

*systema 3*

And yet I wonder not, for if aright  
I judge, from angry heaven the sentence came,  
And Chrysa was the cruel source of all,  
Nor doth this sad disease inflict him still  
Incurable, without assenting gods?  
For so they have decreed, lest Troy should fall  
Beneath his arrows ere th' appointed time  
Of its destruction come

## CHORUS

*strophe 3*

No more, my son!

## NEOPTOLEMUS

What sayst thou?

## CHORUS

Sure I heard a dismal groan  
Of some afflicted wretch

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Which way?

## CHORUS

E'en now

I hear it, and the sound as of some step  
 Slow-moving this way He is not far from us  
 His plaints are louder now

*antistrophe 3*

Prepare, my son!

## NEOPTOLEMUS

For what?

## CHORUS

New troubles, for behold he comes!

Not like the shepherd with his rural pipe  
 And cheerful song, but groaning heavily  
 Either his wounded foot against some thorn  
 Hath struck, and pains him sorely, or perchance  
 He hath espied from far some ship attempting  
 To enter this inhospitable port,  
 And hence his cries to save it from destruction

(PHILOCTETES *enters, clad in rags He moves with difficulty and  
 is obviously suffering pain from his injured foot* )

## PHILOCTETES

Say, welcome strangers, what disastrous fate  
 Led you to this inhospitable shore,  
 Nor haven safe, nor habitation fit  
 Affording ever? Of what clime, what race?  
 Who are ye? Speak! If I may trust that garb  
 Familiar once to me, ye are of Greece,  
 My much-loved country Let me hear the sound  
 Of your long wished-for voices Do not look  
 With horror on me, but in kind compassion  
 Pity a wretch deserted and forlorn  
 In this sad place Oh! if ye come as friends,  
 Speak then, and answer—hold some converse with me,  
 For this at least from man to man is due

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Know, stranger, first what most thou seemst to wish,  
 We are of Greece

## PHILOCTETES

Oh! happiness to hear!

After so many years of dreadful silence,  
How welcome was that sound! Oh! tell me, son,  
What chance, what purpose, who conducted thee?  
What brought thee thither, what propitious gale?  
Who art thou? Tell me all—inform me quickly

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Native of Scyros, hither I return,  
My name is Neoptolemus, the son  
Of brave Achilles I have told thee all

## PHILOCTETES

Dear is thy country, and thy father dear  
To me, thou darling of old Lycomede,  
But tell me in what fleet, and whence thou cam'st

## NEOPTOLEMUS

From Troy

## PHILOCTETES

From Troy? I think thou wert not with us  
When first our fleet sailed forth

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Wert thou then there?  
Or knowst thou aught of that great enterprise?

## PHILOCTETES

Know you not then the man whom you behold?

## NEOPTOLEMUS

How should I know whom I had never seen?

## PHILOCTETES

Have you ne'er heard of me, nor of my name?  
Hath my sad story never reached your ear?

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Never

## PHILOCTETES

Alas! how hateful to the gods,  
How very poor a wretch must I be then,  
That Greece should never hear of woes like mine!  
But they who sent me hither, they concealed them,

And smile triumphant, whilst my cruel wounds  
Grow deeper still O, sprung from great Achilles!  
Behold before thee Poëas' wretched son,  
With whom, a chance but thou hast heard, remain  
The dreadful arrows of renowned Alcides,  
E'en the unhappy Philoctetes—him  
Whom the Atreidae and the vile Ulysses  
Inhuman left, distempered as I was  
By the envenomed serpent's deep-felt wound  
Soon as they saw that, with long toil oppressed,  
Sleep had o'ertaken me on the hollow rock,  
There did they leave me when from Chrysa's shore  
They bent their fatal course, a little food  
And these few rags were all they would bestow  
Such one day be their fate! Alas! my son,  
How dreadful, thinkst thou, was that waking to me,  
When from my sleep I rose and saw them not!  
How did I weep! and mourn my wretched state!  
When not a ship remained of all the fleet  
That brought me here—no kind companion left  
To minister or needful food or balm  
To my sad wounds On every side I looked,  
And nothing saw but woe, of that indeed  
Measure too full For day succeeded day,  
And still no comfort came, myself alone  
Could to myself the means of life afford,  
In this poor grotto On my bow I lived  
The winged dove, which my sharp arrow slew,  
With pain I brought into my little hut,  
And feasted there, then from the broken ice  
I slaked my thirst, or crept into the wood  
For useful fuel, from the stricken flint  
I drew the latent spark, that warms me still  
And still revives This with my humble roof  
Preserve me, son But, oh! my wounds remain  
Thou seest an island desolate and waste,  
No friendly port nor hopes of gain to tempt,  
Nor host to welcome in the traveller,  
Few seek the wild inhospitable shore  
By adverse winds, sometimes th' unwilling guests,  
As well thou mayst suppose, were hither driven,  
But when they came, they only pried me,  
Gave me a little food, or better garb



To shield me from the cold, in vain I prayed  
That they would bear me to my native soil,  
For none would listen Here for ten long years  
Have I remained, whilst misery and famine  
Keep fresh my wounds, and double my misfortune  
This have th' Atreidae and Ulysses done,  
And may the gods with equal woes repay them!

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O, son of Poeas! well might those, who came  
And saw thee thus, in kind compassion weep,  
I too must pity thee—I can no more

## NEOPTOLEMUS

I can bear witness to thee, for I know  
By sad experience what th' Atreidae are,  
And what Ulysses

## PHILOCTETES

Hast thou suffered then?  
And dost thou hate them too?

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Oh! that these hands  
Could vindicate my wrongs! Mycenae then  
And Sparta should confess that Scyros boasts  
Of sons as brave and valiant as their own

## PHILOCTETES

O noble youth! But wherefore cam'st thou hither?  
Whence this resentment?

## NEOPTOLEMUS

I will tell thee all,  
If I can bear to tell it Know then, soon  
As great Achilles died—

## PHILOCTETES

Oh, stay, my son!  
Is then Achilles dead?

## NEOPTOLEMUS

He is, and not  
By mortal hand, but by Apollo's shaft  
Fell glorious

## PHILOCTETES

Oh! most worthy of each other,  
The slayer and the slain! Permit me, son,  
To mourn his fate, ere I attend to thine

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Alas! thou needst not weep for others' woes,  
Thou hast enough already of thy own

## PHILOCTETES

'Tis very true, and therefore to thy tale

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Thus then it was Soon as Achilles died,  
Phoenix, the guardian of his tender years,  
Instant sailed forth, and sought me out at Scyros,  
With him the wary chief Ulysses came  
They told me then (or true or false I know not),  
My father dead, by me, and me alone  
Proud Troy must fall I yielded to their prayers,  
I hoped to see at least the dear remains  
Of him whom living I had long in vain  
Wished to behold Safe at Sigeum's port  
Soon we arrived In crowds the numerous host  
Thronged to embrace me, called the gods to witness  
In me once more they saw their loved Achilles  
To life restored, but he, alas! was gone  
I shed the duteous tear, then sought my friends  
Th' Atreidae—friends I thought 'em!—claimed the arms  
Of my dead father, and what else remained  
His late possession when—O cruel words!  
And wretched I to hear them—thus they answered  
"Son of Achilles, thou in vain demandst  
Those arms already to Ulysses given,  
The rest be thine " I wept "And is it thus,"  
Indignant I replied, "ye dare to give  
My right away?" "Know, boy," Ulysses cried,  
"That right was mine, and therefore they bestowed  
The boon on me me who preserved the arms,  
And him who bore them too " With anger fired  
At this proud speech, I threatened all that rage  
Could dictate to me if he not returned them  
Stung with my words, yet calm, he answered me  
"Thou wert not with us, thou wert in a place

Where thou shouldst not have been, and since thou meanst  
To brave us thus, know, thou shalt never bear  
Those arms with thee to Scyros, 'tis resolved "  
Thus injured, thus deprived of all I held  
Most precious, by the worst of men, I left  
The hateful place, and seek my native soil  
Nor do I blame so much the proud Ulysses  
As his base masters—army, city, all  
Depend on those who rule When men grow vile  
The guilt is theirs who taught them to be wicked  
I've told thee all, and him who hates the Atreidae  
I hold a friend to me and to the gods

CHORUS (*singing*)

O Earth! thou mother of great Jove,  
Embracing all with universal love,  
Author benign of every good,  
Through whom Pactolus rolls his golden flood!  
To thee, whom in thy rapid car  
Fierce lions draw, I rose and made my prayer—  
To thee I made my sorrows known,  
When from Achilles' injured son  
Th' Atreidae gave the prize, that fatal day  
When proud Ulysses bore his arms away

## PHILOCTETES

I wonder not, my friend, to see you here,  
And I believe the tale, for well I know  
The man who wronged you, know the base Ulysses  
Falsehood and fraud dwell on his lips, and nought  
That's just or good can be expected from him  
But strange it is to me that, Ajax present,  
He dare attempt it

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Ajax is no more,  
Had he been living, I had ne'er been spoiled  
Thus of my right

## PHILOCTETES

Is he then dead?

## NEOPTOLEMUS

He is

## PHILOCTETES

Alas! the son of Tydeus, and that slave,  
Sold by his father Sisyphus, they live,  
Unworthy as they are

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Alas! they do,  
And flourish still

## PHILOCTETES

My old and worthy friend  
The Pylian sage, how is he? He could see  
Their arts, and would have given them better counsels

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Weighed down with grief he lives, but most unhappy,  
Weeps his lost son, his dear Antilochus

## PHILOCTETES

O double woe! whom I could most have wished  
To live and to be happy, those to perish!  
Ulysses to survive! It should not be

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Oh! 'tis a subtle foe, but deepest plans  
May sometimes fail

## PHILOCTETES

Where was Patroclus then  
Thy father's dearest friend?

## NEOPTOLEMUS

He too was dead  
In war, alas—so fate ordains it ever—  
The coward 'scapes, the brave and virtuous fall

## PHILOCTETES

It is too true, and now thou talkest of cowards,  
Where is that worthless wretch, of readiest tongue,  
Subtle and voluble?

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Ulysses?

## PHILOCTETES

No,  
Thersites, ever talking, never heard

## NEOPTOLEMUS

I have not seen him, but I hear he lives

## PHILOCTETES

I did not doubt it evil never dies,  
The gods take care of that If aught there be  
Fraudful and vile, 'tis safe, the good and just  
Perish unpitied by them Wherefore is it?  
When gods do ill, why should we worship them?

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Since thus it is, since virtue is oppressed,  
And vice triumphant, who deserve to live  
Are doomed to perish, and the guilty reign  
Henceforth, O son of Poëas! far from Troy  
And the Atreidae will I live remote  
I would not see the man I cannot love  
My barren Scyros shall afford me refuge,  
And home-felt joys delight my future days  
So, fare thee well, and may th' indulgent gods  
Heal thy sad wound, and grant thee every wish  
Thy soul can form! Once more, farewell! I go,  
The first propitious gale

## PHILOCTETES

What! now, my son?

So soon?

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Immediately, the time demands  
We should be near, and ready to depart

## PHILOCTETES

Now, by the memory of thy honoured sire,  
By thy loved mother, by whate'er remains  
On earth most dear to thee, oh! hear me now,  
Thy suppliant! Do not, do not thus forsake me,  
Alone, oppressed, deserted, as thou seest,  
In this sad place I shall, I know it must, be  
A burthen to thee But, oh! bear it kindly,  
For ever doth the noble mind abhor  
Th' ungenerous deed, and loves humanity,  
Disgrace attends thee if thou dost forsake me,  
If not, immortal fame rewards thy goodness  
Thou mayst convey me safe to Oeta's shores

In one short day, I'll trouble you no longer  
 Hide me in any part where I may least  
 Molest you Hear me! By the guardian god  
 Of the poor suppliant, all-protecting Jove,  
 I beg Behold me at thy feet, infirm,  
 And wretched as I am, I clasp thy knees  
 Leave me not here then, where there is no mark  
 Of human footstep—take me to thy home!  
 Or to Euboea's port, to Oeta, thence  
 Short is the way to Trachin, or the banks  
 Of Spercheus' gentle stream, to meet my father,  
 If yet he lives, for, oh! I begged him oft  
 By those who hither came, to fetch me hence—  
 Or is he dead, or they neglectful bent  
 Their hasty course to their own native soil  
 Be thou my better guide! Pity and save  
 The poor and wretched Think, my son, how frail  
 And full of danger is the state of man—  
 Now prosperous, now adverse Who feels no ills  
 Should therefore fear them, and when fortune smiles  
 Be doubly cautious, lest destruction come  
 Remorseless on him, and he fall unpitied

CHORUS (*singing*)

Oh, pity him, my lord, for bitterest woes  
 And trials most severe he hath recounted,  
 Far be such sad distress from those I love!  
 Oh! if thou hat'st the base Atreidae, now  
 Revenge thee on them, serve their deadliest foe,  
 Bear the poor suppliant to his native soil,  
 So shalt thou bless thy friend, and 'scape the wrath  
 Of the just gods, who still protect the wretched

NLOPTOLEMUS

Your proffered kindness, friends, may cost you dear,  
 When you shall feel his dreadful malady  
 Oppress you sore, you will repent it

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Never

Shall that reproach be ours

NLOPTOLFMUS

In generous pity  
 Of the afflicted thus to be o'ercome

Were most disgraceful to me, he shall go  
 And you my dearest friends! how shall I thank you?  
 What shall I do to show my grateful heart?  
 Let us be gone! But, oh! permit me first  
 To take a last farewell of my poor hut,  
 Where I so long have lived Perhaps you'll say  
 I must have had a noble mind to bear it  
 The very sight to any eyes but mine  
 Were horrible, but sad necessity  
 At length prevailed, and made it pleasing to me

## PHILOCTETES

O happy hour! O kindest, best of men!  
 And you my dearest friends! how shall I thank you?  
 What shall I do to show my grateful heart?  
 Let us be gone! But, oh! permit me first  
 To take a last farewell of my poor hut,  
 Where I so long have lived Perhaps you'll say  
 I must have had a noble mind to bear it  
 The very sight to any eyes but mine  
 Were horrible, but sad necessity  
 At length prevailed, and made it pleasing to me

## LLADER

One from our ship, my lord, and with him comes  
 A stranger Stop a moment till we hear  
 Their business with us

*(The SPY enters, dressed as a merchant He is accompanied by  
 one of NEOPTOLEMUS' men )*

## SPY

Son of great Achilles,

Know, chance alone hath brought me hither, driven  
 By adverse winds to where thy vessels lay,  
 As home I sailed from Troy There did I meet  
 This my companion, who informed me where  
 Thou mightst be found Hence to pursue my course  
 And not to tell thee what concerns thee near  
 Had been ungenerous, thou perhaps meantime  
 Of Greece and of her counsels naught suspecting,  
 Counsels against thee not by threats alone  
 Or words enforced, but now in execution

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Now by my virtue, stranger, for thy news  
 I am much bound to thee, and will repay  
 Thy service Tell me what the Greeks have done

## SPY

A fleet already sails to fetch thee back,  
 Conducted by old Phoenix, and the sons  
 Of valiant Theseus

NEOPTOLEMUS

                                  Come they then to force me?  
Or am I to be won by their persuasion?

SPY

I know not that, you have what I could learn

NEOPTOLEMUS

And did th' Atreidae send them?

SPY

                                  Sent they are,  
And will be with you soon

NEOPTOLEMUS

                                  But wherefore then  
Came not Ulysses? Did his courage fail?

SPY

He, ere I left the camp, with Diomedé  
On some important embassy sailed forth  
In search—

NEOPTOLEMUS

Of whom?

SPY

                                  There was a man—but stay,  
Who is thy friend here, tell me, but speak softly

NEOPTOLEMUS (*whispering to him*)

The famous Philoctetes

SPY

                                  Ha! begone then!  
Ask me no more—away, immediately!

PHILOCTETES

What do these dark mysterious whispers mean?  
Concern they me, my son?

NEOPTOLEMUS

                                  I know not what  
He means to say, but I would have him speak  
Boldly before us all, whate'er it be



SPY

Do not betray me to the Grecian host,  
Nor make me speak what I would fain conceal  
I am but poor—they have befriended me

NEOPTOLEMUS

In me thou seest an enemy confest  
To the Atreidae This is my best friend  
Because he hates them too, if thou art mine,  
Hide nothing then

SPY

Consider first

NEOPTOLEMUS

I have

SPY

The blame will be on you

NEOPTOLEMUS

Why, let it be

But speak, I charge thee

SPY

Since I must then, know,  
In solemn league combined, the bold Ulysses  
And gallant Diomede have sworn by force  
Or by persuasion to bring back thy friend  
The Grecians heard Laertes' son declare  
His purpose, far more resolute he seemed  
Than Diomede, and surer of success

NEOPTOLEMUS

But why th' Atreidae, after so long time,  
Again should wish to see this wretched exile,  
Whence this desire? Came it from th' angry gods  
To punish thus their inhumanity?

SPY

I can inform you, for perhaps from Greece  
Of late you have not heard There was a prophet,  
Son of old Priam, Helenus by name,  
Him, in his midnight walks, the wily chief  
Ulysses, curse of every tongue, espied,  
Took him, and led him captive, to the Greeks

A welcome spoil Much he foretold to all,  
 And added last that Troy should never fall  
 Till Philoctetes from this isle returned  
 Ulysses heard, and instant promise gave  
 To fetch him hence, he hoped by gentle means  
 To gain him, those successful, force at last  
 Could but compel him He would go, he cried,  
 And if he failed his head should pay th' forfeit  
 I've told thee all, and warn thee to be gone,  
 Thou and thy friend, if thou wouldst wish to save him

## PHILOCTETES

And does the traitor think he can persuade me?  
 As well might he persuade me to return  
 From death to life, as his base father did

## SPY

Of that I know not I must to my ship  
 Farewell, and may the gods protect you both!  
 (*The SPY departs*)

## PHILOCTETES

Lead me—expose me to the Grecian host!  
 And could the insolent Ulysses hope  
 With his soft flatteries e'er to conquer me?  
 No! Sooner would I listen to the voice  
 Of that fell serpent, whose envenomed tongue  
 Hath lamed me thus But what is there he dares not  
 Or say or do? I know he will be here  
 E'en now, depend on't Therefore, let's away!  
 Quick let the sea divide us from Ulysses  
 Let us be gone, for well-timed expedition,  
 The task performed, brings safety and repose

## NIOPTOLIMUS

Soon as the wind permits us we embark,  
 But now 'tis adverse

## PHILOCTETES

Every wind is fair  
 When we are flying from misfortune

## NIOPTOLIMUS

True,  
 And 'tis against them too

PHILOCTETES

Alas! no storms  
Can drive back fraud and rapine from their prey

NEOPTOLEMUS

I'm ready Take what may be necessary,  
And follow me

PHILOCTETES

I want not much

NEOPTOLEMUS

Perhaps

My ship will furnish you

PHILOCTETES

There is a plant  
Which to my wound gives some relief, I must  
Have that

NEOPTOLEMUS

Is there aught else?

PHILOCTETES

Alas! my bow  
I had forgot I must not lose that treasure  
(PHILOCTETES steps into the cave, and brings out his bow and  
arrows )

NEOPTOLEMUS

Are these the famous arrows then?

PHILOCTETES

They are

NEOPTOLEMUS

And may I be permitted to behold,  
To touch, to pay my adoration to them?

PHILOCTETES

In these, my son, in everything that's mine  
Thou hast a right

NEOPTOLEMUS

But if it be a crime,

I would not, otherwise——

## PHILOCTETES

Oh! thou art full

Of piety, in thee it is no crime,  
 In thee, my friend, by whom alone I look  
 Once more with pleasure on the radiant sun—  
 By whom I live—who giv'st me to return  
 To my dear father, to my friends, my country  
 Sunk as I was beneath my foes, once more  
 I rise to triumph o'er them by thy aid  
 Behold them, touch them, but return them to me,  
 And boast that virtue which on thee alone  
 Bestowed such honour Virtue made them mine  
 I can deny thee nothing he, whose heart  
 Is grateful can alone deserve the name  
 Of friend, to every treasure far superior

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Go in

## PHILOCTETES

Come with me, for my painful wound  
 Requires thy friendly hand to help me onward  
 (*They go into the cave*)

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe* 1

Since proud Ixion, doomed to feel  
 The tortures of th' eternal wheel,  
     Bound by the hand of angry Jove,  
 Received the due rewards of impious love,  
 Ne'er was distress so deep or woe so great  
 As on the wretched Philoctetes wait,  
     Who ever with the just and good,  
     Guiltless of fraud and rapine, stood,  
 And the fair paths of virtue still pursued,  
 Alone on this inhospitable shore,  
 Where waves for ever beat and tempests roar,  
     How could he e'er or hope or comfort know,  
 Or painful life support beneath such weight of woe?

*antistrophe* 1

Exposed to the inclement skies,  
 Deserted and forlorn he lies,  
 No friend or fellow-mourner there

To soothe his sorrows and divide his care,  
 Or seek the healing plant of power to 'suage  
 His aching wound and mitigate its rage,  
     But if perchance, awhile released  
     From torturing pain, he sinks to rest,  
 Awakened soon, and by sharp hunger prest,  
 Compelled to wander forth in search of food,  
     He crawls in anguish to the neighbouring wood,  
     Even as the tottering infant in despair  
 Who mourns an absent mother's kind supporting care

*strophe 2*

The teeming earth, who mortals still supplies  
 With every good, to him her seed denies,  
     A stranger to the joy that flows  
 From the kind aid which man on man bestows,  
     Nor food, *alas!* to him was given,  
 Save when his arrows pierced the birds of heaven,  
 Nor e'er did Bacchus' heart-expanding bowl  
 For ten long years relieve his cheerless soul,  
     But glad was he his eager thirst to slake  
 In the unwholesome pool, or ever-stagnant lake

*antistrophe 2*

But now, behold the joyful captive freed,  
 A fairer fate, and brighter days succeed  
     For he at last hath found a friend  
 Of noblest race, to save and to defend,  
     To guide him with protecting hand,  
 And safe restore him to his native land,  
 On Spercheus' flowery banks to join the throng  
 Of Mahan nymphs, and lead the choral song  
 On Oeta's top, which saw Alcides rise,  
 And from the flaming pile ascend his native skies

(NEOPTOLEMUS and PHILOCTETES enter from the cave PHIL-  
 OCTETES is suddenly seized with spasms of pain He still  
 holds in his hand the bow and arrows )

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Come, Philoctetes, why thus silent? Wherefore  
 This sudden terror on thee?

PHILOCTETES

Oh!

NEOPTOLEMUS

Whence is it?

PHILOCTETES

Nothing, my son, go on!

NEOPTOLEMUS

Is it thy wound

That pains thee thus?

PHILOCTETES

No, I am better now

O gods!

NEOPTOLEMUS

Why dost thou call thus on the gods?

PHILOCTETES

To smile propitious, and preserve us—Oh!

NEOPTOLEMUS

Thou art in misery Tell me—wilt thou not?

What is it?

PHILOCTETES

O my son! I can no longer

Conceal it from thee Oh! I die, I perish,

By the great gods let me implore thee, now

This moment, if thou hast a sword, oh! strike,

Cut off this painful limb, and end my being!

NEOPTOLEMUS

What can this mean, that unexpected thus

It should torment thee?

PHILOCTETES

Know you not, my son?

NEOPTOLEMUS

What is the cause?

PHILOCTETES

Can you not guess it?

NEOPTOLEMUS

No.

PHILOCTETES

Nor I

NEOPTOLEMUS

That's stranger still

PHILOCTETES

My son, my son!

NEOPTOLEMUS

This new attack is terrible indeed!

PHILOCTETES

'Tis inexpressible! Have pity on me!

NEOPTOLEMUS

What shall I do?

PHILOCTETES

Do not be terrified,

And leave me Its returns are regular,

And like the traveller, when its appetite

Is satisfied, it will depart Oh! oh!

NEOPTOLEMUS

Thou art oppressed with ills on every side

Give me thy hand Come, wilt thou lean upon me?

PHILOCTETES

No, but these arrows take, preserve 'em for me

A little while, till I grow better Sleep

Is coming on me, and my pains will cease

Let me be quiet If meantime our foes

Surprise thee, let nor force nor artifice

Deprive thee of the great, the precious trust

I have reposed in thee, that were ruin

To thee, and to thy friend

NEOPTOLEMUS

Be not afraid—

No hands but mine shall touch them, give them to me

## PHILOCTETES

Receive them, son, and let it be thy prayer  
 They bring not woes on thee, as they have done  
 To me and to Alcides

(*PHILOCTETES gives him the bow and arrows*)

## NEOPTOLEMUS

May the gods  
 Forbid it ever! May they guide our course  
 And speed our prosperous sails!

## PHILOCTETES

Alas! my son,  
 I fear thy vows are vain Behold my blood  
 Flows from the wound? Oh! how it pains me! Now  
 It comes, it hastens! Do not, do not leave me!  
 Oh! that Ulysses felt this racking torture,  
 E'en to his inmost soul! Again it comes!  
 O Agamemnon! Menelaus! why  
 Should not you bear these pangs as I have done?  
 O death! where art thou, death? so often called,  
 Wilt thou not listen? wilt thou never come?  
 Take thou the Lemnian fire, my generous friend,  
 Do me the same kind office which I did  
 For my Alcides These are thy reward  
 He gave them to me Thou alone deservest  
 The great inheritance What says my friend?  
 What says my dear preserver? Oh! where art thou?

## NEOPTOLEMUS

I mourn thy hapless fate

## PHILOCTETES

Be of good cheer,  
 Quick my disorder comes, and goes as soon,  
 I only beg thee not to leave me here

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Depend on't, I will stay

## PHILOCTETES

Wilt thou indeed?

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Trust me, I will



PHILOCTETES

I need not bind thee to it

By oath

NEOPTOLEMUS

Oh, no! 'twere impious to forsake thee

PHILOCTETES

Give me thy hand, and pledge thy faith

NEOPTOLEMUS

I do

PHILOCTETES (*pointing up to heaven*)

Thither, oh, thither lead!

NEOPTOLEMUS

What sayst thou? where?

PHILOCTETES

Above——

NEOPTOLEMUS

What, lost again? Why lookst thou thus  
On that bright circle?

PHILOCTETES

Let me, let me go!

NEOPTOLEMUS (*lays hold of him*)

Where wouldst thou go?

PHILOCTETES

Loose me

NEOPTOLEMUS

I will not

PHILOCTETES

Oh!

You'll kill me, if you do not

NEOPTOLEMUS (*lets him go*)

There, then, now

Is thy mind better?

## PHILOCTETES

Oh! receive me, earth!

Receive a dying man Here must I lie,

For, oh! my pain's so great I cannot rise

(PHILOCTETES *sinks down on the earth near the entrance of the cave*)

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Sleep hath o'ertaken him See, his head is lain

On the cold earth, the balmy sweat thick drops

From every limb, and from the broken vein

Flows the warm blood, let us indulge his slumbers

CHORUS (*singing*)

Sleep, thou patron of mankind,

Great physician of the mind,

Who dost nor pain nor sorrow know,

Sweetest balm of every woe,

Mildest sovereign, hear us now,

Hear thy wretched suppliant's vow,

His eyes in gentle slumbers close,

And continue his repose,

Hear thy wretched suppliant's vow,

Great physician, hear us now

And now, my son, what best may suit thy purpose

Consider well, and how we are to act

What more can we expect? The time is come,

For better far is opportunity

Seized at the lucky hour than all the counsels

Which wisdom dictates or which craft inspires

NEOPTOLEMUS (*chanting*)

He hears us not But easy as it is

To gain the prize, it would avail us nothing

Were he not with us Phoebus hath reserved

For him alone the crown of victory,

But thus to boast of what we could not do,

And break our word, were most disgraceful to us

CHORUS (*singing*)

The gods will guide us, fear it not, my son,

But what thou sayst speak soft, for well thou knowst

The sick man's sleep is short He may awake

And hear us, therefore let us hide our purpose

If then thou thinkst as he does—thou knowst whom—  
This is the hour At such a time, my son,  
The wisest err But mark me, the wind's fair,  
And Philoctetes sleeps, void of all help—  
Lame, impotent, unable to resist,  
He is as one among the dead E'en now  
We'll take him with us 'Twere an easy task  
Leave it to me, my son There is no danger

NEOPTOLEMUS

No more! His eyes are open See, he moves

PHILOCTETES (*awaking*)

O fair returning light! beyond my hope,  
You too, my kind preservers! O my son!  
I could not think thou wouldst have stayed so long  
In kind compassion to thy friend Alas!  
The Atreidae never would have acted thus  
But noble is thy nature, and thy birth,  
And therefore little did my wretchedness,  
Nor from my wounds the noisome stench deter  
Thy generous heart I have a little respite,  
Help me, my son! I'll try to rise, this weakness  
Will leave me soon, and then we'll go together

NEOPTOLEMUS

I little thought to find thee thus restored  
Trust me, I joy to see thee free from pain,  
And hear thee speak, the marks of death were on thee  
Raise thyself up, thy friends here, if thou wilt,  
Shall carry thee, 'twill be no burthen to them  
If we request it

PHILOCTETES

No, thy hand alone,  
I will not trouble them, 'twill be enough  
If they can bear with me and my distemper  
When we embark

NEOPTOLEMUS

Well, be it so, but rise

PHILOCTETES (*rising*)

Oh! never fear, I'll rise as well as ever

NEOPTOLEMUS (*half to himself*)

How shall I act?

PHILOCTETES

What says my son?

NEOPTOLEMUS

Alas!

I know not what to say, my doubtful mind—

PHILOCTETES

Talked you of doubts? You did not surely

NEOPTOLEMUS

Aye,

That's my misfortune

PHILOCTETES

Is then my distress

The cause at last you will not take me with you?

NEOPTOLEMUS

All is distress and misery when we act

Against our nature and consent to ill

PHILOCTETES

But sure to help a good man in misfortunes

Is not against thy nature

NEOPTOLEMUS

Men will call me

A villain, that distracts me

PHILOCTETES

Not for this,

For what thou meanst to do thou mayst deserve it

NEOPTOLEMUS

What shall I do? Direct me, Jove! To hide

What I should speak, and tell a base untruth

Were double guilt

PHILOCTETES

He purposes at last,

I fear it much, to leave me

NEOPTOLEMUS

Leave thee! No!

But how to make thee go with pleasure hence,  
There I'm distressed

PHILOCTETES

I understand thee not,

What means my son?

NEOPTOLEMUS

I can no longer hide

The dreadful secret from thee, thou art going  
To Troy, e'en to the Greeks, to the Atreidae

PHILOCTETES

Alas! what sayest thou?

NEOPTOLEMUS

Do not weep, but hear me

PHILOCTETES

What must I hear? what wilt thou do with me?

NEOPTOLEMUS

First set thee free, then carry thee, my friend,  
To conquer Troy

PHILOCTETES

Is this indeed thy purpose?

NEOPTOLEMUS

This am I bound to do

PHILOCTETES

Then am I lost,

Undone, betrayed Canst thou, my friend, do this?  
Give me my arms again

NEOPTOLEMUS

It cannot be

I must obey the powers who sent me hither,  
Justice enjoins—the common cause demands it

PHILOCTETES

Thou worst of men, thou vile artificer  
Of fraud most infamous, what hast thou done?  
How have I been deceived? Dost thou not blush

To look upon me, to behold me thus  
Beneath thy feet imploring? Base betrayer!  
To rob me of my bow, the means of life,  
The only means—give 'em, restore 'em to me!  
Do not take all! Alas! he hears me not,  
Nor deigns to speak, but casts an angry look  
That says I never shall be free again  
O mountains, rivers, rocks, and savage herds!  
To you I speak—to you alone I now  
Must breathe my sorrows, you are wont to hear  
My sad complaints, and I will tell you all  
That I have suffered from Achilles' son,  
Who, bound by solemn oath to bear me hence  
To my dear native soil, now sails for Troy  
The perjured wretch first gave his plighted hand,  
Then stole the sacred arrows of my friend,  
The son of Jove, the great Alcides, those  
He means to show the Greeks, to snatch me hence  
And boast his prize, as if poor Philoctetes,  
This empty shade, were worthy of his arm  
Had I been what I was, he ne'er had thus  
Subdued me, and e'en now to fraud alone  
He owes the conquest I have been betrayed!  
Give me my arms again, and be thyself  
Once more Oh, speak! Thou wilt not? Then I'm lost  
O my poor hut! again I come to thee  
Naked and destitute of food, once more  
Receive me, here to die, for now, no longer  
Shall my swift arrow reach the flying prey,  
Or on the mountains pierce the wandering herd  
I shall myself afford a banquet now  
To those I used to feed on—they the hunters,  
And I their easy prey so shall the blood  
Which I so oft have shed be paid by mine,  
And all this too from him whom once I deemed  
Stranger to fraud nor capable of ill,  
And yet I will not curse thee till I know  
Whether thou still retainst thy horrid purpose,  
Or dost repent thee of it, if thou dost not,  
Destruction wait thee!

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

We attend your pleasure,  
My royal lord, we must be gone, determine  
To leave, or take him with us

## NEOPTOLEMUS

His distress  
Doth move me much Trust me, I long have felt  
Compassion for him

## PHILOCTETES

Oh! then by the gods  
Pity me now, my son, nor let mankind  
Reproach thee for a fraud so base

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Alas!  
What shall I do? Would I were still at Scyros!  
For I am most unhappy

## PHILOCTETES

O my son!  
Thou art not base by nature, but misguided  
By those who are, to deeds unworthy of thee  
Turn then thy fraud on them who best deserve it,  
Restore my arms, and leave me

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Speak, my friends,  
What's to be done?  
(*ULYSSES enters suddenly*)

## ULYSSES

Ah! dost thou hesitate?  
Traitor, be gone! Give me the arms

## PHILOCTETES

Ah me!  
Ulysses here?

## ULYSSES

Aye! 'tis Ulysses' self  
That stands before thee

## PHILOCTETES

Then I'm lost, betrayed!  
This was the cruel spoiler

ULYSSES

Doubt it not

'Twas I, I do confess it

PHILOCTETES (*to* NEOPTOLEMUS)

O my son!

Give me them back

ULYSSES

It must not be, with them

Thyself must go, or we shall drag thee hence

PHILOCTETES

And will they force me? O thou daring villain!

ULYSSES

They will, unless thou dost consent to go

PHILOCTETES

Wilt thou, O Lemnos! wilt thou, mighty Vulcan!

With thy all-conquering fire, permit me thus

To be torn from thee?

ULYSSES

Know, great Jove himself

Doth here preside He hath decreed thy fate,

I but perform his will

PHILOCTETES

Detested wretch,

Mak'st thou the gods a cover for thy crime?

Do they teach falsehood?

ULYSSES

No, they taught me truth,

And therefore, hence—that way thy journey lies

(*Pointing to the sea*)

PHILOCTETES

It doth not

ULYSSES

But I say it must be so

PHILOCTETES

And Philoctetes then was born a slave!

I did not know it



ULYSSES

No, I mean to place thee  
E'en with the noblest, e'en with those by whom  
Proud Troy must perish

PHILOCTETES

Never will I go,  
Befall what may, whilst this deep cave is open  
To bury all my sorrows

ULYSSES

What wouldst do?

PHILOCTETES

Here throw me down, dash out my desperate brains  
Against this rock, and sprinkle it with my blood

ULYSSES (*to the CHORUS*)

Seize, and prevent him!

(*They seize him*)

PHILOCTETES

Manacled! O hands!

How helpless are you now! those arms, which once  
Protected, thus torn from you! (*To ULYSSES*)

Thou abandoned,

Thou shameless wretch! from whom nor truth nor justice,  
Naught that becomes the generous mind, can flow,  
How hast thou used me! how betrayed! Suborned  
This stranger, this poor youth, who, worthier far  
To be my friend than thine, was only here  
Thy instrument, he knew not what he did,  
And now, thou seest, repents him of the crime  
Which brought such guilt on him, such woes on me  
But thy foul soul, which from its dark recess  
Trembling looks forth, beheld him void of art,  
Unwilling as he was, instructed him,  
And made him soon a master in deceit  
I am thy prisoner now, e'en now thou meanst  
To drag me hence, from this unhappy shore,  
Where first thy malice left me, a poor exile,  
Deserted, friendless, and though living, dead  
To all mankind Perish the vile betrayer!  
Oh! I have cursed thee often, but the gods  
Will never hear the prayers of Philoctetes

Life and its joys are thine, whilst I, unhappy,  
 Am but the scorn of thee, and the Atreidae,  
 Thy haughty masters Fraud and force compelled thee,  
 Or thou hadst never sailed with them to Troy  
 I lent my willing aid, with seven brave ships  
 I ploughed the main to serve them In return  
 They cast me forth, disgraced me, left me here  
 Thou sayst they did it, they impute the crime  
 To thee And what will you do with me now?  
 And whither must I go? What end, what purpose  
 Could urge thee to it? I am nothing, lost  
 And dead already Wherefore—tell me, wherefore?—  
 Am I not still the same detested burthen,  
 Loathsome and lame? Again must Philoctetes  
 Disturb your holy rites? If I am with you  
 How can you make libations? That was once  
 Your vile pretence for inhumanity  
 Oh! may you perish for the deed! The gods  
 Will grant it sure, if justice be their care—  
 And that it is I know You had not left  
 Your native soil to seek a wretch like me  
 Had not some impulse from the powers above,  
 Spite of yourselves, ordained it O my country!  
 And you, O gods! who look upon this deed,  
 Punish, in pity to me, punish all  
 The guilty band! Could I behold them perish,  
 My wounds were nothing, that would heal them all

LEADER (*to ULYSSES*)

Observe, my lord, what bitterness of soul  
 His words express, he bends not to misfortune,  
 But seems to brave it

## ULYSSES

I could answer him,  
 Were this a time for words, but now, no more  
 Than this—I act as best befits our purpose  
 Where virtue, truth, and justice are required  
 Ulysses yields to none, I was not born  
 To be o'ercome, and yet submit to thee  
 Let him remain Thy arrows shall suffice,  
 We want thee not! Teucer can draw thy bow  
 As well as thou, myself with equal strength  
 Can aim the deadly shaft, with equal skill

What could thy presence do? Let Lemnos keep thee  
Farewell! perhaps the honours once designed  
For thee may be reserved to grace Ulysses

PHILOCTETES

Alas! shall Greece then see my deadliest foe  
Adorned with arms which I alone should bear?

ULYSSES

No more! I must be gone

PHILOCTETES (*to* NEOPTOLEMUS)

Son of Achilles,

Thou wilt not leave me too? I must not lose  
Thy converse, thy assistance

ULYSSES (*to* NEOPTOLEMUS)

Look not on him,

Away, I charge thee! 'Twould be fatal to us

PHILOCTETES (*to the* CHORUS)

Will you forsake me, friends? Dwells no compassion  
Within your breasts for me?

LEADER (*pointing to* NEOPTOLEMUS)

He is our master,

We speak and act but as his will directs

NEOPTOLEMUS

I know he will upbraid me for this weakness,  
But 'tis my nature, and I must consent,  
Since Philoctetes asks it Stay you with him,  
Till to the gods our pious prayers we offer,  
And all things are prepared for our departure,  
Perhaps, meantime, to better thoughts his mind  
May turn relenting We must go Remember,  
When we shall call you, follow instantly

(NEOPTOLEMUS, *still with the bow in his hands, goes out with*  
ULYSSES *The lines in the following scene between PHIL-*  
*OCTETES and the CHORUS are chanted responsively*)

PHILOCTETES

O my poor hut! and is it then decreed  
Again I come to thee to part no more,  
To end my wretched days in this sad cave,

The scene of all my woes? For whither now  
Can I betake me? Who will feed, support,  
Or cherish Philoctetes? Not a hope  
Remains for me Oh! that th' impetuous storms  
Would bear me with them to some distant clime!  
For I must perish here

## CHORUS

Unhappy man!  
Thou hast provoked thy fate, thyself alone  
Art to thyself a foe, to scorn the good,  
Which wisdom bids thee take, and choose misfortune

## PHILOCTETES

Wretch that I am, to perish here alone!  
Oh! I shall see the face of man no more,  
Nor shall my arrows pierce their winged prey,  
And bring me sustenance! Such vile delusions  
Used to betray me! Oh! that pains like those  
I feel might reach the author of my woes!

## CHORUS

The gods decreed it, we are not to blame  
Heap not thy curses therefore on the guiltless,  
But take our friendship

PHILOCTETES (*pointing to the sea-shore*)

I behold him there,  
Even now I see him laughing me to scorn  
On yonder shore, and in his hands the darts  
He waves triumphant, which no arms but these  
Had ever borne O my dear glorious treasure!  
Hadst thou a mind to feel th' indignity,  
How wouldst thou grieve to change thy noble master,  
The friend of great Alcides, for a wretch  
So vile, so base, so impious as Ulysses!

## CHORUS

Justice will ever rule the good man's tongue,  
Nor from his lips reproach and bitterness  
Invidious flow Ulysses, by the voice  
Of Greece appointed, only sought a friend  
To join the common cause, and serve his country

## PHILOCTETES

Hear me, ye winged inhabitants of air,  
And you, who on these mountains love to feed,  
My savage prey, whom once I could pursue,  
Fearful no more of Philoctetes, fly  
This hollow rock—I cannot hurt you now,  
You need not dread to enter here Alas!  
You now may come, and in your turn regale  
On these poor limbs, when I shall be no more  
Where can I hope for food? or who can breathe  
This vital air, when life-preserving earth  
No longer will assist him?

## CHORUS

By the gods!

Let me entreat thee, if thou dost regard  
Our master, and thy friend, come to him now,  
Whilst thou mayst 'scape this sad calamity,  
Who but thyself would choose to be unhappy  
That could prevent it?

## PHILOCTETES

Oh! you have brought back  
Once more the sad remembrance of my griefs,  
Why, why, my friends, would you afflict me thus?

## CHORUS

Afflict thee—how?

## PHILOCTETES

Think you I'll e'er return  
To hateful Troy?

## CHORUS

We would advise thee to it

## PHILOCTETES

I'll hear no more Go, leave me!

## CHORUS

That we shall

Most gladly. To the ships, my friends, away! (*Going*)  
Obey your orders

PHILOCTETES (*stops them*)

By protecting Jove,  
Who hears the suppliant's prayer, do not forsake me!

CHORUS (*returning*)

Be calm then

PHILOCTETES

O my friends! will you then stay?  
Do, by the gods I beg you

CHORUS

Why that groan?

PHILOCTETES

Alas! I die My wound, my wound! Hereafter  
What can I do? You will not leave me! Hear—

CHORUS

What canst thou say we do not know already?

PHILOCTETES

O'erwhelmed by such a storm of griefs as I am,  
You should not thus resent a madman's frenzy

CHORUS

Comply then and be happy

PHILOCTETES

Never, never!

Be sure of that Tho' thunder-bearing Jove  
Should with his lightnings blast me, would I go!  
No! Let Troy perish, perish all the host  
Who sent me here to die, but, O my friends!  
Grant me this last request

CHORUS

What is it? Speak

PHILOCTETES

A sword, a dart, some instrument of death

CHORUS

What wouldst thou do?

PHILOCTETES

I'd hack off every limb  
Death, my soul longs for death

CHORUS

But wherefore is it?

PHILOCTETES

I'll seek my father

CHORUS

Whither?

PHILOCTETES

In the tomb,  
There he must be O Scyros! O my country!  
How could I bear to see thee as I am—  
I who had left thy sacred shores to aid  
The hateful sons of Greece? O misery!  
(*He goes into the cave*)

LEADER OF THE CHORUS (*speaking*)

Ere now we should have taken thee to our ships,  
But that advancing this way I behold  
Ulysses, and with him Achilles' son  
(NEOPTOLEMUS *enters still carrying the bow, he is followed  
closely by ULYSSES*)

ULYSSES

Why this return? Wherefore this haste?

NEOPTOLEMUS

I come

To purge me of my crimes

ULYSSES

Indeed! What crimes?

NEOPTOLEMUS

My blind obedience to the Grecian host  
And to thy counsels

ULYSSES

Hast thou practised aught  
Base or unworthy of thee?

NEOPTOLEMUS

Yes, by art

And vile deceit betrayed th' unhappy

ULYSSES

Whom?

Alas! what mean you?

NEOPTOLEMUS

Nothing But the son

Of Poes—

ULYSSES

Ha! what wouldst thou do? My heart

Misgives me

NEOPTOLEMUS

I have ta'en his arms, and now—

ULYSSES

Thou wouldst restore them! Speak! Is that thy purpose?

Almighty Jove!

NEOPTOLEMUS

Unjustly should I keep

Another's right?

ULYSSES

Now, by the gods, thou meanst

To mock me! Dost thou not?

NEOPTOLEMUS

If to speak truth

Be mockery

ULYSSES

And does Achilles' son

Say this to me?

NEOPTOLEMUS

Why force me to repeat

My words so often to thee?

ULYSSES

Once to hear them

Is once indeed too much



NEOPTOLEMUS

Doubt then no more,  
For I have told thee all

ULYSSES

There are, remember,  
There are who may prevent thee

NEOPTOLEMUS

Who shall dare  
To thwart my purpose?

ULYSSES

All the Grecian host,  
And with them, I

NEOPTOLEMUS

Wise as thou art, Ulysses,  
Thou talkest most idly

ULYSSES

Wisdom is not thine  
Either in word or deed

NEOPTOLEMUS

Know, to be just  
Is better far than to be wise

ULYSSES

But where,  
Where is the justice, thus unauthorized,  
To give a treasure back thou ow'st to me,  
And to my counsels?

NEOPTOLEMUS

I have done a wrong,  
And I will try to make atonement for it

ULYSSES

Dost thou not fear the power of Greece?

NEOPTOLEMUS

I fear  
Nor Greece nor thee, when I am doing right

ULYSSES

'Tis not with Troy then we contend, but thee

NEOPTOLEMUS

I know not that

ULYSSES

Seest thou this hand? behold,  
It grasps my sword

NEOPTOLEMUS

Mine is alike prepared,  
Nor seeks delay

ULYSSES

But I will let thee go,  
Greece shall know all thy guilt, and shall revenge it  
(*ULYSSES descends*)

NEOPTOLEMUS

'Twas well determined, always be as wise  
As now thou art, and thou mayst live in safety  
(*He approaches the cave and calls*)  
Ho! son of Poëas! Philoctetes, leave  
Thy rocky habitation, and come forth

PHILOCTETES (*from the cave*)

What noise was that? Who calls on Philoctetes?  
(*He comes out*)  
Alas! what would you, strangers? Are you come  
To heap fresh miseries on me?

NEOPTOLEMUS

Be of comfort,  
And hear the tidings which I bring

PHILOCTETES

I dare not,  
Thy flattering tongue hath betrayed me

NEOPTOLEMUS

And is there then no room for penitence?

PHILOCTETES

Such were thy words, when, seemingly sincere,  
Yet meaning ill, thou stolst my arms away

NEOPTOLEMUS

But now it is not so I only came  
To know if thou art resolute to stay,  
Or sail with us

PHILOCTETES

No more of that, 'tis vain  
And useless all

NEOPTOLEMUS

Art thou then fixed?

PHILOCTETES

I am,  
It is impossible to say how firmly

NEOPTOLEMUS

I thought I could have moved thee, but I've done

PHILOCTETES

'Tis well thou hast, thy labour had been vain,  
For never could my soul esteem the man  
Who robbed me of my dearest, best possession,  
And now would have me listen to his counsels—  
Unworthy offspring of the best of men!  
Perish th' Atreidae! perish first Ulysses!  
Perish thyself!

NEOPTOLEMUS

Withhold thy imprecations,  
And take thy arrows back

PHILOCTETES

A second time  
Wouldst thou deceive me?

NEOPTOLEMUS

By th' almighty power  
Of sacred Jove I swear

PHILOCTETES

O joyful sound!  
If thou sayst truly

NEOPTOLEMUS

Let my actions speak  
Stretch forth thy hand, and take thy arms again  
(As NEOPTOLEMUS gives the bow and arrows to PHILOCTETES,  
ULYSSES suddenly enters)

ULYSSES

Witness ye gods! Here, in the name of Greece  
And the Atreidae, I forbid it

PHILOCTETES

Ha!

What voice is that? Ulysses'?

ULYSSES

Aye, 'tis I—

I who perforce will carry thee to Troy  
Spite of Achilles' son

PHILOCTETES

(*He aims an arrow directly at ULYSSES*)

Not if I aim

This shaft aright

NEOPTOLEMUS (*laying hold of him*)

Now, by the gods, I beg thee  
Stop thy rash hand!

PHILOCTETES

Let go my arm

NEOPTOLEMUS

I will not

PHILOCTETES

Shall I not slay my enemy?

NEOPTOLEMUS

Oh, no!

Twould cast dishonour on us both

(*ULYSSES hastily departs*)

PHILOCTETES

Thou knowst,  
These Grecian chiefs are loud pretending boasters,  
Brave but in tongue, and cowards in the field

NEOPTOLEMUS

I know it, but remember, I restored  
Thy arrows to thee, and thou hast no cause  
For rage or for complaint against thy friend

## PHILOCTETES

I own thy goodness Thou hast shown thyself  
Worthy thy birth, no son of Sisyphus,  
But of Achilles, who on earth preserved  
A fame unspotted, and amongst the dead  
Still shines superior, an illustrious shade

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Joyful I thank thee for a father's praise,  
And for my own, but listen to my words,  
And mark me well Misfortunes, which the gods  
Inflict on mortals, they perforce must bear  
But when, oppressed by voluntary woes,  
They make themselves unhappy, they deserve not  
Our pity or our pardon Such art thou  
Thy savage soul, impatient of advice,  
Rejects the wholesome counsel of thy friend,  
And treats him like a foe, but I will speak,  
Jove be my witness! Therefore hear my words,  
And grave them in thy heart The dire disease  
Thou long hast suffered is from angry heaven,  
Which thus afflicts thee for thy rash approach  
To the fell serpent, which on Chrysa's shore  
Watched o'er the sacred treasures Know beside,  
That whilst the sun in yonder east shall rise,  
Or in the west decline, distempered still  
Thou ever shalt remain, unless to Troy  
Thy willing mind transport thee There the sons  
Of Aesculapius shall restore thee—there  
By my assistance shalt thou conquer Troy  
I know it well, for that prophetic sage,  
The Trojan captive Helenus, foretold  
It should be so "Proud Troy (he added then)  
This very year must fall, if not, my life  
Shall answer for the falsehood " Therefore yield  
Thus to be deemed the first of Grecians, thus  
By Poëas' favourite sons to be restored,  
And thus marked out the conqueror of Troy,  
Is sure distinguished happiness

## PHILOCTETES

O life!

Detested, why wilt thou still keep me here?  
Why not dismiss me to the tomb! Alas!

What can I do? How can I disbelieve  
 My generous friend? I must consent, and yet  
 Can I do this, and look upon the sun?  
 Can I behold my friends—will they forgive,  
 Will they associate with me after this?  
 And you, ye heavenly orbs that roll around me,  
 How will ye bear to see me linked with those  
 Who have destroyed me, e'en the sons of Atreus,  
 E'en with Ulysses, source of all my woes?  
 My sufferings past I could forget, but oh!  
 I dread the woes to come, for well I know  
 When once the mind's corrupted it brings forth  
 Unnumbered crimes, and ills to ill, succeed  
 It moves my wonder much that thou, my friend  
 Shouldst thus advise me, whom it ill becomes  
 To think of Troy I rather had believed  
 Thou wouldst have sent me far, far off from those  
 Who have defrauded thee of thy just right,  
 And gave thy arms away Are these the men  
 Whom thou wouldst serve? whom thou wouldst thus compel me  
 To save and to defend? It must not be  
 Remember, O my son! the solemn oath  
 Thou gav'st to bear me to my native soil  
 Do this, my friend, remain thyself at Scyros,  
 And leave these wretches to be wretched still  
 Thus shalt thou merit double thanks, from me  
 And from thy father, nor by succour given  
 To vile betrayers prove thyself as vile

## NEOPTOLEMUS

Thou sayst most truly Yet confide in heaven,  
 Trust to thy friend, and leave this hated place

## PHILOCTETES

Leave it! For whom? For Troy and the Atreidae?  
 These wounds forbid it

## NEOPTOLEMUS

They shall all be healed,  
 Where I will carry thee

## PHILOCTETES

An idle tale  
 Thou tellst me, surely, dost thou not?

NEOPTOLEMUS

I speak

What best may serve us both

PHILOCTETES

But, speaking thus,

Dost thou not fear th' offended gods?

NEOPTOLEMUS

Why fear them?

Can I offend the gods by doing good?

PHILOCTETES

What good? To whom? To me or to th' Atreidae?

NEOPTOLLMUS

I am thy friend, and therefore would persuade thee

PHILOCTETES

And therefore give me to my foes

NEOPTOLLMUS

Alas!

Let not misfortunes thus transport thy soul  
To rage and bitterness

PHILOCTETES

Thou wouldst destroy me

NEOPTOLEMUS

Thou knowst me not

PHILOCTETES

I know th' Atreidae well,

Who left me here

NEOPTOLEMUS

They did, yet they perhaps,

E'en they, O Philoctetes! may preserve thee

PHILOCTETES

I never will to Troy

NEOPTOLEMUS

What's to be done?

Since I can ne'er persuade thee, I submit,  
*Live on in misery*

PHILOCTETES

Then let me suffer,  
Suffer I must, but, oh! perform thy promise,  
Think on thy plighted faith, and guard me home  
Instant, my friend, nor ever call back Troy  
To my remembrance, I have felt enough  
From Troy already

NEOPTOLEMUS

Let us go, prepare!

PHILOCTETES

O glorious sound!

NEOPTOLEMUS

Bear thyself up

PHILOCTETES

I will,

If possible

NEOPTOLEMUS

But how shall I escape  
The wrath of Greece?

PHILOCTETES

Oh! think not of it

NEOPTOLEMUS

What

If they should waste my kingdom?

PHILOCTETES

I'll be there

NEOPTOLEMUS

Alas! what canst thou do?

PHILOCTETES

And with these arrows

Of my Alcides—

NEOPTOLEMUS

Ha! What sayst thou?



## PHILOCTETES

Drive

Thy foes before me Not a Greek shall dare  
Approach thy borders

## NEOPTOLEMUS

If thou wilt do this,  
Salute the earth, and instant hence Away!  
(HERCULES *appears from above, and speaks as he moves forward*)

## HERCULES

Stay, son of Poëas! Lo to thee 'tis given  
Once more to see and hear thy loved Alcides,  
Who for thy sake hath left yon heavenly mansions,  
And comes to tell thee the decrees of Jove,  
To turn thee from the paths thou meanst to tread,  
And guide thy footsteps right Therefore attend  
Thou knowst what toils, what labours I endured,  
Ere I by virtue gained immortal fame,  
Thou too like me by toils must rise to glory—  
Thou too must suffer, ere thou canst be happy,  
Hence with thy friend to Troy, where honour calls,  
Where health awaits thee—where, by virtue raised  
To highest rank, and leader of the war,  
Paris, its hateful author, shalt thou slay,  
Lay waste proud Troy, and send thy trophies home,  
Thy valour's due reward, to glad thy sire  
On Oeta's top The gifts which Greece bestows  
Must thou reserve to grace my funeral pile,  
And be a monument to after-ages  
Of these all-conquering arms Son of Achilles

(Turning to NEOPTOLEMUS)

(For now to thee I speak), remember this,  
Without his aid thou canst not conquer Troy,  
Nor Philoctetes without thee succeed,  
Go then, and, like two lions in the field  
Roaming for prey, guard ye each other well,  
My Aesculapius will I send e'en now  
To heal thy wounds Then go, and conquer Troy,  
But when you lay the vanquished city waste,  
Be careful that you venerate the gods,  
For far above all other gifts doth Jove,  
Th' almighty father, hold true piety,

Whether we live or die, that still survives  
Beyond the reach of fate, and is immortal

PHILOCTETES (*chanting*)

Once more to let me hear that wished-for voice,  
To see thee after so long time, was bliss  
I could not hope for Oh' I will obey  
Thy great commands most willingly

NEOPTOLLMUS (*chanting*)

And I.

HERCULES (*chanting*)

Delay not then For lo' a prosperous wind  
Swells in thy sail The time invites Adieu'

(HERCULES *disappears above*)

PHILOCTETES (*chanting*)

I will but pay my salutations here,  
And instantly depart To thee, my cave,  
Where I so long have dwelt, I bid farewell!  
And you, ye nymphs, who on the watery plains  
Deign to reside, farewell! Farewell the noise  
Of beating waves, which I so oft have heard  
From the rough sea, which by the black winds driven  
O'erwhelmed me, shivering Oft th' Hermaean mount  
Echoed my plaintive voice, by wintry storms  
Afflicted, and returned me groan for groan  
Now, ye fresh fountains, each Lycaean spring,  
I leave you now Alas! I little thought  
To leave you ever And thou sea-girt isle,  
Lemnos, farewell! Permit me to depart  
By thee unblamed, and with a prosperous gale  
To go where fate demands, where kindest friends  
By counsel urge me, where all-powerful Jove  
In his unerring wisdom hath decreed

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Let us be gone, and to the ocean nymphs  
Our humble prayers prefer, that they would all  
Propitious smile, and grant us safe return

#### NOTE ON PHILOCTETES

THOMAS FRANCKLIN, whose translation is printed herewith, was an English clergyman and Greek scholar of the eighteenth century. His translation of *Sophocles*, first published in 1759, has enjoyed an excellent reputation and is by far the best of the eighteenth century versions. Some of his renderings might by the captious critic be called too "free," yet the translations as a whole reproduce very well many of the essential qualities of the original. Francklin has followed the convention of his times in using the Roman forms of certain proper names. For example, Ulysses and Hercules appear throughout for Odysseus and Heracles.

VII  
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

OEDIPUS

ANTIGONE } *his daughters*  
ISMENE }

A MAN OF COLONUS

THESEUS, *King of Athens*

CRIFON, *of Thebes*

POLYNEICES, *the elder son of OEDIPUS*

A MESSENGER

CHORUS OF ELDERS OF COLONUS

## INTRODUCTION

IN ALL probability the last play to come from the hand of Sophocles, the *Oedipus at Colonus* is regarded by many critics as his greatest work. The poet at the end of his life returns to the Theban saga in order to complete his interpretation of Oedipus' story. Perhaps inspired by a local legend that Oedipus was buried at Colonus where the Eumenides were worshipped, Sophocles makes the last hours and death of Oedipus the subject-matter of his play.

About twenty years have elapsed since the fatal day when the Theban king discovered the truth about himself and his past. At the close of *Oedipus the King*, Creon insisted that the oracle should decide what ought to be done with the ill-fated sovereign, who was pleading to be sent into exile. Evidently no oracle was consulted, for Oedipus continued to live in Thebes while Creon held the royal power as regent. As time passed Oedipus became adjusted to his position, and desired to spend his remaining years of life in his native city. But certain folk in the city felt that the presence of the ex-king still constituted a pollution in their land, and consequently, urged on by Creon, decreed that he should be exiled. His two sons, Polyneices and Eteocles, did nothing on their father's behalf to prevent the decree from being passed. So the aged Oedipus left Thebes, guided and cared for solely by his loyal daughter, Antigone.

After the departure of their father the two brothers at first seemed content to allow Creon to rule, but presently changed their view, and strove against each other for the throne. Eteocles conquered, and Polyneices, now an exile, went to Argos, married a daughter of the king, Adrastus, and as our play opens is on the point of leading an Argive host against Thebes, in an attempt to take the power from Eteocles. But now a new element in the situation has appeared. An oracle has reported to Thebes that she would prosper only if Oedipus lay buried in the Theban land, and that if he were interred in Attica, Athens would prosper and Thebes suffer. When the action of the play begins, the aged Oedipus possesses within him this strange power to render fortunate the land wherein his grave will lie.

Notable among the play's claims to distinction is the fact that in it

Sophocles reaches perhaps his greatest poetic heights. He has seen fit to use the *commos* more frequently than is normal. In addition he has incorporated in the choruses several brilliant lyric passages, the most famous of which is the great ode which sings the praises of Colonus and Attica (lines 668 ff.). Likewise the subordinate characters, as is usual with Sophocles, are excellently done. They are, however, individual to this play, and cannot be connected with their characterizations in Sophocles' other tragedies based on the Theban saga. For example, Creon here is a thorough-going scoundrel, whereas in the *Antigone*, he qualifies in many ways as an Aristotelian "tragic hero." This point, however, does not apply to the character of Oedipus which naturally rivets our attention. He still has many of his old familiar traits though he has clearly aged and become more gentle. Yet his intensity when he bitterly curses his sons carries us straight back to the times before his downfall.

Oedipus' characterization with its culmination in his mysterious death is most significant, because in it lies not only the larger meaning of this play, but also the terms in which Sophocles tends to resolve as finally as possible for himself the problems of moral responsibility and the nature of God's ways to man, those very issues with which he had been continually preoccupied throughout his creative career. Although Oedipus before his death has an unmitigated strain of hardness in his nature when he is faced with the conduct of his sons, nevertheless at the very end Sophocles presents a figure somehow or other mysteriously purified by his suffering. Within Oedipus now by the grace of some divine gift are the seeds of blessing. He has become a kind of vehicle through which the power behind the universe will act. In the intensely dramatic scene, immense in scope and impact, when Oedipus moves slowly from the stage, unguided, but lighted by an inward light, Sophoclean tragedy seems to sum itself up. Before us is a noble high-hearted man, who has suffered, though innocent in intention. He portrays man's dignity, the power of his will, his walking under God, the limits to which his understanding can attain—mystically illuminated at last in the triumph of death.

## OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

(SCENE —*At Colonus in Attica, a little more than a mile north-west of the Acropolis at Athens. The back-scene shows the grove sacred to the Erinyes or Furies, there worshipped under the propitiatory name of the Eumenides, or Kindly Powers. The grove is luxuriant with laurel, olive, and vine. Near the middle of the stage is seen a rock, affording a seat which is supposed to be just within the bounds of the grove. The hero Colonus is perhaps represented by a statue on the stage.*)

*The blind OLDIPUS, who is conceived as coming into Attica from the west or north-west, enters on the spectators' left, led by ANTIGONE. He is old and way-worn, his haggard face bearing the traces of the self-inflicted wounds. The garb of both the wanderers betokens indigence and hardship. After replying to his first questions, his daughter leads him to the rocky seat.)*

### OLDIPUS

DAUGHTER of the blind old man, to what region have we come, Antigone, or what city of men? Who will entertain the wandering Oedipus to-day with scanty gifts? Little crave I, and win yet less than that little, and therewith am content, for patience is the lesson of suffering, and of the years in our long fellowship, and lastly of a noble mind.—My child, if thou seest any resting-place whether on profane ground or by groves of the gods, stay me and set me down, that we may inquire where we are for we stand in need to learn as strangers of denizens, and to perform their bidding.

### ANTIGONE

Father, toil-worn Oedipus, the towers that guard the city, to judge by sight, are far off, and this place is sacred, to all seeming,—thick-set with laurel, olive, vine, and in its heart a feathered choir of nightingales makes music. So sit thee here on this unhewn stone, thou hast travelled a long way for an old man.

### OLDIPUS

Seat me, then, and watch over the blind



ANTIGONE

If time can teach, I need not to learn that

OEDIPUS

Canst thou tell me, now, where we have arrived?

ANTIGONE

Athens I know, but not this place

OEDIPUS

Aye, so much every wayfarer told us

ANTIGONE

Well, shall I go and learn how the spot is called?

OEDIPUS

Yes, child,—if indeed 'tis habitable

ANTIGONE

Nay, inhabited it surely is,—but I think there is no need,—yonder I see a man near us

OEDIPUS

Hitherward moving and setting forth?

ANTIGONE

Nay, he is at our side already Speak as the moment prompts thee, for the man is here

(A STRANGER, a man of Colonus, enters )

OEDIPUS

Stranger, hearing from this maiden, who hath sight for herself and for me, that thou hast drawn nigh with timely quest for the solving of our doubts—

STRANGER

Now, ere thou question me at large, quit this seat, for thou art on ground which 'tis not lawful to tread

OEDIPUS

And what is this ground? To what deity sacred?

STRANGER

Ground inviolable, whereon none may dwell for the dread goddesses hold it, the daughters of Earth and Darkness

OEDIPUS

Who may they be, whose awful name I am to hear and invoke?

STRANGER

The all-seeing Eumenides the folk here would call them but other names please elsewhere

OEDIPUS

Then graciously may they receive their suppliant! for nevermore will I depart from my rest in this land

STRANGER

What means this?

OEDIPUS

'Tis the watchword of my fate

STRANGER

Nay, for my part, I dare not remove thee without warrant from the city, ere I report what I am doing

OEDIPUS

Now for the gods' love, stranger, refuse me not, hapless wanderer that I am, the knowledge for which I sue to thee

STRANGER

Speak, and from me thou shalt find no refusal

OEDIPUS

What, then, is the place that we have entered?

STRANGER

All that *I* know, thou shalt learn from my mouth This whole place is sacred, awful Poseidon holds it, and therein is the fire-fraught god, the Titan Prometheus, but as for the spot whereon thou treadest, 'tis called the Brazen Threshold of this land, the stay of Athens, and the neighbouring fields claim yon knight Colonus for their primal lord, and all the people bear his name in common for their own Such, thou mavest know, stranger, are these haunts, not honoured in story, but rather in the life that loves them

OEDIPUS

Are there indeed dwellers in this region?

STRANGER

Yea, surely, the namesakes of yonder god

OEDIPUS

Have they a king? Or doth speech rest with the folk?

STRANGER

These parts are ruled by the king in the city

OEDIPUS

And who is thus sovereign in counsel and in might?

STRANGER

Theseus he is called, son of Aegeus who was before him

OEDIPUS

Could a messenger go for him from among you?

STRANGER

With what aim to speak, or to prepare his coming?

OEDIPUS

That by small service he may find a great gain

STRANGER

And what help can be from one who sees not?

OEDIPUS

In all that I speak there shall be sight

STRANGER

Mark me now, friend—I would not have thee come to harm,—for thou art noble, if one may judge by thy looks, leaving thy fortune aside,—stay here, e'en where I found thee, till I go and tell these things to the folk on this spot,—not in the town they will decide for thee whether thou shalt abide or retire

(*The STRANGER departs*)

OEDIPUS

My child, say, is the stranger gone?

ANTIGONE

He is gone, and so thou canst utter what thou wilt, father, in quietness, as knowing that I alone am near

OEDIPUS

Queens of dread aspect, since your seat is the first in this land whereat I have bent the knee, show not yourselves ungracious to Phoebus or to myself, who, when he proclaimed that doom of many woes, spake of *this* as a rest for me after long years,—on reaching my goal in a land where I should find a seat of the Awful Goddesses, and a hospitable shelter,—even that there I should close my weary life, with benefits, through my having dwelt therein, for mine hosts, but ruin for those who sent me forth

—who drove me away And he went on to warn me that signs of these things should come, in earthquake, or in thunder, haply, or in the lightning of Zeus

Now I perceive that in this journey some faithful omen from you hath surely led me home to this grove never else could I have met with you, first of all, in my wanderings,—I, the austere, with you who delight not in wine,—or taken this solemn seat not shaped by man

Then, goddesses, according to the word of Apollo, give me at last some way to accomplish and close my course,—unless, perchance, I seem beneath your grace, thrall that I am evermore to woes the sorest on the earth Hear, sweet daughters of primeval Darkness! Hear, thou that art called the city of great Pallas,—Athens, of all cities most honoured! Pity this poor wraith of Oedipus,—for verily 'tis the man of old no more

## ANTIGONE

Hush! Here come some aged men, I wot, to spy out thy resting-place

## OEDIPUS

I will be mute,—and do thou hide me in the grove, apart from the road, till I learn how these men will speak, for in knowledge is the safeguard of our course

(OEDIPUS and ANTIGONE withdraw into the grove The CHORUS OF ELDERS OF COLONUS enter the orchestra, from the right of the spectators, as if in eager search)

## CHORUS (singing)

## strophe 1

Give heed—who was he, then? Where lodges he?—whither hath he rushed from this place, insolent, he, above all who live? Scan the ground, look well, urge the quest in every part

A wanderer that old man must have been,—a wanderer, not a dweller in the land, else never would he have advanced into this untrodden grove of the maidens with whom none may strive, whose name we tremble to speak, by whom we pass with eyes turned away, moving our lips, without sound or word, in still devotion

But now 'tis rumoured that one hath come who in no wise reveres them, and him I cannot yet discern, though I look round all the holy place, nor wot I where to find his lodging

(OEDIPUS steps forward, with ANTIGONE, from his place of concealment in the grove)

OEDIPUS

*systema 1*

Behold the man whom ye seek! for in sound is my sight, as the saying hath it

CHORUS

O! O!

Dread to see, and dread to hear!

OEDIPUS

Regard me not, I entreat you, as a lawless one

CHORUS

Zeus defend us! who may the old man be?

OEDIPUS

Not wholly of the best fortune, that ye should envy him, O guardians of this land!—'Tis plain else would I not be walking thus by the eyes of others, and buoying my strength upon weakness

CHORUS

*antistrophe 1*

Alas! wast thou sightless e'en from thy birth? Evil have been thy days, and many, to all seeming, but at least, if I can help, thou shalt not add this curse to thy doom Too far thou goest—too far! But, lest thy rash steps intrude on the sward of yonder voiceless glade, where the bowl of water blends its stream with the flow of honied offerings (be thou well ware of such trespass, unhappy stranger) retire,—withdraw!—A wide space parts us hearest thou, toil-worn wanderer? If thou hast aught to say in converse with us, leave forbidden ground, and speak where 'tis lawful for all, but, till then, refrain

OEDIPUS

*systema 2*

Daughter, to what counsel shall we incline?

ANTIGONE

My father, we must conform us to the customs of the land, yielding, where 'tis meet, and hearkening

OEDIPUS

Then give me thy hand

ANTIGONE

'Tis laid in thine

## OEDIPUS

Strangers, oh let me not suffer wrong when I have trusted in you,  
and have passed from my refuge!

## CHORUS

*strophe 2*

Never, old man, never shall any one remove thee from this place  
of rest against thy will

*(OEDIPUS now begins to move forward)*OEDIPUS *(pausing in his gradual advance)*

Further, then?

## CHORUS

Come still further

OEDIPUS *(having advanced another step)*

Further?

## CHORUS

Lead him onward, maiden, for thou understandest

[*A verse for ANTIGONE, a verse for OEDIPUS, and then another verse  
for ANTIGONE, seem to have been lost here.*]

## ANTIGONE

Come, follow me this way with thy dark steps, father, as I lead  
thee

*[Here has been lost a verse for OEDIPUS]*

## CHORUS

A stranger in a strange land, ah, hapless one, incline thy heart to  
abhor that which the city holds in settled hate, and to reverence what  
she loves!

## OEDIPUS

*systema 3*

Lead me thou, then, child, to a spot where I may speak and listen  
within piety's domain, and let us not wage war with necessity  
*(Moving forward, he now sets foot on a platform of rock at the verge  
of the grove)*

## CHORUS

*antistrophe 2*

There!—bend not thy steps beyond that floor of native rock

## OEDIPUS

Thus far?

CHORUS

Enough, I tell thee

OEDIPUS

Shall I sit down?

CHORUS

Yea, move sideways and crouch low on the edge of the rock

ANTIGONE

Father, this is my task to quiet step

OEDIPUS

Ah me! ah me!

ANTIGONE

Knit step, and lean thy aged frame upon my loving arm

OEDIPUS

Woe for the doom of a dark soul!

*(ANTIGONE scats him on the rock)*

CHORUS

Ah, hapless one, since now thou hast ease, speak,—whence art thou sprung? In what name art thou led on thy weary way? What is the fatherland whereof thou hast to tell us?

OEDIPUS

Strangers, I am an exile—but forbear

CHORUS

What is this that thou forbiddest, old man?

OEDIPUS

—forbear, forbear to ask me who I am,—seek—probe—no further!

CHORUS

What means this?

OEDIPUS

Dread the birth

CHORUS

Speak!

OEDIPUS *(to ANTIGONE)*

My child—alas!—what shall I say?

CHORUS

What is thy lineage, stranger,—speak!—and who thy sire?

OEDIPUS

Woe is me!—What will become of me, my child?

ANTIGONE

Speak,—for thou art driven to the verge

OEDIPUS

Then speak I will—I have no way to hide it

CHORUS

Ye twain make a long delay—come, haste thee!

OEDIPUS

Know ye a son of Laius O! *(The CHORUS utter a cry)* and the race of the Labdacidae?

CHORUS

O Zeus!

OEDIPUS

The hapless Oedipus?

CHORUS

Thou art he?

OEDIPUS

Have no fear of any words that I speak—

*(The CHORUS drown his voice with a great shout of execration, half turning away, and holding their mantels before their eyes)*

OEDIPUS

Unhappy that I am! *(The clamour of the CHORUS continues)* Daughter, what is about to befall?

CHORUS

Out with you! forth from the land!

OEDIPUS

And thy promise—to what fulfilment wilt thou bring it?

CHORUS

No man is visited by fate if he requites deeds which were first done to himself, deceit on the one part matches deceits on the other, and gives pain, instead of benefit, for reward And thou—back with



thee! out from these seats! avaunt! away from my land with all speed, lest thou fasten some heavier burden on my city!

#### ANTIGONE

Strangers of reverent soul, since ye have not borne with mine aged father,—knowing, as ye do, the rumour of his unpurposed deeds,—pity, at least, my hapless self, I implore you, who supplicate you for my sire alone,—supplicate you with eyes that can still look on your own, even as though I were sprung from your own blood, that the sufferer may find compassion

On you, as on a god, we depend in our misery Nay, hear us! grant the boon for which we scarce dare hope! By everything sprung from you that ye hold dear, I implore you, yea, by child—by wife, or treasure, or god! Look well and thou wilt not find the mortal who, if a god should lead him on, could escape

#### LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Nay, be thou sure, daughter of Oedipus, we pity thee and him alike for your fortune, but, dreading the judgment of the gods, we could not say aught beyond what hath now been said to thee

#### OEDIPUS

What good comes, then, of repute or fair fame, if it ends in idle breath, seeing that Athens, as men say, has the perfect fear of Heaven, and the power, above all cities, to shelter the vexed stranger, and the power, above all, to succour him?

And where find I these things, when, after making me rise up from these rocky seats, ye then drive me from the land, afraid of my name alone? Not, surely, afraid of my person or of mine acts, *since mine acts*, at least, have been in suffering rather than doing—were it seemly that I should tell you the story of my mother or my sire, by reason whereof ye dread me—that know I full well

And yet in *nature* how was I evil? I, who was but requiting a wrong, so that, had I been acting with knowledge, even then I could not be accounted wicked, *but, as it was*, all unknowing went I—whither I went—while they who wronged me knowingly sought my ruin

Wherefore, strangers, I beseech you by the gods, even as ye made me leave my seat, so protect me, and do not, while ye honour the gods, refuse to give those gods their due, but rather deem that they look on the god-fearing among men, and on the godless, and that never yet hath escape been found for an impious mortal on the earth

With the help of those gods, spare to cloud the bright fame of Athens by ministering to unholy deeds, but, as yet have received the suppliant

under your pledge, rescue me and guard me to the end, nor scorn me when ye look on this face unlovely to behold for I have come to you, one sacred, and pious, and fraught with comfort for this people. But when the master is come, whosoever he be that is your chief, then shall ye hear and know all, meanwhile in no wise show yourself false

## LEADER

The thoughts urged on thy part, old man, must needs move awe, they have been set forth in words not light, but I am content that the rulers of our country should judge in this cause

## OLDIPUS

And where, strangers, is the lord of this realm?

## LEADER

He is at the city of his father in our land, and the messenger who sent us hither hath gone to fetch him

## OEDIPUS

Think ye that he will have any regard or care for the blind man, so as to come hither himself?

## LEADER

Yea, surely, so soon as he learns thy name

## OEDIPUS

Who is there to bring him that message?

## LEADER

The way is long, and many rumours from wayfarers are wont to go abroad when he hears them, he will soon be with us, fear not. For thy name, old man, hath been mightily noised through all lands, so that, even if he is taking his ease, and slow to move, when he hears of thee he will arrive with speed

## OEDIPUS

Well, may he come with a blessing to his own city, as to me! —What good man is not his own friend?

## ANTIGONE

O Zeus! what shall I say, what shall I think, my father?

## OLDIPUS

What is it, Antigone, my child?

## ANTIGONE

I see a woman coming towards us, mounted on a colt of Etna, she wears a Thessalian bonnet to screen her face from the sun What shall I say? Is it she, or is it not? Doth fancy cheat me? Yes—no—I cannot tell—ah me! It is no other—yes!—she greets me with bright glances as she draws nigh, and shows that Ismene, and no other, is before me

## OEDIPUS

What sayest thou, my child?

## ANTIGONE

That I see thy daughter and my sister,—thou canst know her straight-way by her voice

(ISMENE enters, attended by one servant)

## ISMENE

Father and sister, names most sweet to me! How hardly have I found you! and now I scarce can see you for my tears

## OEDIPUS

My child, thou hast come?

## ISMENE

Ah, father, sad is thy fate to see!

## OEDIPUS

Thou art with us, my child!

## ISMENE

And it hath cost me toil

## OEDIPUS

Touch me, my daughter!

## ISMENE

I give a hand to each

## OEDIPUS

Ah, children—ah, ye sisters!

## ISMENE

Alas, twice-wretched life!

## OEDIPUS

Her life and mine?

## ISMENE

And mine, hapless, with you twain

OEDIPUS

Child, and why hast thou come?

ISMENE

Through care, father, for thee

OEDIPUS

Through longing to see me?

ISMENE

Yes, and to bring thee tidings by mine own mouth,—with the only faithful servant that I had

OEDIPUS

And where are the young men thy brothers at our need?

ISMENE

They are—where they are 'tis their dark hour

OEDIPUS

O, true image of the ways of Egypt that they show in their spirit and their life! For there the men sit weaving in the house, but the wives go forth to win the daily bread<sup>1</sup> And in your case, my daughters, those to whom these toils belonged keep the house at home like girls, while ye, in their stead, bear your hapless father's burdens

One, from the time when her tender age was past and she came to a woman's strength, hath ever been the old man's guide in weary wanderings, oft roaming, hungry and barefoot, through the wild wood, oft sore vexed by rains and scorching heat,—but regarding not the comforts of home, if so her father should have tendance

And thou, my child, in former days camest forth, bringing thy father, unknown of the Cadmeans, all the oracles that had been given touching Oedipus, and thou didst take on thee the office of a faithful watcher in my behalf, when I was being driven from the land And now what new tidings hast thou brought thy father, Ismene? On what mission hast thou set forth from home? For thou comest not empty-handed, well I wot, or without some word of fear for me

ISMENE

The sufferings that I bore, father, in seeking where thou wast living, I will pass by, I would not renew the pain in the recital But the ills that now beset thine ill-fated sons,—'tis of these that I have come to tell thee

At first it was their desire that the throne should be left to Creon, and the city spared pollution, when they thought calmly on the blight of the race from of old, and how it hath clung to thine ill-starred house But

now, moved by some god and by a sinful mind, an evil rivalry hath seized them, thrice infatuate!—to grasp at rule and kingly power

And the hot-brained youth, the younger born, hath deprived the elder, Polyneices, of the throne, and hath driven him from his fatherland<sup>2</sup> But he, as the general rumour saith among us, hath gone, an exile, to the hill-girt Argos, and is taking unto him a new kinship, and warriors for his friends,—as deeming that Argos shall soon possess the Cadmean land in honour, or lift that land's praise to the stars

These are no vain words, my father, but deeds terrible, and where the gods will have pity on thy griefs, I cannot tell

OEDIPUS

What, hadst thou come to hope that the gods would ever look on me for my deliverance?

ISMENE

Yea, mine is that hope, father, from the present oracles

OEDIPUS

What are they? What hath been prophesied, my child?

ISMENE

That thou shalt yet be desired, alive and dead, by the men of that land, for their welfare's sake

OEDIPUS

And who could have good of such an one as I?

ISMENE

Their power, 'tis said, comes to be in *thy* hand

OEDIPUS

When I am nought, in that hour, then, I am a man?

ISMENE

Yea, for the gods lift thee now, but before they were working thy ruin

OEDIPUS

'Tis little to lift age, when youth was ruined

ISMENE

Well, know, at least, that Creon will come to thee in this cause—and rather soon than late

OEDIPUS

With what purpose, daughter? Expound to me

ISMENE

To plant thee near the Cadmean land, so that they may have thee in their grasp, but thou mayest not set foot on their borders

OEDIPUS

And how can I advantage them while I rest beyond their gates?

ISMENE

Thy tomb hath a curse for them, if all be not well with it

OEDIPUS

It needs no god to help our wit so far

ISMENE

Well, therefore they would fain acquire thee as a neighbour, in a place where thou shalt not be thine own master

OEDIPUS

Will they also shroud me in Theban dust?

ISMENE

Nay, the guilt of a kinsman's blood debars thee, father

OEDIPUS

Then never shall they become my masters

ISMENE

Some day, then, this shall be a grief for the Cadmeans

OEDIPUS

In what conjuncture of events, my child?

ISMENE

By force of thy wrath, when they take their stand at thy tomb

OEDIPUS

And who hath told thee what thou tellest, my child?

ISMENE

Sacred envoys, from the Delphian hearth

OEDIPUS

And Phoebus hath indeed spoken thus concerning me?

ISMENE

So say the men who have come back to Thebes

OEDIPUS

Hath either of my sons, then, heard this?

ISMENE

Yea, both have heard, and know it well

OEDIPUS

And then those base ones, aware of this, held the kingship dearer than the wish to recall me?

ISMENE

It grieves me to hear that,—but I must bear it

OEDIPUS

Then may the gods quench not their fated strife, and may it become mine to decide this warfare whereto they are now setting their hands, spear against spear! For then neither should he abide who now holds the sceptre and the throne, nor should the banished one ever return, seeing that when I, their sire, was being thrust so shamefully from my country, they hindered not, nor defended me, no, they saw me sent forth homeless, they heard my doom of exile cried aloud

Thou wilt say that it was mine own wish then, and that the city meetly granted me that boon. No, verily for in that first day, when my soul was seething, and my darling wish was for death, aye, death by stoning, no one was found to help me in that desire but after a time, when all my anguish was now assuaged, and when I began to feel that my wrath had run too far in punishing those past errors,—then it was that the city, on her part, went about to drive me perforce from the land—after all that time, and my sons, when they might have brought help—the sons to the sire—would not do it no—for lack of one little word from them, I was left to wander, an outcast and a beggar evermore

'Tis to these sisters, girls as they are, that, so far as nature enables them, I owe my daily food, and a shelter in the land, and the offices of kinship, the brothers have bartered their sire for a throne, and sceptred sway, and rule of the realm. Nay, never shall they win Oedipus for an ally, nor shall good ever come to them from this reign at Thebes, that know I, when I hear this maiden's oracles, and meditate on the old prophecies stored in mine own mind, which Phoebus hath fulfilled for me at last

Therefore let them send Creon to seek me, and whoso beside is mighty in Thebes. For if ye, strangers,—with the championship of the dread goddesses who dwell among your folk,—are willing to succour, ye shall procure a great deliverer for this State, and troubles for my foes

## LEADER

Right worthy art thou of compassion, Oedipus, thou, and these maid-  
ens, and since to this plea thou addest thy power to save our land, I fain  
would advise thee for thy weal

## OEDIPUS

Kind sir, be sure, then, that I will obey in all,—stand thou my friend

## LEADER

Now make atonement to these deities, to whom thou hast first come,  
and on whose ground thou hast trespassed

## OEDIPUS

With what rites? instruct me, strangers

## LEADER

First, from a perennial spring fetch holy drink-offerings, borne in clean  
hands

## OEDIPUS

And when I have gotten this pure draught?

## LEADER

Bowls there are, the work of a cunning craftsman crown their edges  
and the handles at either brim

## OEDIPUS

With branches, or woollen cloths, or in what wise?

## LEADER

Take the freshly-shorn wool of an ewe-lamb

## OEDIPUS

Good, and then,—to what last rite shall I proceed?

## LEADER

Pour thy drink-offerings, with thy face to the dawn

## OEDIPUS

With these vessels whereof thou speakest shall I pour them?

## LEADER

Yea, in three streams, but empty the last vessel wholly

## OEDIPUS

Wherewith shall I fill this, ere I set it? Tell me this also



## LEADER

With water and honey, but bring no wine thereto

## OEDIPUS

And when the ground under the dark shade hath drunk of these?

## LEADER

Lay on it thrice nine sprays of olive with both thine hands, and make this prayer the while

## OEDIPUS

The prayer I fain would hear—'tis of chief moment

## LEADER

That, as we call them Benign Powers, with hearts benign they may receive the suppliant for saving be this the prayer,—thine own, or his who prays for thee, speak inaudibly, and lift not up thy voice, then retire, without looking behind Thus do, and I would be bold to stand by thee, but otherwise, stranger, I would fear for thee

## OEDIPUS

Daughters, hear ye these strangers, who dwell near?

## ANTIGONE

We have listened, and do thou bid us what to do

## OEDIPUS

I cannot go, for I am disabled by lack of strength and lack of sight, evils twain But let one of you two go and do these things For I think that one soul suffices to pay this debt for ten thousand, if it come with good will to the shrine Act, then, with speed, yet leave me not solitary, for the strength would fail me to move without help or guiding hand

## ISMENE

Then I will go to perform the rite, but where I am to find the spot—this I fain would learn

## LEADER

On the further side of this grove, maiden And if thou hast need of aught, there is a guardian of the place, who will direct thee

## ISMENE

So to my task—but thou, Antigone, watch our father here In parents' cause, if toil there be, we must not reck of toil

(ISMENE *departs*)

CHORUS (*chanting*)*strophe 1*

Dread is it, stranger, to arouse the old<sup>er</sup> grief that hath so long been  
laid to rest and yet I yearn to hear

OEDIPUS

What now?

CHORUS

—of that grievous anguish, found cureless, wherewith thou hast  
wrestled

OEDIPUS

By thy kindness for a guest, bare not the shame that I have  
suffered!

CHORUS

Seeing, in sooth, that the tale is wide-spread, and in no wise wanes,  
I am fain, friend, to hear it aright

OEDIPUS

Woe is me!

CHORUS

Be content, I pray thee!

OEDIPUS

Alas, alas!

CHORUS

Grant my wish, as I have granted thine in its fulness

OEDIPUS

*antistrophe 1*

I have suffered misery, strangers,—suffered it through unwitting  
deeds, and of those acts—be Heaven my witness!—no part was of  
mine own choice

CHORUS

But in what regard?

OEDIPUS

By an evil wedlock, Thebes bound me, all unknowing, to the bride  
that was my curse

CHORUS

Can it be, as I hear, that thou madest thy mother the partner of thy  
bed, for its infamy?

OEDIPUS

Woe is me! Cruel as death, strangers, are these words in mine ears,  
—but those maidens, begotten of me—

CHORUS

What wilt thou say?—

OEDIPUS

—two daughters—two curses—

CHORUS

O Zeus!

OEDIPUS

—sprang from the travail of the womb that bore me

CHORUS

These, then, are at once thine offspring, and

*strophe 2*

OEDIPUS

—yea, very sisters of their sire

CHORUS

Oh, horror!

OEDIPUS

Horror indeed—yea, horrors untold sweep back upon my soul!

CHORUS

Thou hast suffered—

OEDIPUS

Suffered woes dread to bear —

CHORUS

Thou hast sinned—

OEDIPUS

No wilful sin—

CHORUS

How?—

OEDIPUS

A gift was given to me—O, broken-hearted that I am, would I had  
never won from Thebes that meed for having served her!

CHORUS

Wretch! How then?      thine hand shed blood?

*antistrophe 2*

OEDIPUS

Wherefore this? What wouldst thou learn?

CHORUS

A father's blood?

OEDIPUS

Oh! oh! a second stab—wound on wound!

CHORUS

Slayer!

OEDIPUS

Aye, slayer—yet have I a plea—

CHORUS

What canst thou plead?—

OEDIPUS

—a plea in justice

CHORUS

What?

OEDIPUS

Ye shall hear it, they whom I slew would have taken mine own life stainless before the law, void of malice, have I come unto this pass!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Lo, yonder cometh our prince, Theseus son of Aegeus, at thy voice, to do the part whereunto he was summoned

(THESEUS enters from the right of the spectators)

THESEUS

Hearing from many in time past concerning the cruel marring of thy sight, I have recognised thee, son of Laius. and now, through hearsay in this my coming, I have the fuller certainty. For thy garb, and that hapless face, alike assure me of thy name, and in all compassion would I ask thee, ill-fated Oedipus, what is thy suit to Athens or to me that thou hast taken thy place here, thou and the hapless maiden at thy side. Declare it, dire indeed must be the fortune told by thee, from which I should stand aloof, who know that I myself also was reared in exile, like to thine, and

in strange lands wrestled with perils to my life, as no man beside Never, then, would I turn aside from a stranger, such as thou art now, or refuse to aid in his deliverance, for well know I that I am a man, and that in the morrow my portion is no greater than thine

OLDIPUS

Theseus, thy nobleness hath in brief words shown such grace that for me there is need to say but little Thou hast rightly said who I am, from what sire I spring, from what land I have come, and so nought else remains for me but to speak my desire,—and the tale is told

THESEUS

Even so—speak that—I fain would hear

OEDIPUS

I come to offer thee my woe-worn body as a gift,—not goodly to look upon, but the gains from it are better than beauty

THESEUS

And what gain dost thou claim to have brought?

OEDIPUS

Hereafter thou shalt learn, not yet, I think

THESEUS

At what time, then, will thy benefit be shown?

OEDIPUS

When I am dead, and thou hast given me burial

THESEUS

Thou cravest life's last boon, for all between thou hast no memory,—or no care

OEDIPUS

Yea, for by that boon I reap all the rest

THESEUS

Nay, then, this grace which thou cravest from me hath small compass

OEDIPUS

Yet give heed, this issue is no light one,—no, verily

THESEUS

Meanest thou, as between thy sons and me?

OEDIPUS

King, they would fain convey me to Thebes

THESEUS

But if to thy content, then for thee exile is not seemly

OEDIPUS

Nay, when *I* was willing, *they* refused.

THESEUS

But, foolish man, temper in misfortune is not meet

OEDIPUS

When thou hast heard my story, chide, till then, forbear

THESEUS

Say on I must not pronounce without knowledge

OEDIPUS

I have suffered, Theseus, cruel wrong on wrong

THESEUS

Wilt thou speak of the ancient trouble of thy race?

OEDIPUS

No, verily *that* is noised throughout Hellas

THESEUS

What, then, is thy grief that passeth the griefs of man?

OEDIPUS

Thus it is with me From my country I have been driven by mine own offspring, and my doom is to return no more, as guilty of a father's blood

THESEUS

How, then, should they fetch thee to them, if ye must dwell apart?

OEDIPUS

The mouth of the god will constrain them

THESEUS

In fear of what woe foreshown?

OEDIPUS

That they must be smitten in this land

THESEUS

And how should bitterness come between them and me?

## OEDIPUS

Kind son of Aegeus, to the gods alone comes never old age or death, but all else is confounded by all-mastering time. Earth's strength decays, and the strength of the body, faith dies, distrust is born, and the same spirit is never steadfast among friends, or betwixt city and city, for, be it soon or be it late, men find sweet turn to bitter, and then once more to love.

And if now all is sunshine between Thebes and thee, yet time, in his untold course, gives birth to days and nights untold, wherein for a small cause they shall sunder with the spear that plighted concord of to-day, when my slumbering and buried corpse, cold in death, shall one day drink their warm blood, if Zeus is still Zeus, and Phoebus, the son of Zeus, speaks true.

But, since I would not break silence touching mysteries, suffer me to cease where I began, only make thine own word good, and never shalt thou say that in vain didst thou welcome Oedipus to dwell in this realm, —unless the gods cheat my hope.

## LEADER

King, from the first yon man hath shown the mind to perform these promises, or the like, for our land.

## THESLUS

Who, then, would reject the friendship of such an one?—to whom, first, the hearth of an ally is ever open, by mutual right, among us, and then he hath come as a suppliant to our gods, fraught with no light recompense for this land and for me. In reverence for these claims, I will never spurn his grace, but will establish him as a citizen in the land. And if it is the stranger's pleasure to abide here, I will charge you to guard him, or if to come with me be more pleasing,—this choice, or that, Oedipus, thou canst take, thy will shall be mine.

## OEDIPUS

O Zeus, mayest thou be good unto such men!

## THESLUS

What wouldst thou, then? wouldst thou come to my house?

## OEDIPUS

Yea, were it lawful,—but *this* is the place—

## THESEUS

What art thou to do here? I will not thwart thee.

## OEDIPUS

—where I shall vanquish those who cast me forth.

THESEUS

Great were this promised boon from thy presence

OEDIPUS

It shall be—if thy pledge is kept with me indeed

THESEUS

Fear not touching me, never will I fail thee

OEDIPUS

I will not bind thee with an oath, as one untrue

THESEUS

Well, thou wouldst win nought more than by my word

OEDIPUS

How wilt thou act, then?

THESEUS

What may be thy fear?

OEDIPUS

Men will come—

THESEUS

Nay, these will look to that

OEDIPUS

Beware lest, if thou leave me—

THESEUS

Teach me not my part

OEDIPUS

Fear constrains—

THESEUS

My heart feels not fear

OEDIPUS

Thou knowest not the threats—

THESEUS

I know that none shall take thee hence in my despite. Oft have threats blustered, in men's wrath, with threatenings loud and vain, but when the mind is lord of himself once more, the threats are gone. And for you men, haply,—aye, though they have waxed bold to speak dread things of bringing thee back,—the sundering waters will prove wide, and hard to



sail Now I would have thee be of a good courage, apart from any resolve of mine, if indeed Phoebus hath sent thee on thy way, still, though I be not here, my name, I wot, will shield thee from harm

(THESEUS departs)

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe 1*

Stranger, in this land of goodly steeds thou hast come to earth's fairest home, even to our white Colonus, where the nightingale, a constant guest, trills her clear note in the covert of green glades, dwelling amid the wine-dark ivy and the god's inviolate bowers, rich in berries and fruit, unvisited by sun, unvexed by wind of any storm, where the reveller Dionysus ever walks the ground, companion of the nymphs that nursed him

*antistrophe 1*

And, fed of heavenly dew, the narcissus blooms morn by morn with fair clusters, crown of the Great Goddesses from of yore, and the crocus blooms with golden beam Nor fail the sleepless founts whence the waters of Cephissus wander, but each day with stainless tide he moveth over the plains of the land swelling bosom, for the giving of quick increase, nor hath the Muses' quire abhorred this place, nor Aphrodite of the golden rein

*strophe 2*

And a thing there is such as I know not by fame on Asian ground, or as ever born in the great Dorian isle of Pelops,—a growth unconquered, self-renewing, a terror to the spears of the foemen, a growth which mightily flourishes in this land,—the grey-leaved olive, nurturer of children Youth shall not mar it by the ravage of his hand, nor any who dwells with old age, for the sleepless eye of the Morian<sup>3</sup> Zeus beholds it, and the grey-eyed Athena

*antistrophe 2*

And another praise have I to tell for this the city our mother, the gift of a great god, a glory of the land most high, the might of horses, the might of young horses, the might of the sea

For thou, son of Cronus, our lord Poseidon, hast throned her in this pride, since in these roads first thou didst show forth the curb that cures the rage of steeds And the shapely oar, apt to men's hands, hath a wondrous speed on the brine, following the hundred-footed Nereids

## ANTIGONE

O land that art praised above all lands, now is it for thee to make those bright praises seen in deeds!

## OEDIPUS

What new thing hath chanced, my daughter?

## ANTIGONE

Yonder Creon draws near us,—not without followers, father

## OEDIPUS

Ah, kind elders, now give me, I pray you, the final proof of my safety!

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Fear not—it shall be thine If *I* am aged, this country's strength hath not grown old

(CRION enters with a train of attendants.)

## CREON

Sirs, noble dwellers in this land, I see that a sudden fear hath troubled your eyes at my coming, but shrink not from me, and let no ungentle word escape you

I am here with no thought of force,—I am old, and I know that the city whereunto I have come is mighty, if any in Hellas hath might,—no,—I have been sent, in these my years, to plead with yonder man that he return with me to the land of Cadmus,—not one man's envoy am I, but with charge from our people all, since 'twas mine, by kinship, to mourn his woes as no Theban beside

Nay, unhappy Oedipus, hear us, and come home! Rightfully art thou called by all the Cadmean folk, and in chief by me, even as I—unless I am the basest of all men born—chiefly sorrow for thine ills, old man, when I see thee, hapless one, a stranger and a wanderer evermore, roaming in beggary, with one handmaid for thy stay Alas, I had not thought that she could fall to such a depth of misery as that whereunto she hath fallen—yon hapless girl!—while she ever tends thy dark life amid penury,—in ripe youth, but unwed,—a prize for the first rude hand

Is it not a cruel reproach—alas!—that I have cast at thee, and me, and all our race? But indeed an open shame cannot be hid, then—in the name of thy fathers' gods, hearken to me, Oedipus!—hide it *thou*, by consenting to return to the city and the house of thy fathers, after a kindly farewell to this State,—for she is worthy yet thine own hath the first claim on thy piety, since 'twas she that nurtured thee of old.

## OEDIPUS

All-daring, who from any plea of right wouldst draw a crafty device, why dost thou attempt me thus, and seek once more to take me in the toils where capture would be sorest? In the old days—when, distempered by my self-wrought woes, I yearned to be cast out of the land—thy will went not with mine to grant the boon. But when my fierce grief had spent its force, and the seclusion of the house was sweet, *then* wast thou for thrusting me from the house and from the land—nor had this kinship any dear-ness for thee then, and now, again—when thou seest that I have kindly welcome from this city and from all her sons, thou seekest to pluck me away, wrapping hard thoughts in soft words. And yet what joy is there here,—in kindness shown to us against our will? As if a man should give thee no gift, bring thee no aid, when thou wast fain of the boon, but after thy soul's desire was sated, should grant it then, when the grace could be gracious no more: wouldst thou not find that pleasure vain? Yet such are thine own offers unto me,—good in name, but in their substance evil.

And I will declare it to these also, that I may show thee false. Thou hast come to fetch me, not that thou mayest take me home, but that thou mayest plant me near thy borders, and so thy city may escape unscathed by troubles from this land. *That* portion is not for thee, but *this*,—my curse upon the country, ever abiding therein,—and for my sons, this heritage—room enough in my realm wherein—to die.

Am I not wiser than thou in the fortunes of Thebes? Yea, wiser far, as truer are the sources of my knowledge, even Phoebus, and his father, Zeus most high. But thou hast come hither with fraud on thy lips, yea, with a tongue keener than the edge of the sword, yet by thy pleading thou art like to reap more woe than weal. Howbeit, I know that I persuade thee not of this,—go!—and suffer us to live here, for even in this plight our life would not be evil, so were we content therewith.

## CREON

Which, thinkest thou, most suffers in this parley,—I by thy course, or thou by thine own?

## OEDIPUS

For me, 'tis enough if thy pleading fails, as with me, so with yon men who are nigh.

## CREON

Unhappy man, shall it be seen that not even thy years have brought thee wit? Must thou live to be the reproach of age?

## OEDIPUS

Thou hast a ready tongue, but I know not the honest man who hath fair words for every cause.

CREON

Words may be many, and yet may miss their aim

OEDIPUS

As if thine, forsooth, were few, but aimed aright

CREON

No, truly, for one whose wit is such as thine

OEDIPUS

Depart—for I will say it in the name of yon men also!—and beset me not with jealous watch in the place where I am destined to abide

CREON

These men—not thee—call I to witness but, as for the strain of thine answer to thy kindred, if ever I take thee—

OEDIPUS

And who could take me in despite of these allies?

CREON

I promise thee, thou soon shalt smart without that

OEDIPUS

Where is the deed which warrants that blustering word?

CREON

One of thy two daughters hath just been seized by me, and sent hence, —the other I will remove forthwith

OEDIPUS

Woe is me!

CREON

More woeful thou wilt find it soon

OEDIPUS

Thou hast my child?

CREON

And will have this one ere long

OEDIPUS

Alas! friends, what will ye do? Will ye forsake me? will ye not drive the godless man from this land?

## LEADER

Hence, stranger, hence—begone! Unrighteous is thy present deed—  
unrighteous the deed which thou hast done

CREON (*to his attendants*)

'Twere time for you to lead off yon girl perforce, if she will not go of  
her free will

## ANTIGONE

Wretched that I am! whither shall I fly?—where find help from gods  
or men?

LEADER (*threateningly, to CREON*)

What wouldst thou, stranger?

## CERON

I will not touch yon man, but her who is mine

## OEDIPUS

O, elders of the land!

## LEADER

Stranger,—thy deed is not just

## CREON

'Tis just

## LEADER

How just?

## CERON

I take mine own

(*He lays his hand on ANTIGONE*)

## OEDIPUS

*strophe*

Hear, O Athens!

## CHORUS

What wouldst thou, stranger? Release her! Thy strength, and  
ours, will soon be proved

(*They approach him with threatening gestures*)

## CREON

Stand back!

CHORUS

Not from thee, while this is thy purpose

CREON

Nay, 'twill be war with Thebes for thee, if thou harm me

OEDIPUS

Said I not so?

CHORUS

Unhand the maid at once!

CREON

Command not where thou art not master

CHORUS

Leave hold, I tell thee!

CREON

*(to one of his guards, who at a signal seizes ANTIGONE)*

And I tell thee—begone!

CHORUS

To the rescue men of Colonus—to the rescue! Athens—; ea,  
Athens—is outraged with the strong hand! Hither, hither to our  
help!

ANTIGONE

They drag me hence—ah me!—friends, friends!

OEDIPUS *(blindly seeking for her)*

Where art thou, my child?

ANTIGONE

I am taken by force—

OEDIPUS

Thy hands, my child!—

ANTIGONE

Nay, I am helpless

CREON *(to his guards)*

Away with you!

OEDIPUS

Ah me, ah me!

*(The guards lead ANTIGONE off)*

CREON

So *those* two crutches shall never more prop thy steps But since 'tis thy will to worst thy country and thy friends—whose mandate, though a prince, I here discharge—then be that victory thine For hereafter, I wot, thou wilt come to know all this,—that now, as in time past, thou hast done thyself no good, when, in despite of friends, thou hast indulged anger, which is ever thy bane

(*He turns to follow his guards*)

LEADER

Hold, stranger!

CREON

Hands off, I say!

LEADER

I will not let thee go, unless thou give back the maidens

CREON

Then wilt thou soon give Thebes a still dearer prize —I will seize more than those two girls

LEADER

What—whither wilt thou turn?

CREON

Yon man shall be my captive

LEADER

A valiant threat!

CREON

'Twill forthwith be a deed

LEADER

Aye, unless the ruler of this realm hinder thee

OEDIPUS

Shameless voice! Wilt thou indeed touch me?

CREON

Be silent!

OEDIPUS

Nay, may the powers of this place suffer me to utter yet this curse! Wretch, who, when these eyes were dark, hast reft from me by force the helpless one who was mine eyesight! Therefore to thee and to thy race

may the Sun-god, the god who sees all things, yet grant an old age such as mine!

CREON

See ye this, people of the land?

OEDIPUS

They see both me and thee, they know that my wrongs are deeds, and my revenge—but breath

CREON

I will not curb my wrath—nay, alone though I am, and slow with age, I'll take yon man by force

*(He approaches OEDIPUS as if to seize him)*

OEDIPUS

*antistrophic*

Woe is me!

CHORUS

'Tis a bold spirit that thou hast brought with thee, stranger 'f thou thinkest to achieve this

CREON

I do

CHORUS

Then will I deem Athens a city no more

CREON

In a just cause the weak vanquishes the strong

OEDIPUS

Hear ye his words?

CHORUS

Yea, words which he shall not turn to deeds, Zeus knows!

CREON

Zeus haply knows—thou dost not

CHORUS

Insolence!

CREON

Insolence which thou must bear



## CHORUS

What ho, people, rulers of the land, ho, hither with all speed,  
hither! These men are on their way to cross our borders!

(THESEUS enters with his attendants in haste)

## THESEUS

What means this shout? What is the trouble? What fear can have  
moved you to stay my sacrifice at the altar unto the sea-god, the lord of  
your Colonus? Speak, that I may know all, since therefore have I sped  
hither with more than easeful speed of foot

## OEDIPUS

Ah, friend,—I know thy voice,—yon man, but now, hath done me foul  
wrong

## THESEUS

What is that wrong? And who hath wrought it? Speak!

## OEDIPUS

Creon, whom thou seest there, hath torn away from me my two chil-  
dren,—mine all

## THESEUS

What dost thou tell me?

## OEDIPUS

Thou hast heard my wrong

## THESEUS (to his attendants)

Haste, one of you, to the altars yonder,—constrain the folk to leave  
the sacrifice, and to speed—footmen,—horsemen all, with slack rein,—  
to the region where the two highways meet, lest the maidens pass, and I  
become a mockery to this stranger, as one spoiled by force Away, I tell  
thee—quick!—(Some guards go out Turning towards CREON) As for  
yon man—if my wrath went as far as he deserves—I would not have  
suffered him to go scatheless from my hand But now such law as he him-  
self hath brought, and no other, shall be the rule for his correction —  
(Addressing CREON) Thou shalt not quit this land until thou bring those  
maidens, and produce them in my sight, for thy deed is a disgrace to me,  
and to thine own race, and to thy country Thou hast come unto a city  
that observes justice, and sanctions nothing without law,—yet thou hast  
put her lawful powers aside,—thou hast made this rude inroad,—thou art  
taking captives at thy pleasure, and snatching prizes by violence, as in the  
belief that my city was void of men, or manned by slaves, and I—a thing  
of nought

✱

Yet 'tis not by Theban training that thou art base, Thebes is not wont to rear unrighteous sons, nor would she praise thee, if she learned that thou art spoiling me,—yea, spoiling the gods, when by force thou ledest off their hapless suppliants. Now, were my foot upon thy soil, never would I wrest or plunder, without licence from the ruler of the land, whoso he might be—no, though my claim were of all claims most just. I should know how an alien ought to live among citizens. But thou art shaming a city that deserves it not, even thine own, and the fulness of thy years brings thee an old age bereft of wit.

I have said, then, and I say it once again—let the maidens be brought hither with all speed, unless thou wouldst sojourn in this land by no free choice,—and this I tell thee from my soul, as with my lips.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Seest thou thy plight, O stranger? Thou art deemed to come of a just race, but thy deeds are found evil.

CREON

Not counting this city void of manhood, son of Aegeus, nor of counsel,—as thou sayest,—have I wrought this deed, but because I judged that its folk could never be so enamoured of my kinsfolk as to foster them against my will. And I knew that this people would not receive a parricide,—a polluted man,—a man with whom had been found the unholy bride of her son. Such the wisdom, I knew, that dwells on the Mount of Ares in their land, which suffers not such wanderers to dwell within this realm. In that faith, I sought to take this prize. Nor had I done so, but that he was calling down bitter curses on me, and on my race, when, being so wronged, I deemed that I had warrant for this requital. For anger knows no old age, till death come, the dead alone feel no smart.

Therefore thou shalt act as seems to thee good, for, though my cause is just, the lack of aid makes me weak. yet, old though I am, I will endeavour to meet deed with deed.

OEDIPUS

O shameless soul, where, thinkest thou, falls this thy taunt,—on my age, or on thine own? Bloodshed—incest—misery—all this thy lips have launched against me,—all this that I have borne, woe is me! by no choice of mine for such was the pleasure of the gods, wroth, haply, with the race from of old. Take me alone, and thou couldst find no sin to upbraid me withal, in quittance whereof I was driven to sin thus against myself and against my kin. Tell me, now,—if, by voice of oracle, some divine doom was coming on my sire, that he should die by a son's hand, how couldst thou justly reproach me therewith, who was then unborn,—whom no sire had yet begotten, no mother's womb conceived? And if, when born to woe

—as I was born—I met my sire in strife, and slew him, all ignorant what I was doing, and to whom,—how couldst thou justly blame the unknowing deed?

And my mother—wretch, hast thou no shame in forcing me to speak of her nuptials, when she was thy sister, and they such as I will now tell—for verily I will not be silent, when thou hast gone so far in impious speech. Yea, she was my mother,—oh, misery!—my mother,—I knew it not, nor she—and, for her shame, bare children to the son whom she had borne. But one thing, at least, I know,—that thy will consents thus to revile her and me, but not of my free will did I wed her, and not of free will do I speak now.

Nay, not in this marriage shall I be called guilty, nor in that slaying of my sire which thou ever urgest against me with bitter reviling. Answer me but one thing that I ask thee. If, here and now, one should come up and seek to slay thee—thee, the righteous—wouldst thou ask if the murderer was thy father, or wouldst thou reckon with him straightway? I think, as thou lovest thy life, thou wouldst requite the culprit, nor look around thee for thy warrant. But such the plight into which I came, led by gods, and in this, could my sire come back to life, methinks he would not gainsay me.

Yet thou,—for thou art not a just man, but one who holds all things meet to utter, knowing no barrier betwixt speech and silence—thou tauntest me in such wise, before yon men. And thou findest it timely to flatter the renowned Theseus, and Athens, saying how well her State hath been ordered: yet, while giving such large praise, thou forgettest this,—that if any land knows how to worship the gods with due rites, this land excels therein, whence thou hadst planned to steal me, the suppliant, the old man, and didst seek to seize me, and hast already carried off my daughters. Wherefore I now call on yon goddesses, I supplicate them, I adjure them with prayers, to bring me help and to fight in my cause, that thou mayest learn well by what manner of men this realm is guarded.

#### LEADER

The stranger is a good man, O king, his fate hath been accurst, but 'tis worthy of our succour.

#### THESEUS

Enough of words —the doers of the deed are in flight, while we, the sufferers, stand still.

#### CREON

What, then, wouldst thou have a helpless man to do?

## THESEUS

Show the way in their track,—while I escort thee,—that, if in these regions thou hast the maidens of our quest, thou thyself mayest discover them to me, but if thy men are fleeing with the spoil in their grasp, we may spare our trouble, the chase is for others, from whom they will never escape out of this land, to thank their gods

Come,—forward! The spoiler hath been spoiled, I tell thee—Fate hath taken the hunter in the toils, gains got by wrongful arts are soon lost And thou shalt have no ally in thine aim, for well wot I that not without accomplice or resource hast thou gone to such a length of violence in the daring mood which hath inspired thee here no,—there was some one in whom thou wast trusting when thou didst essay these deeds And to this I must look, nor make this city weaker than one man Dost thou take my drift? Or seem these words as vain as seemed the warnings when thy deed was still a-planning?

## CREON

Say what thou wilt while thou art here,—I will not cavil but at home I, too, will know how to act

## THESEUS

For the present, threaten, but go forward —Do thou, Oedipus, stay here in peace, I pray thee,—with my pledge that, unless I die before, I will not cease till I put thee in possession of thy children

## OEDIPUS

Heaven reward thee, Theseus, for thy nobleness, and thy loyal care in my behalf!

(THESEUS and attendants, with CREON, go out on spectators left)

## CHORUS (singing)

*strophe 1*

Oh, to be where the foeman, turned to bay, will soon join in the brazen clangour of battle, haply by the shores loved of Apollo, haply by that torch-lit strand where the Great Goddesses cherish dread rites for mortals, on whose lips the ministrant Eumolpidae have laid the precious seal of silence, where, methinks, the war-waking Theseus and the captives twain, the sister maids, will soon meet within our borders, amid a war-cry of men strong to save!

*antistrophe 1*

Or perchance they will soon draw nigh to the pastures on the west of Oea's snowy rock, borne on horses in their flight, or in chariots racing at speed

Creon will be worsted! Terrible are the warriors of Colonus, and the followers of Theseus are terrible in their might. Yea, the steel of every bridle flashes,—with slack bridle-rein all the knighthood rides apace that worships our Queen of Chivalry, Athena, and the earth-girdling Sea-god, the son of Rhea's love

*strophe 2*

Is the battle now, or yet to be? For somehow my soul woos me to the hope that soon I shall be face to face with the maidens thus sorely tried, thus sorely visited by the hand of a kinsman

To-day, to-day, Zeus will work some great thing. I have presage of victory in the strife. O to be a dove with swift strength as of the storm, that I might reach an airy cloud, with gaze lifted above the fray!

*antistrophe 2*

Hear, all-ruling lord of heaven, all-seeing Zeus! Enable the guardians of this land, in might triumphant, to achieve the capture that gives the prize to their hands! So grant thy daughter also, our dread Lady, Pallas Athena! And Apollo, the hunter, and his sister, who follows the dappled, swift-footed deer—fain am I that they should come, a twofold strength, to this land and to her people

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Ah, wanderer friend, thou wilt not have to tax thy watcher with false augury,—for yonder I see the maidens drawing near with an escort

## OEDIPUS

Where—where? How? What sayest thou?

(*ANTIGONE and ISMENE enter, with THESFUS and his attendants, on the spectators' left*)

## ANTIGONE

O father, father, that some god would suffer thine eyes to see this noble man, who hath brought us here to thee!

## OEDIPUS

My child!—ye are here indeed?

## ANTIGONE

Yea, for these strong arms have saved us—Theseus, and his trusty followers

THESEUS

Look if ye have any kinsman at Argos, who might crave this boon of  
ee

OEDIPUS

O friend! Say no word more!

THESEUS

What ails thee?

OEDIPUS

Ask it not of me—

THESEUS

Ask what?—Speak!

OEDIPUS

By those words I know who is the suppliant

THESEUS

And who can he be, against whom I should have a grief?

OEDIPUS

My son, O king,—the hated son whose words would vex mine ear as  
the words of no man beside

THESEUS

What? Canst thou not listen, without doing what thou wouldst not?  
Why should it pain thee to hear him?

OEDIPUS

Most hateful, king, hath that voice become to his sire —lay me not  
under constraint to yield in this

THESEUS

But think whether his suppliant state constrains thee what if thou  
hast a duty of respect for the god?

ANTIGONE

Father, hearken to me, though I be young who counsel All  
to gratify his own heart, and to gratify the god as he wishes  
daughter's sake, allow our brother to come For he will  
perforce from thy resolve,—never fear,—by such words  
spoken for thy good But to hear him speak,—what harm  
Ill-devised deeds, thou knowest, are bewrayed by spee  
sire, so that, e'en if he were to wrong thee with the mo  
wrongs, my father, it is not lawful for thee to wrong hi

Oh, let him come other men, also, have evil offspring, and are swift to wrath, but they hear advice, and are charmed from their mood by the gentle spells of friends

Look thou to the past, not to the present,—think on all that thou hast borne through sire and mother, and if thou considerest those things, well I wot, thou wilt discern how evil is the end that waits on evil wrath, not slight are thy reasons to think thereon, bereft, as thou art, of the sight that returns no more

Nay, yield to us! It is not seemly for just suitors to sue long, it is not seemly that a man should receive good, and thereafter lack the mund to requite it

#### OEDIPUS

My child, 'tis sore for me, this pleasure that ye win from me by your pleading,—but be it as ye will Only, if that man is to come hither,—friend, let no one ever become master of my life!

#### THESEUS

I need not to hear such words more than once, old man —I would not boast, but be sure that thy life is safe, while any god saves mine

(THESEUS goes out, to the right of the spectators)

#### CHORUS (singing)

##### *tróphe*

Whoso craves the ampler length of life, not content to desire a modest span, him will I judge with no uncertain voice, he cleaves to folly

For the long days lay up full many things nearer unto grief than joy, but as for thy delights, their place shall know them no more, when a man's life hath lapsed beyond the fitting term, and the Deliverer comes at the last to all alike,—when the doom of Hades is suddenly revealed, without marriage-song, or lyre, or dance,—even Death at the last

##### *antístrophe*

be born is, past all prizing, best, but, when a man hath seen this is next best by far, that with all speed he should go hence he hath come

he hath seen youth go by, with its light follies, what action is strange to his lot, what suffering is not therein? wars, strife, battles and slaughters, and, last of all, age  
 her own,—age, dispraised, infirm, unsociable, un-  
 whom all woe of woe abides

*epode*

In such years is yon hapless one, not I alone and as some cape that fronts the North is lashed on every side by the waves of winter, so he also is fiercely lashed evermore by the dread troubles that break on him like billows, some from the setting of the sun, some from the rising, some in the region of the noon-tide beam, some from the gloom-wrapped hills of the North

ANTIGONE

Lo, yonder, methinks, I see the stranger coming hither,—yea, without attendants, my father,—the tears streaming from his eyes

OEDIPUS

Who is he?

ANTIGONE

The same who was in our thoughts from the first,—Polyneices hath come to us

(POLYNEICES enters, on the spectators' left)

POLYNEICES

Ah me, what shall I do? Whether shall I weep first for mine own sorrows, sisters, or for mine aged sire's, as I see them yonder? Whom I have found in a strange land, an exile here with you twain, clad in such raiment, whereof the foul squalor hath dwelt with that aged form so long, a very blight upon his flesh,—while above the sightless eyes the unkempt hair flutters in the breeze, and matching with these things, meseems, is the food that he carries, hapless one, against hunger's pinch

Wretch that I am! I learn all this too late and I bear witness that I am proved the vilest of men in all that touches care for thee—from mine own lips hear what I am But, seeing that Zeus himself, in all that he doeth, hath Mercy for the sharer of his throne, may she come to thy side also, my father, for the faults can be healed, but can never more be made worse

(A pause)

Why art thou silent? Speak, father—turn not away from me Hast thou not even an answer for me? Wilt thou dismiss me in mute scorn, without telling wherefore thou art wroth?

O ye, his daughters, sisters mine, strive ye, at least, to move our sire's implacable, inexorable silence, that he send me not away dishonoured,—who am the suppliant of the god,—in such wise as this, with no word of response



## ANTIGONE

Tell him thyself, unhappy one, what thou hast come to seek As words flow, perchance they touch to joy, perchance they glow with anger, or with tenderness, and so they somehow give a voice to the dumb

## POLYNEICES

Then will I speak boldly,—for thou dost admonish me well,—first claiming the help of the god himself, from whose altar the king of this land raised me, that I might come hither, with warrant to speak and hear, and go my way unharmed And I will crave, strangers, that these pledges be kept with me by you, and by my sisters here, and by my sire — But now I would fain tell thee, father, why I came

I have been driven, an exile, from my fatherland, because, as eldest-born, I claimed to sit in thy sovereign seat Wherefore Eteocles, though the younger, thrust me from the land, when he had neither worsted me in argument, nor come to trial of might and deed,—no, but won the city over And of this I deem it most likely that the curse on thy house is the cause, then from soothsayers also I so hear For when I came to Dorian Argos, I took the daughter of Adrastus to wife, and I bound to me by oath all of the Apian land who are foremost in renown of war, that with them I might levy the sevenfold host of spearmen against Thebes, and die in my just cause, or cast the doers of this wrong from the realm

Well, and wherefore have I come hither now? With suppliant prayers, my father, unto thee—mine own, and the prayers of mine allies, who now, with seven hosts behind their seven spears have set their leaguer round the plain of Thebes, of whom is swift-speared Amphiaraus, matchless warrior, matchless augur, then the son of Oeneus, Aetolian Tydeus, Eteocles third, of Argive birth, the fourth, Hippomedon, sent by Talaos, his sire, while Capaneus, the fifth, vaunts that he will burn Thebes with fire, unto the ground, and sixth, Arcadian Parthenopaeus rushes to the war, named from that virgin of other days whose marriage in after-time gave him birth, trusty son of Atalanta Last, I, thy son,—or if not thine, but offspring of an evil fate, yet thine at least in name,—lead the fearless host of Argos unto Thebes

And we, by these thy children and by thy life, my father, implore thee all, praying thee to remit thy stern wrath against me, as I go forth to chastise my brother, who hath thrust me out and robbed me of my fatherland For if aught of truth is told by oracles, they said that victory should be with those whom thou shouldst join

Then, by our fountains and by the gods of our race, I ask thee to hearken and to yield, a beggar and an exile am I, an exile thou, by court to others we have a home, both thou and I, sharers of one doom, while *he*, king in the house—woe is me!—mocks in his pride at thee and me alike



But, if thou assist my purpose, small toil or time, and I will scatter his strength to the winds and so will I bring thee and stablish thee in thine own house, and stablish myself, when I have cast him out by force Be thy will with me, and that boast may be mine. without thee, I cannot e'en return alive

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

For his sake who hath sent him, Oedipus, speak, as seems thee good, ere thou send the man away

## OEDIPUS

Nay, then, my friends, guardians of this land, were not Theseus he who had sent him hither to me, desiring that he should have my response, never should he have heard this voice But now he shall be graced with it, ere he go,—yea, and hear from me such words as shall never gladden his life—villain, who when thou hadst the sceptre and the throne, which now thy brother hath in Thebes, dravest me, thine own father, into exile, and madest me citiless, and madest me to wear this garb which now thou weepst to behold, when thou hast come unto the same stress of misery as I The time for tears is past no, I must bear this burden while I live, ever thinking of thee as of a murderer, for 'tis thou that hast brought my days to this anguish, 'tis thou that hast thrust me out, to thee I owe it that I wander, begging my daily bread from strangers And, had these daughters not been born to be my comfort, verily I had been dead, for aught of help from thee Now, these girls preserve me, these my nurses, these who are men, not women, in true service but ye are aliens, and no sons of mine

Therefore the eyes of Fate look upon thee—not yet as they will look anon, if indeed those hosts are moving against Thebes Never canst thou overthrow that city, no, first shalt thou fall stained with bloodshed, and thy brother likewise Such the curses that my soul sent forth before against you twain, and such do I now invoke to fight for me, that ye may deem it meet to revere parents, nor scorn your father utterly, because he is sightless who begat such sons, for these maidens did not thus So my curses have control of thy 'supplication' and thy 'throne,'—if indeed Justice, revealed from of old, sits with Zeus in the might of the eternal laws

And thou—begone, abhorred of me, and unfathered!—begone, thou vilest of the vile, and with thee take these my curses which I call down on thee—never to vanquish the land of thy race, no, nor ever return to hill-girt Argos, but by a kindred hand to die, and slay him by whom thou hast been driven out Such is my prayer, and I call the paternal darkness of dread Tartarus to take thee unto another home,—I call the spirits of

this place,—I call the Destroying God, who hath set that dreadful hatred in you twain Go, with these words in thine ears—go, and publish it to the Cadmeans all, yea, and to thine own staunch allies, that Oedipus hath divided such honours to his sons

## LEADER

Polyneices, in thy past goings I take no joy, and now go thy way with speed

## POLYNEICES

Alas, for my journey and my baffled hope alas, for my comrades! What an end was that march to have, whereon we sallied forth from Argos woe is me!—aye, such an end, that I may not even utter it to any of my companions, or turn them back, but must go in silence to meet this doom

Ah ye, his daughters and my sisters,—since ye hear these hard prayers of your sire,—if this father's curses be fulfilled, and some way of return to Thebes be found for you, oh, as ye tear the gods, do not, for your part, dishonour me,—nay, give me burial, and due funeral rites And so the praise which ye now win from yonder man, for your service, shall be increased by another praise not less, by reason of the office wrought for me

## ANTIGONE

Polyneices, I entreat thee, hear me in one thing!

## POLYNEICES

What is it, dearest Antigone? Speak!

## ANTIGONE

Turn thy host back to Argos,—aye, with all speed,—and destroy not thyself and Thebes

## POLYNEICES

Nay, it cannot be for how again could I lead the same host, when once I had blenched?

## ANTIGONE

But why, my brother, should thine anger rise again? What gain is promised thee in destroying thy native city?

## POLYNEICES

'Tis shame to be an exile, and, eldest born as I am, to be thus mocked on my brother's part

ANTIGONE

Seest thou, then, to what sure fulfilment thou art bringing his prophecies, who bodes mutual slaying for you twain?

POLYNEICES

Aye, for he wishes it —but I must not yield

ANTIGONE

Ah me unhappy!—But who will dare to follow thee, hearing what prophecies yon man hath uttered?

POLYNEICES

I will not e'en report ill tidings 'tis a good leader's part to tell the better news, and not the worse

ANTIGONE

Brother! Thy resolve, then, is thus fixed?

POLYNEICES

Yea,—and detain me not For mine it now shall be to tread yon path, with evil doom and omen from this my sire and from his Furies, but for you twain, may Zeus make your path bright, if ye do my wishes when I am dead,—since in my life ye can do them no more —(*He gently disengages himself from their embrace*) Now, release me,—and farewell, for nevermore shall ye behold me living

ANTIGONE

Woe is me!

POLYNEICES

Mourn not for me

ANTIGONE

And who would not bewail thee, brother, who thus art hurrying to death foreseen?

POLYNEICES

If 'tis fate, I must die

ANTIGONE

Nay, nay,—hear my pleading!

POLYNEICES

Plead not amiss

ANTIGONE

Then woe is me, indeed, if I must lose thee!

## POLYNEICES

Nay, that rests with Fortune,—that end or another —For you twain, at least, I pray the gods that ye never meet with ill, for in all men's eyes ye are unworthy to suffer

(*He goes out on the spectators' left*)

CHORUS (*chanting*)*strophe* 1

Behold, new ills have newly come, in our hearing, from the sightless stranger,—ills fraught with a heavy doom, unless, perchance, Fate is finding its goal For tis not mine to say that a decree of Heaven is ever vain watchful, aye watchful of those decrees is Time, overthrowing some fortunes, and on the morrow lifting others, again, to honour —Hark that sound in the sky! —Zeus defend us!

(*Thunder is heard*)

## OEDIPUS

My children, my children! If there be any man to send, would that some one would fetch hither the peerless Theseus!

## ANTIGONE

And what, father, is the aim of thy summons?

## OEDIPUS

This winged thunder of Zeus will lead me anon to Hades nay, send, and tarry not

(*A second peal is heard*)

CHORUS (*chanting*)*antistrophe* 1

Hark! With louder noise it crashes down, unutterable, hurled by Zeus! The hair of my head stands up for fear, my soul is sore dismayed, for again the lightning flashes in the sky Oh, to what event will it give birth? I am afraid, for never in vain doth it rush forth, or without grave issue O thou dread sky! O Zeus!

## OEDIPUS

Daughters, his destined end hath come upon your sire, he can turn his face from it no more

## ANTIGONE

How knowest thou? What sign hath told thee this?

## OEDIPUS

I know it well — But let some one go, I pray you, with all speed, and bring hither the lord of this realm

(*Another peal is heard*)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

*strophe 2*

Ha! Listen! Once again that piercing thunder-voice is around us! Be merciful, O thou god, be merciful, if thou art bringing aught of gloom for the land our mother! Gracious may I find thee, nor, because I have looked on a man accurst, have some meed, not of blessing for my portion! O Zeus our lord, to thee I cry!

## OEDIPUS

Is the man near? Will he find me still alive, children, and master of my mind?

## ANTIGONE

And what is the pledge which thou wouldst have fixed in thy mind?

## OEDIPUS

In return for his benefits, I would duly give him the requital promised when I received them

CHORUS (*chanting*)

*antistrophe 2*

What ho, my son, hither, come hither! Or if in the glade's inmost recess, for the honour of the sea-god Poseidon, thou art hallowing his altar with sacrifice,—come thence! Worthy art thou in the stranger's sight, worthy are thy city and thy folk, that he should render a just recompense for benefits Haste, come quickly, O king!

(THESEUS *enters, on the spectators' right*)

## THESEUS

Wherefore once more rings forth a summons from you all,—from my people as clearly as from our guest? Can a thunderbolt from Zeus be the cause, or rushing hail in its fierce onset? All forebodings may find place, when the god sends such a storm

## OEDIPUS

King, welcome is thy presence, and 'tis some god that hath made for thee the good fortune of this coming

## THESEUS

And what new thing hath now befallen, son of Laus?

OEDIPUS

My life hangs in the scale and I fain would die guiltless of bad faith to thee and to this city, in respect of my pledges

THESEUS

And what sign of thy fate holds thee in suspense?

OEDIPUS

The gods, their own heralds, bring me the tidings, with no failure in the signs appointed of old

THESEUS

What sayest thou are the signs of these things, old man?

OEDIPUS

The thunder, peal on peal,—the lightning, flash on flash, hurled from the unconquered hand

THESEUS

Thou winnest my belief, for in much I find thee a prophet whose voice is not false,—then speak what must be done

OEDIPUS

Son of Aegeus, I will unfold that which shall be a treasure for this thy city, such as age can never mar Anon, unaided, and with no hand to guide me, I will show the way to the place where I must die But that place reveal thou never unto mortal man,—tell not where it is hidden, nor in what region it lies, that so it may ever make for thee a defence, better than many shields, better than the succouring spear of neighbours

But, for mysteries which speech may not profane, thou shalt mark them for thyself, when thou comest to that place alone since neither to any of this people can I utter them, nor to mine own children, dear though they are No, guard them thou alone, and when thou art coming to the end of life, disclose them to thy heir alone, let him teach his heir, and so thenceforth

And thus shalt thou hold this city unscathed from the side of the Dragon's brood,—full many States lightly enter on offence, e'en though their neighbour lives aright For the gods are slow, though they are sure, in visitation, when men scorn godliness, and turn to frenzy Not such be thy fate, son of Aegeus—Nay, thou knowest such things, without my precepts

But to that place—for the divine summons urges me—let us now set forth, and hesitate no more —(*As if suddenly inspired, he moves with slow but firm steps towards the left of the scene, beckoning the others*)

*onward* ) My children, follow me,—thus,—for I now have in strange wise been made your guide, as ye were your sire's On,—touch me not,—nay, suffer me unaided to find out that sacred tomb where 'tis my portion to be buried in this land

This way,—hither,—this way!—for this way doth Guiding Hermes lead me, and the goddess of the dead!

O light,—no light to me,—mine once thou wast, I ween,—but now my body feels thee for the last time! For now go I to hide the close of my life with Hades—Truest of friends! blessed be thou, and this land, and thy lieges, and, when your days are blest, think on me the dead, for your welfare evermore

*(He passes from the stage on the spectators' left, followed by his daughters, THESEUS, and attendants)*

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe*

If with prayer I may adore the Unseen Goddess, and thee, lord of the children of night, O hear me, Aidoneus, Aidoneus! Not in pain, not by a doom that wakes sore lament, may the stranger pass to the fields of the dead below, the all-enshrouding, and to the Stygian house Many were the sorrows that came to him without cause, but in requital a just god will lift him up

*antistrophe*

Goddesses Infernal! And thou, dread form of the unconquered hound, thou who hast thy lair in those gates of many guests, thou untameable Watcher of Hell, gnarling from the cavern's jaws, as rumour from the beginning tells of thee!

Hear me, O Death, son of Earth and Tartarus! May that Watcher leave a clear path for the stranger on his way to the nether fields of the dead! To thee I call, giver of the eternal sleep

*(A MESSENGER enters from the left)*

MESSENGER

Countrymen, my tidings might most shortly be summed thus Oedipus is gone But the story of the hap may not be told in brief words, as the deeds yonder were not briefly done

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

He is gone, hapless one?

MESSENGER

Be sure that he hath passed from life



## LEADER

Ah, how? by a god-sent doom, and painless?

## MESSENGER

There thou touchest on what is indeed worthy of wonder How he moved hence, thou thyself must know, since thou wast here,—with no friend to show the way, but guide himself unto us all

Now, when he had come to the sheer Threshold, bound by brazen steps to earth's deep roots, he paused in one of many branching paths, near the basin in the rock, where the inviolate covenant of Theseus and Peirithous hath its memorial He stood midway between that basin and the Thorician stone,—the hollow pear-tree and the marble tomb, then sate him down, and loosed his sordid raiment

And then he called his daughters, and bade them fetch water from some fount, that he should wash, and make a drink-offering And they went to the hill which was in view, Demeter's hill who guards the tender plants, and in short space brought that which their father had enjoined, then they ministered to him with washing, and dressed him, as use ordains

But when he had content of doing all, and no part of his desire was now unheeded, then was thunder from the Zeus of the Shades and the maidens shuddered as they heard, they fell at their father's knees, and wept, nor ceased from beating the breast, and wailing very sore

And when he heard their sudden bitter cry, he put his arms around them, and said 'My children, this day ends your father's life For now all hath perished that was mine, and no more shall ye bear the burden of tending me,—no light one, well I know, my children, yet one little word makes all those toils as nought, *love* had ye from me, as from none beside, and now ye shall have me with you no more, through all your days to come'

On such wise, close-clinging to each other, sire and daughters sobbed and wept But when they had made an end of wailing, and the sound went up no more, there was a stillness, and suddenly a voice of one who cried aloud to him, so that the hair of all stood up on their heads for sudden fear, and they were afraid For the god called him with many callings and manifold '*Oedipus, Oedipus, why delay we to go? Thou tarriest too long*'

But when he perceived that he was called of the god, he craved that the king Theseus should draw near, and when he came near, said 'O my friend, give, I pray thee, the solemn pledge of thy right hand to my children, and ye, daughters, to him, and promise thou never to forsake them of thy free will, but to do all things for their good, as thy friendship and the time may prompt' And he, like a man of noble spirit, without making lament swore to keep that promise to his friend

But when Theseus had so promised, straightway Oedipus felt for his children with blind hands, and said 'O my children, ye must be nobly brave of heart, and depart from this place, nor ask to behold unlawful sights, or to hear such speech as may not be heard. Nay, go with all haste, only let Theseus be present, as is his right, a witness of those things which are to be.'

So spake he, and we all heard, and with streaming tears and with lamentation we followed the maidens away. But when we had gone apart, after no long time we looked back, and Oedipus we saw nowhere any more, but the king alone, holding his hand before his face to screen his eyes, as if some dread sight had been seen, and such as none might endure to behold. And then, after a short space, we saw him salute the earth and the home of the gods above, both at once, in one prayer.

But by what doom Oedipus perished, no man can tell, save Theseus alone. No fiery thunderbolt of the god removed him in that hour, nor any rising of storm from the sea, but either a messenger from the gods, or the world of the dead, the nether adamant, riven for him in love, without pain, for the passing of the man was not with lamentation, or in sickness and suffering, but, above mortal's, wonderful. And if to any I seem to speak folly, I would not woo their belief, who count me foolish.

## LEADER

And where are the maidens, and their escort?

## MESSENGER

Not far hence, for the sounds of mourning tell plainly that they approach.

(ANTIGONE and ISMENE enter, chanting their song of lamentation.)

## ANTIGONE

*strophe 1*

Woe, woe! Now, indeed, is it for us, unhappy sisters, in all fulness to bewail the curse on the blood that is ours from our sire! For him, while he lived, we bore that long pain without pause, and at the last a sight and a loss that baffle thought are ours to tell.

## CHORUS

And how is it with you?

## ANTIGONE

We can but conjecture, friends.

## CHORUS

He is gone?

## ANTIGONE

Even as thou mightest wish yea, surely, when death met him not in war, or on the deep, but he was snatched to the viewless fields by some swift, strange doom Ah me! and a night as of death hath come on the eyes of us twain for how shall we find our bitter livelihood, roaming to some far land, or on the waves of the sea?

## ISMENE

I know not Oh that deadly Hades would join me in death unto mine aged sire! Woe is me! I cannot live the life that must be mine

## CHORUS

Best of daughters, sisters twain, Heaven's doom must be borne be no more fired with too much grief ye have so fared that ye should not repine

## ANTIGONE

*antistrophe 1*

Ah, so care past can seem lost joy! For that which was no way sweet had sweetness, while therewith I held *him* in mine embrace Ah, father, dear one, ah thou who hast put on the darkness of the under-world for ever, not even there shalt thou ever lack our love,—her love and mine

## CHORUS

He hath fared—

## ANTIGONE

He hath fared as he would

## CHORUS

In what wise?

## ANTIGONE

On foreign ground, the ground of his choice, he hath died, in the shadow of the grave he hath his bed for ever, and he hath left mourning behind him, not barren of tears For with these streaming eyes, father, I bewail thee, nor know I, ah me, how to quell my sorrow for thee, my sorrow that is so great —Ah me! 'twas thy wish to die in a strange land, but now thou hast died without gifts at my hand

## ISMENE

Woe is me! What new fate, think'st thou, awaits thee and me, my sister, thus orphaned of our sire?

## CHORUS

Nay, since he hath found a blessed end, my children, cease from this lament, no mortal is hard for evil fortune to capture

## ANTIGONE

*strophe 2*

Sister, let us hasten back

## ISMENE

Unto what deed?

## ANTIGONE

A longing fills my soul

## ISMENE

Whereof?

## ANTIGONE

To see the dark home—

## ISMENE

Of whom?

## ANTIGONE

Ah me! of our sire

## ISMENE

And how can this thing be lawful? Hast thou no understanding?

## ANTIGONE

Why this reproof?

## ISMENE

And knowest thou not this also—

## ANTIGONE

What wouldst thou tell me more?—

## ISMENE

That he was perishing without tomb, apart from all?

## ANTIGONE

Lead me thither, and then slay me also

## ISMENE

Ah me unhappy! Friendless and helpless, where am I now to live my hapless life?

CHORUS

*antistrophe 2*

My children, fear not

ANTIGONE

But whither am I to flee?

CHORUS

Already a refuge hath been found—

ANTIGONE

How meanest thou?—

CHORUS

—for your fortunes, that no harm should touch them

ANTIGONE

I know it well

CHORUS

What, then, is thy thought?

ANTIGONE

How we are to go home, I cannot tell

CHORUS

And do not seek to go

ANTIGONE

Trouble besets us

CHORUS

And erstwhile bore hardly on you

ANTIGONE

Desperate then, and now more cruel than despair

CHORUS

Great, verily, is the sea of your troubles

ANTIGONE

Alas, alas! O Zeus, whither shall we turn? To what last hope doth fate now urge us?

(THESEUS enters)

THESEUS

*systema*

Weep no more, maidens, for where the kindness of the Dark Powers is an abiding grace to the quick and to the dead, there is no room for mourning, divine anger would follow

ANTIGONE

Son of Aegeus, we supplicate thee!

THESEUS

For the obtaining of what desire, my children?

ANTIGONE

We fain would look with our own eyes upon our father's tomb

THESEUS

Nay, it is not lawful

ANTIGONE

How sayest thou, king, lord of Athens?

THESEUS

My children, he gave me charge that no one should draw nigh unto that place, or greet with voice the sacred tomb wherein he sleeps And he said that, while I duly kept that word, I should always hold the land unharmed These pledges, therefore, were heard from my lips by the god, and by the all-seeing Watcher of oaths, the servant of Zeus

ANTIGONE

Nay, then, if this is pleasing to the dead, with this we must content us But send us to Thebes the ancient, if haply we may hinder the bloodshed that is threatened to our brothers

THESEUS

So will I do, and if in aught beside I can profit you, and pleasure the dead who hath lately gone from us, I am bound to spare no pains

CHORUS

Come, cease lamentation, lift it up no more, for verily these things stand fast

NOTES FOR OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

1 Sophocles probably had Herodotus, II, 35 in mind when he wrote these lines

2 Sophocles here has departed from the common account which made Eteocles the elder

3 This epithet is applied to Zeus because he was conceived to be the protector of *moriai*, the sacred olives

THE PLAYS OF  
EURIPIDES





I

ALCESTIS

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

APOLLO

DEATH

CHORUS OF OLD MEN

A WOMAN SERVANT

ALCESTIS, *the Queen, wife of* ADMETUS

ADMETUS, *King of Thessaly*

EUMELUS, *their child*

HERACLES

PHLRES, *father of* ADMETUS

A MAN SERVANT

## INTRODUCTION

THE *ALCESTIS* is the earliest of the plays of Euripides which we now possess. Presented in 438 B.C., it constituted the fourth play in a tetralogy which the poet had entered in competition for the tragic award of that year. Contrary to the usual practice which demanded that the fourth member of the tetralogy be a Satyr-play, Euripides has placed the *Alcestis* in this position, for which by its very character as a "tragi-comedy" it is peculiarly suited. Although on the whole the play is tragic in tone, it is rendered somewhat lighter, first by the part which the slightly drunken Heracles plays in the action, and finally by the happy resolution of the plot.

Possibly a folk-tale of wide currency was the original source for the legend upon which Euripides drew in writing his play. The version which he knew, and which had been interpreted by an earlier tragic poet, Phrynichus, contained the story of Admetus, king of Thessaly. Apollo, so the legend runs, had incurred the displeasure of his father Zeus, had been banished from Olympus, and condemned to serve under a mortal master for a stated period of time. He came to Thessaly and dwelt with Admetus, an exemplary king. As Apollo's term of service was drawing to a close, it became known that Admetus was doomed to an early death. Apollo, desiring to reward him for his kindness and apparent excellence of character, prevailed upon the Fates to spare him from his premature death. The Fates agreed, on condition that Admetus could procure a substitute who would be willing to die in his place. Admetus approached his father, mother, friends and kin, in his effort to find such a substitute, but all refused his request. Finally it was Alcestis, his devoted wife, who undertook the service. The play opens on the day when she is to die.

Euripides in the *Alcestis* has taken a human problem and stated it in such striking terms of character and situation that its point cannot be missed. Pheres in his way illuminates the question at issue by his uncompromising condemnation of his son, Admetus. Alcestis has a more important function since her character throws that of her husband into higher relief. She herself meets her end with fortitude, breaking just enough at the very last moment so that her portrayal becomes convincing. She manages, however, to be calm and matter-of-fact, in striking con-

trast to Admetus when in his egotism and sentimentality he begins to lose control of himself. As the play advances a sharper and sharper light is thrown upon him. In the last analysis, the actual means by which Alcestis is restored and the part which Heracles plays here, which in turn cannot be divorced from his conventional rôle as a brawling character in straight comedy, are irrelevant so far as the central significance of the play is concerned. This significance lies in the study of self-sacrifice and its implications. There is nothing but praise for Alcestis' act, yet the further problem is raised: what happens to the individual who accepts the benefits of a sacrifice made by another? Admetus at the end of the play has had the veil torn from his eyes, and he realizes at last the extent of his own vileness. With a sure hand Euripides has communicated his meaning.

## ALCESTIS

(SCENE —*At Pherae, outside the Palace of ADMETUS, King of Thessaly*  
*The centre of the scene represents a portico with columns and a large*  
*double-door To the left are the women's quarters, to the right the guest*  
*rooms The centre doors of the Palace slowly open inwards, and Apollo*  
*comes out In his left hand he carries a large unstrung golden bow He*  
*moves slowly and majestically, turns, and raises his right hand in saluta-*  
*tion to the Palace* )

### APOLLO

DWELLING of Admetus, wherein I, a God, deigned to accept the food of serfs!

The cause was Zeus He struck Asclepius, my son, full in the breast with a bolt of thunder, and laid him dead Then in wild rage I slew the Cyclopes who forge the fire of Zeus To atone for this my Father forced me to labour as a hireling for a mortal man, and I came to this country, and tended oxen for my host To this hour I have protected him and his I, who am just, chanced on the son of Pheres, a just man, whom I have saved from Death by tricking the Fates The Goddesses pledged me their faith Admetus should escape immediate death if, in exchange, another corpse were given to the Under-Gods

One by one he tested all his friends, and even his father and the old mother who had brought him forth—and found none that would die for him and never more behold the light of day, save only his wife Now, her spirit waiting to break loose, she droops upon his arm within the house, this is the day when she must die and render up her life

But I must leave this Palace's dear roof, for fear pollution soil me in the house

See! Death, Lord of All the Dead, now comes to lead her to the house of Hades! Most punctually he comes! How well he marked the day she had to die!

(*From the right comes DEATH, with a drawn sword in his hand He moves stealthily towards the Palace, then sees APOLLO and halts abruptly*  
*The two Deities confront each other* )

## DEATH

Ha! Phoebus! You! Before this Palace! Lawlessly would you grasp, abolish the rights of the Lower Gods! Did you not beguile the Fates and snatch Admetus from the grave? Does not that suffice? Now, once again, you have armed your hand with the bow, to guard the daughter of Pelias who must die in her husband's stead!

## APOLLO

Fear not! I hold for right, and proffer you just words

## DEATH

If you hold for right, why then your bow?

## APOLLO

My custom is ever to carry it

## DEATH

Yes! And you use it unjustly to aid this house!

## APOLLO

I grieve for a friend's woe

## DEATH

So you would rob me of a second body?

## APOLLO

Not by force I won the other

## DEATH

Why, then, is he in the world and not below the ground?

## APOLLO

In his stead he gives his wife—whom you have come to take

## DEATH

And shall take—to the Underworld below the earth!

## APOLLO

Take her, and go! I know not if I can persuade you

## DEATH

Not to kill her I must kill? I am appointed to that task

## APOLLO

No, no! But to delay death for those about to die

## DEATH

I hear your words and guess your wish!

APOLLO

May not Alcestis live to old age?

DEATH

No! I also prize my rights!

APOLLO

Yet at most you win one life.

DEATH

They who die young yield me a greater prize

APOLLO

If she dies old, the burial will be richer

DEATH

Phoebus, that argument favours the rich

APOLLO

What! Are you witty unawares?

DEATH

The rich would gladly pay to die old

APOLLO

So you will not grant me this favour?

DEATH

Not I! You know my nature

e

APOLLO

Yes! Hateful to men and a horror to the gods!

DEATH

You cannot always have more than you due

APOLLO

Yet you shall change, most cruel though you are! For a man comes to the dwelling of Pheres, sent by Eurystheus to fetch a horse-drawn chariot from the harsh-wintered lands of Thrace, and he shall be a guest in the house of Admetus, and by force shall he tear this woman from you. Thus shall you gain no thanks from us, and yet you shall do this thing—and my hatred be upon you!

(APOLLO goes out. DEATH gazes after him derisively.)



## DEATH

Talk all you will, you get no more of me! The woman shall go down to the dwelling of Hades

Now must I go to consecrate her for the sacrifice with this sword, for when once this blade has shorn the victim's hair, then he is sacred to the Lower Gods!

(DEATH enters the Palace by the open main door The CHORUS enters from the right They are the Elders or Notables of the city, and therefore move slowly, leaning upon their staffs )

LEADER OF THE CHORUS (*singing*)

Why is there no sound outside the Palace? Why is the dwelling of Admetus silent? Not a friend here to tell me if I must weep for a dead Queen or whether she lives and looks upon the light, Alcestis, the daughter of Pelias, whom among all women I hold the best wife to her spouse'

CHORUS (*singing*)

Is a sob to be heard?  
Or the beating of hands  
In the house?  
The lament for her end?  
Not one,  
Not one of her servants  
Stands at the gate!

Ah! to roll back the wave of our woe,  
O Healer,  
Appear!

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

Were she dead  
They had not been silent

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

She is but a dead body!

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

Yet she has not departed the house

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

Ah! Let me not boast!  
Why do you cling to hope?

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

Would Admetus bury her solitary,  
Make a grave alone for a wife so dear?

## CHORUS

At the gate I see not  
The lustral water from the spring  
Which stands at the gates of the dead!  
No shorn tress in the portal  
Laid in lament for the dead!  
The young women beat not their hands!

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

Yet to-day is the day appointed

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

Ah! What have you said?

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

When she must descend under earth!

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

You have pierced my soul!  
You have pierced my mind!

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

He that for long  
Has been held in esteem  
Must weep when the good are destroyed

## CHORUS

No!  
There is no place on earth  
To send forth a suppliant ship—  
Not to Lycia,  
Not to Ammon's waterless shrine—  
To save her from death!  
The dreadful doom is at hand  
To what laden altar of what God  
Shall I turn my steps?

He alone—

If the light yet shone for his eye—  
Asclepius, Phoebus's son,  
Could have led her back

From the land of shadows,  
From the gates of Hades  
For he raised the dead  
Ere the Zeus-driven shaft  
Slew him with thunder fire  
But now  
What hope can I hold for her life?

LEADER (*chanting*)

The King has fulfilled  
Every rite,  
The altars of all the Gods  
Drip with the blood of slain beasts  
Nothing, nothing avails

*(From the women's quarters in the left wing of the  
Palace comes a woman in tears. She is not a slave,  
but one of the personal attendants on the Queen.)*

But now from the house comes one of her women servants, all in tears. What now shall I learn? (*To the weeping Servant*) It is well to weep when our lords are in sorrow—but tell us, we would know, is she alive, is she dead?

SERVANT

You may say she is both alive and dead

LEADER

How can the same man be dead and yet behold the light?

SERVANT

She gasps, she is on the verge of death

LEADER

Ah, unhappy man! For such a husband what loss is such a wife!

SERVANT

The King will not know his loss until he suffers it

LEADER

Then there is no hope that her life may be saved?

SERVANT

The fated day constrains her

LEADER

Are all things befitting prepared for her?

## SERVANT

The robes in which her lord will bury her are ready

## LEADER

Then let her know that she dies gloriously, the best of women beneath the sun by far!

## SERVANT

How should she not be the best! Who shall deny it? What should the best among women be? How better might a woman hold faith to her lord than gladly to die for him? This the whole city knows, but you will marvel when you hear what she has done within the house. When she knew that the last of her days was come she bathed her white body in river water, she took garments and gems from her rooms of cedar wood, and clad herself nobly, then, standing before the hearth-shrine, she uttered this prayer

'O Goddess, since now I must descend beneath the earth, for the last time I make supplication to you and entreat you to protect my motherless children. Wed my son to a fair bride, and my daughter to a noble husband. Let not my children die untimely, as I their mother am destroyed, but grant that they live out happy lives with good fortune in their own land!'

To every altar in Admetus's house she went, hung them with garlands, offered prayer, cut myrtle boughs—unweeping, unlamenting, nor did the coming doom change the bright colour of her face

Then to her marriage-room she went, flung herself down upon her bed, and wept, and said

'O my marriage-bed, wherein I loosed my virgin girdle to him for whom I die! Farewell! I have no hatred for you. Only me you lose. Because I held my faith to you and to my lord—I must die. Another woman shall possess you, not more chaste indeed than I, more fortunate perhaps.'

She fell upon her knees and kissed it, and all the bed was damp with the tide of tears which flooded to her eyes. And when she was fulfilled of many tears, drooping she rose from her bed and made as if to go, and many times she turned to go and many times turned back, and flung herself once more upon the bed.

Her children clung to their mother's dress, and wept, and she clasped them in her arms and kissed them turn by turn, as a dying woman.

All the servants in the house wept with compassion for their Queen. But she held out her hand to each, and there was none so base to whom she did not speak, and who did not reply again.

Such is the misery in Admetus's house. If he had died, he would be nothing now, and, having escaped, he suffers an agony he will never forget.

## LEADER

And does Admetus lament this woe—since he must be robbed of so noble a woman?

## SERVANT

He weeps, and clasps in his arms his dear bedfellow, and cries to her not to abandon him, asking impossible things. For she pines, and is wasted by sickness. She falls away, a frail burden on his arm, and yet, though faintly, she still breathes, still strives to look upon the sunlight, which she shall never see hereafter—since now for the last time she looks upon the orb and splendour of the sun!

I go, and shall announce that you are here, for all men are not so well-minded to their lords as loyally to stand near them in misfortunes, but you for long have been a friend to both my lords.

*(She goes back into the women's quarters of the Palace. The CHORUS now begins to sing.)*

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

O Zeus,  
What end to these woes?  
What escape from the Fate  
Which oppresses our lords?

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

Will none come forth?  
Must I shear my hair?  
Must we wrap ourselves  
In black mourning folds?

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

It is certain, O friends, it is certain!  
But still let us cry to the Gods,  
Very great is the power of the Gods.

## CHORUS

O King, O Healer,  
Seek out appeasement  
To Admetus's agony!  
Grant this, Oh, grant it!  
Once before did you find it,  
Now once more  
Be the Releaser from death  
The Restrainer of blood-drenched Hades!

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

Alas!  
 O son of Pheres  
 What ills shall you suffer  
 Being robbed of your spouse!

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

At sight of such woes  
 Shall we cut our throats?  
 Shall we slip  
 A dangling noose round our necks?

## CHORUS

See! See!  
 She comes  
 From the house with her lord!  
 Cry out, Oh, lament  
 O land of Pherae,  
 For the best of women  
 Fades away in her doom  
 Under the earth,  
 To dark Hades!

*(From the central door of the Palace comes a splendid but  
 tragical procession Preceded by the royal guards,  
 ADMETUS enters, supporting ALCESTIS The two chil-  
 dren, a boy and a girl, cling to their mother's dress  
 There is a train of attendants and waiting women,  
 who bring a low throne for the fainting ALCESTIS )*

LEADER OF THE CHORUS (*chanting*)

Never shall I say that we ought to rejoice in marriage, but rather  
 weep, this have I seen from of old and now I look upon the fate of  
 the King, who loses the best of wives, and henceforth until the end  
 his life shall be intolerable

ALCESTIS (*chanting*)

Sun, and you, light of day,  
 Vast whirlings of swift cloud!

## ADMETUS

The sun looks upon you and me, both of us miserable, who have  
 wrought nothing against the Gods to deserve death

ALCESTIS (*chanting*)

O Earth, O roof-tree of my home,  
Bridal-bed of my country, Iolcus!

ADMETUS

Rouse up, O unhappy one, and do not leave me! Call upon the mighty  
Gods to pity!

ALCESTIS

*(starting up and gazing wildly in terror, chanting)*

I see the two-oared boat,  
I see the boat on the lake!  
And Charon,  
Ferryman of the Dead,  
Calls to me, his hand on the oar  
'Why linger? Hasten! You delay me!'  
Angrily he urges me

ADMETUS

Alas! How bitter to me is that ferrying of which you speak! O my  
unhappy one, how we suffer!

ALCESTIS (*chanting*)

He drags me, he drags me away—  
Do you not see?—  
To the House of the Dead,  
The Winged One  
Glaring under dark brows,  
Hades!—  
What is it you do?  
Set me free!—  
What a path must I travel,  
O most hapless of women!

ADMETUS

O piteous to those that love you, above all to me and to these children  
who sorrow in this common grief!

ALCESTIS (*chanting*)

Loose me, Oh, loose me now,  
Lay me down,  
All strength is gone from my feet

*(She falls back in the throne)*

Hades draws near!

Dark night falls on my eyes,  
 My children, my children,  
 Never more, Oh, never more  
 Shall your mother be yours!  
 O children, farewell,  
 Live happy in the light of day!

ADMETUS (*chanting*)

Alas! I hear this unhappy speech, and for me it is worse than all death Ah! By the Gods, do not abandon me! Ah! By our children, whom you leave motherless, take heart! If you die, I become as nothing, in you we have our life and death, we revere your love

ALCESTIS (*recovering herself*)

Admetus, you see the things I suffer, and now before I die I mean to tell you what I wish

To show you honour and—at the cost of my life—that you may still behold the light, I die, and yet I might have lived and wedded any in Thessaly I chose, and dwelt with happiness in a royal home But, torn from you, I would not live with fatherless children, nor have I hoarded up those gifts of youth in which I found delight Yet he who begot you, she who brought you forth, abandoned you when it had been beautiful in them to die, beautiful to die with dignity to save their son! They had no child but you, no hope if you were dead that other children might be born to them Thus I should have lived my life out, and you too, and you would not lament as now, made solitary from your wife, that you must rear our children motherless!

But these things are a God's doing and are thus

Well! Do not forget this gift, for I shall ask—not a recompense, since nothing is more precious than life, but—only what is just, as you yourself will say, since if you have not lost your senses you must love these children no less than I Let them be masters in my house, marry not again, and set a stepmother over them, a woman harsher than I, who in her jealousy will lift her hand against my children and yours Ah! not this, let not this be, I entreat you! The new stepmother hates the first wife's children, the viper itself is not more cruel! The son indeed finds a strong rampart in his father—but you, my daughter, how shall you live your virgin life out in happiness? How will you fare with your father's new wife? Ah! Let her not cast evil report upon you and thus wreck your marriage in the height of your youth! You will have no mother, O my child, to give you in marriage, to comfort you in childbed when none is tenderer than a mother!

And I must die Not to-morrow, nor to-morrow's morrow comes this



misfortune on me, but even now I shall be named with those that are no more Farewell! Live happy! You, my husband, may boast you had the best of wives, and you, my children, that you lost the best of mothers!  
(*She falls back*)

## LEADER

Take heart! I do not hesitate to speak for him This he will do, unless he has lost his senses

## ADMETUS

It shall be so, it shall be! Have no fear! And since I held you living as my wife, so, when dead, you only shall be called my wife, and in your place no bride of Thessaly shall salute me hers, no other woman is noble enough for that, no other indeed so beautiful of face My children shall suffice me, I pray the Gods I may enjoy them, since you we have not enjoyed

I shall wear mourning for you, O my wife, not for one year but all my days, abhorring the woman who bore me, hating my father—for they loved me in words, not deeds But you—to save my life you give the dearest thing you have! Should I not weep then, losing such a wife as you?

I shall make an end of merry drinking parties, and of flower-crowned feasts and of the music which possessed my house Never again shall I touch the lyre, never again shall I raise my spirits to sing to the Libyan flute—for you have taken from me all my joy Your image, carved by the skilled hands of artists, shall be laid in our marriage-bed, I shall clasp it, and my hands shall cling to it and I shall speak your name and so, not having you, shall think I have my dear wife in my arms—a cold delight, I know, but it will lighten the burden of my days Often you will gladden me, appearing in my dreams, for sweet it is to look on those we love in dreams, however brief the night

Ah! If I had the tongue and song of Orpheus so that I might charm Demeter's Daughter or her Lord, and snatch you back from Hades, I would go down to hell, and neither Pluto's dog nor Charon, Leader of the Dead, should hinder me until I had brought your life back to the light!

At least await me there whenever I shall die, and prepare the house where you will dwell with me I shall lay a solemn charge upon these children to stretch me in the same cedar shroud with you, and lay my side against your side, for even in death let me not be separate from you, you who alone were faithful to me!

LEADER (*to ADMETUS*)

And I also will keep this sad mourning with you, as a friend with a friend, for she is worthy of it

## ALCESTIS

O my children, you have heard your father say that never will he set another wife over you and never thus insult me

## ADMETUS

Again I say it, and will perform it too!

ALCESTIS (*placing the children's hands in his*)

Then take these children from my hand

## ADMETUS

I take them—dear gifts from a dear hand

## ALCESTIS

Now you must be the mother for me to my children

## ADMETUS

It must be so, since they are robbed of you

## ALCESTIS

O children, I should have lived my life out—and I go to the Underworld

## ADMETUS

Alas! What shall I do, left alone by you?

## ALCESTIS

Time will console you The dead are nothing

## ADMETUS

Take me with you, by the Gods! Take me to the Underworld!

## ALCESTIS

It is enough that I should die—for you

## ADMETUS

O Fate, what a wife you steal from me!

ALCESTIS (*growing faint*)

My dimmed eyes are heavily oppressed

## ADMETUS

O woman, I am lost if you leave me!

ALCESTIS

You may say of me that I am nothing

ADMETUS

Lift up your head! Do not abandon your children!

ALCESTIS

Ah! Indeed it is unwillingly—but, farewell, my children!

ADMETUS

Look at them, look

ALCESTIS

I am nothing

ADMETUS

What are you doing? Are you leaving me?

ALCESTIS (*falling back dead*)

Farewell

ADMETUS (*staring at the body*)

Wretch that I am, I am lost!

LEADER

She is gone! The wife of Admetus is no more

EUMELUS (*singing*)

Ah! Misery!

Mother has gone,

Gone to the Underworld!

She lives no more,

O my Father,

In the sunlight

O sad one,

You have left us

To live motherless!

See, Oh, see her eyelids

And her drooping hands!

Mother, Mother,

Hearken to me, listen,

I beseech you!

I—I—Mother!—

I am calling to you,

Your little bird fallen upon your face!

## ADMETUS

She hears not, she sees not You and I are smitten by a dread calamity

EUMELUS (*chanting*)

Father, I am a child,  
And I am left  
Like a lonely ship  
By the mother I loved  
Oh! The cruel things I suffer!  
And you, little sister,  
Suffer with me

O my Father,  
Vain, vain was your wedding,  
You did not walk with her  
To the end of old age  
She died first,  
And your death, O Mother,  
Destroys our house

## LEADER

Admetus, you must endure this calamity You are not the first and will not be the last to lose a noble wife We all are doomed to die

## ADMETUS

I know it

Not unawares did this woe swoop down on me, for long it has gnawed at me

But, since I shall ordain the funeral rites for this dead body, you must be there, and meanwhile let a threnody re-echo to the implacable God of the Underworld And all you men of Thessaly whom I rule—I order you to share the mourning for this woman with severed hair and black-robed garb You who yoke the four-horsed chariot and the swift single horses, cut the mane from their necks with your steel

Let there be no noise of flutes or lyre within the city until twelve moons are fulfilled Never shall I bury another body so dear to me, never one that has loved me better From me she deserves all honour, since she alone would die for me!

(*The body of ALCESTIS is carried solemnly into the Palace, followed by ADMETUS, with bowed head, holding one of his children by each hand When all have entered, the great doors are quietly shut* )

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

O Daughter of Pelias,  
Hail to you in the house of Hades,  
In the sunless home where you shall dwell!  
Let Hades, the dark-haired God,  
Let the old man, Leader of the Dead,  
Who sits at the oar and helm,  
Know you  
Far, far off is the best of women  
Borne beyond the flood of Acheron  
In the two-oared boat!

*antistrophe 1*

Often shall the Muses' servants  
Sing of you to the seven-toned  
Lyre-shell of the mountain-tortoise,  
And praise you with mourning songs at Sparta  
When the circling season  
Brings back the month Carneius!  
Under the nightlong upraised moon,  
And in bright glad Athens  
Such a theme do you leave by your death  
For the music of singers!

*strophe 2*

Ah! That I had the power  
To bring you back to the light  
From the dark halls of Hades,  
And from the waves of Cocytus  
With the oar of the river of hell!  
Oh, you only,  
O dearest of women,  
You only dared give your life  
For the life of your lord in Hades!  
Light rest the earth above you,  
O woman  
If your lord choose another bridal-bed  
He shall be hateful to me  
As to your own children

*antistrophe 2*

When his mother  
And the old father that begot him

Would not give their bodies to the earth  
 For their son's sake,  
 They dared not deliver him—O cruel!  
 Though their heads were grey  
 But you,  
 In your lively youth,  
 Died for him, and are gone from the light!  
 Ah! might I be joined  
 With a wife so dear!  
 But in life such fortune is rare  
 How happy were my days with her!

*(From the left HERACLES enters. He is black-bearded and of great physical strength, he wears a lion-skin over his shoulders and carries a large club.)*

HERACLES *(with a gesture of salutation)*

Friends, dwellers in the lands of Pherae, do I find Admetus in his home?

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

The son of Pheres is in his home, O Heracles. But, tell us, what brings you to the land of Thessaly and to the city of Pherae?

HERACLES

I have a task I must achieve for Eurystheus of Tiryns

LEADER

Where do you go? To what quest are you yoked?

HERACLES

The quest of the four-horsed chariot of Diomedes, the Thracian

LEADER

But how will you achieve it? Do you know this stranger?

HERACLES

No, I have never been to the land of the Bistones

LEADER

You cannot obtain the horses without a struggle

HERACLES

I cannot renounce my labours

LEADER

You must kill to return, or you will remain there dead

## HERACLES

It will not be the first contest I have risked

## LEADER

And if you conquer the King will you gain anything?

## HERACLES

I shall bring back his foals to the lord of Tiryns

## LEADER

It is not easy to thrust the bit into their jaws

## HERACLES

Only if they breathe fire from their nostrils!

## LEADER

But they tear men with their swift jaws

## HERACLES

You speak of the food of wild mountain beasts, not of horses

## LEADER

You may see their mangers foul with blood

## HERACLES

Of what father does the breeder boast himself the son?

## LEADER

Of Ares, the lord of the gold-rich shield of Thrace!

## HERACLES

In this task once more you remind me of my fate, which is ever upon harsh steep ways, since I must join battle with the sons of Ares—first with Lycaon, then with Cycnus, and now in this third contest I am come to match myself with these steeds and then master!

## LEADER

But see, the lord of this land, Admetus himself, comes from the house!

*(The central doors of the Palace have opened, and ADMETUS comes slowly on the Stage, preceded and followed by guards and attendants. The King has put off all symbols of royalty, and is dressed in black. His long hair is clipped close to his head. ADMETUS dissembles his grief throughout this scene, in obedience to the laws of hospitality, which were particularly revered in Thessaly.)*

ADMETUS

Hail! Son of Zeus and of the blood of Perseus!

HERACLES

And hail to you, Admetus, lord of the Thessalians!

ADMETUS

May it be so! I know your friendship well

HERACLES

What means this shorn hair, this mourning robe?

ADMETUS

To-day I must bury a dead body

HERACLES

May a God avert harm from your children!

ADMETUS

The children I have begotten are alive in the house

HERACLES

Your father was ripe for death—if it is he has gone?

ADMETUS

He lives—and she who brought me forth, O Heracles

HERACLES

Your wife—Alcestis—she is not dead?

ADMETUS (*evasively*)

Of her I might make a double answer

HERACLES

Do you mean that she is dead or alive?

ADMETUS (*ambiguously*)

She is and is not—and for this I grieve

HERACLES (*perplexed*)

I am no wiser—you speak obscurely

ADMETUS

Did you not know the fate which must befall her?

HERACLES

I know she submitted to die for you



ADMETUS

How then can she be alive, having consented to this?

HERACLES

Ah! Do not weep for your wife till that time comes

ADMETUS

Those who are about to die are dead, and the dead are nothing

HERACLES

Men hold that to be and not to be are different things

ADMETUS

You hold for one, Heracles, and I for the other

HERACLES

Whom, then, do you mourn? Which of your friends is dead?

ADMETUS

A woman We spoke of her just now

HERACLES (*mistaking his meaning*)

A stranger? Or one born of your kin?

ADMETUS

A stranger, but one related to this house

HERACLES

But how, then, did she chance to die in your house?

ADMETUS

When her father died she was sheltered here

HERACLES

Alas! Would I had not found you in this grief, Admetus!

ADMETUS

What plan are you weaving with those words?

HERACLES

I shall go to the hearth of another friend

ADMETUS

Not so, O King! This wrong must not be

HERACLES (*hesitating*)

The coming of a guest is troublesome to those who mourn

ADMETUS (*decisively*)

The dead are dead Enter my house

HERACLES

But it is shameful to feast among weeping friends

ADMETUS

Well shall put you in the guest-rooms, which are far apart

HERACLES

Let me go, and I will give you a thousand thanks

ADMETUS

No, you shall not go to another man's hearth (*To a servant*) Guide him, and open for him the guest-rooms apart from the house (*HERACLES enters the Palace by the guests' door, when he has gone in, ADMETUS turns to the other servants*) Close the inner door of the courtyard, it is unseemly that guests rejoicing at table should hear lamentations, and be saddened

(*The attendants go into the Palace*)

LEADER

What are you about? When such a calamity has fallen upon you, Admetus, have you the heart to entertain a guest? Are you mad?

ADMETUS

And if I had driven away a guest who came to my house and city, would you have praised me more? No, indeed! My misfortune would have been no less, and I inhospitable One more ill would have been added to those I have if my house were called inhospitable I myself find him the best of hosts when I enter the thirsty land of Argos

LEADER

But why did you hide from him the fate that has befallen, if the man came as a friend, as you say?

ADMETUS

Never would he have entered my house if he had guessed my misfortune

To some, I know, I shall appear senseless in doing this, and they will blame me, but my roof knows not to reject or insult a guest

(*He goes into the Palace, as the CHORUS begins its song*)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe* 1

O house of a bountiful lord,  
Ever open to many guests,  
The God of Pytho,  
Apollo of the beautiful lyre,  
Deigned to dwell in you  
And to live a shepherd in your lands!  
On the slope of the hillsides  
He played melodies of mating  
On the Pipes of Pan to his herds

*antistrophe* 1

And the dappled lynxes fed with them  
In joy at your singing,  
From the wooded vale of Orthrys  
Came a yellow troop of lions,  
To the sound of your lyre, O Phoebus,  
Danced the dappled fawn  
Moving on light feet  
Beyond the high-crested pines,  
Charmed by your sweet singing

*strophe* 2

He dwells in a home most rich in flocks  
By the lovely moving Boebian lake  
At the dark stabling-place of the Sun  
He takes the sky of the Molossians  
As a bourne to his ploughing of fields,  
To the soils of his plains,  
He bears sway  
As far as the harbourless  
Coast of the Aegean Sea,  
As far as Pelion

*antistrophe* 2

Even to-day he opened his house  
And received a guest,  
Though his eyelids were wet  
With tears wept by the corpse  
Of a dear bedfellow dead in the house  
For the noble spirit is proclaimed by honour,  
All wisdom lies with the good  
I admire him

And in my soul I know  
The devout man shall have joy.

*(The funeral procession of ALCESTIS enters from the door of the women's quarters. The body, carried on a bier by men servants, is followed by ADMETUS and his two children. Behind them comes a train of attendants and servants carrying the funeral offerings. All are in mourning. ADMETUS addresses the CHORUS.)*

#### ADMETUS

O friendly presence of you men of Phærae! Now that the body is prepared, and the servants bear it on high to the tomb and the fire, do you, as is fitting, salute the dead as she goes forth on her last journey.  
*(PHERES, the father of ADMETUS, enters, followed by attendants bearing funeral offerings.)*

#### LEADER OF THE CHORUS

But I see your father, tottering with an old man's walk, and his followers bearing in their hands for your wife garments as an offering to the dead.

#### PHERES

My son, I have come to share your sorrow, for the wife you have lost was indeed noble and virtuous—none can deny it. But these things must be endured, however intolerable they may be.

Take these garments, and let her descend under the earth. Her body must be honoured, for she died to save your life, my son, she has not made me childless, nor left me to be destroyed without you in my hapless old age, and she has given glorious fame to all women by daring so noble a deed! *(He lifts his hand in salutation to the body of ALCESTIS.)* O woman, who saved my son, who raised me up when I had fallen, hail! Be happy in the halls of Hades! I declare it—such marriages are profitable to mankind, otherwise, it is foolish to marry.

#### ADMETUS *(furiously)*

It was not my wish that you should come to this burial, and I deny that your presence is that of a friend! She shall never wear these garments of yours, she needs not your gifts for her burial. You should have grieved when I was about to die, but you stood aside, and now do you come to wail over a corpse when you, an old man, allowed a young woman to die?

Were you in very truth father of this body of mine? Did she, who claims to be and is called my mother, bring me forth? Or was I bred of a slave's seed and secretly brought to your wife's breast? You have proved

what you are when it comes to the test, and therefore I am not your begotten son, or you surpass all men in cowardice, for, being at the very verge and end of life, you had neither courage nor will to die for your son. But this you left to a woman, a stranger, whom alone I hold as my father and my mother!

Yet it had been a beautiful deed in you to die for your son, and short indeed was the time left you to live. She and I would have lived out our lives, and I should not now be here alone lamenting my misery.

You enjoyed all that a happy man can enjoy—you passed the flower of your age as a king, and in me your son you had an heir to your dominion, you would not have died childless, leaving an orphaned house to be plundered by strangers. You will not say that you abandoned me to death because I dishonoured your old age, for above all I was respectful to you—and this is the gratitude I have from you and my mother!

Beget more sons, and quickly, to cherish your old age and wrap you in a shroud when dead and lay your body out in state! This hand of mine shall not inter you. I am dead to you. I look upon the light of day because another saved me—I say I am her son, and will cherish her old age!

Vainly do old men pray for death, regretting their age and the long span of life. If death draws near, none wants to die, and age is no more a burden to him.

#### LEADER

Admetus! The present misfortune is enough. Do not provoke your father's spirit.

*(Admetus turns angrily to depart, but Pheres prevents him.)*

#### PHERES

My son, do you think you are pursuing some hireling Lydian or Phrygian with your taunts? Do you know I am a Thessalian, a free man lawfully begotten by a Thessalian father? You are over-insolent, and you shall not leave thus, after wounding me with your boyish insults. I indeed begot you, and bred you up to be lord of this land, but I am not bound to die for you. It is not a law of our ancestors or of Hellas that the fathers should die for the children! You were born to live your own life, whether miserable or fortunate, and what is due to you from me you have. You rule over many men, and I shall leave you many wide fields even as I received them from my own father. How, then, have I wronged you? Of what have I robbed you? Do not die for me, any more than I die for you. You love to look upon the light of day—do you think your father hates it? I tell myself that we are a long time underground and that life is short, but sweet.

But you—you strove shamelessly not to die, and you are alive, you shirked your fate by killing her! And you call me a coward, you, the worst of cowards, surpassed by a woman who died for you, pretty boy? And now you insult those who should be dear to you, when they refuse to die for a coward like you!

Be silent! Learn that if you love your life, so do others. If you utter insults, you shall hear many, and true ones too!

## LEADER

These insults and those that went before suffice. Old man, cease to revile your son.

ADMETUS (*to PHERES*)

Speak on! I shall refute you. If the truth wounds you when you hear it you should not have wronged me.

## PHERIS

I should have wronged you far more if I had died for you.

## ADMETUS

It is the same then to die an old man and in the flower of life?

## PHERES

We should live one life, not two.

## ADMETUS

May you live longer than God!

## PHERIS

Do you curse your parents when they have done you no wrong?

## ADMETUS

I see you are in love with long life.

## PHERES

But you are not carrying her dead body in place of your own?

## ADMETUS

It is the proof of your cowardice, O worst of men.

## PHERES

You cannot say she died for me!

## ADMETUS

Alas! May you one day need my help.

PHFRES

Woo many women, so that more may die for you.

ADMETUS

To your shame be it—you who dared not die

PHERES

Sweet is the daylight of the Gods, very sweet

ADMETUS

Your spirit is mean, not a man's

PHERES

Would you laugh to carry an old man's body to the grave?

ADMETUS

You will die infamous, whenever you die

PHERES

It will matter little enough to me to hear ill of myself when I am dead!

ADMETUS

Alas! Alas! How full of impudence is old age!

PHERES

She was not impudent, but foolish

ADMETUS

Go! Leave me to bury her body

PHFRES (*turning away*)

I go You, her murderer, will bury her—but soon you must render an account to her relatives Acastus is not a man if he fails to avenge his sister's blood on you!

(PHERES goes out by the way he entered, followed by his attendants)

ADMETUS gazes angrily after him )

ADMETUS

Go with a curse, you, and she who dwells with you! Grow old, as you ought, childless though you have a child You shall never return to this house And if I could renounce your hearth as my father's by heralds, I would do it But we—since this sorrow must be endured—let us go, and set her body on the funeral pyre

(The Procession moves slowly along the stage, and is joined by the

CHORUS As they pass, the LEADER salutes the body of ALCESTIS )

LEADER (*chanting*)

Alas! Alas! You who suffer for your courage, O noblest and best of women, hail! May Hermes of the Dead, may Hades, greet you kindly If there are rewards for the dead, may you share them as you sit by the bride of the Lord of the Dead!

(*The Procession has filed out A servant in mourning hurries out from the guests' quarters*)

## SERVANT

Many guests from every land, I know, have come to the Palace of Admetus, and I have set food before them, but never one worse than this guest have I welcomed to the hearth

First, though he saw our Lord was in mourning, he entered, and dared to pass through the gates Then, knowing our misfortune, he did not soberly accept what was offered him, but if anything was not served to him he ordered us to bring it In both hands he took a cup of ivy-wood, and drank the unmixed wine of the dark grape-mother, until he was encompassed and heated with the flame of wine He crowned his head with myrtle sprays, howling discordant songs There was he caring nothing for Admetus's misery, and we servants weeping for our Queen, and yet we hid our tear-laden eyes from the guest, for so Admetus had commanded

And now in the Palace I must entertain this stranger, some villainous thief and brigand, while she, the Queen I mourn, has gone from the house unfollowed, unsaluted, she who was as a mother to me and all us servants, for she sheltered us from a myriad troubles by softening her husband's wrath

Am I not right, then, to hate this stranger, who came to us in the midst of sorrow?

(*HERACLES comes from the Palace He is drunkenly merry, with a myrtle wreath on his head, and a large cup and wine-skin in his hands He staggers a little*)

## HERACLES

Hey, you! Why so solemn and anxious? A servant should not be sullen with guests, but greet them with a cheerful heart

You see before you a man who is your lord's friend, and you greet him with a gloomy, frowning face, because of your zeal about a strange woman's death Come here, and let me make you a little wiser!

(*With drunken gravity*) Know the nature of human life? Don't think you do You couldn't Listen to me All mortals must die Isn't one who knows if he'll be alive to-morrow morning Who knows where Fortune will lead? Nobody can teach it Nobody learn it by rules So, rejoice in



what you hear, and learn from me! Drink! Count each day as it comes as Life—and leave the rest to Fortune Above all, honour the Love Goddess, sweetest of all the Gods to mortal men, a kindly goddess! Put all the rest aside Trust in what I say, if you think I speak truth—as I believe Get rid of this gloom, rise superior to Fortune Crown yourself with flowers and drink with me, won't you? I know the regular clink of the wine-cup will row you from darkness and gloom to another haven Mortals should think mortal thoughts To all solemn and frowning men, life I say is not life, but a disaster

## SERVANT

We know all that, but what we endure here to-day is far indeed from gladness and laughter

## HERACLES

But the dead woman was a stranger Lament not overmuch, then, for the Lords of this Palace are still alive

## SERVANT

How, alive? Do you not know the misery of this house?

## HERACLES

Your lord did not lie to me?

## SERVANT

He goes too far in hospitality!

## HERACLES

But why should I suffer for a stranger's death?

## SERVANT

It touches this house only too nearly

## HERACLES

Did he hide some misfortune from me?

## SERVANT

Go in peace! The miseries of our lords concern us

## HERACLES

That speech does not imply mourning for a stranger!

## SERVANT

No, or I should not have been disgusted to see you drinking

## HERACLES

Have I then been basely treated by my host?

## SERVANT

You did not come to this house at a welcome hour We are in mourning You see my head is shaved and the black garments I wear

## HERACLES

But who, then, is dead? One of the children? The old father?

## SERVANT

O stranger, Admetus no longer has a wife

## HERACLES

What! And yet I was received in this way?

## SERVANT

He was ashamed to send you away from his house

## HERACLES

O hapless one! What a wife you have lost!

## SERVANT

Not she alone, but all of us are lost

HERACLES (*now completely sobered*)

I felt there was something when I saw his tear-wet eyes, his shaven head, his distracted look But he persuaded me he was taking the body of a stranger to the grave Against my will I entered these gates, and drank in the home of this generous man—and he in such grief! And shall I drink at such a time with garlands of flowers on my head? You, why did you not tell me that such misery had come upon this house? Where is he burying her? Where shall I find him?

## SERVANT

Beside the straight road which leads to Larissa you will see a tomb of polished stone outside the walls

(*Returns to the servants' quarters*)

## HERACLES

O heart of me, much-enduring heart, O right arm, now indeed must you show what son was born to Zeus by Alcmena, the Tirynthian, daughter of Electryon! For I must save this dead woman, and bring back Alcestis to this house as a grace to Admetus

I shall watch for Death, the black-robed Lord of the Dead, and I know I shall find him near the tomb, drinking the blood of the sacrifices If I can leap upon him from an ambush, seize him, grasp him in my arms, no power in the world shall tear his bruised sides from me until he has yielded up this woman If I miss my prey, if he does not come near the

bleeding sacrifice, I will go down to Kore and her lord in their sunless dwelling, and I will make my entreaty to them, and I know they will give me Alcestis to bring back to the hands of the host who welcomed me, who did not repulse me from his house, though he was smitten with a heavy woe which most nobly he hid from me! Where would be a warmer welcome in Thessaly or in all the dwellings of Hellas?

He shall not say he was generous to an ingrate!

(HERACLES goes out *Presently* ADMETUS and his attendants, followed by the CHORUS, return from the burial of ALCESTIS)

ADMETUS (*chanting*)

Alas!

Hateful approach, hateful sight of my widowed house! Oh me! Oh me! Alas! Whither shall I go? Where rest? What can I say? What refrain from saying? Why can I not die? Indeed my mother bore me for a hapless fate I envy the dead, I long to be with them, theirs are the dwellings where I would be Without pleasure I look upon the light of day and set my feet upon the earth—so precious a hostage has Death taken from me to deliver unto Hades!

CHORUS

(*chanting responsively with ADMETUS*)

Go forward,  
Enter your house

ADMETUS

Alas!

CHORUS

Your grief deserves our tears

ADMETUS

O Gods!

CHORUS

I know you have entered into sorrow

ADMETUS

Woe! Woe!

CHORUS

Yet you bring no aid to the dead

ADMETUS

Oh me! Oh me!

## CHORUS

Heavy shall it be for you  
Never to look again  
On the face of the woman you love

## ADMETUS

You bring to my mind the grief that breaks my heart What sorrow is worse for a man than the loss of such a woman? I would I had never married, never shared my house with her I envy the wifeless and the childless They live but one life—what is suffering to them? But the sickness of children, bridal-beds ravished by Death—dreadful! when we might be wifeless and childless to the end

## CHORUS

Chance, dreadful Chance, has stricken you

## ADMETUS

Alas!

## CHORUS

But you set no limit to your grief

## ADMETUS

Ah! Gods!

## CHORUS

A heavy burden to bear and yet

## ADMETUS

Woe! Woe!

## CHORUS

Courage! You are not the first to lose

## ADMETUS

Oh me! Oh me!

## CHORUS

A wife  
Different men  
Fate crushes with different blows

## ADMETUS

O long grief and mourning for those beloved under the earth!  
Why did you stay me from casting myself into the hollow grave to lie down for ever in death by the best of women? Two lives, not one, had then been seized by Hades, most faithful one to the other, and together we should have crossed the lake of the Underworld

## CHORUS

A son most worthy of tears  
Was lost to one of my house,  
Yet, childless, he suffered with courage,  
Though the white was thick in his hair  
And his days were far-spent!

## ADMETUS

O visage of my house! How shall I enter you? How shall I dwell in you, now that Fate has turned its face from me? How great is the change! Once, of old, I entered my house with marriage-songs and the torches of Pelion, holding a loved woman by the hand, followed by a merry crowd shouting good wishes to her who is dead and to me, because we had joined our lives, being both noble and born of noble lines To-day, in place of marriage-songs are lamentations, instead of white garments I am clad in mourning, to return to my house and a solitary bed

## CHORUS

Grief has fallen upon you  
In the midst of a happy life  
Untouched by misfortune  
But your life and your spirit are safe  
She is dead,  
She has left your love  
Is this so new?  
Ere now many men  
Death has severed from wives

ADMETUS (*speaking*)

O friends, whatsoever may be thought by others, to me it seems that my wife's fate is happier than mine Now, no pain ever shall touch her again, she has reached the noble end of all her sufferings But I, I who should have died, I have escaped my fate, only to drag out a wretched life Only now do I perceive it<sup>2</sup>

How shall I summon strength to enter this house? Whom shall I greet? Who will greet me in joy at my coming? Whither shall I turn my steps? I shall be driven forth by solitude when I see my bed widowed of my wife, empty the chairs on which she sat, a dusty floor beneath my roof, my children falling at my knees and calling for their mother, and the servants lamenting for the noble lady lost from the house!

Such will be my life within the house Without, I shall be driven from marriage-feasts and gatherings of the women of Thessaly I shall not endure to look upon my wife's friends Those who hate me will say. 'See

how he lives in shame, the man who dared not die, the coward who gave his wife to Hades in his stead! Is that a man? He hates his parents, yet he himself refused to die!

This evil fame I have added to my other sorrows O my friends, what then avails it that I live, if I must live in misery and shame?

*(He covers his head with his robe, and crouches in abject misery on the steps of his Palace)*

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe 1*

I have lived with the Muses  
And on lofty heights  
Many doctrines have I learned,  
But Fate is above us all  
Nothing avails against Fate—  
Neither the Thracian tablets  
Marked with Orphic symbols,  
Nor the herbs given by Phoebus  
To the children of Asclepius  
To heal men of their sickness

*antistrophe 1*

None can come near to her altars,  
None worship her statues,  
She regards not our sacrifice  
O sacred goddess,  
Bear no more hardly upon me  
Than in days overpast!  
With a gesture Zeus judges,  
But the sentence is yours  
Hard iron yields to your strength,  
Your fierce will knows not gentleness

*strophe 2*

And the Goddess has bound you  
Ineluctably in the gyves of her hands  
Yield  
Can your tears give life to the dead?  
For the sons of the Gods  
Swoon in the shadow of Death  
Dear was she in our midst,  
Dear still among the dead,  
For the noblest of women was she  
Who lay in your bed

*antistrophe 2*

Ah!

Let the grave of your spouse  
Be no more counted as a tomb,  
But revered as the Gods,  
And greeted by all who pass by!  
The wanderer shall turn from his path,  
Saying 'She died for her lord,  
A blessed spirit she is now  
Hail, O sacred lady, be our friend!'  
Thus shall men speak of her

(*ADMETUS is still crouched on the Palace steps, when  
HERACLES enters from the side, leading a veiled  
woman*)

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

But see! The son of Alcmena, as I think, comes to your house

(*ADMETUS uncovers his head, and faces the new-comer*)

## HERACLES

Admetus, a man should speak freely to his friends, and not keep reproaches silent in his heart. Since I was near you in your misfortune, I should have wished to show myself your friend. But you did not tell me the dead body was your wife's, and you took me into your house as if you were in mourning only for a stranger. And I put a garland of flowers upon my head, and poured wine-offerings to the Gods, when your house was filled with lamentation. I blame you, yes, I blame you for this—but I will not upbraid you in your misfortune.

Why I turned back and am here, I shall tell you. Take and keep this woman for me until I have slain the King of the Bistones and return here with the horses of Thrace. If ill happens to me—may I return safely!—I give her to you to serve in your house.

With much striving I won her to my hands. On my way I found public games, worthy of athletes, and I have brought back this woman whom I won as the prize of victory. The winners of the easy tests had horses, heads of cattle were given to those who won in boxing and wrestling. Then came a woman as a prize. Since I was present, it would have been shameful for me to miss this glorious gain. Therefore, as I said, you must take care of this woman, whom I bring to you, not as one stolen but as the prize of my efforts. Perhaps in time you will approve of what I do.

## ADMETUS

Not from disdain, nor to treat you as a foe, did I conceal my wife's fate from you. But if you had turned aside to another man's hearth, one

more grief had been added to my sorrow It was enough that I should weep my woe

This woman—O King, I beg it may be thus—enjoin some other Thes-salian, one who is not in sorrow, to guard her In Pherae there are many to welcome you Do not remind me of my grief Seeing her in my house, I could not restrain my tears Add not a further anguish to my pain, for what I suffer is too great And then—where could I harbour a young woman in my house? For she is young—I see by her clothes and jewels Could she live with the men under my roof? How, then, could she remain chaste, if she moved to and fro among the young men? Heracles, it is not easy to restrain the young I am thinking of your interests

Must I take her to my dead wife's room? How could I endure her to enter that bed? I fear a double reproach—from my people, who would accuse me of betraying my saviour to slip into another woman's bed, and from my dead wife, who deserves my respect, for which I must take care

O woman, whosoever you may be, you have the form of Alcestis, and your body is like hers

Ah! By all the Gods, take her from my sight! Do not insult a broken man When I look upon her—she seems my wife—my heart is torn asunder—tears flow from my eyes Miserable creature that I am, now I taste the bitterness of my sorrow

LEADER

I do not praise this meeting, but, whatever happens, we must accept the gifts of the Gods

HERACLES

Oh, that I might bring your wife back into the light of day from the dwelling of the Under-Gods, as a gift of grace to you!

ADMETUS

I know you would wish this—but to what end? The dead cannot return to the light of day

HERACLES

Do not exaggerate, but bear this with decorum

ADMETUS

Easier to advise than bear the test

HERACLES

How will it aid you to lament for ever?



ADMETUS

I know—but my love whirls me away

HERACLES

Love for the dead leads us to tears

ADMETUS

I am overwhelmed beyond words

HERACLES

You have lost a good wife—who denies it?

ADMETUS

So that for me there is no more pleasure in life

HERACLES

Time will heal this open wound

ADMETUS

You might say Time, if Time were death!

HERACLES

Another woman, a new marriage, shall console you

ADMETUS

Oh, hush! What have said? A thing unbelievable!

HERACLES

What! You will not marry? Your bed will remain widowed?

ADMETUS

No other woman shall ever lie at my side

HERACLES

Do you think that avails the dead?

ADMETUS

Wherever she may be, I must do her honour

HERACLES

I praise you—but men will call you mad

ADMETUS

Yet never more shall I be called a bridegroom

HERACLES

I praise your faithful love to your wife

ADMETUS

May I die if I betray her even when dead!

HERACLES (*offering him the veiled woman's hand*)  
Receive her then into your noble house

ADMETUS

No, by Zeus who begot you, no!

HERACLES

Yet you will do wrong if you do not take her

ADMETUS

If I do it, remorse will tear my heart

HERACLES

Yield—perhaps it will be a good thing for you

ADMETUS

Ah! If only you had not won her in the contest!

HERACLES

But I conquered—and you conquered with me

ADMETUS

It is true—but let the woman go hence

HERACLES

She shall go, if she must But first—ought she to go?

ADMETUS

She must—unless it would anger you

HERACLES

There is good reason for my zeal

ADMETUS

You have conquered then—but not for my pleasure

HERACLES

One day you will praise me for it—be persuaded

ADMETUS (*to his attendants*)  
Lead her in, since she must be received in this house

HERACLES

No, I cannot leave such a woman to servants

ADMETUS

Then lead her in yourself, if you wish

HERACLES

I must leave her in your hands

ADMETUS

I must not touch her—let her go into the house

HERACLES

I trust only in your right hand

ADMETUS

O King, you force me to this against my will

HERACLES

Put forth your hand and take this woman

ADMETUS (*turning aside his head*)

It is held out

HERACLES

As if you were cutting off a Gorgon's head! Do you hold her?

ADMETUS

Yes

HERACLES

Then keep her You shall not deny that the son of Zeus is a grateful guest (*Takes off the veil and shows ALCESTIS*) Look at her, and see if she is not like your wife And may joy put an end to all your sorrow!

ADMETUS (*drops her hand and starts back*)

O Gods! What am I to say? Unhoped-for wonder! Do I really look upon my wife? Or I am snared in the mockery of a God?

HERACLES

No, you look upon your wife indeed

ADMETUS

Beware! May it not be some phantom from the Underworld?

HERACLES

Do not think your guest a sorcerer

ADMETUS

But do I indeed look upon the wife I buried?

HERACLES

Yes—but I do not wonder at your mistrust

ADMETUS

Can I touch, speak to her, as my living wife?

HERACLES

Speak to her—you have all you desired

ADMETUS (*taking ALCESTIS in his arms*)

O face and body of the dearest of women! I have you once more, when I thought I should never see you again!

HERACLES

You have her—may the envy of the Gods be averted from you!

ADMETUS

O noble son of greatest Zeus, fortune be yours, and may your Father guard you! But how did you bring her back from the Underworld to the light of day?

HERACLES

By fighting with the spirit who was her master

ADMETUS

Then did you contend with Death?

HERACLES

I hid by the tomb and leaped upon him

ADMETUS

But why is she speechless?

HERACLES

You may not hear her voice until she is purified from her consecration to the Lower Gods, and until the third dawn has risen. Lead her in. And you, Admetus, show as ever a good man's welcome to your guests. Farewell! I go to fulfil the task set me by the King, the son of Sthenelus.

ADMETUS

Stay with us, and share our hearth

HERACLES

That may be hereafter, but now I must be gone in haste

(HERACLES *departs* )

ADMETUS (*gazing after him*)

Good fortune to you, and come back here! (*To the CHORUS*) In all the city and in the four quarters of Thessaly let there be choruses to rejoice at this good fortune, and let the altars smoke with the flesh of oxen in sacrifice! To-day we have changed the past for a better life I am happy  
(*He leads ALCESTIS into the Palace*)

CHORUS (*singing*)

Spirits have many shapes,<sup>3</sup>  
Many strange things are performed by the Gods  
The expected does not always happen,  
And God makes a way for the unexpected  
So ends this action

## NOTES FOR ALCESTIS

THE translation of Richard Aldington, which appeared in 1930, is noteworthy particularly because of its rendering of the choral passages. In general his scheme of translation is that followed by P. E. More in his version of *Prometheus Bound*. The dialogue portions are done in prose, while the lyric sections are marked by verse of effective simplicity and restraint. Some portions of Aldington's stage directions have been deleted, since they contain information which appears elsewhere in this book. Unfortunately Aldington has omitted the following lines of the original: 231-232, 505-506, 699-701, and 1138.

1 This is the Spartan name for the month which corresponds to parts of August and September.

2 At this point Admetus becomes aware of the full implications of the situation.

3 These lines are found likewise at the conclusion of the *Helen*, the *Bacchae*, *Andromache*, and, with a slight addition, the *Medea*.



II  
MEDEA



## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

NURSE OF MEDEA

ATTENDANT ON HER CHILDREN

MEDEA

CHORUS OF CORINTHIAN WOMEN

CREON, *King of Corinth*

JASON

AEGEUS, *King of Athens*

MESSENGER

THE TWO SONS OF JASON AND MEDEA

## INTRODUCTION

IN THE *Medea*, produced in 431 B C, seven years after the *Alcestis*, Euripides has turned to the familiar and romantic myth of the Argonauts. Jason has been ordered by his wicked uncle, Pelias, to procure the golden fleece owned and jealously guarded by Aeetes, king of far-off Colchis. He therefore gathered a band of Greek heroes and demi-gods, built the *Argo*, the first ship of Greece, and sailed on the expedition which was intended to prove fatal to its commander. Jason gained possession of the fleece, but only through the assistance of the Colchian princess, Medea, who had fallen deeply in love with him. She was endowed with the supernatural powers of a sorceress, which she did not scruple to use on Jason's behalf, and she left her native land with Jason, after having deceived her father and slain her brother that Jason might succeed in his quest. Back in the court of Pelias, the usurping king of Iolcos, where Jason held the rightful claim to the throne, Medea acted again to abet her lord. On this occasion, she contrived the death of Pelias, but Jason was unable to place himself in power. The ill-starred pair, with the two sons who had been born to them, fled in exile to Corinth. It is here that the action of our play commences, and the situation at the very opening foreshadows in intensity the remainder of the play, for Jason has deserted Medea, and has wedded the daughter of Creon, the king of Corinth.

Euripides in the course of the tragedy submits his two leading characters to a penetrating psychological analysis. Jason is portrayed as a supreme egotist, who resents being under such great obligation as he is to Medea, yet who has not been unwilling to accept the benefits which have accrued to him through Medea's crimes. There may be a certain slight degree of genuineness in his defence, that he is marrying the Corinthian princess in order to consolidate not only his own position in their new home, but also that of Medea and their children. In contrast, Medea has but a single guiding passion, and that is her love for Jason. She committed every crime for Jason, because she loved him and desired to bind him closer to herself. And now that he has abandoned her, all the intensity of her love has changed violently into an intensity of hate and a desire for revenge. The means she employs are horrifying. By killing Creon

and his daughter, through her gifts of the poisoned robe and chaplet (the device which also appears in *The Trachiniae* of Sophocles), and by slaying her own children, Medea renders Jason abjectly desolate. The depth of her passion for vengeance is intensified when pathetically overwhelmed by love for her children she momentarily weakens in her resolve to kill them. Her final act therefore is presented with redoubled force.

Critics have been troubled by the dramatic function of the scene in which Aegeus appears and offers an ultimate refuge for Medea. The scene may be more integral to the play than these critics have suspected because in it the childlessness of Aegeus seems to suggest to Medea that her revenge take the form of killing her children, in order that Jason may suffer in like fashion. The playwright has also been censured because he permits Medea to escape in the dragon-chariot at the end. Perhaps an answer may lie in the fact that, horrible though Medea's acts are, still she commands a modicum of sympathy, for Jason's injustice to her has driven her to these extremes, and by allowing her to escape the poet partially justifies her deeds. Furthermore, Euripides may have been influenced by the existence of a cult of Medea's children at Corinth, and may have resolved his play so that it would accord with the traditions of the cult. Whatever may be the explanation of these supposed flaws, the play itself does display almost unrivalled psychological and emotional power. Ultimately, the abortive alliance between Jason and Medea has destroyed them both.

## MEDEA

(SCENE — *Before MEDEA's house in Corinth, near the palace of CREON*  
*The NURSE enters from the house*)

### NURSE

AH! WOULD to Heaven the good ship Argo ne'er had sped its course to the Colchian land through the misty blue Symplegades, nor ever in the glens of Pelion the pine been felled to furnish with oars the chieftain's hands, who went to fetch the golden fleece for Pelias, for then would my own mistress Medea never have sailed to the turrets of Iolcos, her soul with love for Jason smitten, nor would she have beguiled the daughters of Pelias to slay their father and come to live here in the land of Corinth with her husband and children, where her exile found favour with the citizens to whose land she had come, and in all things of her own accord was she at one with Jason, the greatest safeguard this when wife and husband do agree, but now their love is all turned to hate, and tenderest ties are weak. For Jason hath betrayed his own children and my mistress dear for the love of a royal bride, for he hath wedded the daughter of Creon, lord of this land. While Medea, his hapless wife, thus scorned, appeals to the oaths he swore, recalls the strong pledge his right hand gave, and bids heaven be witness what requital she is finding from Jason. And here she lies fasting, yielding her body to her grief, wasting away in tears ever since she learnt that she was wronged by her husband, never lifting her eye nor raising her face from off the ground, and she lends as deaf an ear to her friend's warning as if she were a rock or ocean billow, save when she turns her snow-white neck aside and softly to herself bemoans her father dear, her country and her home, which she gave up to come hither with the man who now holds her in dishonour. She, poor lady, hath by sad experience learnt how good a thing it is never to quit one's native land. And she hates her children now and feels no joy at seeing them, I fear she may contrive some untoward scheme, for her mood is dangerous nor will she brook her cruel treatment, full well I know her, and I much do dread that she will plunge the keen sword through their hearts, stealing without a word into the chamber where their marriage couch is spread, or

else that she will slay the prince and bridegroom too, and so find some calamity still more grievous than the present, for dreadful is her wrath, verily the man that doth incur her hate will have no easy task to raise o'er her a song of triumph Lo! where her sons come hither from their childish sports, little they reckon of their mother's woes, for the soul of the young is no friend to sorrow

*(The ATTENDANT leads in MEDEA's children )*

ATTENDANT

Why dost thou, so long my lady's own handmaid, stand here at the gate alone, loudly lamenting to thyself the piteous tale? how comes it that Medea will have thee leave her to herself?

NURSE

Old man, attendant on the sons of Jason, our masters' fortunes when they go awry make good slaves grieve and touch their hearts Oh! I have come to such a pitch of grief that there stole a yearning wish upon me to come forth hither and proclaim to heaven and earth my mistress's hard fate

ATTENDANT

What! has not the poor lady ceased yet from her lamentation?

NURSE

Would I were as thou art! the mischief is but now beginning, it has not reached its climax yet

ATTENDANT

O foolish one, if I may call my mistress such a name, how little she reckons of evils yet more recent!

NURSE

What mean'st, old man? grudge not to tell me

ATTENDANT

'Tis naught, I do repent me even of the words I have spoken

NURSE

Nay, by thy beard I conjure thee, hide it not from thy fellow-slave, I will be silent, if need be, on that text

ATTENDANT

I heard one say, pretending not to listen as I approached the place where our greybeards sit playing draughts near Pirene's sacred spring, that Creon, the ruler of this land, is bent on driving these children and their mother from the boundaries of Corinth, but I know not whether the news is to be relied upon, and would fain it were not

## NURSE

What! will Jason brook such treatment of his sons, even though he be at variance with their mother?

## ATTENDANT

Old ties give way to new, he bears no longer any love to this family

## NURSE

Undone, it seems, are we, if to old woes fresh ones we add, ere we have drained the former to the dregs

## ATTENDANT

Hold thou thy peace, say not a word of this, 'tis no time for our mis-  
press to learn hereof

## NURSE

O children, do ye hear how your father feels towards you? Perdition catch him, but no! he is my master still, yet is he proved a very traitor to his nearest and dearest

## ATTENDANT

And who 'mongst men is not? Art learning only now, that every single man cares for himself more than for his neighbour, some from honest motives, others for mere gain's sake? seeing that to indulge his passion their father has ceased to love these children

## NURSE

Go, children, within the house, all will be well Do thou keep them as far away as may be, and bring them not near their mother in her evil hour For ere this have I seen her eyeing them savagely, as though she were minded to do them some hurt, and well I know she will not cease from her fury till she have pounced on some victim At least may she turn her hand against her foes, and not against her friends

MEDEA (*chanting within*)

Ah, me! a wretched suffering woman I! O would that I could die!

NURSE (*chanting*)

'Tis as I said, my dear children, wild fancies stir your mother's heart, wild fury goads her on Into the house without delay, come not near her eye, approach her not, beware her savage mood, the fell tempest of her reckless heart In, in with what speed ye may For 'tis plain she will soon redouble her fury, that cry is but the herald of the gathering storm-cloud whose lightning soon will flash, what will her proud restless soul, in the anguish of despair, be guilty of?

(*The ATTENDANT takes the children into the house*)

MEDEA (*chanting within*)

Ah, me! the agony I have suffered, deep enough to call for these laments! Curse you and your father too, ye children damned, sons of a doomed mother! Ruin seize the whole family!

NURSE (*chanting*)

Ah me! ah me! the pity of it! Why, pray, do thy children share their father's crime? Why hatest thou them? Woe is you, poor children, how do I grieve for you lest ye suffer some outrage! Strange are the tempers of princes, and maybe because they seldom have to obey, and mostly lord it over others, change they their moods with difficulty 'Tis better then to have been trained to live on equal terms Be it mine to reach old age, not in proud pomp, but in security! Moderation wins the day first as a better word for men to use, and likewise it is far the best course for them to pursue, but greatness that doth o'erreach itself, brings no blessing to mortal men, but pays a penalty of greater ruin whenever fortune is wroth with a family

(*The CHORUS enters The following lines between the NURSE, CHORUS, and MEDEA are sung*)

CHORUS

I heard the voice, uplifted loud, of our poor Colchian lady, nor yet is she quiet, speak, aged dame, for as I stood by the house with double gates I heard a voice of weeping from within, and I do grieve, lady, for the sorrows of this house, for it hath won my love

NURSE

'Tis a house no more, all that is passed away long since, a royal bride keeps Jason at her side, while our mistress pines away in her bower, finding no comfort for her soul in aught her friends can say

MEDEA (*within*)

Oh, oh! Would that Heaven's levin bolt would cleave this head in twain! What gain is life to me? Woe, woe is me! O, to die and win release, quitting this loathed existence!

CHORUS

Didst hear, O Zeus, thou earth, and thou, O light, the piteous note of woe the hapless wife is uttering? How shall a yearning for that insatiate resting-place ever hasten for thee, poor reckless one, the end that death alone can bring? Never pray for that And if thy lord prefers a fresh love, be not angered with him for that, Zeus will judge 'twixt thee and him herein Then mourn not for thy husband's loss too much, nor waste thyself away

MEDEA (*within*)

Great Themis, and husband of Themis, behold what I am suffering now, though I did bind that accursed one, my husband, by strong oaths to me! O, to see him and his bride some day brought to utter destruction, they and their house with them, for that they presume to wrong me thus unprovoked O my father, my country, that I have left to my shame, after slaying my own brother

## NURSE

Do ye hear her words, how loudly she adjures Themis, oft invoked, and Zeus, whom men regard as keeper of their oaths? On no mere trifle surely will our mistress spend her rage

## CHORUS

Would that she would come forth for us to see, and listen to the words of counsel we might give, if haply she might lay aside the fierce fury of her wrath, and her temper stern Never be my zeal at any rate denied my friends! But go thou and bring her hither outside the house, and tell her this our friendly thought, haste thee ere she do some mischief to those inside the house, for this sorrow of hers is mounting high

## NURSE

This will I do, but I doubt whether I shall persuade my mistress, still willingly will I undertake this trouble for you, albeit, she glares upon her servants with the look of a lioness with cubs, whenso anyone draws nigh to speak to her Wert thou to call the men of old time rude uncultured boors thou wouldst not err, seeing that they devised their hymns for festive occasions, for banquets, and to grace the board, a pleasure to catch the ear, shed o'er our life, but no man hath found a way to allay hated grief by music and the minstrel's varied strain, whence arise slaughters and fell strokes of fate to o'erthrow the homes of men And yet this were surely a gain, to heal men's wounds by music's spell, but why tune they their idle song where rich banquets are spread? For of itself doth the rich banquet, set before them, afford to men delight

## CHORUS

I heard a bitter cry of lamentation! loudly, bitterly she calls on the traitor of her marriage bed, her perfidious spouse, by grievous wrongs oppressed she invokes Themis, bride of Zeus, witness of oaths, who brought her unto Hellas, the land that fronts the strand of Asia, o'er the sea by night through ocean's boundless gate

(*As the CHORUS finishes its song, MEDEA enters from the house*)



## MEDRA

From the house I have come forth, Corinthian ladies, for fear lest you be blaming me, for well I know that amongst men many by showing pride have gotten them an ill name and a reputation for indifference, both those who shun men's gaze and those who move amid the stranger crowd, and likewise they who choose a quiet walk in life. For there is no just discernment in the eyes of men, for they, or ever they have surely learnt their neighbour's heart, loathe him at first sight, though never wronged by him, and so a stranger most of all should adopt a city's views, nor do I commend that citizen, who, in the stubbornness of his heart, from churlishness resents the city's will.

But on me hath fallen this unforeseen disaster, and sapped my life, ruined I am, and long to resign the boon of existence, kind friends, and die. For he who was all the world to me, as well thou knowest, hath turned out the worst of men, my own husband. Of all things that have life and sense we women are the most hapless creatures, first must we buy a husband at a great price, and o'er ourselves a tyrant set which is an evil worse than the first, and herein lies the most important issue, whether our choice be good or bad. For divorce is not honourable to women, nor can we disown our lords. Next must the wife, coming as she does to ways and customs new, since she hath not learnt the lesson in her home, have a diviner's eye to see how best to treat the partner of her life. If haply we perform these tasks with thoroughness and tact, and the husband live with us, without resenting the yoke, our life is a happy one, if not, 'twere best to die. But when a man is vexed with what he finds indoors, he goeth forth and rids his soul of its disgust, betaking him to some friend or comrade of like age, whilst we must needs regard his single self.

And yet they say we live secure at home, while they are at the wars, with their sorry reasoning, for I would gladly take my stand in battle array three times o'er, than once give birth. But enough! this language suits not thee as it does me, thou hast a city here, a father's house, some joy in life, and friends to share thy thoughts, but I am destitute, without a city, and therefore scorned by my husband, a captive I from a foreign shore, with no mother, brother, or kinsman in whom to find a new haven of refuge from this calamity. Wherefore this one boon and only this I wish to win from thee,—thy silence, if haply I can some way or means devise to avenge me on my husband for this cruel treatment, and on the man who gave to him his daughter, and on her who is his wife. For though a woman be timorous enough in all else, and as regards courage, a coward at the mere sight of steel, yet in the moment she finds her honour wronged, no heart is filled with deadlier thoughts than hers.

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

This will I do, for thou wilt be taking a just vengeance on thy husband, Medea. That thou shouldst mourn thy lot surprises me not But lo! I see Creon, king of this land coming hither, to announce some new resolve

(CREON enters, with his retinue)

## CREON

Hark thee, Medea, I bid thee take those sullen looks and angry thoughts against thy husband forth from this land in exile, and with thee take both thy children and that without delay, for I am judge in this sentence, and I will not return unto my house till I banish thee beyond the borders of the land

## MEDEA

Ab, me! now is utter destruction come upon me, unhappy that I am! For my enemies are bearing down on me full sail, nor have I any landing-place to come at in my trouble Yet for all my wretched plight I will ask thee, Creon, wherefore dost thou drive me from the land?

## CREON

I fear thee,—no longer need I veil my dread 'neath words,—lest thou devise against my child some cureless ill Many things contribute to this fear of mine, thou art a witch by nature, expert in countless sorceries, and thou art chafing for the loss of thy husband's affection I hear, too, so they tell me, that thou dost threaten the father of the bride, her husband, and herself with some mischief, wherefore I will take precautions ere our troubles come For 'tis better for me to incur thy hatred now, lady, than to soften my heart and bitterly repent it hereafter

## MEDEA

Alas! this is not now the first time, but oft before, O Creon, hath my reputation injured me and caused sore mischief Wherefore whoso is wise in his generation ought never to have his children taught to be too clever, for besides the reputation they get for idleness, they purchase bitter odium from the citizens For if thou shouldst import new learning amongst dullards, thou wilt be thought a useless trifler, void of knowledge, while if thy fame in the city o'ertops that of the pretenders to cunning knowledge, thou wilt win their dislike I too myself share in this ill-luck Some think me clever and hate me, others say I am too reserved, and some the very reverse, others find me hard to please and not so very clever after all Be that as it may, thou dost fear me lest I bring on thee something to mar thy harmony Fear me not, Creon, my position scarce is such that I should seek to quarrel with princes Why should I, for how hast thou injured me? Thou hast betrothed thy daughter where thy fancy prompted thee No, 'tis my husband I hate, though I doubt not thou hast acted

wisely herein And now I grudge not thy prosperity, betroth thy child, good luck to thee, but let me abide in this land, for though I have been wronged I will be still and yield to my superiors

CREON

Thy words are soft to hear, but much I dread lest thou art devising some mischief in thy heart, and less than ever do I trust thee now, for a cunning woman, and man likewise, is easier to guard against when quick-tempered than when taciturn Nay, begone at once! speak me no speeches, for this is decreed, nor hast thou any art whereby thou shalt abide amongst us, since thou hatest me

MEDEA

O, say not so! by thy knees and by thy daughter newly-wed, I do implore!

CREON

Thou wastest words, thou wilt never persuade me

MEDEA

What, wilt thou banish me, and to my prayers no pity yield?

CREON

I will, for I love not thee above my own family

MEDEA

O my country! what fond memories I have of thee in this hour!

CREON

Yea, for I myself love my city best of all things save my children

MEDEA

Ah me! ah me! to mortal man how dread a scourge is love!

CREON

That, I deem, is according to the turn our fortunes take

MEDEA

O Zeus! let not the author of these my troubles escape thee

CREON

Begone, thou silly woman, and free me from my toil

MEDEA

The toil is mine, no lack of it

CREON

Soon wilt thou be thrust out forcibly by the hand of servants

## MEDEA

Not that, not that, I do entreat thee, Creon!

## CREON

Thou wilt cause disturbance yet, it seems

## MEDEA

I will begone, I ask thee not this boon to grant

## CREON

Why then this violence? why dost thou not depart?

## MEDEA

Suffer me to abide this single day and devise some plan for the manner of my exile, and means of living for my children, since their father cares not to provide his babes therewith. Then pity them, thou too hast children of thine own, thou needs must have a kindly heart. For my own lot I care naught, though I an exile am, but for those babes I weep, that they should learn what sorrow means

## CREON

Mine is a nature anything but harsh, full oft by showing pity have I suffered shipwreck, and now albeit I clearly see my error, yet shalt thou gain this request, lady, but I do forewarn thee, if to-morrow's rising sun shall find thee and thy children within the borders of this land, thou diest, my word is spoken and it will not lie. So now, if abide thou must, stay this one day only, for in it thou canst not do any of the fearful deeds I dread.

(CREON and his retinue go out.)

CHORUS (*singing*)

Ah! poor lady, woe is thee! Alas, for thy sorrows! Whither wilt thou turn? What protection, what home or country to save thee from thy troubles wilt thou find? O Medea, in what a hopeless sea of misery heaven hath plunged thee!

## MEDEA

On all sides sorrow pens me in. Who shall gainsay this? But all is not yet lost! think not so. Still are there troubles in store for the new bride, and for her bridegroom no light toil. Dost think I would ever have fawned on yonder man, unless to gain some end or form some scheme? Nay, I would not so much as have spoken to him or touched him with my hand. But he has in folly so far stepped in that, though he might have checked my plot by banishing me from the land, he hath allowed me to abide this day, in which I will lay low in death three of my enemies—a father and his daughter and my husband too. Now, though I have many ways to compass their death, I am not sure, friends, which I am to try first. Shall I set

fire to the bridal mansion, or plunge the whetted sword through their hearts, softly *stealing into* the chamber where their couch is spread? One thing stands *in my way* If I am caught making my way into the chamber, intent on my design, I shall be put to death and cause my foes to mock 'Twere best to take the shortest way—the way we women are most skilled in—by poison to destroy them Well, suppose them dead, what city will receive me? What friendly host will give me a shelter in his land, a home secure, and save my soul alive? None So I will wait yet a little while in case some tower of defence rise up for me, then will I proceed to this bloody deed in crafty silence, but if some unexpected mischance drive me forth, I will with mine own hand seize the sword, e'en though I die for it, and slay them, and go forth on my bold path of daring By that dread queen whom I revere before all others and have chosen to share my task, by Hecate who dwells within my inmost chamber, not one of them shall wound my heart and rue it not Bitter and sad will I make their marriage for them, bitter shall be the wooing of it, bitter my exile from the land Up, then, Medea, spare not the secrets of thy art in plotting and devising, on to the danger Now comes a struggle needing courage Dost see what thou art suffering? 'Tis not for thee to be a laughing-stock to the race of Sisyphus by reason of this wedding of Jason, sprung, as thou art, from a noble sire, and of the Sun-god's race Thou hast cunning, and, more than this, we women, though by nature little apt for virtuous deeds, are most expert to fashion any mischief

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

Back to their source the holy rivers turn their tide Order and the universe are being reversed 'Tis men whose counsels are treacherous, whose oath by heaven is no longer sure Rumour shall bring a change o'er my life, bringing it into good repute Honour's dawn is breaking for woman's sex, no more shall the foul tongue of slander fix upon us

*antistrophe 1*

The songs of the poets of old shall cease to make our faithlessness their theme Phoebus, lord of minstrelsy, hath not implanted in our mind the gift of heavenly song, else had I sung an answering strain to the race of males, for time's long chapter affords many a theme on their sex as well as ours

*strophe 2*

With mind distraught *didst* thou thy father's house desert on thy voyage betwixt ocean's twin rocks, and on a foreign strand thou

dweldest, thy bed left husbandless, poor lady, and thou an exile from the land, dishonoured, persecuted.

*antistrophe 2*

Gone is the grace that oaths once had Through all the breadth of Hellas honour is found no more, to heaven hath it sped away For thee no father's house is open, woe is ~~thee~~! to be a haven from the troublous storm, while o'er thy home is set another queen, the bride that is preferred to thee

(*As the CHORUS finishes its song, JASON enters, alone MEDEA comes out of the house*)

JASON

It is not now I first remark, but oft ere this, how unruly a pest is a harsh temper For instance, thou, hadst thou but patiently endured the will of thy superiors, mightest have remained here in this land and house, but now for thy idle words wilt thou be banished Thy words are naught to me Cease not to call Jason basest of men, but for those words thou hast spoken against our rulers, count it all gain that exile is thy only punishment I ever tried to check the outbursts of the angry monarch, and would have had thee stay, but thou wouldst not forego thy silly rage, always reviling our rulers, and so thou wilt be banished Yet even after all this I weary not of my goodwill, but am come with thus much forethought, lady, that thou mayst not be destitute nor want for aught, when, with thy sons, thou art cast out Many an evil doth exile bring in its train with it, for even though thou hatest me, never will I harbour hard thoughts of thee

MEDEA

Thou craven villain (for that is the only name my tongue can find for thee, a foul reproach on thy unmanliness), comest thou to me, thou, most hated foe of gods, of me, and of all mankind? 'Tis no proof of courage or hardihood to confront thy friends after injuring them, but that worst of all human diseases—loss of shame Yet hast thou done well to come, for I shall ease my soul by reviling thee, and thou wilt be vexed at my recital I will begin at the very beginning I saved thy life, as every Hellene knows who sailed with thee aboard the good ship Argo, when thou wert sent to tame and yoke fire-breathing bulls, and to sow the deadly tilth Yea, and I slew the dragon which guarded the golden fleece, keeping sleepless watch o'er it with many a wreathed coil, and I raised for thee a beacon of deliverance Father and home of my free will I left and came with thee to Iolcos, 'neath Pelion's hills, for my love was stronger than my prudence Next I caused the death of Pelias by a doom most grievous, even by his

own children's hand, beguiling them of all their fear. All this have I done for thee, thou hast cast me over, taking to thyself another wife, and children have been born to us. Hadst thou been childless still, I could have pardoned thy desire for this new union. Gone is now the trust I put in oaths. I cannot even understand whether thou thinkest that the gods of old no longer rule, or that fresh decrees are now in vogue amongst mankind, for thy conscience must tell thee thou hast not kept faith with me. Ah! poor right hand, which thou didst often grasp. These knees thou didst embrace! All in vain, I suffered a traitor to touch me! How short of my hopes I am fallen! But come, I will deal with thee as though thou wert my friend. Yet what kindness can I expect from one so base as thee? But yet I will do it, for my questioning will show thee yet more base. Whither can I turn me now? to my father's house, to my own country, which I for thee deserted to come hither? to the hapless daughters of Pelias? A glad welcome, I trow, would they give me in their home, whose father's death I compassed! My case stands even thus. I am become the bitter foe to those of mine own home, and those whom I need ne'er have wronged. I have made mine enemies to pleasure thee. Wherefore to reward me for this thou hast made me doubly blest in the eyes of many a wife in Hellas, and in thee I own a peerless, trusty lord. O woe is me, if indeed I am to be cast forth an exile from the land, without one friend, one lone woman with her babes forlorn! Yea, a fine reproach to thee in thy bridal hour, that thy children and the wife who saved thy life are beggars and vagabonds! O Zeus! why hast thou granted unto man clear signs to know the sham in gold, while on man's brow no brand is stamped whereby to gauge the villain's heart?

#### LEADER OF THE CHORUS

There is a something terrible and past all cure, when quarrels arise 'twixt those who are near and dear

#### JASON

Needs must I now, it seems, turn orator, and, like a good helmsman on a ship with close-reefed sails, weather that wearisome tongue of thine. Now, I believe, since thou wilt exaggerate thy favours, that to Cypris alone of gods or men I owe the safety of my voyage. Thou hast a subtle wit enough, yet were it a hateful thing for me to say that the Love-god constrained thee by his resistless shaft to save my life. However, I will not reckon this too nicely, 'twas kindly done, however thou didst serve me. Yet for my safety hast thou received more than ever thou gavest, as I will show. First, thou dwellest in Hellas, instead of thy barbarian land, and hast learnt what justice means and how to live by law, not by the dictates of brute force, and all the Hellenes recognize thy cleverness, and thou hast gained a name, whereas, if thou hadst dwelt upon the confines

of the earth, no tongue had mentioned thee Give me no gold within my halls, nor skill to sing a fairer strain than ever Orpheus sang, unless there-with my fame be spread abroad! So much I say to thee about my own toils, for 'twas thou didst challenge me to this retort As for the taunts thou urgest against my marriage with the princess, I will prove to thee, first, that I am prudent herein, next chastened in my love, and last a powerful friend to thee and to thy sons, only hold thy peace Since I have here withdrawn from Iolcos with many a hopeless trouble at my back, what happier device could I, an exile, frame than marriage with the daughter of the king? 'Tis not because I loathe thee for my wife—the thought that rankles in thy heart, 'tis not because I am smitten with desire for a new bride, nor yet that I am eager to vie with others in begetting many children, for those we have are quite enough, and I do not complain Nay, 'tis that we—and this is most important—may dwell in comfort, instead of suffering want (for well I know that every whilom friend avoids the poor), and that I might rear my sons as doth befit my house, further, that I might be the father of brothers for the children thou hast borne, and raise these to the same high rank, uniting the family in one,—to my lasting bliss Thou, indeed, hast no need of more children, but me it profits to help my present family by that which is to be Have I miscarried here? Not even thou wouldest say so unless a rival's charms rankled in thy bosom No, but you women have such strange ideas, that you think all is well so long as your married life runs smooth, but if some mischance occur to ruffle your love, all that was good and lovely erst you reckon as your foes Yea, men should have begotten children from some other source, no female race existing, thus would no evil ever have fallen on mankind

## LEADER

This speech, O Jason, hast thou with specious art adorned; but yet I think I am in speaking I am indiscreet—that thou hast sinned in thy betrayal of thy wife

## MEDEA

No doubt I differ from the mass of men on many points, for, to my mind, whoso hath skill to fence with words in an unjust cause, incurs the heaviest penalty, for such an one, confident that he can cast a decent veil of words o'er his injustice, dares to practise it, and yet he is not so very clever after all So do not thou put forth thy specious pleas and clever words to me now, for one word of mine will lay thee low Hadst thou not had a villain's heart, thou shouldst have gained my consent, then made this match, instead of hiding it from those who loved thee.



JASON

Thou wouldest have sent me ready aid, no doubt, in this proposal, if I had told thee of my marriage, seeing that not even now canst thou restrain thy soul's hot fury

MEDEA

This was not what restrained thee, but thine eye was turned towards old age, and a foreign wife began to appear a shame to thee

JASON

Be well assured of this 'twas not for the woman's sake I wedded the king's daughter, my present wife, but, as I have already told thee, I wished to insure thy safety and to be the father of royal sons bound by blood to my own children—a bulwark to our house

MEDEA

May that prosperity, whose end is woe, ne'er be mine, nor such wealth as would ever sting my heart!

JASON

Change that prayer as I will teach thee, and thou wilt show more wisdom. Never let happiness appear in sorrow's guise, nor, when thy fortune smiles, pretend she frowns!

MEDEA

Mock on, thou hast a place of refuge, I am alone, an exile soon to be

JASON

Thy own free choice was this, blame no one else

MEDEA

What did I do? Marry, then betray thee?

JASON

Against the king thou didst invoke an impious curse

MEDEA

On thy house too maybe I bring the curse

JASON

Know this, I will no further dispute this point with thee. But, if thou wilt of my fortune somewhat take for the children or thyself to help thy exile, say on, for I am ready to grant it with ungrudging hand, yea and to send tokens to my friends elsewhere who shall treat thee well. If thou refuse this offer, thou wilt do a foolish deed, but if thou cease from anger the greater will be thy gain

## MEDEA

I will have naught to do with friends of thine, naught will I receive of thee, offer it not to me, a villain's gifts can bring no blessing

## JASON

At least I call the gods to witness, that I am ready in all things to serve thee and thy children, but thou dost scorn my favours and thrustest thy friends stubbornly away, wherefore thy lot will be more bitter still

## MEDEA

Away! By love for thy young bride entrapped, too long thou lingerest outside her chamber, go wed, for, if God will, thou shalt have such a marriage as thou wouldst fain refuse

(JASON goes out)

## CHORUS (singing)

## strophe 1

When in excess and past all limits Love doth come, he brings not glory or repute to man, but if the Cyprian queen in moderate might approach, no goddess is so full of charm as she. Never, O never, lady mine, discharge at me from thy golden bow a shaft invincible, in passion's venom dipped

## antistrophe 1

On me may chastity,<sup>1</sup> heaven's fairest gift, look with a favouring eye, never may Cypris, goddess dread, fasten on me a temper to dispute, or restless jealousy, smiting my soul with mad desire for unlawful love, but may she hallow peaceful married life and shrewdly decide whom each of us shall wed

## strophe 2

O my country, O my own dear home! God grant I may never be an outcast from my city, leading that cruel helpless life, whose every day is misery. Ere that may I this life complete and yield to death, ay, death, for there is no misery that doth surpass the loss of fatherland

## antistrophe 2

I have seen with mine eyes, nor from the lips of others have I the lesson learnt, no city, not one friend doth pity thee in this thine awful woe. May he perish and find no favour, whoso hath not in him honour for his friends, freely unlocking his heart to them. Never shall he be friend of mine

(MEDEA has been seated in despair on her door-step during the choral song. AGEUS and his attendants enter)

ÆGEUS

All hail, Medea! no man knoweth fairer prelude to the greeting of friends than this

MEDEA

All hail to thee likewise, Ægeus, son of wise Pandion. Whence comest thou to this land?

ÆGEUS

From Phoebus' ancient oracle

MEDEA

What took thee on thy travels to the prophetic centre of the earth?

ÆGEUS

The wish to ask how I might raise up seed unto myself

MEDEA

Pray tell me, hast thou till now dragged on a childless life?

ÆGEUS

I have no child owing to the visitation of some god

MEDEA

Hast thou a wife, or hast thou never known the married state?

ÆGEUS

I have a wife joined to me in wedlock's bond

MEDEA

What said Phoebus to thee as to children?

ÆGEUS

Words too subtle for man to comprehend

MEDEA

Surely I may learn the god's answer?

ÆGEUS

Most assuredly, for it is just thy subtle wit it needs

MEDEA

What said the god? speak, if I may hear it

ÆGEUS

He bade me "not loose the wineskin's pendent neck "

MEDEA

Till when? what must thou do first, what country visit?

ÆGEUS

Till I to my native home return

MEDEA

What object hast thou in sailing to this land?

ÆGEUS

O'er Troezen's realm is Pittheus king

MEDEA

Pelops' son, a man devout they say

ÆGEUS

To him I fain would impart the oracle of the god

MEDEA

The man is shrewd and versed in such-like lore

ÆGEUS

Aye, and to me the dearest of all my warrior friends

MEDEA

Good luck to thee! success to all thy wishes!

ÆGEUS

But why that downcast eye, that wasted cheek?

MEDEA

O Ægeus, my husband has proved most evil

ÆGEUS

What meanest thou? explain to me clearly the cause of thy despondency

MEDEA

Jason is wronging me though I have given him no cause

ÆGEUS

What hath he done? tell me more clearly

MEDEA

He is taking another wife to succeed me as mistress of his house

ÆGEUS

Can he have brought himself to such a dastard deed?

MEDEA

Be assured thereof, I, whom he loved of yore, am in dishonour now

AEGEUS

Hath he found a new love? or does he loathe thy bed?

MEDEA

Much in love is he! A traitor to his friend is he become

AEGEUS

Enough! if he is a villain as thou sayest

MEDEA

The alliance he is so much enamoured of is with a princess

AEGEUS

Who gives his daughter to him? go on, I pray

MEDEA

Creon, who is lord of this land of Corinth

AEGEUS

Lady, I can well pardon thy grief

MEDEA

I am undone, and more than that, am banished from the land

AEGEUS

By whom? fresh woe this word of thine unfolds

MEDEA

Creon drives me forth in exile from Corinth

AEGEUS

Doth Jason allow it? This too I blame him for

MEDEA

Not in words, but he will not stand out against it O, I implore thee by this beard and by thy knees, in suppliant posture, pity, O pity my sorrows, do not see me cast forth forlorn, but receive me in thy country, to a seat within thy halls So may thy wish by heaven's grace be crowned with a full harvest of offspring, and may thy life close in happiness! Thou knowest not the rare good luck thou findest here, for I will make thy childlessness to cease and cause thee to beget fair issue, so potent are the spells I know

AEGEUS

Lady, on many grounds I am most fain to grant thee this thy boon, first for the gods' sake, next for the children whom thou dost promise I shall beget, for in respect of this I am completely lost 'Tis thus with me, if

e'er thou reach my land, I will attempt to champion thee as I am bound to do Only one warning I do give thee first, lady, I will not from this land bear thee away, yet if of thyself thou reach my halls, there shalt thou bide in safety and I will never yield thee up to any man But from this land escape without my aid, for I have no wish to incur the blame of my allies as well

## MEDEA

It shall be even so, but wouldst thou pledge thy word to this, I should in all be well content with thee

## AEGEUS

Surely thou dost trust me? or is there aught that troubles thee?

## MEDEA

Thee I trust, but Pelias' house and Creon are my foes Wherefore, if thou art bound by an oath, thou wilt not give me up to them when they come to drag me from the land, but, having entered into a compact and sworn by heaven as well, thou wilt become my friend and disregard their overtures Weak is any aid of mine, whilst they have wealth and a princely house

## AEGEUS

Lady, thy words show much foresight, so if this is thy will, I do not refuse For I shall feel secure and safe if I have some pretext to offer to thy foes, and thy case too the firmer stands Now name thy gods

## MEDEA

Swear by the plain of Earth, by Helios my father's sire, and, in one comprehensive oath, by all the race of gods

## AEGEUS

What shall I swear to do, from what refrain? tell me that

## MEDEA

Swear that thou wilt never of thyself expel me from thy land, nor, whilst life is thine, permit any other, one of my foes maybe, to hale me thence if so he will

## AEGEUS

By Earth I swear, by the Sun-god's holy beam and by all the host of heaven that I will stand fast to the terms I hear thee make

## MEDEA

'Tis enough If thou shouldst break this oath, what curse dost thou invoke upon thyself?

AEGEUS

Whate'er betides the impious

MEDEA

Go in peace, all is well, and I with what speed I may, will to thy city come, when I have wrought my purpose and obtained my wish

• (AEGEUS and his retinue depart)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

May Maia's princely son go with thee on thy way to bring thee to thy home, and mayest thou attain that on which thy soul is set so firmly, for to my mind thou seemest a generous man, O Aegeus

MEDEA

O Zeus, and Justice, child of Zeus, and Sun-god's light, now will I triumph o'er my foes, kind friends, on victory's road have I set forth, good hope have I of wreaking vengeance on those I hate For where we were in most distress this stranger hath appeared, to be a haven in my counsels, to him will we make fast the cables of our ship when we come to the town and citadel of Pallas But now will I explain to thee my plans in full, do not expect to hear a pleasant tale A servant of mine will I to Jason send and crave an interview, then when he comes I will address him with soft words, say, "this pleases me," and, "that is well," even the marriage with the princess, which my treacherous lord is celebrating, and add "it suits us both, 'twas well thought out", then will I entreat that here my children may abide, not that I mean to leave them in a hostile land for foes to flout, but that I may slay the king's daughter by guile For I will send them with gifts in their hands, carrying them unto the bride to save them from banishment, a robe of finest woof and a chaplet of gold And if these ornaments she take and put them on, miserably shall she die, and likewise everyone who touches her, with such fell poisons will I smear my gifts And here I quit this theme, but I shudder at the deed I must do next, for I will slay the children I have borne, there is none shall take them from my toils, and when I have utterly confounded Jason's house I will leave the land, escaping punishment for my dear children's murder, after my most unholy deed For I cannot endure the taunts of enemies, kind friends, enough! what gain is life to me? I have no country, home, or refuge left O, I did wrong, that hour I left my father's home, persuaded by that Hellene's words, who now shall pay the penalty, so help me God Never shall he see again alive the children I bore to him, nor from his new bride shall he beget issue, for she must die a hideous death, slain by my drugs Let no one deem me a poor weak woman who sits with folded hands, but of another mould, dangerous to foes and well-disposed to friends, for they win the fairest fame who live their life like me

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Since thou hast imparted this design to me, I bid thee hold thy hand, both from a wish to serve thee and because I would uphold the laws men make

## MEDEA

It cannot but be so, thy words I pardon since thou art not in the same sorry plight that I am

## LEADER

O lady, wilt thou steel thyself to slay thy children twain?

## MEDEA

I will, for that will stab my husband to the heart

## LEADER

It may, but thou wilt be the saddest wife alive

## MEDEA

No matter, wasted is every word that comes 'twixt now and then Ho!  
(*The NURSE enters in answer to her call*) Thou, go call me Jason hither, for thee I do employ on every mission of trust No word divulge of all my purpose, as thou art to thy mistress loyal and likewise of my sex  
(*The NURSE goes out*)

CHORUS (*singing*)<sup>2</sup>*strophe 1*

Sons of Erechtheus, heroes happy from of yore, children of the blessed gods, fed on wisdom's glorious food in a holy land ne'er pilaged by its foes, ye who move with sprightly step through a climate ever bright and clear, where, as legend tells, the Muses nine, Pieria's holy maids, were brought to birth by Harmonia with the golden hair

*antistrophe 1*

And poets sing how Cypris drawing water from the streams of fair-flowing Cephissus breathes o'er the land a gentle breeze of balmy winds, and ever as she crowns her tresses with a garland of sweet rose-buds sends forth the Loves to sit by wisdom's side, to take a part in every excellence

*strophe 2*

How then shall the city of sacred streams, the land that welcomes those it loves, receive thee, the murderess of thy children, thee whose presence with others is a pollution? Think on the murder of thy children, consider the bloody deed thou takest on thee Nay, by thy knees we, one and all, implore thee, slay not thy babes



*antistrophe 2*

Where shall hand or heart find hardihood enough in wreaking such a fearsome deed upon thy sons? How wilt thou look upon thy babes, and still without a tear retain thy bloody purpose? Thou canst not, when they fall at thy feet for mercy, steel thy heart and dip in their blood thy hand

(JASON enters)

## JASON

I am come at thy bidding, for e'en though thy hate for me is bitter thou shalt not fail in this small boon, but I will hear what new request thou hast to make of me, lady

## MEDEA

Jason, I crave thy pardon for the words I spoke, and well thou mayest brook my burst of passion, for ere now we twain have shared much love For I have reasoned with my soul and railed upon me thus, "Ah! poor heart! why am I thus distraught, why so angered 'gainst all good advice, why have I come to hate the rulers of the land, my husband too, who does the best for me he can, in wedding with a princess and rearing for my children noble brothers? Shall I not cease to fret? What possesses me, when heaven its best doth offer? Have I not my children to consider? do I forget that we are fugitives, in need of friends?" When I had thought all this I saw how foolish I had been, how senselessly enraged So now I do commend thee and think thee most wise in forming this connection for us, but I was mad, I who should have shared in these designs, helped on thy plans, and lent my aid to bring about the match, only too pleased to wait upon thy bride But what we are, we are, we women, evil I will not say, wherefore thou shouldst not sink to our sorry level nor with our weapons meet our childishness

I yield and do confess that I was wrong then, but now have I come to a better mind Come hither, my children, come, leave the house, step forth, and with me greet and bid farewell to your father, be reconciled from all past bitterness unto your friends, as now your mother is, for we have made a truce and anger is no more

(*The ATTENDANT comes out of the house with the children*)

Take his right hand, ah me! my sad fate! when I reflect, as now, upon the hidden future O my children, since there awaits you even thus a long, long life, stretch forth the hand to take a fond farewell Ah me! how new to tears am I, how full of fear! For now that I have at last released me from my quarrel with your father, I let the tear-drops stream adown my tender cheek

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

From my eyes too bursts forth the copious tear, O, may no greater ill than the present e'er befall!

## JASON

Lady, I praise this conduct, not that I blame what is past, for it is but natural to the female sex to vent their spleen against a husband when he trafficks in other marriages besides his own. But thy heart is changed to wiser schemes and thou art determined on the better course, late though it be, this is acting like a woman of sober sense. And for you, my sons, hath your father provided with all good heed a sure refuge, by God's grace, for ye, I trow, shall with your brothers share hereafter the foremost rank in this Corinthian realm. Only grow up, for all the rest your sire and whoso of the gods is kind to us is bringing to pass. May I see you reach man's full estate, high o'er the heads of those I hate! But thou, lady, why with fresh tears dost thou thine eyelids wet, turning away thy wan cheek, with no welcome for these my happy tidings?

## MEDEA

'Tis naught, upon these children my thoughts were turned

## JASON

Then take heart, for I will see that it is well with them

## MEDEA

I will do so, nor will I doubt thy word, woman is a weak creature, ever given to tears

## JASON

Why prithee, unhappy one, dost moan o'er these children?

## MEDEA

I gave them birth, and when thou didst pray long life for them, pity entered into my soul to think that these things must be. But the reason of thy coming hither to speak with me is partly told, the rest will I now mention. Since it is the pleasure of the rulers of the land to banish me, and well I know 'twere best for me to stand not in the way of thee or of the rulers by dwelling here, enemy as I am thought unto their house, forth from this land in exile am I going, but these children,—that they may know thy fostering hand, beg Creon to remit their banishment

## JASON

I doubt whether I can persuade him, yet must I attempt it

## MEDEA

At least do thou bid thy wife ask her sire this boon, to remit the exile of the children from this land

## JASON

Yea, that will I, and her methinks I shall persuade, since she is a woman like the rest

## MEDEA

I too will aid thee in this task, for by the children's hand I will send to her gifts that far surpass in beauty, I well know, aught that now is seen 'mongst men, a robe of finest tissue and a chaplet of chased gold But one of my attendants must haste and bring the ornaments hither (*A servant goes into the house*) Happy shall she be not once alone but ten thousand-fold, for in thee she wins the noblest soul to share her love, and gets these gifts as well which on a day my father's sire, the Sun-god, bestowed on his descendants (*The servant returns and hands the gifts to the children*) My children, take in your hands these wedding gifts, and bear them as an offering to the royal maid, the happy bride, for verily the gifts she shall receive are not to be scorned

## JASON

But why so rashly rob thyself of these gifts? Dost think a royal palace wants for robes or gold? Keep them, nor give them to another For well I know that if my lady hold me in esteem, she will set my price above all wealth

## MEDEA

Say not so, 'tis said that gifts tempt even gods, and o'er men's minds gold holds more potent sway than countless words Fortune smiles upon thy bride, and heaven now doth swell her triumph, youth is hers and princely power, yet to save my children from exile I would barter life, not dross alone Children, when we are come to the rich palace, pray your father's new bride, my mistress, with suppliant voice to save you from exile, offering her these ornaments the while, for it is most needful that she receive the gifts in her own hand Now go and linger not, may ye succeed and to your mother bring back the glad tidings she fain would hear!

(JASON, the ATTENDANT, and the children go out together)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

Gone, gone is every hope I had that the children yet might live, forth to their doom they now proceed The hapless bride will take, ay, take the golden crown that is to be her ruin, with her own hand will she lift and place upon her golden locks the garniture of death

*antistrophe 1*

Its grace and sheen divine will tempt her to put on the robe and crown of gold, and in that act will she deck herself to be a bride amid the dead. Such is the snare whereinto she will fall, such is the deadly doom that waits the hapless maid, nor shall she from the curse escape

*strophe 2*

And thou, poor wretch, who to thy sorrow art wedding a king's daughter, little thinkest of the doom thou art bringing on thy children's life, or of the cruel death that waits thy bride. Woe is thee! how art thou fallen from thy high estate!

*antistrophe 2*

Next do I bewail thy sorrows, O mother hapless in thy children, thou who wilt slay thy babes because thou hast a rival, the babes thy husband hath deserted impiously to join him to another bride

(*The ATTENDANT enters with the children*)

## ATTENDANT

Thy children, lady, are from exile freed, and gladly did the royal bride accept thy gifts in her own hands, and so thy children made their peace with her

## MIDLA

Ah!

## ATTENDANT

Why art so disquieted in thy prosperous hour? Why turnest thou thy cheek away, and hast no welcome for my glad news?

## MEDEA

Ah me!

## ATTENDANT

These groans but ill accord with the news I bring

## MEDEA

Ah me! once more I say

## ATTENDANT

Have I unwittingly announced some evil tidings? Have I erred in thinking my news was good?

## MEDEA

Thy news is as it is, I blame thee not

## ATTENDANT

Then why this downcast eye, these floods of tears?

## MEDEA

Old friend, needs must I weep, for the gods and I with fell intent devised these schemes

## ATTENDANT

Be of good cheer, thou too of a surety shalt by thy sons yet be brought home again

## MEDEA

Ere that shall I bring others to their home, ah! woe is me!

## ATTENDANT

Thou art not the only mother from thy children reft Bear patiently thy troubles as a mortal must

## MEDEA

I will obey, go thou within the house and make the day's provision for the children (*The ATTENDANT enters the house* MEDEA turns to the children) O my babes, my babes, ye have still a city and a home, where far from me and my sad lot you will live your lives, reft of your mother for ever, while I must to another land in banishment, or ever I have had my joy of you, or lived to see you happy, or ever I have graced your marriage couch, your bride, your bridal bower, or lifted high the wedding torch Ah me! a victim of my own self-will So it was all in vain I reared you, O my sons, in vain did suffer, racked with anguish, enduring the cruel pangs of childbirth 'Fore Heaven I once had hope, poor me! high hope of ye that you would nurse me in my age and deck my corpse with loving hands, a boon we mortals covet, but now is my sweet fancy dead and gone, for I must lose you both and in bitterness and sorrow drag through life And ye shall never with fond eyes see your mother more, for o'er your life there comes a change Ah me! ah me! why do ye look at me so, my children? why smile that last sweet smile? Ah me! what am I to do? My heart gives way when I behold my children's laughing eyes O, I cannot, farewell to all my former schemes, I will take the children from the land, the babes I bore Why should I wound their sire by wounding them, and get me a twofold measure of sorrow? No, no, I will not do it Farewell my scheming! And yet what possesses me? Can I consent to let those foes of mine escape from punishment, and incur their mockery? I must face this deed Out upon my craven heart! to think that I should even have let the soft words escape my soul Into the house, children! (*The children go into the house*) And whoso feels he must not be present at my sacrifice, must see to it himself, I will not spoil my handiwork Ah!

ah! do not, my heart, O do not do this deed! Let the children go, unhappy one, spare the babes! For if they live, they will cheer thee in our exile there Nay, by the fiends of hell's abyss, never, never will I hand my children over to their foes to mock and flout Die they must in any case, and since 'tis so, why I, the mother who bore them, will give the fatal blow In any case their doom is fixed and there is no escape Already the crown is on her head, the robe is round her, and she is dying, the royal bride, that do I know full well But now since I have a piteous path to tread, and yet more piteous still the path I send my children on, fain would I say farewell to them (*The children come out at her call She takes them in her arms*) O my babes, my babes, let your mother kiss your hands Ah! hands I love so well, O lips most dear to me! O noble form and features of my children, I wish ye joy, but in that other land, for here your father robs you of your home O the sweet embrace, the soft young cheek, the fragrant breath! my children! Go, leave me, I cannot bear to longer look upon ye, my sorrow wins the day At last I understand the awful deed I am to do, but passion, that cause of direst woes to mortal man, hath triumphed o'er my sober thoughts

(*She goes into the house with the children*)

CHORUS (*singing*)

Oft ere now have I pursued subtler themes and have faced graver issues than woman's sex should seek to probe, but then e'en we aspire to culture, which dwells with us to teach us wisdom, I say not all, for small is the class amongst women—(one maybe shalt thou find 'mid many)—that is not incapable of wisdom And amongst mortals I do assert that they who are wholly without experience and have never had children far surpass in happiness those who are parents The childless, because they have never proved whether children grow up to be a blessing or curse to men are removed from all share in many troubles, whilst those who have a sweet race of children growing up in their houses do wear away, as I perceive, their whole life through, first with the thought how they may train them up in virtue, next how they shall leave their sons the means to live, and after all this 'tis far from clear whether on good or bad children they bestow their toil But one last crowning woe for every mortal man I now will name, suppose that they have found sufficient means to live, and seen their children grow to man's estate and walk in virtue's path, still if fortune so befall, comes Death and bears the children's bodies off to Hades Can it be any profit to the gods to heap upon us mortal men beside our other woes this further grief for children lost, a grief surpassing all?

(*MEDEA comes out of the house*)

## MEDEA

Kind friends, long have I waited expectantly to know how things would at the palace chance And lo! I see one of Jason's servants coming hither, whose hurried gasps for breath proclaim him the bearer of some fresh tidings

(A MESSENGER rushes in)

## MESSENGER

Fly, fly, Medea! who hast wrought an awful deed, transgressing every law, nor leave behind or sea-borne bark or car that scours the plain

## MEDEA

Why, what hath chanced that calls for such a flight of mine?

## MESSENGER

The princess is dead, a moment gone, and Creon too, her sire, slain by those drugs of thine

## MEDEA

Tidings most fair are thine! Henceforth shalt thou be ranked amongst my friends and benefactors

## MESSENGER

Ha! What? Art sane? Art not distraught, lady, who hearest with joy the outrage to our royal house done, and art not at the horrid tale afraid?

## MEDEA

Somewhat have I, too, to say in answer to thy words Be not so hasty, friend, but tell the manner of their death, for thou wouldst give me double joy, if so they perished miserably

## MESSENGER

When the children twain whom thou didst bear came with their father and entered the palace of the bride, right glad were we thralls who had shared thy griefs, for instantly from ear to ear a rumour spread that thou and thy lord had made up your former quarrel One kissed thy children's hands, another their golden hair, while I for very joy went with them in person to the women's chambers Our mistress, whom now we do revere in thy room, cast a longing glance at Jason, ere she saw thy children twain, but then she veiled her eyes and turned her blanching cheek away, disgusted at their coming, but thy husband tried to check his young bride's angry humour with these words "O, be not angered 'gainst thy friends, cease from wrath and turn once more thy face this way, counting as friends whomso thy husband counts, and accept these gifts, and for my sake crave thy sire to remit these children's exile" Soon as she saw the

ornaments, no longer she held out, but yielded to her lord in all, and ere the father and his sons were far from the palace gone, she took the bordered robe and put it on, and set the golden crown about her tresses, arranging her hair at her bright mirror, with many a happy smile at her breathless counterfeit. Then rising from her seat she passed across the chamber, tripping lightly on her fair white foot, exulting in the gift, with many a glance at her uplifted ankle. When lo! a scene of awful horror did ensue. In a moment she turned pale, reeled backwards, trembling in every limb, and sinks upon a seat scarce soon enough to save herself from falling to the ground. An aged dame, one of her company, thinking belike it was a fit from Pan or some god sent, raised a cry of prayer, till from her mouth she saw the foam-flakes issue, her eyeballs rolling in their sockets, and all the blood her face desert, then did she raise a loud scream far different from her former cry. Forthwith one handmaid rushed to her father's house, another to her new bridegroom to tell his bride's sad fate, and the whole house echoed with their running to and fro. By this time would a quick walker have made the turn in a course of six plethra<sup>3</sup> and reached the goal, when she with one awful shriek awoke, poor sufferer, from her speechless trance and oped her closed eyes, for against her a twofold anguish was warring. The chaplet of gold about her head was sending forth a wondrous stream of ravening flame, while the fine raiment, thy children's gift, was preying on the hapless maiden's fair white flesh, and she starts from her seat in a blaze and seeks to fly, shaking her hair and head this way and that, to cast the crown therefrom, but the gold held firm to its fastenings, and the flame, as she shook her locks, blazed forth the more with double fury. Then to the earth she sinks, by the cruel blow o'ercome, past all recognition now save to a father's eye, for her eyes had lost their tranquil gaze, her face no more its natural look preserved, and from the crown of her head blood and fire in mingled stream ran down, and from her bones the flesh kept peeling off beneath the gnawing of those secret drugs, e'en as when the pine-tree weeps its tears of pitch, a fearsome sight to see. And all were afraid to touch the corpse, for we were warned by what had chanced. Anon came her hapless father unto the house, all unwitting of her doom, and stumbles o'er the dead, and loud he cried, and folding his arms about her kissed her, with words like these the while, "O my poor, poor child, which of the gods hath destroyed thee thus foully? Who is robbing me of thee, old as I am and ripe for death? O my child, alas! would I could die with thee!" He ceased his sad lament, and would have raised his aged frame, but found himself held fast by the fine-spun robe as ivy that clings to the branches of the bay, and then ensued a fearful struggle. He strove to rise, but she still held him back, and if ever he pulled with all his might, from off his bones his aged flesh he tore. At last he gave it up, and breathed forth his soul in



awful suffering, for he could no longer master the pain. So there they lie, daughter and aged sire, dead side by side, a grievous sight that calls for tears. And as for thee, I leave thee out of my consideration, for thyself must discover a means to escape punishment. Not now for the first time I think this human life a shadow, yea, and without shrinking I will say that they amongst men who pretend to wisdom and expend deep thought on words do incur a serious charge of folly, for amongst mortals no man is happy, wealth may pour in and make one luckier than another, but none can happy be.

(*THE MESSENGER departs*)

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

This day the deity, it seems, will mass on Jason, as he well deserves, a heavy load of evils. Woe is thee, daughter of Creon! We pity thy sad fate, gone as thou art to Hades' halls as the price of thy marriage with Jason.

MEDEA

My friends, I am resolved upon the deed, at once will I slay my children and then leave this land, without delaying long enough to hand them over to some more savage hand to butcher. Needs must they die in any case, and since they must, I will slay them—I, the mother that bare them. O heart of mine, steel thyself! Why do I hesitate to do the awful deed that must be done? Come, take the sword, thou wretched hand of mine! Take it, and advance to the post whence starts thy life of sorrow! Away with cowardice! Give not one thought to thy babes, how dear they are or how thou art their mother. This one brief day forget thy children dear, and after that lament, for though thou wilt slay them yet they were thy darlings still, and I am a lady of sorrows.

(*MEDEA enters the house*)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

O earth, O sun whose beam illumines all, look, look upon this lost woman, ere she stretch forth her murderous hand upon her sons for blood, for lo! these are scions of thy own golden seed, and the blood of gods is in danger of being shed by man. O light, from Zeus proceeding, stay her, hold her hand, forth from the house chase this fell bloody fiend by demons led. Vainly wasted were the throes thy children cost thee, vainly hast thou borne, it seems, sweet babes, O thou who hast left behind thee that passage through the blue Symplegades, that strangers justly hate. Ah! hapless one, why doth fierce anger thy soul assail? Why in its place is fell murder growing up? For grievous unto mortal men are pollutions that come of kindred blood poured on the earth, woes to suit each crime hurled from heaven on the murderer's house.

FIRST SON (*within*)

Ah, me, what can I do? Whither fly to escape my mother's blows?

SECOND SON (*within*)

I know not, sweet brother mine, we are lost

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Didst hear, didst hear the children's cry? O lady, born to sorrow,  
victim of an evil fate! Shall I enter the house? For the children's sake  
I am resolved to ward off the murder

FIRST SON (*within*)

Yea, by heaven I adjure you, help, your aid is needed

SECOND SON (*within*)

Even now the toils of the sword are closing round us

CHORUS (*chanting*)

O hapless mother, surely thou hast a heart of stone or steel to slay  
the offspring of thy womb by such a murderous doom Of all the  
wives of yore I know but one who laid her hand upon her children  
dear, even Ino, whom the gods did madden in the day that the wife  
of Zeus drove her wandering from her home But she, poor sufferer,  
flung herself into the sea because of the foul murder of her children,  
leaping o'er the wave-beat cliff, and in her death was she united to  
her children twain Can there be any deed of horror left to follow this?  
Woe for the wooing of women fraught with disaster! What sorrows  
hast thou caused for men ere now!

(JASON and his attendants enter)

JASON

Ladies, stationed near this house, pray tell me is the author of these  
hideous deeds, Medea, still within, or hath she fled from hence? For she  
must hide beneath the earth or soar on wings towards heaven's vault, if  
she would avoid the vengeance of the royal house Is she so sure she will  
escape herself unpunished from this house, when she hath slain the rulers  
of the land? But enough of this! I am forgetting her children As for her,  
those whom she hath wronged will do the like by her but I am come to  
save the children's life, lest the victim's kin visit their wrath on me, in  
vengeance for the murder foul, wrought by my children's mother

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Unhappy man, thou knowest not the full extent of thy misery, else had  
thou never said those words

JASON

How now? Can she want to kill me too?

LEADER

Thy sons are dead, slain by their own mother's hand

JASON

O God! what sayest thou? Woman, thou hast sealed my doom

LEADER

Thy children are no more, be sure of this

JASON

Where slew she them, within the palace or outside?

LEADER

Throw wide the doors and see thy children's murdered corpses

JASON

Haste, ye slaves, loose the bolts, undo the fastenings, that I may see the sight of twofold woe, my murdered sons and her, whose blood in vengeance I will shed

(MEDRA appears above the house, on a chariot drawn by dragons, the children's corpses are beside her)

MEDRA

Why shake those doors and attempt to loose their bolts, in quest of the dead and me their murderess? From such toil desist. If thou wouldst aught with me, say on, if so thou wilt, but never shalt thou lay hand on me, so swift the steeds the sun, my father's sire, to me doth give to save me from the hand of my foes

JASON

Accursed woman! by gods, by me and all mankind abhorred as never woman was, who hadst the heart to stab thy babes, thou their mother, leaving me undone and childless, thus hast thou done and still dost gaze upon the sun and earth after this deed most impious. Curses on thee! I now perceive what then I missed in the day I brought thee, fraught with doom, from thy home in a barbarian land to dwell in Hellas, traitress to thy sire and to the land that nurtured thee. On me the gods have hurled the curse that dogged thy steps, for thou didst slay thy brother at his hearth ere thou cam'st aboard our fair ship, Argo. Such was the outset of thy life of crime, then didst thou wed with me, and having borne me sons to glut thy passion's lust, thou now hast slain them. Not one amongst the wives of Hellas e'er had dared this deed, yet before them all I chose

thee for my wife, wedding a foe to be my doom, no woman, but a lioness fiercer than Tyrrhene Scylla in nature But with reproaches heaped a thousandfold I cannot wound thee, so brazen is thy nature Perish, vile sorceress, murderess of thy babes! Whilst I must mourn my luckless fate, for I shall ne'er enjoy my new-found bride, nor shall I have the children, whom I bred and reared, alive to say the last farewell to me, nay, I have lost them

## MEDEA

To this thy speech I could have made a long reply, but Father Zeus knows well all I have done for thee, and the treatment thou hast given me. Yet thou wert not ordained to scorn my love and lead a life of joy in mockery of me, nor was thy royal bride nor Creon, who gave thee a second wife, to thrust me from this land and rue it not Wherefore, if thou wilt, call me e'en a lioness, and Scylla, whose home is in the Tyrrhene land, for I in turn have wrung thy heart, as well I might

## JASON

Thou, too, art grieved thyself, and sharest in my sorrow

## MEDEA

Be well assured I am, but it relieves my pain to know thou canst not mock at me

## JASON

O my children, how vile a mother ye have found

## MEDA

My sons, your father's feeble lust has been your ruin!

## JASON

'Twas not my hand, at any rate, that slew them

## MEDEA

No, but thy foul treatment of me, and thy new marriage

## JASON

Didst think that marriage cause enough to murder them?

## MEDEA

Dost think a woman counts this a trifling injury?

## JASON

So she be self-restrained, but in thy eyes all is evil

## MLDFA

Thy sons are dead and gone That will stab thy heart

JASON

They live, methinks, to bring a curse upon thy head

MEDEA

The gods know, whoso of them began this troublous coil

JASON

Indeed, they know that hateful heart of thine

MEDEA

Thou art as hateful I am aweary of thy bitter tongue

JASON

And I likewise of thine But parting is easy

MEDEA

Say how, what am I to do? for I am fain as thou to go

JASON

Give up to me those dead, to bury and lament

MEDEA

No, never! I will bury them myself, bearing them to Hera's sacred field,\* who watches o'er the Cape, that none of their foes may insult them by pulling down their tombs, and in this land of Sisyphus I will ordain hereafter a solemn feast and mystic rites to atone for this impious murder. Myself will now to the land of Erechtheus, to dwell with Aegeus, Pandion's son. But thou, as well thou mayst, shalt die a catiff's death,<sup>7</sup> thy head crushed 'neath a shattered relic of Argo, when thou hast seen the bitter ending of my marriage

JASON

The curse of our sons' avenging spirit and of Justice, that calls for blood, be on thee!

MEDEA

What god or power divine hears thee, breaker of oaths and every law of hospitality?

JASON

Fie upon thee! cursed witch! child-murderess!

MEDEA

To thy house! go, bury thy wife

JASON

I go, bereft of both my sons

MEDEA

Thy grief is yet to come, wait till old age is with thee too.

JASON

O my dear, dear children!

MEDEA

Dear to their mother, not to thee

JASON

And yet thou didst slay them?

MEDEA

Yea, to vex thy heart

JASON

One last fond kiss, ah me! I fain would on their lips imprint

MEDEA

Embraces now, and fond farewells for them, but then a cold repulse!

JASON

By heaven I do adjure thee, let me touch their tender skin

MEDEA

No, no! in vain this word has sped its flight

JASON

O Zeus, dost hear how I am driven hence, dost mark the treatment I receive from this she-lion, fell murderess of her young? Yet so far as I may and can, I raise for them a dirge, and do adjure the gods to witness how thou hast slain my sons, and wilt not suffer me to embrace or bury their dead bodies. Would I had never begotten them to see thee slay them after all!

(*The chariot carries MEDEA away*)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Many a fate doth Zeus dispense, high on his Olympian throne, oft do the gods bring things to pass beyond man's expectation, that, which we thought would be, is not fulfilled, while for the unlooked-for, god finds out a way, and such hath been the issue of this matter<sup>a</sup>

#### NOTES FOR MEDEA

COLERIDGE's translation has been slightly altered in the following lines  
37, 184, 229, 232, 236, 577, 578, 592, 690, 1049, 1089, 1272, 1351

1 Coleridge renders thus the Greek noun, *sophrosyna*, which is difficult if not impossible to translate into English by a single word. Its core of meaning includes the notions of self-restraint, self-control, temperance, and moderation.

2 This choral ode in praise of Athens is one of the most famous in Euripides. The *Medea* itself is noteworthy for the high quality of its poetry.

3 A *plethron* was approximately 100 feet.

4 This probably refers to a temple of Hera on the Acrocorinthus. Medea's words would therefore be in general agreement with the cult tradition that the children were buried in Corinth.

5 Coleridge's note here reads, "Legend told how Jason was slain by a beam falling on him as he lay asleep under the shadow of his ship *Argo*."

6 These lines, here with a slight addition, are likewise found at the conclusion of the *Alcestis*, *Helen*, *The Bacchae*, and the *Andromache*.

III  
HIPPOLYTUS



## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

APHRODITE

HIPPOLYTUS, *bastard son of THESEUS*

ATTENDANTS OF HIPPLYTUS

CHORUS OF TROEZENIAN WOMEN

NURSE OF PHAEDRA

PHAEDRA, *wife of THESEUS*

THESEUS

MESSSENGER

ARTEMIS

## INTRODUCTION

EURIPIDES produced the *Hippolytus* in the spring of 428 B C. He had already written one tragedy with this title, not now extant, which the Athenians did not receive with favour. Hence our present piece is evidently a re-working of the first version, and in the form in which we now have it, in the opinion of many, is by far the greatest of Euripides' plays. Its tone in many places is almost Sophoclean, and yet it contains as well lyric passages, marked by an awareness of nature's beauty, which have a distinct romantic ring. The plot is relatively simple and depends but slightly upon events that have transpired prior to the opening of the play. We need know only that Theseus is now living with his new and younger wife, Phaedra, at Troezen. With them dwells a bastard son of Theseus named Hippolytus, whom the queen of the Amazons had borne him in his youth. The drama grows directly from this situation and in the end unfolds the tragedy of these three persons.

Despite its apparent simplicity, the play is most difficult to interpret. Critics tend to reduce the tragedy to a study of the conflict between the two forces symbolized by Artemis and Aphrodite—sexual purity, ascetism over against passionate love. These symbols have their human proponents in Hippolytus and Phaedra. One might be tempted to argue that if each had not been guilty of going to extremes, there would have been no tragic outcome. Such an interpretation, however, seems to lead to an over-simplification, for the characters and the problem, when examined carefully, prove to be far more complicated. Hippolytus is clearly a victim of *hybris*, overweening pride. Pure and chaste though he actually may be, he is pure in his own conceit. Likewise, though Phaedra has struggled courageously to overcome her passion for Hippolytus, at the last she exhibits a fatal weakness. Also Theseus, who does not function symbolically, as in a sense Phaedra and Hippolytus do, and on whom the heaviest burden of the tragedy falls at the end, pays the penalty not only for his incontinence as a youth, but also for his hasty condemnation of his son. The clash of these relatively complex characters renders suspect any simplified interpretation of the play.

One of the most powerful features of the tragedy is the manner in which Euripides rehabilitates the character of Hippolytus just before

he dies. The young man's eyes are at last opened, no longer is he pre-occupied with his own purity, but he is able to get outside himself, see the situation from Theseus' point of view, and to realize that his father's fate to live is far worse than his own to die. This awakening of Hippolytus, accomplished partly by his own suffering and partly through Artemis (who appears at the close as a *deus ex machina*) to whose worship he has devoted his life and who comforts him in death, raises the play to a universal level reached only by the greatest tragedy.

The rôle which the gods perform in the drama is most puzzling to explain. As has already been noted, both Artemis and Aphrodite serve partially as symbols, but on the other hand they do not seem to be completely devoid of religious significance. What constitutes the major difficulty is that they seem to be capricious, vindictive, and jealous of each other. Aphrodite announces in the prologue that she is going to punish Hippolytus for neglecting her worship, and Artemis at the end vows she will exact her vengeance from Aphrodite for her favorite's death. Here as always Euripides' theological thought is unclear. On the human level, the poet's grasp of his problem is firm. Phaedra, Hippolytus and Theseus all have the stature of tragic figures. We can only conclude either that Euripides believed it to be a matter of little importance that man strive to understand the nature of the divine power, which is ultimately inscrutable and therefore should be completely accepted as such, or that he was so interested in analyzing man's emotional and psychological states that he never came finally to grips with the problems of religion.

## HIPPOLYTUS

(SCENE — *Before the royal palace at Troezen There is a statue of APHRODITE on one side, on the other, a statue of ARTEMIS There is an altar before each image The goddess APHRODITE appears alone*)

### APHRODITE

WIDE o'er man my realm extends, and proud the name that I, the goddess Cypris, bear, both in heaven's courts and 'mongst all those who dwell within the limits of the sea and the bounds of Atlas, beholding the sun-god's light, those that respect my power I advance to honour, but bring to ruin all who vaunt themselves at me For even in the race of gods this feeling finds a home, even pleasure at the honour men pay them And the truth of this I soon will show, for that son of Theseus, born of the Amazon, Hippolytus, whom holy Pittheus taught, alone of all the dwellers in this land of Troezen, calls me vilest of the deities Love he scorns, and, as for marriage, will none of it, but Artemis, daughter of Zeus, sister of Phoebus, he doth honour, counting her the chief of goddesses, and ever through the greenwood, attendant on his virgin goddess, he clears the earth of wild beasts with his fleet hounds, enjoying the comradeship of one too high for mortal ken 'Tis not this I grudge him, no! why should I? But for his sins against me, I will this very day take vengeance on Hippolytus, for long ago I cleared the ground of many obstacles, so it needs but trifling toil For as he came one day from the home of Pittheus to witness the solemn mystic rites and be initiated therein in Pandion's land, Phaedra, his father's noble wife, caught sight of him, and by my designs she found her heart was seized with wild desire And ere she came to this Troezenian realm, a temple did she rear to Cypris hard by the rock of Pallas where it o'erlooks this country, for love of the youth in another land, and to win his love in days to come she called after his name the temple she had founded for the goddess Now, when Theseus left the land of Cecrops, flying the pollution of the blood of Pallas' sons, and with his wife sailed to this shore, content to suffer exile for a year, then began the wretched wife to pine away in silence, moaning 'neath love's cruel scourge, and none of her servants knows what disease afflicts her But this passion of hers must

not fail thus No, I will discover the matter to Theseus, and all shall be laid bare Then will the father slay his child, my bitter foe, by curses, for the lord Poseidon granted this boon to Theseus, three wishes of the god to ask, nor ever ask in vain So Phaedra is to die, an honoured death 'tis true, but still to die, for I will not let her suffering outweigh the payment of such forfeit by my foes as shall satisfy my honour But lo! I see the son of Theseus coming hither—Hippolytus, fresh from the labours of the chase I will get me hence At his back follows a long train of retainers, in joyous cries of revelry uniting and hymns of praise to Artemis, his goddess, for little he recks that Death hath oped his gates for him, and that this is his last look upon the light

(APHRODITE vanishes HIPPOLYTUS and his retinue of hunting ATTENDANTS enter, singing *They move to worship at the altar of ARTEMIS*)

#### HIPPOLYTUS

Come follow, friends, singing to Artemis, daughter of Zeus, throned in the sky, whose votaries we are

#### ATTENDANTS

Lady goddess, awful queen, daughter of Zeus, all hail! hail! child of Latona and of Zeus, peerless mid the virgin choir, who hast thy dwelling in heaven's wide mansions at thy noble father's court, in the golden house of Zeus All hail! most beauteous Artemis, lovelier far than all the daughters of Olympus!

#### HIPPOLYTUS (*speaking*)

For thee, O mistress mine, I bring this woven wreath, culled from a virgin meadow, where nor shepherd dares to herd his flock nor ever scythe hath mown, but o'er the mead unshorn the bee doth wing its way in spring, and with the dew from rivers drawn purity that garden tends Such as know no cunning lore, yet in whose nature self-control, made perfect, hath a home, these may pluck the flowers, but not the wicked world Accept, I pray, dear mistress, mine this chaplet from my holy hand to crown thy locks of gold, for I, and none other of mortals, have this high guerdon, to be with thee, with thee converse, hearing thy voice, though not thy face beholding So be it mine to end my life as I began.

#### LEADER OF THE ATTENDANTS

My prince! we needs must call upon the gods, our lords, so wilt thou listen to a friendly word from me?

#### HIPPOLYTUS

Why, that will I! else were I proved a fool

LEADER

Dost know, then, the way of the world?

HIPPOLYTUS

Not I, but wherefore such a question?

LEADER

It hates reserve which careth not for all men's love

HIPPOLYTUS

And rightly too, reserve in man is ever galling

LEADER

But there's a charm in courtesy?

HIPPOLYTUS

The greatest surely, aye, and profit, too, at trifling cost

LEADER

Dost think the same law holds in heaven as well?

HIPPOLYTUS

I trow it doth, since all our laws we men from heaven draw

LEADER

Why, then, dost thou neglect to greet an august goddess?

HIPPOLYTUS

Whom speak'st thou of? Keep watch upon thy tongue lest it some mischief cause

LEADER

Cypris I mean, whose image is stationed o'er thy gate

HIPPOLYTUS

I greet her from afar, preserving still my chastity

LEADER

Yet is she an august goddess, far renowned on earth

HIPPOLYTUS

'Mongst gods as well as men we have our several preferences

LEADER

I wish thee luck, and wisdom too, so far as thou dost need it

HIPPOLYTUS

No god, whose worship craves the night, hath charms for me

## LEADER

My son, we should avail us of the gifts that gods confer

## HIPPLYTUS

Go in, my faithful followers, and make ready food within the house, a well-filled board hath charms after the chase is o'er Rub down my steeds ye must, that when I have had my fill I may yoke them to the chariot and give them proper exercise As for thy Queen of Love, a long farewell to her

(HIPPLYTUS goes into the palace, followed by all the ATTENDANTS except the LEADER, who prays before the statue of APHRODITE)

## LEADER

Meantime I with sober mind, for I must not copy my young master, do offer up my prayer to thy image, lady Cypris, in such words as it becomes a slave to use But thou should'st pardon all, who, in youth's impetuous heat, speak idle words of thee make as though thou hearest not, for gods must needs be wiser than the sons of men

(The LEADER goes into the palace The CHORUS OF TROJENIAN WOMEN enters)

## CHORUS (singing)

## strophe 1

A rock there is, where, as they say, the ocean dew distils, and from its beetling brow it pours a copious stream for pitchers to be dipped therein, 'twas here I had a friend washing robes of purple in the trickling stream, and she was spreading them out on the face of a warm sunny rock, from her I had the tidings, first of all, that my mistress—

## antistrophe 1

Was wasting on the bed of sickness, pent within her house, a thin veil o'ershadowing her head of golden hair And this is the third day I hear that she hath closed her lovely lips and denied her chaste body all sustenance, eager to hide her suffering and reach death's cheerless bourn

## strophe 2

Maiden, thou must be possessed, by Pan made frantic or by Hecate, or by the Corybantes dread, and Cybele the mountain mother Or maybe thou hast sinned against Dictynna, huntress-queen, and art wasting for thy guilt in sacrifice unoffered For she doth range o'er lakes' expanse and past the bounds of earth upon the ocean's tossing billows

*antistrophe 2*

Or doth some rival in thy house beguile thy lord, the captain of Erechtheus' sons, that hero nobly born, to secret amours hid from thee? Or hath some mariner sailing hither from Crete reached this port that sailors love, with evil tidings for our queen, and she with sorrow for her grievous fate is to her bed confined?

*epode*

Yea, and oft o'er woman's wayward nature settles a feeling of miserable helplessness, arising from pains of child-birth or of passionate desire I, too, have felt at times this sharp thrill shoot through me, but I would cry to Artemis, queen of archery, who comes from heaven to aid us in our travail, and thanks to heaven's grace she ever comes at my call with welcome help Look! where the aged nurse is bringing her forth from the house before the door, while on her brow the cloud of gloom is deepening My soul longs to learn what is her grief, the canker that is wasting our queen's fading charms

(PHAEDRA is led out and placed upon a couch by the NURSE and attendants The following lines between the NURSE and PHAEDRA are chanted)

## NURSE

O, the ills of mortal men! the cruel diseases they endure! What can I do for thee? from what refrain? Here is the bright sun-light, here the azure sky, lo! we have brought thee on thy bed of sickness without the palace, for all thy talk was of coming hither, but soon back to thy chamber wilt thou hurry Disappointment follows fast with thee, thou hast no joy in aught for long, the present has no power to please, on something absent next thy heart is set Better be sick than tend the sick, the first is but a single ill, the last unites mental grief with manual toil Man's whole life is full of anguish, no respite from his woes he finds, but if there is aught to love beyond this life, night's dark pall doth wrap it round And so we show our mad love of this life because its light is shed on earth, and because we know no other, and have naught revealed to us of all our earth may hide, and trusting to fables we drift at random

PHAEDRA (*wildly*)

Lift my body, raise my head! My limbs are all unstrung, kind friends O handmaids, lift my arms, my shapely arms The tire on my head is too heavy for me to wear, away with it, and let my tresses o'er my shoulders fall



## NURSE

Be of good heart, dear child, toss not so wildly to and fro Lie still, be brave, so wilt thou find thy sickness easier to bear, suffering for mortals is nature's iron law

## PHAEDRA

Ah! would I could draw a draught of water pure from some dew-fed spring, and lay me down to rest in the grassy meadow 'neath the poplar's shade!

## NURSE

My child, what wild speech is this? O say not such things in public, wild whirling words of frenzy bred!

## PHAEDRA

Away to the mountain take me! to the wood, to the pine-trees I will go, where hounds pursue the prey, hard on the scent of dappled fawns Ye gods! what joy to hark them on, to grasp the barbed dart, to poise Thessalian hunting-spears close to my golden hair, then let them fly

## NURSE

Why, why, my child, these anxious cares? What hast thou to do with the chase? Why so eager for the flowing spring, when hard by these towers stands a hill well watered, whence thou may'st freely draw?

## PHAEDRA

O Artemis, who watchest o'er sea-beat Limna and the race-course thundering to the horse's hoofs, would I were upon thy plains curbing Venetian steeds!

## NURSE

Why betray thy frenzy in these wild whirling words? Now thou wert for hasting hence to the hills away to hunt wild beasts, and now thy yearning is to drive the steed over the waveless sands This needs a cunning seer to say what god it is that reins thee from the course, distracting thy senses, child

PHAEDRA (*more sanely*)

Ah me! alas! what have I done? Whither have I strayed, my senses leaving? Mad, mad! stricken by some demon's curse! Woe is me! Cover my head again, nurse Shame fills me for the words I have spoken Hide me then, from my eyes the tear-drops stream, and for very shame I turn them away 'Tis painful coming to one's senses

again, and madness, evil though it be, has this advantage, that one has no knowledge of reason's overthrow

## NURSE

There then I cover thee, but when will death hide my body in the grave? Many a lesson length of days is teaching me Yea, mortal men should pledge themselves to moderate friendships only, not to such as reach the very heart's core, affection's ties should be light upon them to let them slip or draw them tight For one poor heart to grieve for twain, as I do for my mistress, is a burden sore to bear Men say that too engrossing pursuits in life more oft cause disappointment than pleasure, and too oft are foes to health Wherefore I do not praise excess so much as moderation, and with me wise men will agree

(PHAEDRA lies back upon the couch)

LEADER OF THE CHORUS (*speaking*)

O aged dame, faithful nurse of Phaedra, our queen, we see her sorry plight, but what it is that ails her we cannot discern, so fain would learn of thee and hear thy opinion

## NURSE

I question her, but am no wiser, for she will not answer

## LEADER

Nor tell what source these sorrows have?

## NURSE

The same answer thou must take, for she is dumb on every point

## LEADER

How weak and wasted is her body!

## NURSE

What marvel? 'tis three days now since she has tasted food

## LEADER

Is this infatuation, or an attempt to die?

## NURSE

'Tis death she courts, such fasting aims at ending life

## LEADER

A strange story if it satisfies her husband

## NURSE

She hides from him her sorrow, and vows she is not ill

LEADER

Can he not guess it from her face?

NURSE

He is not now in his own country

LEADER

But dost not thou insist in thy endeavour to find out her complaint, her crazy mind?

NURSE

I have tried every plan, and all in vain, yet not even now will I relax my zeal, that thou too, if thou stayest, mayst witness my devotion to my unhappy mistress. Come, come, my darling child, let us forget, the twain of us, our former words, be thou more mild, smoothing that sullen brow and changing the current of thy thought, and I, if in aught before I failed in humouring thee, will let that be and find some better course. If thou art sick with ills thou canst not name, there be women here to help to set thee right, but if thy trouble can to men's ears be divulged, speak, that physicians may pronounce on it. Come, then, why so dumb? Thou shouldst not so remain, my child, but scold me if I speak amiss, or, if I give good counsel, yield assent. One word, one look this way! Ah me! Friends, we waste our toil to no purpose, we are as far away as ever, she would not relent to my arguments then, nor is she yielding now. Well, grow more stubborn than the sea, yet be assured of this, that if thou diest thou art a traitress to thy children, for they will ne'er inherit their father's halls, nay, by that knightly queen the Amazon who bore a son to lord it over thee, a bastard born but not a bastard bred, whom well thou knowest, e'en Hippolytus—

(*At the mention of his name PHAEDRA's attention is suddenly caught*)

PHAEDRA

Oh! oh!

NURSE

Ha! doth that touch the quick?

PHAEDRA

Thou hast undone me, nurse, I do adjure by the gods, mention that man no more

NURSE

There now! thou art thyself again, but e'en yet refusest to aid thy children and preserve thy life

PHAEDRA

My babes I love, but there is another storm that buffets me

NURSE

Daughter, are thy hands from bloodshed pure?

PHAEDRA

My hands are pure, but on my soul there rests a stain

NURSE

The issue of some enemy's secret witchery?

PHAEDRA

A friend is my destroyer, one unwilling as myself

NURSE

Hath Theseus wronged thee in any wise?

PHAEDRA

Never may I prove untrue to him!

NURSE

Then what strange mystery is there that drives thee on to die?

PHAEDRA

O, let my sin and me alone! 'tis not 'gainst thee I sin

NURSE

Never willingly! and, if I fail, 'twill rest at thy door

PHAEDRA

How now? thou usest force in clinging to my hand

NURSE

Yea, and I will never loose my hold upon thy knees

PHAEDRA

Alas for thee! my sorrows, shouldst thou learn them, would recoil on thee

NURSE

What keener grief for me than failing to win thee?

PHAEDRA

'Twill be death to thee, though to me that brings renown

NURSE

And dost thou then conceal this boon despite my prayers?

PHAEDRA

I do, for 'tis out of shame I am planning an honourable escape

NURSE

Tell it, and thine honour shall the brighter shine

PHAEDRA

Away, I do conjure thee, loose my hand

NURSE

I will not, for the boon thou shouldst have granted me is denied

PHAEDRA

I will grant it out of reverence for thy holy suppliant touch

NURSE

Henceforth I hold my peace, 'tis thine to speak from now

PHAEDRA

Ah! hapless mother, what a love was thine!

NURSE

Her love for the bull's daughter, or what meanest thou?

PHAEDRA

And woe to thee! my sister, bride of Dionysus

NURSE

What ails thee, child? speaking ill of kith and kin

PHAEDRA

Myself the third to suffer! how am I undone!

NURSE

Thou strik'st me dumb! Where will this history end?

PHAEDRA

That "love" has been our curse from time long past

NURSE

I know no more of what I fain would learn

PHAEDRA

Ah! would thou couldst say for me what I have to tell

NURSE

I am no prophetess to unriddle secrets

PHAEDRA

What is it they mean when they talk of people being in "love"?

NURSE

At once the sweetest and the bitterest thing, my child

PHAEDRA

I shall only find the latter half

NURSE

Ha! my child, art thou in love?

PHAEDRA

The Amazon's son, whoever he may be—

NURSE

Mean'st thou Hippolytus?

PHAEDRA

'Twas thou, not I, that spoke his name

NURSE

O heavens! what is this, my child? Thou hast ruined me Outrageous! friends, I will not live and bear it, hateful is life, hateful to mine eyes the light This body I resign, will cast it off, and rid me of existence by my death Farewell, my life is o'er Yea, for the chaste<sup>1</sup> have wicked passions, 'gainst their will maybe, but still they have Cypris, it seems is not a goddess after all, but something greater far, for she hath been the ruin of my lady and of me and our whole family

CHORUS (*chanting*)

O, too clearly didst thou hear our queen uplift her voice to tell her startling tale of piteous suffering Come death ere I reach thy state of feeling, loved mistress O horrible! woe, for these miseries! woe, for the sorrows on which mortals feed! Thou art undone! thou hast disclosed thy sin to heaven's light What hath each passing day and every hour in store for thee? Some strange event will come to pass in this house For it is no longer uncertain where the star of thy love is setting, thou hapless daughter of Crete

PHAEDRA

Women of Troezen, who dwell here upon the frontier edge of Pelops' land, oft ere now in heedless mood through the long hours of night have I wondered why man's life is spoiled, and it seems to me their evil case is not due to any natural fault of judgment, for there be many dowered with sense, but we must view the matter in this light by teaching and ex-

perience we learn the right but neglect it in practice, some from sloth, others from preferring pleasure of some kind or other to duty Now life has many pleasures, protracted talk, and leisure, that seductive evil, likewise there is shame which is of two kinds, one a noble quality, the other a curse to families, but if for each its proper time were clearly known, these twain could not have had the selfsame letters to denote them So then since I had made up my mind on these points, 'twas not likely any drug would alter it and make me think the contrary And I will tell thee too the way my judgment went When love wounded me, I bethought me how I best might bear the smart So from that day forth I began to hide in silence what I suffered For I put no faith in counsellors, who know well to lecture others for presumption, yet themselves have countless troubles of their own Next I did devise noble endurance of these wanton thoughts, striving by continence for victory And last when I could not succeed in mastering love hereby, methought it best to die, and none can gainsay my purpose For fain I would my virtue should to all appear, my shame have few to witness it I knew my sickly passion now, to yield to it I saw how infamous, and more, I learnt to know so well that I was but a woman, a thing the world detests Curses, hideous curses on that wife who first did shame her marriage-vow for lovers other than her lord! 'Twas from noble families this curse began to spread among our sex For when the noble countenance disgrace, poor folk of course will think that it is right Those too I hate who make profession of purity,<sup>1</sup> though in secret reckless sinners How can these, queen Cypris, ocean's child, e'er look their husbands in the face? do they never feel one guilty thrill that their accomplice, night, or the chambers of their house will find a voice and speak? This it is that calls on me to die, kind friends, that so I may ne'er be found to have disgraced my lord, or the children I have borne, no! may they grow up and dwell in glorious Athens, free to speak and act, heirs to such fair fame as a mother can bequeath For to know that father or mother has sinned doth turn the stoutest heart to slavishness This alone, men say, can stand the buffets of life's battle, a just and virtuous soul in whomsoever found For time unmasks the villain soon or late, holding up to them a mirror as to some blooming maid 'Mongst such may I be never seen!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Now look! how fair is chastity<sup>1</sup> however viewed, whose fruit is good repute amongst men

NURSE

My queen, 'tis true thy tale of woe, but lately told, did for the moment strike me with wild alarm, but now I do reflect upon my foolishness,

second thoughts are often best even with men Thy fate is no uncommon one nor past one's calculations, thou art stricken by the passion Cypris sends Thou art in love, what wonder? so are many more Wilt thou, because thou lov'st, destroy thyself? 'Tis little gain, I trow, for those who love or yet may love their fellows, if death must be their end, for though the Love-Queen's onset in her might is more than man can bear, yet doth she gently visit yielding hearts, and only when she finds a proud unnatural spirit, doth she take and mock it past belief Her path is in the sky, and mid the ocean's surge she rides, from her all nature springs, she sows the seeds of love, inspires the warm desire to which we sons of earth all owe our being They who have aught to do with books of ancient scribes, or themselves engage in studious pursuits, know how Zeus of Semele was enamoured, how the bright-eyed goddess of the Dawn once stole Cephalus to dwell in heaven for the love she bore him, yet these in heaven abide nor shun the gods' approach, content, I trow, to yield to their misfortune Wilt thou refuse to yield? thy sire, it seems, should have begotten thee on special terms or with different gods for masters, if in these laws thou wilt not acquiesce How many, prithee, men of sterling sense, when they see their wives unfaithful, make as though they saw it not? How many fathers, when their sons have gone astray, assist them in their amours? 'Tis part of human wisdom to conceal the deed of shame Nor should man aim at too great refinement in his life, for they cannot with exactness finish e'en the roof that covers in a house, and how dost thou, after falling into so deep a pit, think to escape? Nay, if thou hast more of good than bad, thou wilt fare exceeding well, thy human nature considered O cease, my darling child, from evil thoughts, let wanton pride be gone, for this is naught else, this wish to rival gods in perfectness Face thy love, 'tis heaven's will thou shouldst Sick thou art, yet turn thy sickness to some happy issue For there are charms and spells to soothe the soul, surely some cure for thy disease will be found Men, no doubt, might seek it long and late if our women's minds no scheme devise

## LEADER

Although she gives thee at thy present need the wiser counsel, Phaedra, yet do I praise thee Still my praise may sound more harsh and jar more cruelly on thy ear than her advice

## PHAEDRA

'Tis even this, too plausible a tongue, that overthrows good governments and homes of men We should not speak to please the ear but point the path that leads to noble fame,



## NURSE

What means this solemn speech? Thou needst not rounded phrases,—but a man Straightway must we move to tell him frankly how it is with thee Had not thy life to such a crisis come, or wert thou with self-control<sup>1</sup> endowed, ne'er would I to gratify thy passions have urged thee to this course, but now 'tis a struggle fierce to save thy life, and therefore less to blame

## PHAEDRA

Accursed proposal! peace, woman! never utter those shameful words again!

## NURSE

Shameful, maybe, yet for thee better than honour's code Better this deed, if it shall save thy life, than that name thy pride will kill thee to retain

## PHAEDRA

I conjure thee, go no further! for thy words are plausible but infamous, for though as yet love has not undermined my soul, yet, if in specious words thou dress thy foul suggestion, I shall be beguiled into the snare from which I am now escaping

## NURSE

If thou art of this mind, 'twere well thou ne'er hadst sinned, but as it is, hear me, for that is the next best course, I in my house have charms to soothe thy love,—'twas but now I thought of them,—these shall cure thee of thy sickness on no disgraceful terms, thy mind unhurt, if thou wilt be but brave But from him thou lovest we must get some token, a word or fragment of his robe, and thereby unite in one love's twofold stream

## PHAEDRA

Is thy drug a salve or potion?

## NURSE

I cannot tell, be content, my child, to profit by it and ask no questions

## PHAEDRA

I fear me thou wilt prove too wise for me

## NURSE

If thou fear this, confess thyself afraid of all, but why thy terror?

## PHAEDRA

Lest thou shouldst breathe a word of this to Theseus' son

## NURSE

Peace, my child! I will do all things well, only be thou, queen Cypris, ocean's child, my partner in the work! And for the rest of my purpose, it will be enough for me to tell it to our friends within the house

(*The Nurse goes into the palace*)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

O Love, Love, that from the eyes diffusest soft desire, bringing on the souls of those, whom thou dost camp against, sweet grace, O never in evil mood appear to me, nor out of time and tune approach! Nor fire nor meteor hurls a mightier bolt than Aphrodite's shaft shot by the hands of Love, the child of Zeus

*antistrophe 1*

Idly, idly by the streams of Alpheus and in the Pythian shrines of Phoebus, Hellas heaps the slaughtered steers, while Love we worship not, Love, the king of men, who holds the key to Aphrodite's sweetest bower,—worship not him who, when he comes, lays waste and marks his path to mortal hearts by wide-spread woe

*strophe 2*

There was that maiden ' in Oechalia, a girl unwed, that knew no wooer yet nor married joys, her did the Queen of Love snatch from her home across the sea and gave unto Alcmena's son, mid blood and smoke and murderous marriage-hymns, to be to him a frantic fiend of hell, woe! woe for his wooing!

*antistrophe 2*

Ah! holy walls of Thebes, ah! fount of Dirce, ye could testify what course the love-queen follows For with the blazing levin-bolt did she cut short the fatal marriage of Semele, mother of Zeus-born Bacchus. All things she doth inspire, dread goddess, winging her flight hither and thither like a bee

## PHAEDRA

Peace, oh women, peace! I am undone

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

What, Phaedra, is this dread event within thy house?

## PHAEDRA

Hush! let me hear what those within are saying

## LEADER

I am silent, this is surely the prelude to evil

PHAEDRA (*chanting*)

Great gods! how awful are my sufferings!

CHORUS (*chanting*)

What a cry was there! what loud alarm! say what sudden terror,  
lady, doth thy soul dismay

## PHAEDRA

I am undone Stand here at the door and hear the noise arising in the  
house

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Thou art already by the bolted door, 'tis for thee to note the  
sounds that issue from within And tell me, O tell me what evil can  
be on foot

## PHAEDRA

'Tis the son of the horse-loving Amazon who calls, Hippolytus, uttering  
foul curses on my servant

CHORUS (*chanting*)

I hear a noise, but cannot clearly tell which way it comes Ah!  
'tis through the door the sound reached thee

## PHAEDRA

Yes, yes, he is calling her plainly enough a go-between in vice, traitress  
to her master's honour

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Woe, woe is me! thou art betrayed, dear mistress! What counsel  
shall I give thee? thy secret is out, thou art utterly undone

## PHAEDRA

Ah me! ah me!

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Betrayed by friends!

## PHAEDRA

She hath ruined me by speaking of my misfortune, 'twas kindly  
meant, but an ill way to cure my malady

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O what wilt thou do now in thy cruel dilemma?

## PHAEDRA

I only know one way, one cure for these my woes, and that is instant death

(HIPPOLYTUS *bursts out of the palace, followed closely by the NURSE*)

## HIPPOLYTUS

O mother earth! O sun's unclouded orb! What words, unfit for any lips, have reached my ears!

## NURSE

Peace, my son, lest some one hear thy outcry

## HIPPOLYTUS

I cannot hear such awful words and hold my peace

## NURSE

I do implore thee by thy fair right hand

## HIPPOLYTUS

Let go my hand, touch not my robe

## NURSE

O by thy knees I pray, destroy me not utterly

## HIPPOLYTUS

Why say this, if, as thou pretendest, thy lips are free from blame?

## NURSE

My son, this is no story to be noised abroad

## HIPPOLYTUS

A virtuous tale grows fairer told to many

## NURSE

Never dishonour thy oath, my son

## HIPPOLYTUS

My tongue an oath did take, but not my heart <sup>a</sup>

## NURSE

My son, what wilt thou do? destroy thy friends?

## HIPPOLYTUS

Friends indeed! the wicked are no friends of mine

## NURSE

O pardon me, to err is only human, child

## HIPPOLYTUS

Great Zeus, why didst thou, to man's sorrow, put woman, evil counterfeited, to dwell where shines the sun? If thou wert minded that the human race should multiply, it was not from women they should have drawn their stock, but in thy temples they should have paid gold or iron or ponderous bronze and bought a family, each man proportioned to his offering, and so in independence dwelt, from women free. But now as soon as ever we would bring this plague into our home we bring its fortune to the ground. 'Tis clear from this how great a curse a woman is, the very father, that begot and nurtured her, to rid him of the mischief, gives her a dower and packs her off, while the husband, who takes the noxious weed into his home, fondly decks his sorry idol in fine raiment and tricks her out in robes, squandering by degrees, unhappy wight! his household's wealth. For he is in this dilemma, say his marriage has brought him good connections, he is glad then to keep the wife he loathes, or, if he gets a good wife but useless kin, he tries to stifle the bad luck with the good. But it is easiest for him who has settled in his house as wife a mere cipher,<sup>4</sup> incapable from simplicity. I hate a clever woman, never may she set foot in *my* house who aims at knowing more than women need, for in these clever women Cypris implants a larger store of villainy, while the artless woman is by her shallow wit from levity debarred. No servant should ever have had access to a wife, but men should put to live with them beasts, which bite, not talk, in which case they could not speak to any one nor be answered back by them. But, as it is, the wicked in their chambers plot wickedness, and their servants carry it abroad. Even thus, vile wretch, thou cam'st to make me partner in an outrage on my father's honour, wherefore I must wash that stain away in running streams, dashing the water into my ears. How could I commit so foul a crime when by the very mention of it I feel myself polluted? Be well assured, woman, 'tis only my religious scruple saves thee. For had not I unawares been caught by an oath, 'fore heaven! I would not have refrained from telling all unto my father. But now I will from the house away, so long as Theseus is abroad, and will maintain strict silence. But, when my father comes, I will return and see how thou and thy mistress face him, and so shall I learn by experience the extent of thy audacity. Perdition seize you both! I can never satisfy my hate for women, not even though some say this is ever my theme, for of a truth they always are evil. So either let some one prove them chaste,<sup>1</sup> or let me still trample on them for ever.

(HIPPOLYTUS *departs in anger*.)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

O the cruel, unhappy fate of women! What arts, what arguments have we, once we have made a slip, to loose by craft the tight-drawn knot?

PHAEDRA (*chanting*)

I have met my deserts O earth, O light of day! How can I escape the stroke of fate? How my pangs conceal, kind friends? What god will appear to help me, what mortal to take my part or help me in unrighteousness? The present calamity of my life admits of no escape Most hapless I of all my sex!

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Alas, alas! the deed is done, thy servant's schemes have gone awry, my queen, and all is lost

PHAEDRA (*to the NURSE*)

Accursed woman! traitress to thy friends! How hast thou ruined me! May Zeus, my ancestor, smite thee with his fiery bolt and uproot thee from thy place Did I not foresee thy purpose, did I not bid thee keep silence on the very matter which is now my shame? But thou wouldst not be still, wherefore my fair name will not go with me to the tomb But now I must another scheme devise Yon youth, in the keenness of his fury, will tell his father of my sin, and the aged Pittheus of my state, and fill the world with stories to my shame Perdition seize thee and every meddling fool who by dishonest means would serve unwilling friends!

## NURSE

Mistress, thou may'st condemn the mischief I have done, for sorrow's sting o'ermasters thy judgment, yet can I answer thee in face of this, if thou wilt hear 'Twas I who nurtured thee, I love thee still, but in my search for medicine to cure thy sickness I found what least I sought Had I but succeeded, I had been counted wise, for the credit we get for wisdom is measured by our success

## PHAEDRA

Is it just, is it any satisfaction to me, that thou shouldst wound me first, then bandy words with me?

## NURSE

We dwell on this too long, I was not wise, I own, but there are yet ways of escape from the trouble, my child

## PHAEDRA

Be dumb henceforth, evil was thy first advice to me, evil too thy attempted scheme Begone and leave me, look to thyself, I will my own fortunes for the best arrange

(*The NURSE goes into the palace*)

Ye noble daughters of Troezen, grant me the only boon I crave, in silence bury what ye here have heard

## LEADER

By majestic Artemis, child of Zeus, I swear I will never divulge aught of thy sorrows

## PHAEDRA

'Tis well But I, with all my thought, can but one way discover out of this calamity, that so I may secure my children's honour, and find myself some help as matters stand For never, never will I bring shame upon my Cretan home, nor will I, to save one poor life, face Theseus after my disgrace

## LEADER

Art thou bent then on some cureless woe?

## PHAEDRA

On death, the means thereto must I devise myself

## LEADER

Hush!

## PHAEDRA

Do thou at least advise me well For this very day shall I gladden Cyprus, my destroyer, by yielding up my life, and shall own myself vanquished by cruel love Yet shall my dying be another's curse, that he may learn not to exult at my misfortunes, but when he comes to share the self-same plague with me, he will take a lesson in wisdom <sup>1</sup>

(*PHAEDRA enters the palace*)

CHORUS (*chanting*)*strophe 1*

O to be nestling 'neath some pathless cavern, there by god's creating hand to grow into a bird amid the winged tribes! Away would I soar to Adria's wave-beat shore and to the waters of Eridanus, where a father's hapless daughters in their grief for Phaethon distil into the glooming flood the amber brilliance of their tears

*antistrophe 1*

And to the apple-bearing strand of those minstrels in the west I then would come, where ocean's lord no more to sailors grants a passage o'er the deep dark main, finding there the heaven's holy bound, upheld by Atlas, where water from ambrosial founts wells up beside the couch of Zeus inside his halls, and holy earth, the bounteous mother, causes joy to spring in heavenly breasts

*strophe 2*

O white-winged bark, that o'er the booming ocean-wave didst bring my royal mistress from her happy home, to crown her queen 'mongst sorrow's brides! Surely evil omens from either port, at least from Crete, were with that ship, what time to glorious Athens it sped its way, and the crew made fast its twisted cable-ends upon the beach of Munychus, and on the land stepped out

*antistrophe 2*

Whence comes it that her heart is crushed, cruelly afflicted by Aphrodite with unholy love, so she by bitter grief o'erwhelmed will tie a noose within her bridal bower to fit it to her fair white neck, too modest for this hateful lot in life, prizing o'er all her name and fame, and striving thus to rid her soul of passion's sting

(*The Nurse rushes out of the palace*)

## NURSE

Help! ho! To the rescue all who near the palace stand! She hath hung herself, our queen, the wife of Theseus

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Woe worth the day! the deed is done, our royal mistress is no more, dead she hangs in the dangling noose

## NURSE

Haste! some one bring a two-edged knife wherewith to cut the knot about her neck

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

Friends, what shall we do? think you we should enter the house, and loose the queen from the tight-drawn noose?

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

Why should *we*? Are there not young servants here? To do too much is not a safe course in life



## NURSE

Lay out the hapless corpse, straighten the limbs This was a bitter way to sit at home and keep my master's house!

*(She goes in)*

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

She is dead, poor lady, 'tis this I hear Already are they laying out the corpse

*(THESEUS and his retinue have entered, unnoticed)*

## THESEUS

Women, can ye tell me what the uproar in the palace means? There came the sound of servants weeping bitterly to mine ear None of my household deign to open wide the gates and give me glad welcome as a traveller from prophetic shrines Hath aught befallen old Pittheus? No Though he be well advanced in years, yet should I mourn, were he to quit this house

## LEADER

'Tis not against the old, Theseus that fate, to strike thee, aims this blow, prepare thy sorrow for a younger corpse

## THESEUS

Woe is me! is it a child's life death robs me of?

## LEADER

They live, but, cruellest news of all for thee, their mother is no more

## THESEUS

What! my wife dead? By what cruel stroke of chance?

## LEADER

About her neck she tied the hangman's knot

## THESEUS

Had grief so chilled her blood? or what had befallen her?

## LEADER

I know but this, for I am myself but now arrived at the house to mourn thy sorrows, O Theseus

## THESEUS

Woe is me! why have I crowned my head with woven garlands, when misfortune greets my embassy? Unbolt the doors, servants, loose their fastenings, that I may see the piteous sight, my wife, whose death is death to me

*(The central doors of the palace open, disclosing the corpse)*

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Woe! woe is thee for thy piteous lot! thou hast done thyself a hurt deep enough to overthrow this family Ah! ah! the daring of it! done to death by violence and unnatural means, the desperate effort of thy own poor hand! Who cast the shadow o'er thy life, poor lady?

THESEUS (*chanting*)

Ah me, my cruel lot! sorrow hath done her worst on me O fortune, how heavily hast thou set thy foot on me and on my house, by fiendish hands inflicting an unexpected stain? Nay, 'tis complete effacement of my life, making it not to be lived, for I see, alas! so wide an ocean of grief that I can never swim to shore again, nor breast the tide of this calamity How shall I speak of thee, my poor wife, what tale of direst suffering tell? Thou art vanished like a bird from the covert of my hand, taking one headlong leap from me to Hades' halls Alas, and woe! this is a bitter, bitter sight! This must be a judgment sent by God for the sins of an ancestor, which from some far source I am bringing on myself

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

My prince, 'tis not to thee alone such sorrows come, thou hast lost a noble wife, but so have many others

THESEUS (*chanting*)

Fain would I go hide me 'neath earth's blackest depth, to dwell in darkness with the dead in misery, now that I am reft of thy dear presence! for thou hast slain me than thyself e'en more Who can tell me what caused the fatal stroke that reached thy heart, dear wife? Will no one tell me what befell? doth my palace all in vain give shelter to a herd of menials? Woe, woe for thee, my wife! sorrows past speech, past bearing, I behold within my house, myself a ruined man, my home a solitude, my children orphans!

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Gone and left us hast thou, fondest wife and noblest of all women 'neath the sun's bright eye or night's star-lit radiance Poor house, what sorrows are thy portion now! My eyes are wet with streams of tears to see thy fate, but the ill that is to follow has long with terror filled me

## THESEUS

Ha! what means this letter? clasped in her dear hand it hath some strange tale to tell Hath she, poor lady, as a last request, written her bidding as to my marriage and her children? Take heart, poor ghost, no wife henceforth shall wed thy Theseus or invade his house Ah! how yon

seal of my dead wife stamped with her golden ring affects my sight!  
Come, I will unfold the sealed packet and read her letter's message to me

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Woe unto us! Here is yet another evil in the train by heaven sent  
Looking to what has happened, I should count my lot in life no  
longer worth one's while to gain My master's house, alas! is ruined,  
brought to naught, I say Spare it, O Heaven, if it may be Harken  
to my prayer, for I see, as with prophetic eye, an omen boding ill

THESEUS

O horror! woe on woe! and still they come, too deep for words, too  
heavy to bear Ah me!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

What is it? speak, if I may share in it

THESEUS (*chanting*)

This letter loudly tells a hideous tale! where can I escape my load  
of woe? For I am ruined and undone, so awful are the words I find  
here written clear as if she cried them to me, woe is me!

LEADER

Alas! thy words declare themselves the harbingers of woe

THESEUS

I can no longer keep the cursed tale within the portal of my lips, cruel  
though its utterance be Ah me! Hippolytus hath dared by brutal force  
to violate my honour, recking naught of Zeus, whose awful eye is over  
all O father Poseidon, once didst thou promise to fulfil three prayers of  
mine, answer one of these and slay my son, let him not escape this single  
day, if the prayers thou gavest me were indeed with issue fraught

LEADER

O king, I do conjure thee, call back that prayer, hereafter thou wilt  
know thy error Hear, I pray

THESEUS

It cannot be! Moreover I will banish him from this land, and by one  
of two fates shall he be struck down, either Poseidon, out of respect to  
my prayer, will cast his dead body into the house of Hades, or exiled  
from this land, a wanderer to some foreign shore, shall he eke out a life  
of misery

## LEADER

Lo! where himself doth come, thy son Hippolytus, in good time, dismiss thy hurtful rage, King Theseus, and bethink thee what is best for thy house

(HIPPOLYTUS enters)

## HIPPOLYTUS

I heard thy voice, father, and hasted to come hither, yet know I not the cause of thy present sorrow, but would fain learn of thee

(He sees PHAEDRA's body)

Ha! what is this? thy wife is dead? 'Tis very strange, it was but now I left her, a moment since she looked upon the light. How came she thus? the manner of her death? this would I learn of thee, father. Art dumb? silence availeth not in trouble, nay, for the heart that fain would know all must show its curiosity even in sorrow's hour. Be sure it is not right, father, to hide misfortunes from those who love, ay, more than love thee

## THESEUS

O ye sons of men, victims of a thousand idle errors, why teach your countless crafts, why scheme and seek to find a way for everything, while one thing ye know not nor ever yet have made your prize, a way to teach them wisdom whose souls are void of sense?

## HIPPOLYTUS

A very master in his craft the man, who can force fools to be wise! But these ill-timed subtleties of thine, father, make me fear thy tongue is running wild through trouble

## THESEUS

Fie upon thee! man needs should have some certain test set up to try his friends, some touchstone of their hearts, to know each friend whether he be true or false, all men should have two voices, one the voice of honesty, expediency's the other, so would honesty confute its knavish opposite, and then we could not be deceived

## HIPPOLYTUS

Say, hath some friend been slandering me and hath he still thine ear? and I, though guiltless, banned? I am amazed, for thy random, frantic words fill me with wild alarm

## THESEUS

O the mind of mortal man! to what lengths will it proceed? What limit will its bold assurance have? for if it goes on growing as man's life advances, and each successor outdo the man before him in villainy, the gods will have to add another sphere unto the world, which shall take in

the knaves and villains Behold this man, he, my own son, hath outraged mine honour, his guilt most clearly proved by my dead wife Now, since thou hast dared this loathly crime, come, look thy father in the face Art thou the man who dost with gods consort, as one above the vulgar herd? art thou the chaste <sup>1</sup> and sinless saint? Thy boasts will never persuade me to be guilty of attributing ignorance to gods Go then, vaunt thyself, and drive thy petty trade in viands formed of lifeless food, <sup>5</sup> take Orpheus for thy chief and go a-revelling, with all honour for the vapourings of many a written scroll, seeing thou now art caught Let all beware, I say, of such hypocrites! who hunt their prey with fine words, and all the while are scheming villainy She is dead, dost think that this will save thee? Why this convicts thee more than all, abandoned wretch! What oaths, what pleas can outweigh this letter, so that thou shouldst 'scape thy doom? Thou wilt assert she hated thee, that 'twixt the bastard and the true-born child nature has herself put war, it seems then by thy showing she made a sorry bargain with her life, if to gratify her hate of thee she lost what most she prized 'Tis said, no doubt, that frailty finds no place in man but is innate in woman, my experience is, young men are no more secure than women, whenso the Queen of Love excites a youthful breast, although their sex comes in to help them Yet why do I thus bandy words with thee, when before me lies the corpse, to be the clearest witness? Begone at once, an exile from this land, and ne'er set foot again in god-built Athens nor in the confines of my dominion For if I am tamely to submit to this treatment from such as thee, no more will Sinis, robber of the Isthmus, bear me witness how I slew him, but say my boasts are idle, nor will those rocks Scironian, that fringe the sea, call me the miscreants' scourge

## LEADER

I know not how to call happy any child of man, for that which was first has turned and now is last

## HIPPOLYTUS

Father, thy wrath and the tension of thy mind are terrible, yet this charge, specious though its arguments appear, becomes a calumny, if one lay it bare Small skill have I in speaking to a crowd, but have a readier wit for comrades of mine own age and small companies Yea, and this is as it should be, for they, whom the wise despise, are better qualified to speak before a mob Yet am I constrained under the present circumstances to break silence And at the outset will I take the point which formed the basis of thy stealthy attack on me, designed to put me out of court unheard, dost see yon sun, this earth? These do not contain, for all thou dost deny it, chastity <sup>1</sup> surpassing mine To reverence God I count the highest knowledge, and to adopt as friends not those who attempt in-

justice, but such as would blush to propose to their companions aught disgraceful or pleasure them by shameful services, to mock at friends is not my way, father, but I am still the same behind their backs as to their face. The very crime thou thinkest to catch me in, is just the one I am untainted with, for to this day have I kept me pure from women. Nor know I aught thereof, save what I hear or see in pictures, for I have no wish to look even on these, so pure my virgin soul. I grant my claim to chastity<sup>1</sup> may not convince thee, well, 'tis then for thee to show the way I was corrupted. Did this woman exceed in beauty all her sex? Did I aspire to fill the husband's place after thee and succeed to thy house? That surely would have made me out a fool, a creature void of sense. Thou wilt say, "Your chaste<sup>1</sup> man loves to lord it." No, no! say I, sovereignty pleases only those whose hearts are quite corrupt. Now, I would be the first and best at all the games in Hellas, but second in the state, for ever happy thus with the noblest for my friends. For there one may be happy, and the absence of danger gives a charm beyond all princely joys. One thing I have not said, the rest thou hast. Had I a witness to attest my purity, and were I pitted 'gainst her still alive, facts would show thee on enquiry who the culprit was. Now by Zeus, the god of oaths, and by the earth, whereon we stand, I swear to thee I never did lay hand upon thy wife nor would have wished to, or have harboured such a thought. Slay me, ye gods! rob me of name and honour, from home and city cast me forth, a wandering exile o'er the earth! nor sea nor land receive my bones when I am dead, if I am such a miscreant! I cannot say if she through fear destroyed herself, for more than this am I forbid. With her discretion took the place of chastity,<sup>1</sup> while I, though chaste, was not discreet in using this virtue.

## LEADER

Thy oath by heaven, strong security, sufficiently refutes the charge.

## THESEUS

A wizard or magician must the fellow be, to think he can first flout me, his father, then by coolness master my resolve.

## HIPPOLYTUS

Father, thy part in this doth fill me with amaze, wert thou my son and I thy sure, by heaven! I would have slain, not let thee off with banishment, hadst thou presumed to violate my honour.

## THESEUS

A just remark! yet shalt thou not die by the sentence thine own lips pronounce upon thyself, for death, that cometh in a moment, is an easy end for wretchedness. Nay, thou shalt be exiled from thy fatherland, and

wandering to a foreign shore drag out a life of misery, for such are the wages of sin

HIPPOLYTUS

Oh! what wilt thou do? Wilt thou banish me, without so much as waiting for Time's evidence on my case?

THESEUS

Ay, beyond the sea, beyond the bounds of Atlas, if I could, so deeply do I hate thee

HIPPOLYTUS

What! banish me untried, without even testing my oath, the pledge I offer, or the voice of seers?

THESEUS

This letter here, though it bears no seers' signs, arraigns thy pledges, as for birds that fly o'er our heads, a long farewell to them

HIPPOLYTUS (*aside*)

Great gods! why do I not unlock my lips, seeing that I am ruined by you, the objects of my reverence? No, I will not, I should nowise persuade those whom I ought to, and in vain should break the oath I swore

THESEUS

Fie upon thee! that solemn air of thine is more than I can bear Begone from thy native land forthwith!

HIPPOLYTUS

Whither shall I turn? Ah me! whose friendly house will take me in, an exile on so grave a charge?

THESEUS

Seek one who loves to entertain as guests and partners in his crimes corrupters of men's wives

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah me! this wounds my heart and brings me nigh to tears to think that I should appear so vile, and thou believe me so

THESEUS

Thy tears and forethought had been more in season when thou didst presume to outrage thy father's wife

HIPPOLYTUS

O house, I would thou couldst speak for me and witness if I am so vile!

## THESEUS

Dost fly to speechless witnesses? This deed, though it speaketh not,  
proves thy guilt clearly

## HIPPOLYTUS

Alas! Would I could stand and face myself, so should I weep to see  
the sorrows I endure

## THESEUS

Ay, 'tis thy character to honour thyself far more than reverence thy  
parents, as thou shouldst

## HIPPOLYTUS

Unhappy mother! son of sorrow! Heaven keep all friends of mine from  
bastard birth!

## THESEUS

Ho! servants, drag him hence! You heard my proclamation long ago  
condemning him to exile

## HIPPOLYTUS

Whoso of them doth lay a hand on me shall rue it, (thyself expel me, if  
thy spirit move thee, from the land

## THESEUS

I will, unless my word thou straight obey, no pity for thy exile steals  
into my heart

(THESEUS goes in *The central doors of the palace are closed*)

## HIPPOLYTUS

The sentence then, it seems, is passed Ah, misery! How well I know  
the truth herein, but know no way to tell it! O daughter of Latona,  
dearest to me of all deities, partner, comrade in the chase, far from glori-  
ous Athens must I fly Farewell, city and land of Erechtheus, farewell,  
Troezen, most joyous home wherein to pass the spring of life, 'tis my last  
sight of thee, farewell! Come, my comrades in this land, young like me,  
greet me kindly and escort me forth, for never will ye behold a purer<sup>1</sup>  
soul, for all my father's doubts

(HIPPOLYTUS departs *Many follow him*)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

In very deed the thoughts I have about the gods, whenso they  
come into my mind, do much to soothe its grief, but though I cherish  
secret hopes of some great guiding will, yet am I at fault when I  
survey the fate and doings of the sons of men, change succeeds to  
change, and man's life veers and shifts in endless restlessness



*antistrophe 1*

Fortune grant me this, I pray, at heaven's hand,—a happy lot in life and a soul from sorrow free, opinions let me hold not too precise nor yet too hollw, but, lightly changing my habits to each morrow as it comes, may I thus attain a life of bliss!

*strophe 2*

For now no more is my mind free from doubts, unlooked-for sights greet my vision, for lo! I see the morning star of Athens, eye of Hellas, driven by his father's fury to another land Mourn, ye sands of my native shores, ye oak-groves on the hills, where with his fleet hounds he would hunt the quarry to the death, attending on Dictynna, awful queen

*antistrophe 2*

No more will he mount his car drawn by Venetian steeds, filling the course round Limna with the prancing of his trained horses Nevermore in his father's house shall he wake the Muse that never slept beneath his lute-strings, no hand will crown the spots where rests the maiden Latona 'mid the boskage deep, nor evermore shall our virgins vie to win thy love, now thou art banished

*epode*

While I with tears at thy unhappy fate shall endure a lot all undeserved Ah! hapless mother, in vain didst thou bring forth, it seems I am angered with the gods, out upon them! O ye link'd Graces, why are ye sending from his native land this poor youth, a guiltless sufferer, far from his home?

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

But lo! I see a servant of Hippolytus hasting with troubled looks towards the palace

(A MESSENGER enters)

## MESSENGER

Ladies, where may I find Theseus, king of the country? pray, tell me if ye know, is he within the palace here?

## LEADER

Lo! himself approaches from the palace

(THESEUS enters)

## MESSENGER

Theseus, I am the bearer of troublous tidings to thee and all citizens who dwell in Athens or the bounds of Troezen

## THESEUS

How now? hath some strange calamity o'ertaken these two neighbouring cities?

## MESSENGER

In one brief word, Hippolytus is dead 'Tis true one slender thread still links him to the light of life

## THESEUS

Who slew him? Did some husband come to blows with him, one whose wife, like mine, had suffered brutal violence?

## MESSENGER

He perished through those steeds that drew his chariot, and through the curses thou didst utter, praying to thy sire, the ocean-king, to slay thy son

## THESEUS

Ye gods and king Poseidon, thou hast proved my parentage by hearkening to my prayer! Say how he perished, how fell the uplifted hand of Justice to smite the villain who dishonoured me?

## MESSENGER

Hard by the wave-beat shore were we combing out his horses' manes, weeping the while, for one had come to say that Hippolytus was harshly exiled by thee and nevermore would return to set foot in this land. Then came he, telling the same doleful tale to us upon the beach, and with him was a countless throng of friends who followed after. At length he staved his lamentation and spake "Why weakly rave on this wise? My father's commands must be obeyed. Ho! servants, harness my horses to the chariot, this is no longer now city of mine." Thereupon each one of us bestirred himself, and, ere a man could say 'twas done, we had the horses standing ready at our master's side. Then he caught up the reins from the chariot-rail, first fitting his feet exactly in the hollows made for them. But first with outspread palms he called upon the gods, "O Zeus, now strike me dead, if I have sinned, and let my father learn how he is wronging me, in death at least, if not in life." Therewith he seized the whip and lashed each horse in turn, while we, close by his chariot, near the reins, kept up with him along the road that leads direct to Argos and Epidaurus. And just as we were coming to a desert spot, a strip of sand beyond the borders of this country, sloping right to the Saronic gulf,

there issued thence a deep rumbling sound, as it were an earthquake, a fearsome noise, and the horses reared their heads and pricked their ears, while we were filled with wild alarm to know whence came the sound, when, as we gazed toward the wave-beat shore, a wave tremendous we beheld towering to the skies, so that from our view the cliffs of Sciron vanished, for it hid the isthmus and the rock of Asclepius, then swelling and frothing with a crest of foam, the sea discharged it toward the beach where stood the harnessed car, and in the moment that it broke, that mighty wall of waters, there issued from the wave a monstrous bull, whose bellowing filled the land with fearsome echoes, a sight too awful as it seemed to us who witnessed it. A panic seized the horses there and then, but our master, to horses' ways quite used, gripped in both hands his reins, and tying them to his body pulled them backward as the sailor pulls his oar, but the horses gnashed the forged bits between their teeth and bore him wildly on, regardless of their master's guiding hand or rein or jointed car. And oft as he would take the guiding rein and steer for softer ground, showed that bull in front to turn him back again, maddening his team with terror, but if in their frantic career they ran towards the rocks, he would draw nigh the chariot-rail, keeping up with them, until, suddenly dashing the wheel against a stone, he upset and wrecked the car, then was dire confusion, axle-boxes and linchpins springing into the air. While he, poor youth, entangled in the reins was dragged along, bound by a stubborn knot, his poor head dashed against the rocks, his flesh all torn, the while he cried out piteously, "Stay, stay, my horses whom my own hand hath fed at the manger, destroy me not utterly. O luckless curse of a father! Will no one come and save me for all my virtue?" Now we, though much we longed to help, were left far behind. At last, I know not how, he broke loose from the shapely reins that bound him, a faint breath of life still in him, but the horses disappeared, and that portentous bull, among the rocky ground, I know not where. I am but a slave in thy house, 'tis true, O king, yet will I never believe so monstrous a charge against thy son's character, no! not though the whole race of womankind should hang itself, or one should fill with writing every pine-tree tablet grown on Ida, sure as I am of his uprightness.

LEADER

Alas! new troubles come to plague us, nor is there any escape from fate and necessity.

THESEUS

My hatred for him who hath thus suffered made me glad at thy tidings, yet from regard for the gods and him, because he is my son, I feel neither joy nor sorrow at his sufferings.

## MESSENGER

But say, are we to bring the victim hither, or how are we to fulfil thy wishes? Bethink thee, if by me thou wilt be schooled, thou wilt not harshly treat thy son in his sad plight

## THESEUS

Bring him hither, that when I see him face to face, who hath denied having polluted my wife's honour, I may by words and heaven's visitation convict him

*(The MESSENGER departs)*

CHORUS *(singing)*

Ah! Cypris, thine the hand that guides the stubborn hearts of gods and men, thine, and that attendant boy's, who, with painted plumage gay, flutters round his victims on lightning wing O'er the land and booming deep on golden pinion borne flits the god of Love, maddening the heart and beguiling the senses of all whom he attacks, savage whelps on mountains bred, ocean's monsters, creatures of this sun-warmed earth, and man, thine, O Cypris, thine alone the sovereign power to rule them all

*(ARTEMIS appears above)*

ARTEMIS *(chanting)*

Hearken, I bid thee, noble son of Aegeus lo! 'tis I, Latona's child, that speak, I, Artemis Why, Theseus, to thy sorrow dost thou rejoice at these tidings, seeing that thou hast slain thy son most impiously, listening to a charge not clearly proved, but falsely sworn to by thy wife? though clearly has the curse therefrom upon thee fallen Why dost thou not for very shame hide beneath the dark places of the earth, or change thy human life and soar on wings to escape this tribulation? 'Mongst men of honour thou hast now no share in life

*(She now speaks)*

Hearken, Theseus, I will put thy wretched case Yet will it naught avail thee, if I do, but vex thy heart, still with this intent I came, to show thy son's pure heart,—that he may die with honour,—as well the frenzy and, in a sense, the nobleness of thy wife, for she was cruelly stung with a passion for thy son by that goddess whom all we, that joy in virgin purity, detest And though she strove to conquer love by resolution, yet by no fault of hers she fell, thanks to her nurse's strategy, who did reveal her malady unto thy son under oath But he would none of her counsels, as indeed was right, nor yet, when thou didst revile him, would he break the oath he swore, from piety She meantime, fearful of

being found out, wrote a lying letter, destroying by guile thy son, but yet persuading thee

## THESEUS

Woe is me!

## ARTEMIS

Doth my story wound thee, Theseus? Be still awhile, hear what follows, so wilt thou have more cause to groan Dost remember those three prayers thy father granted thee, fraught with certain issue? 'Tis one of these thou hast misused, unnatural wretch, against thy son, instead of aiming it at an enemy Thy sea-god sire, 'tis true, for all his kind intent, hath granted that boon he was compelled, by reason of his promise, to grant But thou alike in his eyes and in mine hast shewn thy evil heart, in that thou hast forestalled all proof or voice prophetic, hast made no inquiry, nor taken time for consideration, but with undue haste cursed thy son even to the death

## THESEUS

Perdition seize me! Queen revered!

## ARTEMIS

An awful deed was thine, but still even for this thou mayest obtain pardon, for it was Cypris that would have it so, sating the fury of her soul For this is law amongst us gods, none of us will thwart his neighbour's will, but ever we stand aloof For be well assured, did I not fear Zeus, never would I have incurred the bitter shame of handing over to death a man of all his kind to me most dear As for thy sin, first thy ignorance absolves thee from its villainy, next thy wife, who is dead, was lavish in her use of convincing arguments to influence thy mind On thee in chief this storm of woe hath burst, yet is it some grief to me as well, for when the righteous die, there is no joy in heaven, albeit we try to destroy the wicked, house and home

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Lo! where he comes, this hapless youth, his fair young flesh and auburn locks most shamefully handled Unhappy house! what twofold sorrow doth o'ertake its halls, through heaven's ordinance!

(HIPPLYTUS enters, assisted by his attendants)

HIPPLYTUS (*chanting*)

Ah! ah! woe is me! foully undone by an impious father's impious imprecation! Undone, undone! woe is me! Through my head dart fearful pains, my brain throbs convulsively Stop, let me rest my worn-out frame Oh, oh! Accursed steeds, that mine own hand did

feed, ye have been my ruin and my death O by the gods, good sirs, I beseech ye, softly touch my wounded limbs Who stands there at my right side? Lift me tenderly, with slow and even step conduct a poor wretch cursed by his mistaken sire Great Zeus, dost thou see this? Me thy reverent worshipper, me who left all men behind in purity,<sup>1</sup> plunged thus into yawning Hades 'neath the earth, reft of life, in vain the toils I have endured through my piety towards mankind Ah me! ah me! O the thrill of anguish shooting through me! Set me down, poor wretch I am, come Death to set me free! Kill me, end my sufferings O for a sword two-edged to hack my flesh, and close this mortal life! Ill-fated curse of my father! the crimes of bloody kinsmen, ancestors of old, now pass their boundaries and tarry not, and upon me are they come all guiltless as I am, ah! why? Alas, alas! what can I say? How from my life get rid of this relentless agony? O that the stern Death-god, night's black visitant, would give my sufferings rest!

## ARTÉMIS

Poor sufferer! cruel the fate that links thee to it! Thy noble soul hath been thy ruin

## HIPPOLYTUS

Ah! the fragrance from my goddess wafted! Even in my agony I feel thee near and find relief, she is here in this very place, my goddess Artemis

## ARTÉMIS

She is, poor sufferer! the goddess thou hast loved the best

## HIPPOLYTUS

Dost see me, mistress mine? dost see my present suffering?

## ARTÉMIS

I see thee, but mine eyes no tear may weep

## HIPPOLYTUS

Thou hast none now to lead the hunt or tend thy fane

## ARTEMIS

None now, yet e'en in death I love thee still

## HIPPOLYTUS

None to groom thy steeds, or guard thy shrines

## ARTEMIS

'Twas Cypris, mistress of iniquity, devised this evil

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah me! now know I the goddess who destroyed me

ARTEMIS

She was jealous of her slighted honour, vexed at thy chaste life <sup>1</sup>

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah! then I see her single hand hath struck down three of us

ARTEMIS

Thy sire and thee, and last thy father's wife

HIPPOLYTUS

My sire's ill-luck as well as mine I mourn

ARTEMIS

He was deceived by a goddess's design

HIPPOLYTUS

Woe is thee, my father, in this sad mischance!

THISEUS

My son, I am a ruined man, life has no joys for me

HIPPOLYTUS

For this mistake I mourn thee rather than myself

THISEUS

O that I had died for thee, my son!

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah! those fatal gifts thy sire Poseidon gave

THISEUS

Would God these lips had never uttered that prayer!

HIPPOLYTUS

Why not? thou wouldst in any case have slain me in thy fury then

THISEUS

Yes, Heaven had perverted my power to think

HIPPOLYTUS

O that the race of men could bring a curse upon the gods!

ARTEMIS

Enough! for though thou pass to gloom beneath the earth, the wrath of Cypris shall not, at her will, fall on thee unrequited, because thou hadst

a noble righteous soul For I with mine own hand will with these unerring shafts avenge me on another,<sup>a</sup> who is her votary, dearest to her of all the sons of men And to thee, poor sufferer, for thy anguish now will I grant high honours in the city of Troezen, for thee shall maids unwed before their marriage cut off their hair, thy harvest through the long roll of time of countless bitter tears Yea, and for ever shall the virgin choir hymn thy sad memory, nor shall Phaedra's love for thee fall into oblivion and pass away unnoticed But thou, O son of old Aegeus, take thy son in thine arms, draw him close to thee, for unwittingly thou slewest him, and men may well commit an error when gods put it in their way And thee Hippolytus, I admonish, hate not thy sire, for in this death thou dost but meet thy destined fate And now farewell! 'tis not for me to gaze upon the dead, or pollute my sight with death-scenes, and even now I see thee nigh that evil

(*ARTEMIS vanishes* )

HIPPOLYTUS

Farewell, blest virgin queen! leave me now! Easily thou resignest our long friendship! I am reconciled with my father at thy desire, yea, for ever before I would obey thy bidding Ah me! the darkness is settling even now upon my eyes Take me, father, in thy arms, lift me up

THESEUS

Woe is me, my son! what art thou doing to me thy hapless sire!

HIPPOLYTUS

I am a broken man, yes, I see the gates that close upon the dead

THESEUS

Canst leave me thus with murder on my soul!

HIPPOLYTUS

No, no, I set thee free from this bloodguiltiness

THESEUS

What sayest thou? dost absolve me from bloodshed?

HIPPOLYTUS

Artemis, the archer-queen, is my witness that I do

THESEUS

My own dear child, how generous dost thou show thyself to thy father!

HIPPOLYTUS

Farewell, dear father! a long farewell to thee!



THESEUS

O that holy, noble soul of thine!

HIPPOLYTUS

Pray to have children such as me born in lawful wedlock

THESEUS

O leave me not, my son, endure awhile

HIPPOLYTUS

Tis finished, my endurance, I die, father, quickly veil my face with a mantle

THESEUS

O glorious Athens, realm of Pallas, what a splendid hero ye have lost!  
Ah me, ah me! How oft shall I remember thy evil works, O Cypris!

CHORUS (*singing*)

On all our citizens hath come this universal sorrow, unforeseen  
Now shall the copious tear gush forth, for sad news about great men  
takes more than usual hold upon the heart

# NOTES FOR HIPPOLYTUS

COLERIDGE's translation has been slightly altered in the following lines  
40, 95, 163-164, 278, 467, 636, 788, 801, 821, 855, 893, 901, 905-906,  
924, 934, 1351, 1441, 1458

1 All the words with which this note is keyed are Coleridge's renderings of the same Greek word in the original, *sophrosyne*, either in the nominal, adjectival, or verbal form. It appears so frequently in the Greek text at important points that it comes to be a conception central to the meaning of the whole play. In a sense Euripides is endeavouring to make clear what real *sophrosyne* actually is. It is impossible to find a single English word which will carry its entire meaning. Coleridge's usual renderings, "chastity" or 'purity' must be supplemented by the connotations of self-restraint, moderation, temperance and self-control.

2 This refers to the story of Heracles and Iole. Cf. Sophocles, *The Trachiniae*.

3 Cf. Aristophanes *Frogs*, lines 101-102, and 1471.

4 Cf. note on line 638 in J. E. Healy's edition of the *Hippolytus*.

5 Theseus is taunting Hippolytus for being associated with the Orphic mysteries.

6 This refers to Adonis.



IV  
HECUBA

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

THE GHOST OF POLYDORUS, *son of HECUBA and Priam, King of Troy*

HECUBA, *wife of Priam*

CHORUS OF CAPTIVE TROJAN WOMEN

POLYXENA, *daughter of HECUBA and Priam*

ODYSSEUS

TALTHYBIUS, *herald of AGAMEMNON*

MAID OF HECUBA

AGAMEMNON

POLYMESTOR, *King of the Thracian Chersonese*

*Children of POLYMESTOR, Attendants, and guards*

## INTRODUCTION

THE date when Euripides presented his *Hecuba* is not precisely known. Available evidence indicates that it was produced about the year 425 B.C., some three or four years after the appearance of the *Hippolytus*. The play is the first of those now extant wherein the poet turns to the legends of the Trojan War for his material. He chooses as his central figure, Hecuba, the queen of the fallen city. She is now the slave of Agamemnon, leader of the conquering Greek host which, as the play opens, is on the point of sailing home. Although the *Hecuba* is often regarded as the first of Euripides' series of "war plays," the high point of which is, of course, the pageant-like *Trojan Women*, the emphasis in the play is less upon the horrors of war as they are manifested in the character of Hecuba, than upon the psychological analysis of the character and its reaction to manifold sufferings, which only in part derive from war.

The *Hecuba* is sharply divided into two parts. The first deals with the sacrifice of Polyxena, daughter of the queen, whom the Greeks have cruelly voted to slay in order to appease and honour the spirit of Achilles. The second part reveals Hecuba as she exacts her vengeance from the king of Thrace, Polymestor, to whom she had entrusted her young son, Polydorus, for safe keeping during the course of the war. Polymestor, when the war ended, treacherously killed the youth to gain the sum of money which had been given him to hold in trust when he accepted the guardianship. Hecuba, by chance, discovers Polydorus' death, and then takes steps towards her revenge. The two sections of the play are integrated through the medium of Hecuba's character, and only by this means does the poet manage to achieve a requisite degree of artistic unity for his piece.

In the first half of the play, Hecuba, comforted by the fact that she has two children left, Polyxena and Polydorus, endures the ghastly experience of seeing her daughter carried off to death. She is strengthened by the calm courage displayed by Polyxena, who with nobility and dignity goes forth to meet her doom. Surely one of the finest passages in Euripides is the speech of Talthybius, the Greek herald, describing how she died. In the latter section, the discovery of the death of Polydorus hardens Hecuba into cold-blooded unemotional bitterness. She revenges herself on Poly-

mestor with horrible ferocity, yet the effect of this half of the play, as critics generally hold, is marred by the almost formal debate carried on between Hecuba and Polymestor before Agamemnon, who is acting in the rôle of judge. Despite this defect, the delineation of Hecuba is notable, and the poet has portrayed her effectively as she passes from a state of abject despair into one of cold fury.

## HECUBA

(SCENE — *Before AGAMEMNON's tent in the Greek camp upon the shore of the Thracian Chersonese The GHOST OF POLYDORUS appears* )

### GHOST

Lo! I AM come from out the charnel-house and gates of gloom, where Hades dwells apart from gods, I Polydorus, a son of Hecuba the daughter of Cisseus and of Priam Now my father, when Phrygia's capital was threatened with destruction by the spear of Hellas, took alarm and conveyed me secretly from the land of Troy unto Polymestor's house, his friend in Thrace, who sows these fruitful plains of Chersonese, curbing by his might a nation delighting in horses And with me my father sent great store of gold by stealth, that, if ever Ilium's walls should fall, his children that survived might not want for means to live I was the youngest of Priam's sons, and this it was that caused my stealthy removal from the land, for my childish arm availed not to carry weapons or to wield the spear So long then as the bulwarks of our land stood firm, and Troy's battlements abode unshaken, and my brother Hector prospered in his warring, I, poor child, grew up and flourished, like some vigorous shoot, at the court of the Thracian, my father's friend But when Troy fell and Hector lost his life and my father's hearth was rooted up, and himself fell butchered at the god-built altar by the hands of Achilles' murderous son, then did my father's friend slay me his helpless guest for the sake of the gold, and thereafter cast me into the swell of the sea, to keep the gold for himself in his house And there I lie one time upon the strand, another in the salt sea's surge, drifting ever up and down upon the billows, unwept, unburied, but now am I hovering o'er the head of my dear mother Hecuba, a disembodied spirit, keeping my airy station these three days, ever since my poor mother came from Troy to linger here in Chersonese Meantime all the Achaeans sit idly here in their ships at the shores of Thrace, for the son of Peleus, even Achilles, appeared above his tomb and stayed the whole host of Hellas, as they were making straight for home across the sea, demanding to have my sister Polyxena offered at his tomb, and to receive his guerdon And he will obtain this



prize, nor will they that are his friends refuse the gift, and on this very day is fate leading my sister to her doom. So will my mother see two children dead at once, me and that ill-fated maid. For I, to win a grave, ah me! will appear amid the rippling waves before her bond-maid's feet. Yes! I have won this boon from the powers below, that I should find a tomb and fall into my mother's hands, so shall I get my heart's desire, wherefore I will go and waylay aged Hecuba, for yonder she passeth on her way from the shelter of Agamemnon's tent, terrified at my spectre. Woe is thee! ah, mother mine! from a palace dragged to face a life of slavery! how sad thy lot, as sad as once 'twas blest! Some god is now destroying thee, setting this in the balance to outweigh thy former bliss.

(*The GHOST vanishes. HECUBA enters from the tent of AGAMEMNON, supported by her attendants, captive Trojan women.*)

HECUBA (*singing*)

Guide these aged steps, my servants, forth before the house, support your fellow-slave, your queen of yore, ye maids of Troy. Take hold upon my aged hand, support me, guide me, lift me up, and I will lean upon your bended arm as on a staff and quicken my halting footsteps onwards. O dazzling light of Zeus! O gloom of night! why am I thus scared by fearful visions of the night? O earth, dread queen, mother of dreams that flit on sable wings! I am seeking to avert the vision of the night, the sight of horror which I saw so clearly in my dreams touching my son, who is safe in Thrace, and Polyxena my daughter dear. Ye gods of this land! preserve my son, the last and only anchor of my house, now settled in Thrace, the land of snow, safe in the keeping of his father's friend. Some fresh disaster is in store, a new strain of sorrow will be added to our woe. Such ceaseless thrills of terror never wrung my heart before. Oh! where, ye Trojan maidens, can I find inspired Helenus or Cassandra, that they may read me my dream? For I saw a dappled hind mangled by a wolf's bloody fangs, torn from my knees by force in piteous wise. And this too filled me with affright, o'er the summit of his tomb appeared Achilles' phantom, and for his guerdon he would have one of the luckless maids of Troy. Wherefore, I implore you, powers divine, avert this horror from my daughter, from my child.

(*The CHORUS OF CAPTIVE TROJAN WOMEN enters.*)

CHORUS (*singing*)

Hecuba, I have hastened away to thee, leaving my master's tent, where the lot assigned me as his appointed slave, in the day that I was driven from the city of Ilium, hunted by Achaeans thence at the

point of the spear, no alleviation bring I for thy sufferings, nay, I have laden myself with heavy news, and am a herald of sorrow to thee, lady 'Tis said the Achaeans have determined in full assembly to offer thy daughter in sacrifice to Achilles, for thou knowest how one day he appeared standing on his tomb in golden harness, and stayed the sea-borne barques, though they had their sails already hoisted, with this pealing cry, "Whither away so fast, ye Danaï, leaving my tomb without its prize?" Thereon arose a violent dispute with stormy altercation, and opinion was divided in the warrior host of Hellas, some being in favour of offering the sacrifice at the tomb, others dissenting. There was Agamemnon, all eagerness in thy interest, because of his love for the frenzied prophetess, but the two sons of Theseus, scions of Athens, though supporting different proposals, yet agreed on the same decision, which was to crown Achilles' tomb with fresh-spilt blood for they said they never would set Cassandra's love before Achilles' valour. Now the zeal of the rival disputants was almost equal, until that shifty, smooth-mouthed varlet, the son of Laertes, whose tongue is ever at the service of the mob, persuaded the army not to put aside the best of all the Danaï for want of a bond-maid's sacrifice, nor have it said by any of the dead that stand beside Persephone, "The Danaï have left the plains of Troy without one thought of gratitude for their brethren who died for Hellas." Odysseus will be here in an instant, to drag the tender maiden from thy breast and tear her from thy aged arms. To the temples, to the altars with thee! at Agamemnon's knees throw thyself as a suppliant! Invoke alike the gods in heaven and those beneath the earth. For either shall thy prayers avail to spare thee the loss of thy unhappy child, or thou must live to see thy daughter fall before the tomb, her crimson blood spurting in deep dark jets from her neck with gold encircled.

*(The following lines between HECUBA and POLYXENA are chanted responsively)*

#### HECUBA

Woe, woe is me! What words, or cries, or lamentations can I utter? Ah me! for the sorrows of my closing years! for slavery too cruel to brook or bear! Woe, woe is me! What champion have I? Sons, and city—where are they? Aged Priam is no more, no more my children now. Which way am I to go, or this or that? Whither shall I turn my steps? Where is any god or power divine to succour me? Ah, Trojan maids! bringers of evil tidings! messengers of woe! ye have made an end, an utter end of me, life on earth has no more charm for me. Ah! luckless steps, lead on, guide your aged mistress to yon tent

(*calling*) My child, come forth, come forth, thou daughter of the queen of sorrows, listen to thy mother's voice, my child, that thou mayst know the hideous rumour I now hear about thy life

(POLYXENA enters from the tent)

POLYXENA

O mother, mother mine! why dost thou call so loud? what news is it thou hast proclaimed, scaring me, like a cowering bird, from my chamber by this alarm?

HECUBA

Alas, my daughter!

POLYXENA

Why this ominous address? it bodeath sorrow for me

HECUBA

Woe for thy life!

POLYXENA

Tell all, hide it no longer Ah mother! how I dread, ay dread the import of thy loud laments

HECUBA

Ah my daughter! a luckless mother's child!

POLYXENA

Why dost thou tell me this?

HECUBA

The Argives with one consent are eager for thy sacrifice to the son of Peleus at his tomb

POLYXENA

Ah! mother mine! how canst thou speak of such a horror? Yet tell me all, yes all, O mother dear!

HECUBA

'Tis a rumour ill-boding I tell, my child, they bring me word that sentence is passed upon thy life by the Argives' vote

POLYXENA

Alas, for thy cruel sufferings! my persecuted mother! woe for thy life of grief! What grievous outrage some fiend hath sent on thee, hateful, horrible! No more shall I thy daughter share thy bondage, hapless youth on hapless age attending For thou, alas! wilt see thy hapless child torn from thy arms, as a calf of the hills is torn from

its mother, and sent beneath the darkness of the earth with severed throat for Hades, where with the dead shall I be laid, ah me! For thee I weep with plaintive wail, mother doomed to a life of sorrow! for my own life, its ruin and its outrage, never a tear I shed, nay, death is become to me a happier lot than life

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

See where Odysseus comes in haste, to announce some fresh command to thee, Hecuba

(*ODYSSEUS enters, with his attendants*)

## ODYSSEUS

Lady, methinks thou knowest already the intention of the host, and the vote that has been passed, still will I declare it. It is the Achaeans' will to sacrifice thy daughter Polyxena at the mound heaped o'er Achilles' grave, and they appoint me to take the maid and bring her thither, while the son of Achilles is chosen to preside o'er the sacrifice and act as priest. Dost know then what to do? Be not forcibly torn from her, nor match thy might 'gainst mine, recognize the limits of thy strength, and the presence of thy troubles. Even in adversity 'tis wise to yield to reason's dictates

## HECUBA

Ah me! an awful trial is nigh, it seems, fraught with mourning, rich in tears. Yes, I too escaped death where death had been my due, and Zeus destroyed me not but is still preserving my life, that I may witness in my misery fresh sorrows surpassing all before. Still if the bond may ask the free of things that grieve them not nor wrench their heart-strings, 'tis well that thou shouldst make an end and hearken to my questioning

## ODYSSEUS

Granted, put thy questions, that short delay I grudge thee not

## HECUBA

Dost remember the day thou camest to spy on Ilum, disguised in rags and tatters, while down thy cheek ran drops of blood? <sup>1</sup>

## ODYSSEUS

Remember it! yes, 'twas no slight impression it made upon my heart

## HECUBA

Did Helen recognize thee and tell me only?

## ODYSSEUS

I well remember the awful risk I ran

HECUBA

Didst thou embrace my knees in all humility?

ODYSSEUS

Yea, so that my hand grew dead and cold upon thy robe

HECUBA

What saidst thou then, when in my power?

ODYSSEUS

Doubtless I found plenty to say, to save my life

HECUBA

Was it I that saved and sent thee forth again?

ODYSSEUS

Thou didst, and so I still behold the light of day

HECUBA

Art not thou then playing a sorry part to plot against me thus, after the kind treatment thou didst by thy own confession receive from me, showing me no gratitude but all the ill thou canst? A thankless race! all ye who covet honour from the mob for your oratory. Oh that ye were unknown to me! ye who harm your friends and think no more of it, if ye can but say a word to win the mob. But tell me, what kind of cleverness did they think it, when against this child they passed their bloody vote? Was it duty led them to slay a human victim at the tomb, where sacrifice of oxen more befits? or does Achilles, if claiming the lives of those who slew him as his recompense, show his justice by marking her out for death? No! she at least ne'er injured him. He should have demanded Helen as a victim at his tomb, for she it was that proved his ruin, bringing him to Troy, or if some captive of surpassing beauty was to be singled out for doom, this pointed not to us, for the daughter of Tyndareus was fairer than all womankind, and her injury to him was proved no less than ours. Against the justice of his plea I pit this argument. Now hear the recompense due from thee to me at my request. On thy own confession, thou didst fall at my feet and embrace my hand and aged cheek, I in my turn now do the same to thee, and claim the favour then bestowed, and I implore thee, tear not my child from my arms, nor slay her. There be dead enough, she is my only joy, in her I forget my sorrows, my one comfort she in place of many a loss, my city and my nurse, my staff and journey's guide. 'Tis never right that those in power should use it out of season, or when prosperous suppose they will be always so. For I like them was prosperous once, but now my life is lived, and one day robbed me of all my bliss. Friend, by thy beard, have some regard and pity for me,

go to Achaea's host, and talk them over, saying how hateful a thing it is to slay women whom at first ye spared out of pity, after dragging them from the altars. For amongst you the self-same law holds good for bond and free alike respecting bloodshed, such influence as thine will persuade them even though thy words are weak, for the same argument, when proceeding from those of no account, has not the same force as when it is uttered by men of mark.

## LEADER

Human nature is not so stony-hearted as to hear thy plaintive tale and catalogue of sorrows, without shedding a tear.

## ODYSSEUS

O Hecuba! be schooled by me, nor in thy passion count him a foe who speaketh wisely. Thy life I am prepared to save, for the service I received, I say no otherwise. But what I said to all, I will not now deny, that after Troy's capture I would give thy daughter to the chiefest of our host because he asked a victim. For herein is a source of weakness to most states, whene'er a man of brave and generous soul receives no greater honour than his inferiors. Now Achilles, lady, deserves honour at our hands, since for Hellas he died as nobly as a mortal can. Is not this a foul reproach to treat a man as a friend in life, but, when he is gone from us, to treat him so no more? How now? what will they say, if once more there comes a gathering of the host and a contest with the foe? 'Shall we fight or nurse our lives, seeing the dead have no honours?' For myself, indeed, though in life my daily store were scant, yet would it be all-sufficient, but as touching a tomb I should wish mine to be an object of respect, for this gratitude has long to run. Thou speakest of cruel sufferings, hear my answer. Amongst us are aged dames and grey old men no less miserable than thou, and brides of gallant husbands reft, o'er whom this Trojan dust has closed. Endure these sorrows, for us, if we are wrong in resolving to honour the brave, we shall bring upon ourselves a charge of ignorance, but as for you barbarians, regard not your friends as such and pay no homage to your gallant dead, that Hellas may prosper and ye may reap the fruits of such policy.

## LEADER

Alas! how cursed is slavery alway in its nature, forced by the might of the stronger to endure unseemly treatment.

## HECUBA

Daughter, my pleading to avert thy bloody death was wasted idly on the air, do thou, if in aught endowed with greater power to move than thy mother, make haste to use it, uttering every pleading note like the

tuneful nightingale, to save thy soul from death Throw thyself at Odysseus' knees to move his pity, and try to move him Here is thy plea he too hath children, so that he can feel for thy sad fate

## POLYXENA

Odysseus, I see thee hiding thy right hand beneath thy robe and turning away thy face, that I may not touch thy beard Take heart, thou art safe from the suppliant's god in my case, for I will follow thee, alike because I must and because it is my wish to die, for were I loth, a coward should I show myself, a woman faint of heart Why should I prolong my days? I whose sire was king of all the Phrygians?—my chiefest pride in life Then was I nursed on fair fond hopes to be a bride for kings, the centre of keen jealousy amongst suitors, to see whose home I would make my own, and o'er each dame of Ida I was queen, ah me! a maiden marked amid her fellows, equal to a goddess, save for death alone, but now a slave! That name first makes me long for death, so strange it sounds, and then maybe my lot might give me to some savage master, one that would buy me for money,—me the sister of Hector and many another chief,—who would make me knead him bread within his halls, or sweep his house or set me working at the loom, leading a life of misery, while some slave, bought I know not whence, will taint my maiden charms, once deemed worthy of royalty No, never! Here I close my eyes upon the light, free as yet, and dedicate myself to Hades Lead me hence, Odysseus, and do thy worst, for I see naught within my reach to make me hope or expect with any confidence that I am ever again to be happy Mother mine! seek not to hinder me by word or deed, but join in my wish for death ere I meet with shameful treatment undeserved For whoso is not used to taste of sorrow's cup, though he bears it, yet it galls him when he puts his neck within the yoke, far happier would he be dead than alive, for life of honour left is toil and trouble

## LEADER

A wondrous mark, most clearly stamped, doth noble birth imprint on men, and the name goeth still further where it is deserved

## HECUBA

A noble speech, my daughter! but there is sorrow linked with its noble sentiments

Odysseus, if ye must pleasure the son of Peleus, and avoid reproach, slay not this maid, but lead me to Achilles' pyre and torture me unsparingly, 'twas I that bore Paris, whose fatal shaft laid low the son of Thetis

## ODYSSEUS

'Tis not thy death, old dame, Achilles' wrath hath demanded of the Achaeans, but hers

## HECUBA

At least then slaughter me with my child, so shall there be a double draught of blood for the earth and the dead that claims this sacrifice

## ODYSSEUS

The maiden's death suffices, no need to add a second to the first, would we needed not e'en this!

## HECUBA

Die with my daughter I must and will

## ODYSSEUS

How so? I did not know I had a master

## HECUBA

I will cling to her like ivy to an oak

## ODYSSEUS

Not if thou wilt hearken to those who are wiser than thyself

## HECUBA

Be sure I will never willingly relinquish my child

## ODYSSEUS

Well, be equally sure I will never go away and leave her here

## POLYXENA

Mother, hearken to me, and thou, son of Laertes, make allowance for a parent's natural wrath. My poor mother, fight not with our masters. Wilt thou be thrown down, be roughly thrust aside and wound thy aged skin, and in unseemly wise be torn from me by youthful arms? This wilt thou suffer, do not so, for 'tis not right for thee. Nay, dear mother mine! give me thy hand beloved, and let me press thy cheek to mine, for never, nevermore, but now for the last time shall I behold the dazzling sun-god's orb. My last farewells now take! O mother, mother mine! beneath the earth I pass

## HECUBA

O my daughter, I am still to live and be a slave

## POLYXENA

Unwedded I depart, never having tasted the married joys that were my due!

## HECUBA

Thine, my daughter, is a piteous lot, and sad is mine also



POLYXENA

There in Hades' courts shall I be laid apart from thee

HECUBA

Ah me, what shall I do? where shall I end my life?

POLYXENA

Daughter of a free-born sire, a slave I am to die

HECUBA

Not one of all my fifty children left!

POLYXENA

What message can I take for thee to Hector or thy aged lord?

HECUBA

Tell them that of all women I am the most miserable

POLYXENA

Ah! bosom and breasts that fed me with sweet food!

HECUBA

Woe is thee, my child, for this untimely fate!

POLYXENA

Farewell, my mother! farewell, Cassandra!

HECUBA

"Fare well!" others do, but not thy mother, no!

POLYXENA

Thou too, my brother Polydorus, who art in Thrace, the home of steeds!

HECUBA

Aye, if he lives, which much I doubt, so luckless am I every way

POLYXENA

Oh yes, he lives, and, when thou diest, he will close thine eyes

HECUBA

I *am* dead, sorrow has forestalled death here

POLYXENA

Come veil my head, Odysseus, and take me hence, for now, ere falls the fatal blow, my heart is melted by my mother's wailing, and hers no less by mine. O light of day! for still may I call thee by thy name, though now my share in thee is but the time I take to go 'twixt this and the sword at Achilles' tomb

(*ODYSSEUS and his attendants lead POLYXENA away*)

## HECUBA

Woe is me! I faint, my limbs sink under me O my daughter, embrace thy mother, stretch out thy hand, give it me again, leave me not childless! Ah, friends! 'tis my death-blow Oh! to see that Spartan woman, Helen, sister of the sons of Zeus, in such a plight, for her bright eyes have caused the shameful fall of Troy's once prosperous town

(HECUBA *sinks fainting to the ground*)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

O breeze from out the deep arising, that waftest swift galleys, ocean's coursers, across the surging main! whither wilt thou bear me the child of sorrow? To whose house shall I be brought, to be his slave and chattel? to some haven in the Dorian land, or in Phthia, where men say Apidanus, father of fairest streams, makes fat and rich the tilth?

*antistrophe 1*

or to an island home, sent on a voyage of misery by oars that sweep the brine, leading a wretched existence in halls where the first-created palm and the bay-tree put forth their sacred shoots for dear Latona, memorial fair of her divine travail? and there with the maids of Delos shall I hymn the golden snood and bow of Artemis their goddess?

*strophe 2*

Or in the city of Pallas, the home of Athena of the beauteous chariot, shall I upon her saffron robe yoke horses to the car, embroidering them on my web in brilliant varied shades, or the race of Titans, whom Zeus the son of Cronos lays to their unending sleep with bolt of flashing flame?

*antistrophe 2*

Woe is me for my children! woe for my ancestors, and my country which is falling in smouldering ruin 'mid the smoke, sacked by the Argive spear! while I upon a foreign shore am called a slave forsooth, leaving Asia, Europe's handmaid, and receiving in its place a deadly marriage-bower

(*The herald, TALTHYBIUS, enters*)

## TALTHYBIUS

Where can I find Hecuba, who once was queen of Ilium, ye Trojan maidens?

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

There she lies near thee, Talthybius, stretched full length upon the ground, wrapt in her robe

## TALTHYBIUS

Great Zeus! what can I say? that thine eye is over man? or that we hold this false opinion all to no purpose, thinking there is any race of gods, when it is chance that rules the mortal sphere? Was not this the queen of wealthy Phrygia, the wife of Priam highly blest? And now her city is utterly o'erthrown by the foe, and she, a slave in her old age, her children dead, lies stretched upon the ground, soiling her hair, poor lady! in the dust Well, well, old as I am, may death be my lot before I am caught in any foul mischance Arise, poor queen! lift up thyself and raise that hoary head.

HECUBA (*stirring*)

Ah! who art thou that wilt not let my body rest? why disturb me in my anguish, whosoe'er thou art?

## TALTHYBIUS

'Tis I, Talthybius, who am here, the minister of the Danaï, Agamemnon has sent me for thee, lady

HECUBA (*rising*)

Good friend, art come because the Achaeans are resolved to slay me too at the grave? How welcome would thy tidings be! Let us hasten and lose no time, prithee, lead the way, old sir

## TALTHYDIUS

I am come to fetch thee to bury thy daughter's corpse, lady, and those that send me are the two sons of Atreus and the Achaean host

## HECUBA

Ah! what wilt thou say? Art thou not come, as I had thought, to fetch me to my doom, but to announce ill news? Lost, lost, my child! snatched from thy mother's arms! and I am childless now, at least as touches thee, ah, woe is me!

How did ye end her life? was any mercy shown? or did ye deal ruthlessly with her as though your victim were a foe, old man? Speak, though thy words must be pain to me

## TALTHYBIUS

Lady, thou art bent on making mine a double meed of tears in pity for thy child, for now too as I tell the sad tale a tear will wet my eye, as it did at the tomb when she was dying

All Achaea's host was gathered there in full array before the tomb to see

thy daughter offered, and the son of Achilles took Polyxena by the hand and set her on the top of the mound, while I stood near, and a chosen band of young Achaeans followed to hold thy child and prevent her struggling. Then did Achilles' son take in his hands a brimming cup of gold and poured an offering to his dead sire, making a sign to me to proclaim silence throughout the Achaean host. So I stood at his side and in their midst proclaimed, "Silence, ye Achaeans! hushed be the people all! peace! be still!" Therewith I hushed the host. Then spake he, "Son of Peleus, father mine, accept the offering I pour thee to appease thy spirit, strong to raise the dead, and come to drink the black blood of a virgin pure, which I and the host are offering thee, oh! be propitious to us, grant that we may loose our prows and the cables of our ships, and, meeting with a prosperous voyage from Ilium, all to our country come." So he, and all the army echoed his prayer. Then seizing his golden sword by the hilt he drew it from its scabbard, signing the while to the picked young Argive warriors to hold the maid. But she, when she was ware thereof, uttered her voice and said "O Argives, who have sacked my city! of my free will I die, let none lay hand on me, for bravely will I yield my neck. Leave me free, I do beseech, so slay me, that death may find me free, for to be called a slave amongst the dead fills my royal heart with shame." Thereat the people shouted their applause, and king Agamemnon bade the young men loose the maid. So they set her free, as soon as they heard this last command from him whose might was over all. And she, hearing her captors' words took her robe and tore it open from the shoulder to the waist, displaying a breast and bosom fair as a statue's, then sinking on her knee, one word she spake more piteous than all the rest, "Young prince, if 'tis my breast thou'dst strike, lo! here it is, strike home! or if at my neck thy sword thou'lt aim, behold! that neck is bared."

Then he, half glad, half sorry in his pity for the maid, cleft with the steel the channels of her breath, and streams of blood gushed forth, but she, e'en in death's agony, took good heed to fall with maiden grace, hiding from gaze of man what modest maiden must. Soon as she had breathed her last through the fatal gash, each Argive set his hand to different tasks, some strewing leaves o'er the corpse in handfuls, others bringing pine-logs and heaping up a pyre, and he, who brought nothing, would hear from him who did such taunts as these, "Stand'st thou still, ignoble wretch, with never a robe or ornament to bring for the maiden? Wilt thou give naught to her that showed such peerless bravery and spirit?"

Such is the tale I tell about thy daughter's death, and I regard thee as blest beyond all mothers in thy noble child, yet crossed in fortune more than all

## LEADER

Upon the race of Priam and my city some fearful curse hath burst, 'tis sent by God, and we must bear it

## HECUBA

O my daughter! 'mid this crowd of sorrows I know not where to turn my gaze, for if I set myself to one, another will not give me pause, while from this again a fresh grief summons me, finding a successor to sorrow's throne No longer now can I efface from my mind the memory of thy sufferings sufficiently to stay my tears, yet hath the story of thy noble death taken from the keenness of my grief Is it not then strange that poor land, when blessed by heaven with a lucky year, yields a good crop, while that which is good, if robbed of needful care, bears but little increase, yet 'mongst men the knave is never other than a knave, the good man aught but good, never changing for the worse because of misfortune, but ever the same? Is then the difference due to birth or bringing up? Good training doubtless gives lessons in good conduct, and if a man have mastered this, he knows what is base by the standard of good Random shafts of my soul's shooting these, I know

(To TALTHYBIUS) Go thou and proclaim to the Argives that they touch not my daughter's body but keep the crowd away For when a countless host is gathered, the mob knows no restraint, and the unruliness of sailors exceeds that of fire, all abstinence from evil being counted evil

(TALTHYBIUS goes out)

(Addressing a servant) My aged handmaid, take a pitcher and dip it in the salt sea and bring hither thereof, that I for the last time may wash my child, a virgin wife, a widowed maid, and lay her out,—as she deserves, ah! whence can I? impossible! but as best I can, and what will that be? I will collect adornment from the captives, my companions in these tents, if haply any of them escaping her master's eye have some secret store from her old home

(The MAID departs)

O towering halls, O home so happy once, O Priam, rich in store of fairest wealth, most blest of sires, and I no less, the grey-haired mother of thy race, how are we brought to naught, stripped of our former pride! And spite of all we vaunt ourselves, one on the riches of his house, another because he has an honoured name amongst his fellow-citizens! But these things are naught, in vain are all our thoughtful schemes, in vain our vaunting words He is happiest who meets no sorrow in his daily walk

(HECUBA enters the tent)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe*

Woe and tribulation were made my lot in life, soon as ever Paris felled his beams of pine in Ida's woods, to sail across the heaving main in quest of Helen's hand, fairest bride on whom the sun-god turns his golden eye

*antistrophe*

For here beginneth trouble's cycle, and, worse than that, relentless fate, and from one man's folly came a universal curse, bringing death to the land of Simois, with trouble from an alien shore The strife the shepherd decided on Ida 'twixt three daughters of the blessed gods,

*epode*

brought as its result war and bloodshed and the ruin of my home, and many a Spartan maiden too is weeping bitter tears in her halls on the banks of fair Eurotas, and many a mother whose sons are slain, is smiting her hoary head and tearing her cheeks, making her nails red in the furrowed gash

MAID

(*entering excitedly, attended by bearers bringing in a covered corpse*)

Oh! where, ladies, is Hecuba our queen of sorrow, who far surpasses all in tribulation, men and women both alike? None shall wrest the crown from her

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

What now, thou wretched bird of boding note? Thy evil tidings never seem to rest

MAID

'Tis to Hecuba I bring my bitter news, no easy task is it for mortal lips to speak smooth words in sorrow's hour

LEADER

Lo! she is coming even now from the shelter of the tent, appearing just in time to hear thee speak

(*HECUBA comes out of the tent*)

MAID

Alas for thee! most hapless queen, ruined beyond all words of mine to tell, robbed of the light of life, of children, husband, city left, hopelessly undone!

HECUBA

This is no news but insult I have heard it all before But why art thou come, bringing hither to me the corpse of Polyxena, on whose burial Achaea's host was reported to be busily engaged?

MAID (*aside*)

She little knows what I have to tell, but mourns Polyxena, not grasping her new sorrows

HECUBA

Ah! woe is me! thou art not surely bringing hither mad Cassandra, the prophetic maid?

MAID

She lives, of whom thou speakest, but the dead thou dost not weep is here (*Uncovering the corpse*) Mark well the body now laid bare, is not this a sight to fill thee with wonder, and upset thy hopes?

HECUBA

Ah me! 'tis the corpse of my son Polydorus I behold, whom he of Thrace was keeping safe for me in his halls Alas! this is the end of all, my life is o'er

(*Chanting*) O my son, my son, alas for thee! a frantic strain I now begin, thy fate I learnt, a moment gone, from some foul fiend

MAID

What! so thou knewest thy son's fate, poor lady

HECUBA (*chanting*)

I cannot, cannot credit this flesh sight I see Woe succeeds to woe, time will never cease henceforth to bring me groans and tears

LEADER

Alas! poor lady, our sufferings are cruel indeed

HECUBA (*chanting*)

O my son, child of a luckless mother, what was the manner of thy death? what lays thee dead at my feet? Who did the deed?

MAID

I know not On the sea-shore I found him

HECUBA (*chanting*)

Cast up on the smooth sand, or thrown there after the murderous blow?

## MAID

The waves had washed him ashore

HECUBA (*chanting*)

Alas! alas! I read aright the vision I saw in my sleep, nor did the phantom dusky-winged escape my ken, even the vision I saw concerning my son, who is now no more within the bright sunshine

## LEADER

Who slew him then? Can thy dream-lore tell us that?

HECUBA (*chanting*)

'Twas my own, own friend, the knight of Thrace, with whom his aged sire had placed the boy in hiding

## LEADER

O horror! what wilt thou say? did he slay him to get the gold?

HECUBA (*chanting*)

O awful crime! O deed without a name! begging wonder! impious! intolerable! Where are now the laws 'twixt guest and host? Accursed monster! how hast thou mangled his flesh, slashing the poor child's limbs with ruthless sword, lost to all sense of pity!

## LEADER

Alas for thee! how some deity, whose hand is heavy on thee, hath sent thee troubles beyond all other mortals! But yonder I see our lord and master Agamemnon coming, so let us be still henceforth, my friends

(AGAMEMNON *enters*)

## AGAMEMNON

Hecuba, why art thou delaying to come and bury thy daughter? for it was for this that Talthybius brought me thy message begging that none of the Argives should touch thy child. And so I granted this, and none is touching her, but this long delay of thine fills me with wonder. Wherefore am I come to send thee hence, for our part there is well performed, if herein there be any place for "well"

(*He sees the body*)

Ha! what man is this I see near the tents, some Trojan's corpse? 'tis not an Argive's body, *that* the garments it is clad in tell me

HECUBA (*aside*)

Unhappy one! in naming thee I name myself, O Hecuba, what shall I do? throw myself here at Agamemnon's knees, or bear my sorrows in silence?



AGAMEMNON

Why dost thou turn thy back towards me and weep, refusing to say what has happened, or who this is?

HECUBA (*aside*)

But should he count me as a slave and foe and spurn me from his knees, I should but add to my anguish

AGAMEMNON

I am no prophet born, wherefore, if I be not told, I cannot learn the current of thy thoughts

HECUBA (*aside*)

Can it be that in estimating this man's feelings I make him out too ill-disposed, when he is not really so?

AGAMEMNON

If thy wish really is that I should remain in ignorance, we are of one mind, for I have no wish myself to listen

HECUBA (*aside*)

Without his aid I shall not be able to avenge my children. Why do I still ponder the matter? I must do and dare whether I win or lose (*Turning to AGAMEMNON*) O Agamemnon! by thy knees, by thy beard and conquering hand I implore thee

AGAMEMNON

What is thy desire? to be set free? that is easily done

HECUBA

Not that, give me vengeance on the wicked, and evermore am I willing to lead a life of slavery

AGAMEMNON

Well, but why dost thou call me to thy aid?

HECUBA

'Tis a matter thou little reckest of, O king. Dost see this corpse, for whom my tears now flow?

AGAMEMNON

I do, but what is to follow, I cannot guess

HECUBA

He was my child in days gone by, I bore him in my womb

AGAMEMNON

Which of thy sons is he, poor sufferer?

HECUBA

Not one of Priam's race who fell 'neath Ilium's walls

AGAMEMNON

Hadst thou any son besides those, lady?

HECUBA

Yes, him thou seest here, of whom, methinks, I have small gain

AGAMEMNON

Where then was he, when his city was being destroyed?

HECUBA

His father, fearful of his death, conveyed him out of Troy

AGAMEMNON

Where did he place him apart from all the sons he then had?

HECUBA

Here in this very land, where his corpse was found

AGAMEMNON

With Polymestor, the king of this country?

HECUBA

Hither was he sent in charge of gold, most bitter trust!

AGAMEMNON

By whom was he slain? what death o'ertook him?

HECUBA

By whom but by this man? His Thracian host slew him

AGAMEMNON

The wretch! could he have been so eager for the treasure?

HECUBA

Even so, soon as ever he heard of the Phrygians' disaster

AGAMEMNON

Where didst find him? or did some one bring his corpse?

HECUBA

This maid, who chanced upon it on the sea-shore

AGAMEMNON

Was she seeking it, or bent on other tasks?

HECUBA

She had gone to fetch water from the sea to wash Polyxena

AGAMEMNON

It seems then his host slew him and cast his body out to sea

HECUBA

Aye, for the waves to toss, after mangling him thus

AGAMEMNON

Woe is thee for thy measureless troubles!

HECUBA

I am ruined, no evil now is left, O Agamemnon

AGAMEMNON

Look you! what woman was ever born to such misfortune?

HECUBA

There is none, unless thou wouldst name misfortune herself. But hear my reason for throwing myself at thy knees. If my treatment seems to thee deserved, I will be content, but, if otherwise, help me to punish this most godless host, that hath wrought a deed most damned, fearless alike of gods in heaven or hell, who, though full oft he had shared my board and been counted first of all my guest-friends and after meeting with every kindness he could claim and receiving my consideration, slew my son, and bent though he was on murder, deigned not to bury him but cast his body forth to sea.

I may be a slave and weak as well, but the gods are strong, and custom too which prevails o'er them, for by custom it is that we believe in them and set up bounds of right and wrong for our lives. Now if this principle, when referred to thee, is to be set at naught, and they are to escape punishment who murder guests or dare to plunder the temples of gods, then is all fairness in things human at an end. Deem this then a disgrace and show regard for me, have pity on me, and, like an artist standing back from his picture, look on me and closely scan my piteous state. I was once a queen, but now I am thy slave, a happy mother once, but now childless and old alike, left of city, utterly forlorn, the most wretched woman living. Ah! woe is me! whither wouldst thou withdraw thy steps from me? (*as AGAMEMNON is turning away*) My efforts then will be in vain, ah me! ah me! Why, oh! why do we mortals toil, as needs we must, and seek out all other sciences, but persuasion, the only real mistress of mankind,

we take no further pains to master completely by offering to pay for the knowledge, so that any man might upon occasion convince his fellows as he pleased and gain his point as well? <sup>2</sup> How shall anyone hereafter hope for prosperity? All those my sons are gone from me, and I, their mother, am led away into captivity to suffer shame, while yonder I see the smoke leaping up o'er my city Further—though perhaps this were idly urged, to plead thy love, still will I put the case—at thy side lies my daughter, Cassandra, the maid inspired, as the Phrygians call her How then, O king, wilt thou acknowledge those nights of rapture, or what return shall she my daughter or I her mother have for all the love she has lavished on her lord? For from darkness and the endearments of the night mortals reap by far their keenest joys Harken then, dost see this corpse? By doing him a service thou wilt do it to a kinsman of thy bride's One thing only have I yet to urge Oh! would I had a voice in arms, in hands, in hair and feet, placed there by the arts of Daedalus or some god, that all together they might with tears embrace thy knees, bringing a thousand pleas to bear on thee! O my lord and master, most glorious light of Hellas, listen, stretch forth a helping hand to this aged woman, for all she is a thing of naught, still do so For 'tis ever a good man's duty to succour the right, and to punish evil-doers wherever found

LEADER

'Tis strange how each extreme doth meet in human life! Custom determines even our natural ties, making the most bitter foes friends, and regarding as foes those who formerly were friends

AGAMEMNON

Hecuba, I feel compassion for thee and thy son and thy ill-fortune, as well as for thy suppliant gesture, and I would gladly see yon impious host pay thee this forfeit for the sake of heaven and justice, could I but find some way to help thee without appearing to the army to have plotted the death of the Thracian king for Cassandra's sake For on one point I am assailed by perplexity, the army count this man their friend, the dead their foe, that he is dear to thee is a matter apart, wherein the army has no share Reflect on this, for though thou find'st me ready to share thy toil and quick to lend my aid, yet the risk of being reproached by the Achaeans makes me hesitate

HECUBA

Ah! there is not in the world a single man free, for he is either a slave to money or to fortune, or else the people in their thousands or the fear of public prosecution prevents him from following the dictates of his heart

But since thou art afraid, deferring too much to the rabble, I will rid thee of that fear Thus, be privy to my plot if I devise mischief against

this murderer, but refrain from any share in it And if there break out among the Achaeans any uproar or attempt at rescue, when the Thracian is suffering his doom, check it, though without seeming to do so for my sake For what remains, take heart, I will arrange everything well

AGAMEMNON

How? what wilt thou do? wilt take a sword in thy old hand and slay the barbarian, or hast thou drugs or what to help thee? Who will take thy part? whence wilt thou procure friends?

HECUBA

Sheltered beneath these tents is a host of Trojan women

AGAMEMNON

Dost mean the captives, the booty of the Hellenes?

HECUBA

With their help will I punish my murderous foe

AGAMEMNON

How are women to master men?

HECUBA

Numbers are a fearful thing, and joined to craft a desperate foe

AGAMEMNON

True, still I have a mean opinion of the female race

HECUBA

What? did not women slay the sons of Aegyptus, and utterly clear Lemnos of men? But let it be even thus, put an end to our conference, and send this woman for me safely through the host And do thou (*To a servant*) draw near my Thracian friend and say, "Hecuba, once queen of Ilium, summons thee, on thy own business no less than hers, thy children too, for they also must hear what she has to say" (*The servant goes out*) Defer awhile, Agamemnon, the burial of Polyxena lately slain, that brother and sister may be laid on the same pyre and buried side by side, a double cause of sorrow to their mother

AGAMEMNON

So shall it be, yet had the host been able to sail, I could not have granted thee this boon, but, as it is, since the god sends forth no favouring breeze, we needs must abide, seeing, as we do, that sailing cannot be Good luck to thee! for this is the interest alike of citizen and state, that the wrong-doer be punished and the good man prosper

(AGAMEMNON *departs as* HECUBA *withdraws into the tent*)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

No more, my native Ilium, shalt thou be counted among the towns  
ne'er sacked, so thick a cloud of Hellene troops is settling all around,  
wasting thee with the spear, shorn art thou of thy coronal of towers,  
and fouled most piteously with filthy soot, no more, ah me! shall I  
tread thy streets

*antistrophe 1*

'Twas in the middle of the night my ruin came, in the hour when  
sleep steals sweetly o'er the eyes after the feast is done My husband,  
the music o'er, and the sacrifice that sets the dance afoot now ended,  
was lying in our bridal-chamber, his spear hung on a peg, with never  
a thought of the sailor-throng encamped upon the Trojan shores,

*strophe 2*

and I was braiding my tresses 'neath a tight-drawn snood before  
my golden mirror's countless rays, that I might lay me down to rest,  
when lo! through the city rose a din, and a cry went ringing down  
the streets of Troy, "Ye sons of Hellas, when, oh! when will ye sack  
the citadel of Ilium, and seek your homes?"

*antistrophe 2*

Up sprang I from my bed, with only a mantle about me, like a  
Dorian maid, and sought in vain, ah me! to station myself at the holy  
hearth of Artemis, for, after seeing my husband slain, I was hurried  
away o'er the broad sea, with many a backward look at my city,  
when the ship began her homeward voyage and parted me from  
Ilium's strand, till alas! for very grief I fainted,

*epode*

cursing Helen the sister of the Dioscuri, and Paris the baleful  
shepherd of Ida, for 'twas their marriage, which was no marriage  
but a curse by some demon sent, that robbed me of my country and  
drove me from my home Oh! may the sea's salt flood ne'er carry her  
home again, and may she never set foot in her father's halls!

(HECUBA comes out of the tent as POLYMESTOR, his children and guards  
enter)

## POLYMESTOR

My dear friend Priam, and thou no less, Hecuba, I weep to see thee and  
thy city thus, and thy daughter lately slain Alas! there is naught to be  
relied on, fair fame is insecure, nor is there any guarantee that weal will

not be turned to woe. For the gods confound our fortunes, tossing them to and fro, and introduce confusion, that our perplexity may make us worship them. But what boots it to bemoan these things, when it brings one no nearer to heading the trouble? If thou art blaming me at all for my absence, stay a moment, I was away in the very heart of Thrace when thou wast brought hither, but on my return, just as I was starting from my home for the same purpose, thy maid fell in with me, and gave me thy message, which brought me here at once

## HECUBA

Polymestor, I am holden in such wretched plight that I blush to meet thine eye, for my present evil case makes me ashamed to face thee who didst see me in happier days, and I cannot look on thee with unfaltering gaze. Do not then think it ill-will on my part, Polymestor, there is another cause as well, I mean the custom which forbids women to meet men's gaze

## POLYMESTOR

No wonder, surely. But what need hast thou of me? Why didst send for me to come hither from my house?

## HECUBA

I wish to tell thee and thy children a private matter of my own, prithee, bid thy attendants withdraw from the tent

POLYMESTOR (*to his Attendants*)

Retire, this desert spot is safe enough (*The guards go out, to HECUBA*) Thou art my friend, and this Achaean host is well-disposed to me. But thou must tell me how prosperity is to succour its unlucky friends, for ready am I to do so

## HECUBA

First tell me of the child Polydorus, whom thou art keeping in thy halls, received from me and his father, is he yet alive? The rest will I ask thee after that

## POLYMESTOR

Yes, thou still hast a share in fortune there

## HECUBA

Well said, dear friend! how worthy of thee!

## POLYMESTOR

What next wouldst learn of me?

*HECUBA*

Hath he any recollection of me his mother?

*POLYMESTOR*

Aye, he was longing to steal away hither to thee

*HECUBA*

Is the gold safe, which he brought with him from Troy?

*POLYMESTOR*

Safe under lock and key in my halls

*HECUBA*

There keep it, but covet not thy neighbour's goods

*POLYMESTOR*

Not I, God grant me luck of what I have, lady!

*HECUBA*

Dost know what I wish to say to thee and thy children?

*POLYMESTOR*

Not yet, thy words maybe will declare it

*HECUBA*

May it grow as dear to thee as thou now art to me!

*POLYMESTOR*

What is it that I and my children are to learn?

*HECUBA*

There be ancient vaults filled full of gold by Priam's line

*POLYMESTOR*

Is it this thou wouldst tell thy son?

*HECUBA*

Yes, by thy lips, for thou art a righteous man

*POLYMESTOR*

What need then of these children's presence?

*HECUBA*

'Tis better they should know it, in case of thy death

*POLYMESTOR*

True, 'tis also the wiser way



HECUBA

Well, dost thou know where stands the shrine of Trojan Athena?

POLYMESTOR

Is the gold there? what is there to mark it?

HECUBA

A black rock rising above the ground

POLYMESTOR

Is there aught else thou wouldst tell me about the place?

HECUBA

I wish to keep safe the treasure I brought from Troy

POLYMESTOR

Where can it be? inside thy dress, or hast thou it hidden?

HECUBA

'Tis safe amid a heap of spoils within these tents

POLYMESTOR

Where? This is the station built by the Achaeans to surround their fleet

HECUBA

The captive women have huts of their own

POLYMESTOR

It is safe to enter? are there no men about?

HECUBA

There are no Achaeans within, we are alone Enter then the tent, for the Argives are eager to set sail from Troy for home and, when thou hast accomplished all that is appointed thee, thou shalt return with thy children to that bourn where thou hast lodged my son

(HECUBA leads POLYMESTOR and his children into the tent)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Not yet hast thou paid the penalty, but maybe thou yet wilt, like one who slips and falls into the surge with no haven near, so shalt thou lose thy own life for the life thou hast taken For where the rights of justice and the law of heaven are one, there is ruin fraught with death and doom Thy hopes of this journey shall cheat thee, for it hath led thee, unhappy wretch! to the halls of death, and to no warrior's hand shalt thou resign thy life

POLYMESTOR (*within the tent*)

O horror! I am blinded of the light of my eyes, ah me!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Heard ye, friends, that Thracian's cry of woe?

POLYMESTOR (*within*)

O horror! horror! my children! O the cruel blow

LEADER

Friends, new ills are brought to pass in yonder tent

POLYMESTOR (*within*)

Nay, ye shall never escape for all your hurried flight, for with my fist will I burst open the inmost recesses of this hall

LEADER

Hark! how he launches ponderous blows! Shall we force an entry? The crisis calls on us to aid Hecuba and the Trojan women

(*HECUBA enters, calling back into the tent*)

HECUBA

Strike on, spare not, burst the doors! thou shalt ne'er replace bright vision in thy eyes nor ever see thy children, whom I have slain, alive again

LEADER

What! hast thou foiled the Thracian, and is the stranger in thy power, mistress mine? is all thy threat now brought to pass?

HECUBA

A moment, and thou shalt see him before the tent, his eyes put out, with random step advancing as a blind man must, yea, and the bodies of his two children whom I with my brave daughters of Troy did slay, he hath paid me his forfeit, look where he cometh from the tent I will withdraw out of his path and stand aloof from the hot fury of this Thracian, my deadly foe

(*POLYMESTOR rushes out Blood is streaming from his eyes*)POLYMESTOR (*chanting*)

Woe is me! whither can I go, where halt, or whither turn? shall I crawl upon my hands like a wild four-footed beast on their track? Which path shall I take first, this or that, eager as I am to clutch those Trojan murderesses that have destroyed me? Out upon ye, cursed daughters of Phrygia! to what corner have ye fled cowering before me? O sun-god, would thou couldst heal my bleeding orbs, ridding me of my blindness!

Ha! hush! I catch their stealthy footsteps here Where can I dart on them and gorge me on their flesh and bones, making for myself a wild beasts' meal, exacting vengeance in requital of their outrage on me? Ah, woe is me! whither am I rushing, leaving my babes unguarded for hell-hounds to mangle, to be murdered and ruthlessly cast forth upon the hills, a feast of blood for dogs? Where shall I stay or turn my steps? where rest? like a ship that lies anchored at sea, so gathering close my linen robe I rush to that chamber of death, to guard my babes

## LEADER

Woe is thee! what grievous outrage hath been wreaked on thee! a fearful penalty for thy foul deed hath the deity imposed, whoe'er he is whose hand is heavy upon thee

POLYMESTOR (*chanting*)

Woe is me! Ho! my Thracian spearmen, clad in mail, a race of knights whom Ares doth inspire! Ho! Achaeans! sons of Atreus ho! to you I loudly call, come hither, in God's name come! Doth any hearken, or will no man help me? Why do ye delay? Women, captive women have destroyed me A fearful fate is mine, ah me! my hideous outrage! Whither can I turn or go? Shall I take wings and soar aloft to the mansions of the sky, where Orion and Sirius dart from their eyes a flash as of fire, or shall I, in my misery, plunge to Hades' murky flood?

## LEADER

'Tis a venial sin, when a man, suffering from evils too heavy to bear, rids himself of a wretched existence

(*AGAMEMNON and his retinue enter*)

## AGAMEMNON

Hearing a cry I am come hither, for Echo, child of the mountain-rock, hath sent her voice loud-ringing through the host, causing a tumult Had I not known that Troy's towers were levelled by the might of Hellas, this uproar had caused no slight terror

## POLYMESTOR

Best of friends! for by thy voice I know thee, Agamemnon, dost see my piteous state?

## AGAMEMNON

What! hapless Polymestor, who hath stricken thee? who hath reft thine eyes of sight, staining the pupils with blood? who hath slain these children? whoe'er he was, fierce must have been his wrath against thee and thy children

## POLYMESTOR

Hecuba, helped by the captive women, hath destroyed me, no! not destroyed, far worse than that

AGAMEMNON (*addressing* HECUBA)

What hast thou to say? Was it thou that didst this deed, as he avers? thou, Hecuba, that hast ventured on this inconceivable daring?

## POLYMESTOR

Ha! what is that? is she somewhere near? show me, tell me where, that I may grip her in my hands and rend her limb from limb, bespattering her with gore

## AGAMEMNON

Ho! madman, what wouldst thou?

## POLYMESTOR

By heaven I entreat thee, let me vent on her the fury of my arm

## AGAMEMNON

Hold! banish that savage spirit from thy heart and plead thy cause, that after hearing thee and her in turn I may fairly decide what reason there is for thy present sufferings

## POLYMESTOR

I will tell my tale There was a son of Priam, Polydorus, the youngest, a child by Hecuba, whom his father Priam sent to me from Troy to bring up in my halls, suspecting no doubt the fall of Troy Him I slew, but hear my reason for so doing, to show how cleverly and wisely I had planned My fear was that if that child were left to be thy enemy, he would re-people Troy and settle it afresh, and the Achaeans, knowing that a son of Priam survived, might bring another expedition against the Phrygian land and harry and lay waste these plains of Thrace hereafter, for the neighbours of Troy to experience the very troubles we were lately suffering, O king Now Hecuba, having discovered the death of her son, brought me hither on this pretext, saying she would tell me of hidden treasure stored up in Ilium by the race of Priam, and she led me apart with my children into the tent, that none but I might hear her news So I sat me down on a couch in their midst to rest, for there were many of the Trojan maidens seated there, some on my right hand, some on my left, as it had been beside a friend, and they were praising the weaving of our Thracian handiwork, looking at this robe as they held it up to the light, meantime others examined my Thracian spear and so stripped me of the protection of both And those that were young mothers were dandling my children in their arms, with loud admiration, as they passed them on from hand

to hand to remove them far from their father, and then after their smooth speeches (wouldst thou believe it?) in an instant snatching daggers from some secret place in their dress they stab my children, whilst others, like foes, seized me hand and foot, and if I tried to raise my head, anxious to help my babes, they would clutch me by the hair, while if I stirred my hands, I could do nothing, poor wretch! for the numbers of the women At last they wrought a fearful deed, worse than what had gone before, for they took their brooches and stabbed the pupils of my hapless eyes, making them gush with blood, and then fled through the chambers, up I sprang like a wild beast in pursuit of the shameless murderesses, searching along each wall with hunter's care, dealing buffets, spreading ruin This then is what I have suffered because of my zeal for thee, O Agamemnon, for slaying an enemy of thine But to spare thee a lengthy speech, if any of the men of former times have spoken ill of women, if any doth so now, or shall do so hereafter, all this in one short sentence will I say, for neither land or sea produces a race so pestilent, as whosoever hath had to do with them knows full well

## LLADLR

Curb thy bold tongue, and do not, because of thy own woes, thus embrace the whole race of women in one reproach, for though some of us, and those a numerous class, deserve to be disliked, there are others amongst us who rank naturally amongst the good

## HECUBA

Never ought words to have outweighed deeds in this world, Agamemnon No! if a man's deeds had been good, so should his words have been, if, on the other hand, evil, his words should have betrayed their unsoundness, instead of its being possible at times to give a fair complexion to injustice There are, 'tis true, clever persons, who have made a science of this, but their cleverness cannot last for ever, a miserable end awaits them, none ever yet escaped This is a warning I give thee at the outset Now will I turn to this fellow, and will give thee thy answer, thou who sayest it was to save Achaea double toil and for Agamemnon's sake that thou didst slay my son Nay, villain, in the first place how could the barbarian race ever be friends with Hellas? Impossible, ever Again, what interest hadst thou to further by thy zeal? was it to form some marriage, or on the score of kin, or, prithee, why? or was it likely that they would sail hither again and destroy thy country's crops? Whom dost thou expect to persuade into believing that? Wouldst thou but speak the truth, it was the gold that slew my son, and thy greedy spirit Now tell me this, why, when Troy was victorious, when her ramparts still stood round her, when Priam was alive, and Hector's warring prospered, why didst thou

not, if thou wert really minded to do Agamemnon a service, then slay the child, for thou hadst him in thy palace 'neath thy care, or bring him with thee alive to the Argives? Instead of this, when our sun was set and the smoke of our city showed it was in the enemy's power, thou didst murder the guest who had come to thy hearth Furthermore, to prove thy villainy, hear this, if thou wert really a friend to those Achaeans, thou shouldst have brought the gold, which thou sayst thou art keeping not for thyself but for Agamemnon, and given it to them, for they were in need and had endured a long exile from their native land Whereas not even now canst thou bring thyself to part with it, but persistest in keeping it in thy palace Again, hadst thou kept my son safe and sound, as thy duty was, a fair renown would have been thy reward, for it is in trouble's hour that the good most clearly show their friendship, though prosperity of itself in every case finds friends Wert thou in need of money and he prosperous, that son of mine would have been as a mighty treasure for thee to draw upon, but now thou hast him no longer to be thy friend, and the benefit of the gold is gone from thee, thy children too are dead, and thyself art in this sorry plight

To thee, Agamemnon, I say, if thou help this man, thou wilt show thy worthlessness, for thou wilt be serving one devoid of honour or piety, a stranger to the claims of good faith, a wicked host, while I shall say thou delightest in evil-doers, being such an one thyself, but I rail not at my masters

#### LEADER

Look you! how a good cause ever affords men an opening for a good speech

#### AGAMEMNON

To be judge in a stranger's troubles goes much against my grain, but still I must, yea, for to take this matter in hand and then put it from me is a shameful course My opinion, that thou mayst know it, is that it was not for the sake of the Achaeans or me that thou didst slay thy guest, but to keep that gold in thy own house In thy trouble thou makest a case in thy own interests Maybe amongst you 'tis a light thing to murder guests, but with us in Hellas 'tis a disgrace How can I escape reproach if I judge thee not guilty? I cannot do it Nay, since thou didst dare thy horrid crime, endure as well its painful consequence

#### POLYMESTOR

Woe is me! worsted by a woman and a slave, I am, it seems, to suffer by unworthy hands

HECUBA

Is it not just for thy atrocious crime?

POLYMESTOR

Ah, my children! ah, my blinded eyes! woe is me!

HECUBA

Dost thou grieve? what of me? thinkst thou I grieve not for my son?

POLYMESTOR

Thou wicked wretch! thy delight is in mocking me

HECUBA

I am avenged on thee, have I not cause for joy?

POLYMESTOR

The joy will soon cease, in the day when ocean's flood—

HECUBA

Shall convey me to the shores of Hellas?

POLYMESTOR

Nay, but close o'er thee when thou fallest from the masthead

HECUBA

Who will force me to take the leap?

POLYMESTOR

Of thy own accord wilt thou climb the ship's mast

HECUBA

With wings upon my back, or by what means?

POLYMESTOR

Thou wilt become a dog with bloodshot eyes

HECUBA

How knowest thou of my transformation?

POLYMESTOR

Dionysus, our Thracian prophet, told me so

HECUBA

And did he tell thee nothing of thy present trouble?

POLYMESTOR

No; else hadst thou never caught me thus by guile

HECUBA

Shall I die or live, and so complete my life on earth?

POLYMESTOR

Die shalt thou, and to thy tomb shall be given a name—

HECUBA

Recalling my form, or what wilt thou tell me?

POLYMESTOR

"The hapless hound's grave," a mark for mariners "

HECUBA

'Tis naught to me, now that thou hast paid me forfeit

POLYMESTOR

Further, thy daughter Cassandra must die

HECUBA

I scorn the prophecy! I give it to thee to keep for thyself

POLYMESTOR

Her shall the wife of Agamemnon, grim keeper of his palace, slay

HECUBA

Never may the daughter of Tyndareus do such a frantic deed!

POLYMESTOR

And she shall slay this king as well, lifting high the axe

AGAMEMNON

Ha! sirrah, art thou mad? art so eager to find sorrow?

POLYMESTOR

Kill me, for in Argos there awaits thee a murderous bath

AGAMEMNON

Ho! servants, hale him from my sight!

POLYMESTOR

Ha! my words gall thee?

AGAMEMNON

Stop his mouth!

POLYMESTOR

Close it now, for I have spoken



## AGAMEMNON

Haste and cast him upon some desert island, since his mouth is full of such exceeding presumption Go thou, unhappy Hecuba, and bury thy two corpses, and you, Trojan women, to your masters' tents repair, for lo! I perceive a breeze just rising to waft us home God grant we reach our country and find all well at home, released from troubles here!

(POLYESTOR is *dragged away* by AGAMEMNON's *guards* )

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Away to the harbour and the tents, my friends, to prove the toils of slavery! for such is fate's relentless hest

## NOTES FOR HECUBA

THE translation of Coleridge has been slightly modified in the following lines 193, 424, 608, 614, 710, 874, 901, 903, 1028, 1038, 1040, 1113, 1137, 1146, 1237

1 This episode is in part recorded in Homer's *Odyssey*, IV, 240 ff

2 These lines reflect the growing importance of rhetoric in Athens at the time when the *Hecuba* was first produced. Plato, although he was writing somewhat later, has much to say of the "art of persuasion"

3 The transformation and death of Hecuba were traditionally connected with the name of a promontory in the Thracian Chersonese, Cynossema



V  
ANDROMACHE

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

ANDROMACHE

MAID OF ANDROMACHE

CHORUS OF PHTHIAN WOMEN

HERMIONE, *daughter of MENELAUS and wife of Neoptolemus*

MENELAUS, *King of Sparta*

MOLOSSUS, *son of ANDROMACHE and Neoptolemus*

PELEUS, *father of Achilles*

NURSE OF HERMIONE

ORESTES, *son of Agamemnon*

MESSANGER

THETIS, *the goddess, wife of PELEUS*

*Various attendants*

## INTRODUCTION

THE *Andromache* has never ranked high among Euripides' tragedies. It was written and produced probably in the early years of the Peloponnesian War, but unfortunately we do not possess the requisite information to date it more precisely. We do know, however, that it was presented for the first time not at Athens, but in one of the dramatic contests held in some rural district. The plot is focussed upon the fortunes of Andromache, the widow of Hector, but now the slave and concubine of Achilles' son, Neoptolemus. In the prologue, composed in the customary Euripidean fashion, Andromache herself explains her situation—that after Troy's destruction she became the captive of Neoptolemus, that she has borne him a son, and that she is hated by Hermione, whom her master has recently married. It is regrettable that Euripides has not concentrated his attention upon a study of this domestic situation and its implications, but rather has tended to emphasize the plot, which, though it contains tense moments, is unconvincingly developed through too frequent use of timely but ill-motivated entrances of new characters.

Structurally the play seems to fall into two parts which are but remotely connected with one another. The first section, wherein the proud Hermione and her villainous father, Menelaus, are on the point of killing Andromache and her son, seems to end satisfactorily, if somewhat melodramatically, when the aged Peleus comes to the rescue. But the play goes on to present Hermione in hysterical remorse, Orestes coming to take Hermione away, since he has already planned her husband's murder, Peleus bearing the undeserved brunt of the "tragedy" when Neoptolemus' body is brought in, and the final adjustment of the situation when the goddess Thetis appears. The poet loses sight of Andromache and the play loses its unity accordingly.

Menelaus as a character is interesting. He embodies all the most detestable Spartan characteristics which were rousing the hatred of the Athenians during these early days of the war. In fact, the contemporary situation of Athens in its conflict with Sparta seems to have been prominent in the poet's mind as he wrote. The portrayal of Andromache is likewise not without its power, but the treatment of character throughout

seems to suffer because Euripides uses too often the somewhat artificial technique of formal debate between the persons of his play. However, despite defects in structure and portrayal of character, and despite its failure to achieve a universality necessary to tragedy, the play is notable for passages where Euripidean pathos is at its best. Andromache and her son as they face their doom will always stir emotional depths. Any play which contains such scenes as this will command its fair due of respect from the discriminating critic.

## ANDROMACHE

(SCENE — *Before the temple of THETIS in Thessaly* ANDROMACHE, dressed as a suppliant, is clinging to the altar in front of the temple The palace of Achilles is nearby )

### ANDROMACHE

O CITY of Thebes, glory of Asia, whence on a day I came to Priam's princely home with many a rich and costly thing in my dower, affianced unto Hector to be the mother of his children, I Andromache, envied name in days of yore, but now of all women that have been or yet shall be the most unfortunate, for I have lived to see my husband Hector slain by Achilles, and the babe Astyanax, whom I bore my lord, hurled from the towering battlements, when the Hellenes sacked our Trojan home, and I myself am come to Hellas as a slave, though I was esteemed a daughter of a race most free, given to Neoptolemus that island-prince, and set apart for him as his special prize from the spoils of Troy And here I dwell upon the boundaries of Phthia and Pharsalia's town, where Thetis erst, the goddess of the sea, abode with Peleus apart from the world, avoiding the throng of men, wherefore the folk of Thessaly call it the sacred place of Thetis, in honour of the goddess's marriage Here dwells the son of Achilles and suffers Peleus still to rule Pharsalia, not wishing to assume the sceptre while the old man lives Within these halls have I borne a boy to the son of Achilles, my master Now aforesaid for all my misery I ever had a hope to lead me on, that, if my child were safe, I might find some help and protection from my woes, but since my lord in scorn of his bondmaid's charms hath wedded that Spartan Hermione, I am tormented by her most cruelly, for she saith that I by secret enchantment am making her barren and distasteful to her husband, and that I design to take her place in this house, ousting her the rightful mistress by force, whereas I at first submitted against my will and now have resigned my place, be almighty Zeus my witness that it was not of my own free will I became her rival!

But I cannot convince her, and she longs to kill me, and her father



Menelaus is an accomplice in this E'en now is he within, arrived from Sparta for this very purpose, while I in terror am come to take up a position here in the shrine of Thetis adjoining the house, if haply it may save me from death, for Peleus and his descendants hold it in honour as a symbol of his marriage with the Nereid My only son am I secretly conveying to a neighbour's house in fear for his life For his sire stands not by my side to lend his aid and cannot avail his child at all, being absent in the land of Delphi, where he is offering recompense to Loxias for the madness he committed, when on a day he went to Pytho and demanded of Phoebus satisfaction for his father's death,<sup>1</sup> if haply his prayer might avert those past sins and win for him the god's goodwill hereafter

(*The MAID OF ANDROMACHE enters* )

MAID

Mistress mine, be sure I do not hesitate to call thee by that name, seeing that I thought it thy right in thine own house also, when we dwelt in Troy-land, as I was ever thy friend and thy husband's while yet he was alive, so now have I come with strange tidings, in terror lest any of our masters learn hereof but still out of pity for thee, for Menelaus and his daughter are forming dire plots against thee, whereof thou must beware

ANDROMACHE

Ah! kind companion of my bondage, for such thou art to her, who, erst thy queen, is now sunk in misery, what are they doing? What new schemes are they devising in their eagerness to take away my wretched life?

MAID

Alas! poor lady, they intend to slay thy son, whom thou hast privily conveyed from out the house

ANDROMACHE

Ah me! Has she heard that my babe was put out of her reach? Who told her? Woe is me! how utterly undone!

MAID

I know not, but thus much of their schemes I heard myself, and Menelaus has left the house to fetch him

ANDROMACHE

Then am I lost, ah, my child! those vultures twain will take and slay thee, while he who is called thy father lingers still in Delphi

MAID

True, for had he been here thou wouldst not have fared so hardly, I am sure, but, as it is, thou art friendless

ANDROMACHE

Have no tidings come that Peleus may arrive?

MAID

He is too old to help thee if he came

ANDROMACHE

And yet I sent for him more than once

MAID

Surely thou dost not suppose that any of thy messengers heed thee?

ANDROMACHE

Why should they? Wilt thou then go for me?

MAID

How shall I explain my long absence from the house?

ANDROMACHE

Thou art a woman, thou canst invent a hundred ways

MAID

There is a risk, for Hermione keeps no careless guard

ANDROMACHE

Dost look to that? Thou art disowning thy friends in distress

MAID

Not so, never taunt me with that I will go, for of a truth a woman and a slave is not of much account, e'en if aught befall me

(*The MAID withdraws*)

ANDROMACHE

Go then, while I will tell to heaven the lengthy tale of lamentation, mourning, and weeping, that has ever been my hard lot, for 'tis woman's way to delight in present misfortunes even to keeping them always on her tongue and lips But I have many reasons, not merely one for tears,—my city's fall, my Hector's death, the hardness of the lot to which I am bound, since I fell on slavery's evil days undeservedly 'Tis never right to call a son of man happy, till thou hast seen his end, to judge from the way he passes it how he will descend to that other world

(*She begins to chant*)

'Twas no bride Paris took with him to the towers of Ilium, but a curse to his bed when he brought Helen to her bower For her sake, O Troy, did eager warriors, sailing from Hellas in a thousand ships, capture and make thee a prey to fire and sword, and the son of sea-born Thetis mounted on his chariot dragged my husband Hector

round the walls, ah woe is me! while I was hurried from my chamber to the beach, with slavery's hateful pall upon me And many a tear I shed as I left my city, my bridal bower, and my husband in the dust Woe, woe is me! why should I prolong my life, to serve Hermione? Her cruelty it is that drives me hither to the image of the goddess to throw my suppliant arms about it, melting to tears as doth a spring that gushes from the rock

(*THE CHORUS OF PHTHIAN WOMEN enters*)

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe 1*

Lady, thus keeping thy weary station without pause upon the floor of Thetis' shrine, Pthian though I am, to thee a daughter of Asia I come, to see if I can devise some remedy for these perplexing troubles, which have involved thee and Hermione in fell discord, because to thy sorrow thou sharest with her the love of Achilles' son

*antistrophe 1*

Recognize thy position, weigh the present evil into the which thou art come Thou art a Trojan captive, thy rival is thy mistress, a true-born daughter of Sparta Leave then this home of sacrifice, the shrine of our sea-goddess How can it avail thee to waste thy comeliness and disfigure it by weeping by reason of a mistress's harsh usage? Might will prevail against thee, why vainly toil in thy feebleness?

*strophe 2*

Come, quit the bright sanctuary of the Nereid divine Recognize that thou art in bondage on a foreign soil, in a strange city, where thou seest none of all thy friends, luckless lady, cast on evil days

*antistrophe 2*

Yea, I did pity thee most truly, Trojan dame, when thou camest to this house, but from fear of my mistress I hold my peace, albeit I sympathize with thee, lest she, whom Zeus's daughter bore, discover my good will toward thee

(*HERMIONE enters, in complete royal regalia*)

HERMIONE

With a crown of golden workmanship upon my head and about my body this embroidered robe am I come hither, no presents these I wear from the palace of Achilles or Peleus, but gifts my father Menelaus gave me together with a sumptuous dower from Sparta in Laconia, to insure me freedom of speech Such is my answer to you (*to the CHORUS*), but as

for thee, slave and captive, thou wouldst fain oust me and secure this palace for thyself, and thanks to thy enchantment I am hated by my husband, thou it is that hast made my womb barren and cheated my hopes, for Asia's daughters have clever heads for such villainy, yet will I check thee therefrom, nor shall this temple of the Nereid avail thee aught, no! neither its altar or shrine, but thou shalt die. But if or god or man should haply wish to save thee, thou must atone for thy proud thoughts of happier days now past by humbling thyself and crouching prostrate at my knees, by sweeping out my halls, and by learning, as thou sprinklest water from a golden ewer, where thou now art. Here is no Hector, no Priam with his gold, but a city of Hellas. Yet thou, miserable woman, hast gone so far in wantonness that thou canst lay thee down with the son of the very man that slew thy husband, and bear children to the murderer. Such is all the race of barbarians, father and daughter, mother and son, sister and brother mate together, the nearest and dearest stain their path with each other's blood, and no law restrains such horrors. Bring not these crimes amongst us, for here we count it shame that one man should have the control of two wives, and men are content to turn to one lawful love, that is, all who care to live an honourable life.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Women are by nature somewhat jealous, and do ever show the keenest hate to rivals in their love.

ANDROMACHE

Ah! well-a-day! Youth is a bane to mortals, in every case, that is, where a man embraces injustice in his early days. Now I am afraid that my being a slave will prevent thee listening to me in spite of many a just plea, or if I win my case, I fear I may be damaged on this very ground, for the high and mighty cannot brook refuting arguments from their inferiors, still I will not be convicted of betraying my own cause. Tell me, proud young wife, what assurance can make me confident of wrestling from thee thy lawful lord? Is it that Laconia's capital yields to Phrygia? is it that my fortune outstrips thine? or that in me thou seest a free woman? Am I so elated by my youth, my full healthy figure, the extent of my city, the number of my friends that I wish to supplant thee in thy home? Is my purpose to take thy place and rear myself a race of slaves, mere appendages to my misery? or, supposing thou bear no children, will any one endure that sons of mine should rule o'er Phthia? Ah no! there is the love that Hellas bears me, both for Hector's sake and for my own humble rank forsooth, that never knew a queen's estate in Troy. 'Tis not my sorcery that makes thy husband hate thee, nay, but thy own failure to prove thyself his help-meet. Herein lies love's only charm, 'tis not beauty, lady, but virtuous acts that win our husbands' hearts. And

though it gall thee to be told so, albeit thy city in Laconia is no doubt a mighty fact, yet thou findest no place for his Scyros, displaying wealth 'midst poverty and setting Menelaus above Achilles and that is what alienates thy lord Take heed, for a woman, though bestowed upon a worthless husband, must be with him content, and ne'er advance presumptuous claims Suppose thou hadst wedded a prince of Thrace, the land of flood and melting snow, where one lord shares his affections with a host of wives, wouldst thou have slain them? If so, thou wouldst have set a stigma of insatiate lust on all our sex A shameful charge! And yet herein we suffer more than men, though we make a good stand against it Ah! my dear lord Hector, for thy sake would I e'en brook a rival, if ever Cypris led thee astray, and oft in days gone by I held thy bastard babes to my own breast, to spare thee any cause for grief By this course I bound my husband to me by virtue's chains, whereas thou wilt never so much as let the drops of dew from heaven above settle on thy lord, in thy jealous fear Oh! seek not to surpass thy mother in hankering after men, for 'tis well that all wise children should avoid the habits of such evil mothers

## LEADER

Mistress mine, be persuaded to come to terms with her, as far as readily comes within thy power

## HERMIONE

Why this haughty tone, this bandying of words, as if, forsooth, thou, not I, wert the virtuous wife?

## ANDROMACHE

Thy present claims at any rate give thee small title thereto

## HERMIONE

Woman, may my bosom never harbour such ideas as thine!

## ANDROMACHE

Thou art young to speak on such a theme as this

## HERMIONE

As for thee, thou dost not speak thereof, but, as thou canst, dost put it into action against me

## ANDROMACHE

Canst thou not conceal thy pangs of jealousy?

## HERMIONE

What! doth not every woman put this first of all?

## ANDROMACHE

Yes, if her experiences are happy, otherwise, there is no honour in speaking of them

## HERMIONE

Barbarians' laws are not a standard for our city.

## ANDROMACHE

Alike in Asia and in Hellas infamy attends base actions

## HERMIONE

Clever, clever quibbler! yet die thou must and shalt

## ANDROMACHE

Dost see the image of Thetis with her eye upon thee?

## HERMIONE

A bitter foe to thy country because of the death of Achilles

## ANDROMACHE

'Twas not I that slew him, but Helen that mother of thine

## HERMIONE

Pray, is it thy intention to probe my wounds yet deeper?

## ANDROMACHE

Behold, I am dumb, my lips are closed

## HERMIONE

Tell me that which was my only reason for coming hither

## ANDROMACHE

No! all I tell thee is, thou hast less wisdom than thou needest

## HERMIONE

Wilt thou leave these hallowed precincts of the sea-goddess?

## ANDROMACHE

Yes, if I am not to die for it, otherwise, I never will

## HERMIONE

Since that is thy resolve, I shall not even wait my lord's return

## ANDROMACHE

Nor yet will I, at any rate ere that, surrender to thee

## HERMIONE

I will bring fire to bear on thee, and pay no heed to thy entreaties

## ANDROMACHE

Kindle thy blaze then, the gods will witness it

## HERMIONE

And make thy flesh to writhe by cruel wounds

## ANDROMACHE

Begin thy butchery, stain the altar of the goddess with blood, for she will visit thy iniquity

## HERMIONE

Barbarian creature, hardened in impudence, wilt thou brave death itself? Still will I find speedy means to make these quit this seat of thy free will, such a bait have I to lure thee with But I will hide my meaning, which the event itself shall soon declare Yes, keep thy seat, for I will make thee rise, though molten lead is holding thee there, before Achilles' son, thy trusted champion, arrive

(HERMIONE *departs* )

## ANDROMACHE

My trusted champion, yes! how strange it is, that though some god hath devised cures for mortals against the venom of reptiles, no man ever yet hath discovered aught to cure a woman's venom, which is far worse than viper's sting or scorching flame, so terrible a curse are we to mankind

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

Ah! what sorrows did the son of Zeus and Maia herald, in the day he came to Ida's glen, guiding that fair young trio of goddesses, all girded for the fray in bitter rivalry about their beauty, to the shepherd's fold where dwelt the youthful herdsman all alone by the hearth of his lonely hut

*antistrophe 1*

Soon as they reached the wooded glen, in gushing mountain springs they bathed their dazzling skin, then sought the son of Priam, comparing their rival charms in more than rancorous phrase But Cypris won the day by her deceitful promises, sweet-sounding words, but fraught with ruthless overthrow to Phrygia's hapless town and Ilium's towers

*strophe 2*

Would God his mother had smitten him a cruel death-blow on the head before he made his home on Ida's slopes, in the hour Cassandra,

standing by the holy bay-tree, cried out, "Slay him, for he will bring most grievous bane on Priam's town " To every prince she went, to every elder sued for the babe's destruction

*antistrophe 2*

Ah! had they listened, Ilium's daughters ne'er had felt the yoke of slavery, and thou, lady, hadst been established in the royal palace, and Hellas had been freed of all the anguish she suffered during those ten long years her sons went wandering, spear in hand, around the walls of Troy, brides had never been left desolate, nor hoary fathers childless

(MENELAUS and his retinue enter He is leading MOLOSSUS by the hand)

## MENELAUS

Behold I bring thy son with me, whom thou didst steal away to a neighbour's house without my daughter's knowledge Thou wert so sure this image of the goddess would protect thee and those who hid him, but thou hast not proved clever enough for Menelaus And so if thou refuse to leave thy station here, he shall be slain instead of thee Wherefore weigh it well wilt die thyself, or see him slain for the sin whereof thou art guilty against me and my daughter?

## ANDROMACHE

O fame, fame! full many a man ere now of no account hast thou to high estate exalted Those, indeed, who truly have a fair repute, I count blest, but those who get it by false pretences, I will never allow have aught but the accidental appearance of wisdom Thou for instance, castiff that thou art, didst thou ever wrest Troy from Priam with thy picked troops of Hellenes? thou that hast raised such a storm, at the word of thy daughter, a mere child, and hast entered the lists with a poor captive, unworthy I count thee of Troy's capture, and Troy still more disgraced by thy victory Those who only in appearance are men of sense make an outward show, but inwardly resemble the common herd, save it be in wealth, which is their chiefest strength

Come now, Menelaus, let us carry through this argument Suppose I am slain by thy daughter, and she work her will on me, yet can she never escape the pollution of murder, and public opinion will make thee too an accomplice in this deed of blood, for thy share in the business must needs implicate thee But even supposing I escape death myself, will ye kill my child? Even then, how will his father brook the murder of his child? Troy has no such coward's tale to tell of him, nay, he will follow duty's call, his actions will prove him a worthy scion of Peleus and Achilles



Thy daughter will be thrust forth from his house, and what wilt thou say when seeking to betroth her to another? wilt say her virtue made her leave a worthless lord? Nay, that will be false Who then will wed her? wilt thou keep her without a husband in thy halls, grown grey in widow-hood? Unhappy wretch! dost not see the flood-gates of trouble opening wide for thee? How many a wrong against a wife wouldst thou prefer thy daughter to have found to suffering what I now describe? We ought not on trifling grounds to promote great ills, nor should men, if we women are so deadly a curse, bring their nature down to our level No! if, as thy daughter asserts, I am practising sorcery against her and making her barren, right willingly will I, without any crouching at altars, submit in my own person to the penalty that lies in her husband's hands, seeing that I am no less chargeable with injuring him if I make him childless This is my case, but for thee, there is one thing I fear in thy disposition, it was a quarrel for a woman that really induced thee to destroy poor Ilium's town

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Thou hast said too much for a woman speaking to men, *that* discretion hath shot away its last shaft from thy soul's quiver

## MENELAUS

Women, these are petty matters, unworthy, as thou sayest, of my despotic sway, unworthy too of Hellas Yet mark this well, his special fancy of the hour is of more moment to a man than Troy's capture I then have set myself to help my daughter because I consider her loss of a wife's rights most grave, for whatever else a woman suffers is second to this, if she loses her husband's love she loses her life therewith Now, as it is right Neoptolemus should rule my slaves, so my friends and I should have control of his, for friends, if they be really friends, keep nothing to themselves, but have all in common So if I wait for the absent instead of making the best arrangement I can at once of my affairs, I show weakness, not wisdom Arise then, leave the goddess's shrine, for by thy death this child escapeth his, whereas, if thou refuse to die, I will slay him, for one of you twain must perish

## ANDROMACHE

Ah me! 'tis a bitter lot thou art offering about my life, whether I take it or not I am equally unfortunate Attend to me, thou who for a trifling cause art committing an awful crime Why art thou bent on slaying me? What reason hast thou? What city have I betrayed? Which of thy children was ever slain by me? What house have I fired? I was forced to be my master's concubine, and spite of that wilt thou slay me, not him who is to blame, passing by the cause and hurrying to the inevitable result?

Ah me! my sorrows! Woe for my hapless country! How cruel my fate! Why had I to be a mother too and take upon me a double load of suffering? Yet why do I mourn the past, and o'er the present never shed a tear or compute its griefs? I that saw Hector butchered and dragged behind the chariot, and Ilium, piteous sight! one sheet of flame, while I was haled away by the hair of my head to the Argive ships in slavery, and on my arrival in Phthia was given to Hector's murderer as his mistress. What pleasure then has life for me? Whither am I to turn my gaze? to the present or the past? My babe alone was left me, the light of my life, and him these ministers of death would slay. No! they shall not, if my poor life can save him, for if he be saved, hope in him lives on, while to me 'twere shame to refuse to die for my son. Lo! here I leave the altar and give myself into your hands, to cut or stab, to bind or hang. Ah! my child, to Hades now thy mother passes to save thy dear life. Yet if thou escape thy doom, remember me, my sufferings and my death, and tell thy father how I fared, with fond caress and streaming eye and arms thrown round his neck. Ah! yes, his children are to every man as his own soul, and whoso sneers at this through inexperience, though he suffers less anguish, yet tastes the bitter in his cup of bliss.

## LEADER

Thy tale with pity fills me, for every man alike, stranger though he be, feels pity for another's distress. Menelaus, 'tis thy duty to reconcile thy daughter and this captive, giving her a respite from sorrow.

## MENELAUS

Ho! sirrahs, seize this woman (*His attendants swiftly carry out the order*), hold her fast, for 'tis no welcome story she will have to hear. It was to make thee leave the holy altar of the goddess that I held thy child's death before thy eyes, and so induced thee to give thyself up to me to die. So stands thy case, be well assured, but as for this child, my daughter shall decide whether she will slay him or no. Get thee hence into the house, and there learn to bridle thy insolence in speaking to the free, slave that thou art.

## ANDROMACHE

Alas! thou hast by treachery beguiled me, I was deceived.

## MENELAUS

Proclaim it to the world, I do not deny it.

## ANDROMACHE

Is this counted cleverness amongst you who dwell by the Eurotas?

MENELAUS

Yes, and amongst Trojans too, that those who suffer should retaliate

ANDROMACHE

Thinkest thou God's hand is shortened, and that thou wilt not be punished?

MENELAUS

Whene'er that comes, I am ready to bear it But thy life will I have

ANDROMACHE

Wilt likewise slay this tender chick, whom thou hast snatched from 'neath my wing?

MENELAUS

Not I, but I will give him to my daughter to slay if she will

ANDROMACHE

Ah me! why not begin my mourning then for thee, my child?

MENELAUS

Of a truth 'tis no very sure hope that he has left

ANDROMACHE

O citizens of Sparta, the bane of all the race of men, schemers of guile, and masters in lying, devisers of evil plots, with crooked minds and tortuous methods and ne'er one honest thought, 'tis wrong that ye should thrive in Hellas What crime is wanting in your list? How rife is murder with you! How covetous ye are! One word upon your lips, another in your heart, this is what men always find with you Perdition catch ye! Still death is not so grievous, as thou thinkest, to me No! for my life ended in the day that hapless Troy was destroyed with my lord, that glorious warrior, whose spear oft made a coward like thee quit the field and seek thy ship But now against a woman hast thou displayed the terrors of thy panoply, my would-be murderer Strike then! for this my tongue shall never flatter thee or that daughter of thine For though thou wert of great account in Sparta, why so was I in Troy And if I am now in sorry plight, presume not thou on this, thou too mayst be so yet

(MENELAUS and his guards lead ANDROMACHE out)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

Never, oh! never will I commend rival wives or sons of different mothers, a cause of strife, of bitterness, and grief in every house I would have a husband content with one wife whose rights he shareth with no other

*antistrophe 1*

Not even in states is dual monarchy better to bear than undivided rule, it only doubles burdens and causes faction amongst the citizens. Often too will the Muse sow strife 'twixt rivals in the art of minstrelsy

*strophe 2*

Again, when strong winds are drifting mariners, the divided counsel of the wise does not best avail for steering, and their collective wisdom has less weight than the inferior mind of the single man who has sole authority, for this is the essence of power alike in house and state, whene'er men care to find the proper moment

*antistrophe 2*

This Spartan, the daughter of the great chief Menelaus, proves this, for she hath kindled hot fury against a rival, and is bent on slaying the hapless Trojan maid and her child to further her bitter quarrel. 'Tis a murder gods and laws and kindness all forbid. Ah! lady, retribution for this deed will yet visit thee

But lo! before the house I see those two united souls, condemned to die. Alas! for thee, poor lady, and for thee, unhappy child, who art dying on account of thy mother's marriage, though thou hast no share therein and canst not be blamed by the royal house

(ANDROMACHE enters, her arms bound. Her son clings to her. MENE-  
LAUS and the guards follow, intent on accomplishing the murder.  
The following lines are chanted responsively.)

## ANDROMACHE

Behold me journeying on the downward path, my hands so tightly bound with cords that they bleed

## MOLOSSUS

O mother, mother mine! I too share thy downward path, nestling 'neath thy wing

## ANDROMACHE

A cruel sacrifice! ye rulers of Phthia!

## MOLOSSUS

Come, father! succour those thou lovest

## ANDROMACHE

Rest there, my babe, my darling! on thy mother's bosom, e'en in death and in the grave

MOLOSSUS

Ah, woe is me! what will become of me and thee too, mother mine?

MENELAUS

Away, to the world below! from hostile towers ye came, the pair of you, two different causes necessitate your deaths, my sentence takes away thy life, and my daughter Hermione's requires his, for it would be the height of folly to leave our foemen's sons, when we might kill them and remove the danger from our house

ANDROMACHE

O husband mine! I would I had thy strong arm and spear to aid me, son of Priam

MOLOSSUS

Ah, woe is me! what spell can I now find to turn death's stroke aside?

ANDROMACHE

Embrace thy master's knees, my child, and pray to him

MOLOSSUS

Spare, O spare my life, kind master!

ANDROMACHE

Mine eyes are wet with tears, which trickle down my cheeks, as doth a sunless spring from a smooth rock Ah me!

MOLOSSUS

What remedy, alas! can I provide me 'gainst my ills?

MENELAUS

Why fall at my knees in supplication? hard as the rock and deaf as the wave am I My own friends have I helped, but for thee have I no tie of affection, for verily it cost me a great part of my life to capture Troy and thy mother, so thou shalt reap the fruit thereof and into Hades' halls descend

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Behold! I see Peleus drawing nigh, with aged step he hasteth hither  
(PELEUS enters with an attendant)

PELEUS (*calling out as he comes in sight*)

What means this? I ask you and your executioner, why is the palace in an uproar? give a reason, what mean your lawless machinations? Menelaus, hold thy hand Seek not to outrun justice (*To his attendant*) For-

ward! faster, faster! for this matter, methinks, admits of no delay, now if ever would I fain resume the vigour of my youth First however will I breathe new life into this captive, being to her as the breeze that blows a ship before the wind Tell me, by what right have they pinioned thine arms and are dragging thee and thy child away? Like a ewe with her lamb art thou led to the slaughter, while I and thy lord were far away

## ANDROMACHE

Behold them that are haling me and my child to death, e'en as thou seest, aged prince Why should I tell thee? For not by one urgent summons alone but by countless messengers have I sent for thee No doubt thou knowest by hearsay of the strife in this house with this man's daughter, and the reason of my ruin So now they have torn and are dragging me from the altar of Thetis, the goddess of thy chiefest adoration and the mother of thy gallant son, without any proper trial, yea, and without waiting for my absent master, because, forsooth, they knew my defencelessness and my child's, whom they mean to slay with me his hapless mother, though he has done no harm But to thee, O sire, I make my supplication, prostrate at thy knees, though my hand cannot touch thy friendly beard, save nie, I adjure thee, reverend sir, or to thy shame and my sorrow shall we be slain

## PELEUS

Loose her bonds, I say, ere some one rue it, untie her folded hands

## MENELAUS

I forbid it, for besides being a match for thee, I have a far better right to her

## PELEUS

What! art thou come hither to set my house in order? Art not content with ruling thy Spartans?

## MENELAUS

She is my captive, I took her from Troy

## PELEUS

Aye, but my son's son received her as his prize

## MENELAUS

Is not all I have his, and all his mine?

## PELEUS

For good, but not evil ends, and surely not for murderous violence

## MENELAUS

Never shalt thou wrest her from my grasp

## PELEUS

With this good staff I'll stain thy head with blood!

## MENELAUS

Just touch me and see! Approach one step!

## PELEUS

What! shalt thou rank with men? chief of cowards, son of cowards! What right hast thou to any place 'mongst men? Thou who didst let a Phrygian rob thee of thy wife, leaving thy home without bolt or guard, as if forsooth the cursed woman thou hadst there was a model of virtue No! a Spartan maid could not be chaste, e'en if she would, who leaves her home and bares her limbs and lets her robe float free, to share with youths their races and their sports,—customs I cannot away with Is it any wonder then that ye fail to educate your women in virtue? Helen might have asked thee this, seeing that she said goodbye to thy affection and tripped off with her young gallant to a foreign land And yet for her sake thou didst marshal all the hosts of Hellas and lead them to Ilium, whereas thou shouldst have shown thy loathing for her by refusing to stir a spear, once thou hadst found her false, yea, thou shouldst have let her stay there, and even paid a price to save ever having her back again But that was not at all the way thy thoughts were turned, wherefore many a brave life hast thou ended, and many an aged mother hast thou left childless in her home, and grey-haired sires of gallant sons hast reft Of that sad band am I a member, seeing in thee Achilles' murderer like a malignant fiend, for thou and thou alone hast returned from Troy without a scratch, bringing back thy splendid weapons in their splendid cases just as they went As for me, I ever told that amorous boy to form no alliance with thee nor take unto his home an evil mother's child, for daughters bear the marks of their mothers' ill-repute into their new homes Wherefore, ye wooers, take heed to this my warning "Choose the daughter of a good mother" And more than this, with what wanton insult didst thou treat thy brother, bidding him sacrifice his daughter in his simpleness! So fearful wast thou of losing thy worthless wife Then after capturing Troy,—for thither too will I accompany thee,—thou didst not slay that woman, when she was in thy power, but as soon as thine eyes caught sight of her breast, thy sword was dropped and thou didst take her kisses, fondling the shameless traitress, too weak to stem thy hot desire, thou catiff wretch! Yet spite of all thou art the man to come and work havoc in my grandson's halls when he is absent, seeking to slay with all indignity a poor weak woman and her babe, but that babe shall one day make thee and thy daughter in thy

home rue it, e'en though his birth be trebly base Yea, for oft ere now  
hath seed, sown on barren soil, prevailed o'er rich deep tilth, and many a  
bastard has proved a better man than children better born Take thy  
daughter hence with thee! Far better is it for mortals to have a poor  
honest man either as married kin or friend than a wealthy knave, but as  
for thee, thou art a thing of naught

## LIADÆP

The tongue from trifling causes contrives to breed great strife 'mongst  
men, wherefore are the wise most careful not to bring about a quarrel  
with their friends

## MENELAUS

Why, pray, should one call these old men wise, or those who once had  
a reputation in Hellas for being so? when thou, the great Peleus, son of a  
famous father, kin to me through marriage, employest language disgrace-  
ful to thyself and abusive of me because of a barbarian woman, though  
thou shouldst have banished her far beyond the streams of Nile or Phasis,  
and ever encouraged me, seeing that she comes from Asia's continent  
where fell so many of the sons of Hellas, victims to the spear, and like-  
wise because she shared in the spilling of thy son's blood, for Paris who  
slew thy son Achilles, was brother to Hector, whose wife she was And dost  
*thou* enter the same abode with her, and deign to let her share thy board,  
and suffer her to rear her brood of vipers in thy house? But I, after all this  
foresight for thee, old man, and myself, am to have her torn from my  
clutches for wishing to slay her Yet come now, for 'tis no disgrace to  
argue, suppose my daughter has no child, while this woman's sons grow  
up, wilt thou set them up to rule the land of Phthia, barbarians born and  
bred to lord it over Hellenes? Am I then so void of sense because I hate  
injustice, and thou so full of cleverness? Consider yet another point, say  
thou hadst given a daughter of thine to some citizen, and hadst then seen  
her thus treated, wouldst thou have sat looking on in silence? I trow not  
Dost thou then for a foreigner rail thus at thy nearest friends? Again, thou  
mayst say, husband and wife have an equally strong case if she is wronged  
by him, and similarly if he find her guilty of indiscretion in his house,  
yet while he has ample powers in his own hands, she depends on parents  
and friends for her case Surely then I am right in helping my own kin!  
Thou art in thy dotage, for thou wilt do me more good by speaking of my  
generalship than by concealing it Helen's trouble was not of her own  
choosing, but sent by heaven, and it proved a great benefit to Hellas, her  
sons, till then untried in war or arms, turned to deeds of prowess, and it  
is experience which teaches man all he knows I showed my wisdom in  
refraining from slaying my wife, directly I caught sight of her Would  
that thou too hadst ne'er slain Phocus! All this I bring before thee in pure



good-will, not from anger But if thou resent it, thy tongue may wag till it ache, yet shall I gain by prudent forethought

## LEADER

Cease now from idle words, 'twere better far, for fear ye both alike go wrong

## PELEUS

Alas! what evil customs now prevail in Hellas! Whene'er the host sets up a trophy o'er the foe, men no more consider this the work of those who really toiled, but the general gets the credit for it Now he was but one among ten thousand others to brandish his spear, he only did the work of one, but yet he wins more praise than they Again, as magistrates in all the grandeur of office they scorn the common folk, though they are naught themselves, whereas those others are ten thousand times more wise than they, if daring combine with judgment Even so thou and thy brother, exalted by the toilsome efforts of others, now take your seats in all the swollen pride of Trojan fame and Trojan generalship But I will teach thee henceforth to consider Idaean Paris a foe less terrible than Peleus, unless forthwith thou pack from this roof, thou and thy childless daughter too, whom my own true son will hale through his halls by the hair of her head, for her barrenness will not let her endure fruitfulness in others, because she has no children herself Still if misfortune prevents her bearing offspring, is that a reason why we should be left childless? Begone! ye varlets, let her go! I will soon see if anyone will hinder me from loosing her hands (*to ANDROMACHE*) Arise, these trembling hands of mine will untie the twisted thongs that bind thee Out on thee, coward! is this how thou hast galled her wrists? Didst think thou wert lashing up a lion or bull? or wert afraid she would snatch a sword and defend herself against thee? Come, child, nestle to thy mother's arms, help me loose her bonds, I will yet rear thee in Phthia to be their bitter foe If your reputation for prowess and the battles ye have fought were taken from you Spartans, in all else, be very sure, you have not your inferiors

## LEADER

The race of old men practises no restraint, and their testiness makes it hard to check them

## MENELAUS

Thou art only too ready to rush into abuse, while, as for me, I came to Phthia by constraint and have therefore no intention either of doing or suffering anything mean Now must I return home, for I have no time to waste, for there is a city not so very far from Sparta, which aforetime was friendly but now is hostile, against her will I march with my army

and bring her into subjection And when I have arranged that matter as I wish, I will return, and face to face with my son-in-law I will give my version of the story and hear his And if he punish her, and for the future she exercise self-control, she shall find me do the like, but if he storm, I'll storm as well, and every act of mine shall be a reflex of his own As for thy babbling, I can bear it easily, for, like to a shadow as thou art, thy voice is all thou hast, and thou art powerless to do aught but talk

(MENELAUS *and his retinue withdraw*)

PELEUS

Lead on, my child, safe beneath my sheltering wing, and thou too, poor lady, for thou art come into a quiet haven after the rude storm

ANDROMACHE

Heaven reward thee and all thy race, old sire, for having saved my child and me his hapless mother! Only beware lest they fall upon us twain in some lonely spot upon the road and force me from thee, when they see thy age, my weakness, and this child's tender years, take heed to this, that we be not a second time made captive, after escaping now

PELEUS

Forbear such words, prompted by a woman's cowardice Go on thy way, who will lay a finger on you? Methinks he will do it to his cost For by heaven's grace I rule o'er many a knight and spearman bold in my kingdom of Phthia, yea, and myself can still stand straight, no bent old man as thou dost think, such a fellow as that a mere look from me will put to flight in spite of my years For e'en an old man, be he brave, is worth a host of raw youths, for what avails a fine figure if a man is a coward?

(PELEUS, ANDROMACHE, *and MOLOSSUS go out*)

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe*

Oh! to have never been born, or sprung from noble sires, the heir to mansions richly stored, for if aught untoward e'er befall, there is no lack of champions for sons of noble parents, and there is honour and glory for them when they are proclaimed scions of illustrious lines, time detracts not from the legacy these good men leave, but the light of their goodness still burns on when they are dead

*antistrophe*

Better is it not to win a discreditable victory, than to make justice miscarry by an invidious exercise of power, for such a victory, though men think it sweet for the moment, grows barren in time and

comes near being a stain on a house This is the life I commend, this the life I set before me as my ideal, to exercise no authority beyond what is right either in the marriage-chamber or in the state

*epode*

O aged son of Aeacus! now am I sure that thou wert with the Lapithae, wielding thy famous spear, when they fought the Centaurs, and on Argo's deck didst pass the cheerless strait beyond the sea-beat Symplegades on her voyage famed, and when in days long gone the son of Zeus spread slaughter round Troy's famous town, thou too didst share his triumphant return to Europe

(*THE NURSE OF HERMIONE enters*)

NURSE

Alas! good friends, what a succession of troubles is to-day provided us! My mistress Hermione within the house, deserted by her father and in remorse for her monstrous deed in plotting the death of Andromache and her child, is bent on dying, for she is afraid her husband will in requital for this expel her with dishonour from his house or put her to death, because she tried to slay the innocent And the servants that watch her can scarce restrain her efforts to hang herself, scarce catch the sword and wrest it from her hand So bitter is her anguish, and she hath recognized the villainy of her former deeds As for me, friends, I am weary of keeping my mistress from the fatal noose, do ye go in and try to save her life, for if strangers come, they prove more persuasive than the friends of every day

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Ah yes! I hear an outcry in the house amongst the servants, confirming the news thou hast brought Poor sufferer! she seems about to show a lively grief for her grave crimes, for she has escaped her servants' hands and is rushing from the house, eager to end her life

(*HERMIONE enters, in agitation She is carrying a sword which the NURSE wrests from her*)

HERMIONE (*chanting*)

Woe, woe is me! I will rend my hair and tear cruel furrows in my cheeks

NURSE

My child, what wilt thou do? Wilt thou disfigure thyself?

HERMIONE (*chanting*)

Ah me! ah me! Begone, thou fine-spun veil! float from my head away!

NURSE

Daughter, cover up thy bosom, fasten thy robe

HERMIONE (*chanting*)

Why should I cover it? My crimes against my lord are manifest and clear, they cannot be hidden

NURSE

Art so grieved at having devised thy rival's death?

HERMIONE (*chanting*)

Yea, I deeply mourn my fatal deeds of daring, alas! I am now accursed in all men's eyes!

NURSE

Thy husband will pardon thee this error

HERMIONE (*chanting*)

Oh! why didst thou hunt me to snatch away my sword? Give, oh! give it back, dear nurse, that I may thrust it through my heart  
Why dost thou prevent me hanging myself?

NURSE

What! was I to let thy madness lead thee on to death?

HERMIONE (*chanting*)

Ah me, my destiny! Where can I find some friendly fire? To what rocky height can I climb above the sea or 'mid some wooded mountain glen, there to die and trouble but the dead?

NURSE

Why vex thyself thus? on all of us sooner or later heaven's visitation comes

HERMIONE (*chanting*)

Thou hast left me, O my father, left me like a stranded bark, all alone, without an oar. My lord will surely slay me, no home is mine henceforth beneath my husband's roof. What god is there to whose statue I can as a suppliant haste? or shall I throw myself in slavish wise at slavish knees? Would I could speed away from Phthia's land on bird's dark pinion, or like that pine-built ship,<sup>2</sup> the first that ever sailed betwixt the rocks Cyanean!

NURSE

My child, I can as little praise thy previous sinful excesses, committed against the Trojan captive, as thy present exaggerated terror. Thy hus-

band will never listen to a barbarian's weak pleading and reject his marriage with thee for this For thou wast no captive from Troy whom he wedded, but the daughter of a gallant sire, with a rich dower, from a city too of no mean prosperity Nor will thy father forsake thee, as thou darest, and allow thee to be cast out from this house Nay, enter now, nor show thyself before the palace, lest the sight of thee there bring reproach upon thee, my daughter

(*The NURSE departs as ORESTES and his attendants enter*)

LEADER

Lo! a stranger of foreign appearance from some other land comes hurrying towards us

ORESTES

Women of this foreign land! is this the home, the palace of Achilles' son?

LEADER

Thou hast it, but who art thou to ask such a question?

ORESTES

The son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, by name Orestes, on my way to the oracle of Zeus at Dodona But now that I am come to Phthia, I am resolved to inquire about my kinswoman, Hermione of Sparta, is she alive and well? for though she dwells in a land far from my own, I love her none the less

HERMIONE

Son of Agamemnon, thy appearing is as a haven from the storm to sailors, by thy knees I pray, have pity on me in my distress, on me of whose fortunes thou art inquiring About thy knees I twine my arms with all the force of sacred fillets

ORESTES

Ha! what is this? Am I mistaken or do I really see before me the queen of this palace, the daughter of Menelaus?

HERMIONE

The same, that only child whom Helen, daughter of Tyndareus, bore my father in his halls, never doubt that

ORESTES

O saviour Phoebus, grant us respite from our woe! But what is the matter? art thou afflicted by gods or men?

HERMIONE

Partly by myself, partly by the man who wedded me, and partly by some god On every side I see ruin

ORESTES

Why, what misfortune could happen to a woman as yet childless, unless her honour is concerned?

HERMIONE

My very ill! Thou hast hit my case exactly

ORESTES

On whom has thy husband set his affections in thy stead?

HERMIONE

On his captive, Hector's wife

ORESTES

An evil case indeed, for a man to have two wives!

HERMIONE

'Tis even thus So I resented it

ORESTES

Didst thou with woman's craft devise a plot against thy rival?

HERMIONE

Yes, to slay her and her bastard child

ORESTES

And didst thou slay them, or did something happen to rescue them from thee?

HERMIONE

It was old Peleus, who showed regard to the weaker side

ORESTES

Hadst thou any accomplice in this attempted murder?

HERMIONE

My father came from Sparta for this very purpose

ORESTES

And was he after all defeated by that old man's prowess?

HERMIONE

Oh no! but by shame, and he hath gone and left me all alone

ORESTES

I understand, thou art afraid of thy husband for what thou hast done

## HERMIONE

Thou hast guessed it, for he will have a right to slay me What can I say for myself? Yet I beseech thee by Zeus the god of our family, send me to a land as far as possible from this, or to my father's house, for these very walls seem to cry out "Begone!" and all the land of Phthia hates me But if my lord return ere that from the oracle of Phoebus, he will put me to death on a shameful charge, or enslave me to his mistress, whom I ruled before Maybe some one will say, "How was it thou didst go thus astray?" I was ruined by evil women who came to me and puffed me up with words like these "Wait! wilt thou suffer that vile captive, a mere bondmaid, to dwell within thy house and share thy wedded rights? By Heaven's queen! if it were my house she should not live to reap my marriage-harvest!" And I listened to the words of these Sirens, the cunning, knavish, subtle praters, and was filled with silly thoughts What need had I to care about my lord? I had all I wanted, wealth in plenty, a house in which I was mistress, and as for children, mine would be born in wedlock, while hers would be bastards, half-slaves to mine Oh! never, never,—this truth will I repeat,—should men of sense, who have wives, allow women-folk to visit them in their homes, for they teach them evil, one, to gain some private end, helps to corrupt their honour, another, having made a slip herself, wants a companion in misfortune, while many are wantons, and hence it is men's houses are tainted Wherefore keep strict guard upon the portals of your houses with bolts and bars, for these visits of strange women lead to no good result, but a world of ill

## LEADER

Thou hast given thy tongue too free a rein regarding thy own sex I can pardon thee in this case, but still women ought to smooth over their sisters' weaknesses

## ORESTES

'Twas sage counsel he gave who taught men to hear the arguments on both sides I, for instance, though aware of the confusion in this house, the quarrel between thee and Hector's wife, waited awhile and watched to see whether thou wouldst stay here or from fear of that captive art minded to quit these halls Now it was not so much regard for thy message that brought me thither, as the intention of carrying thee away from this house, if, as now, thou shouldst grant me a chance of saying so For thou wert mine formerly, but art now living with thy present husband through thy father's baseness, since he, before invading Troy's domains, betrothed thee to me, and then afterwards promised thee to thy present lord, provided he captured the city of Troy

So, as soon as Achilles' son returned hither, I forgave thy father, but entreated the bridegroom to forego his marriage with thee, telling him

all I had endured and my present misfortune, I might get a wife, I said, from amongst friends, but outside their circle 'twas no easy task for one exiled like myself from home. Thereat he grew abusive, taunting me with my mother's murder and those blood-boltered fiends<sup>3</sup> And I was humbled by the fortunes of my house, and though 'tis true, I grieved, yet did I bear my sorrow, and reluctantly departed, robbed of thy promised hand Now therefore, since thou findest thy fortune so abruptly changed and art fallen thus on evil days and hast no help, I will take thee hence and place thee in thy father's hands For kinship hath strong claims, and in adversity there is naught better than a kinsman's kindly aid

## HERMIONE

As for my marriage, my father must look to it, 'tis not for me to decide Yes, take me hence as soon as may be, lest my husband come back to his house before I am gone, or Pelcus hear that I am deserting his son's abode and pursue me with his swift steeds

## ORESTES

Rest easy about the old man's power, and, as for Achilles' son with all his insolence to me, never fear him, such a crafty net this hand hath woven and set for his death with knots that none can loose, whereof I will not speak before the time, but, when my plot begins to work, Delphi's rock will witness it If but my allies in the Pythian land abide by their oaths, this same murderer of his mother will show that no one else shall marry thee my rightful bride To his cost will he demand satisfaction of King Phoebus for his father's blood, nor shall his repentance avail him, though he is now submitting to the god No! he shall perish miserably by Apollo's hand and my false accusations, so shall he find out my enmity For the deity upsets the fortune of them that hate him, and suffers them not to be high-minded

(ORESTES and HERMIONE depart)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

O Phoebus! who didst fence the hill of Ilium with a fair coronal of towers, and thou, ocean-god! coursing o'er the main with thy dark steeds, wherefore did ye hand over in dishonour your own handiwork to the war-god, master of the spear, abandoning Troy to wretchedness?

*antistrophe 1*

Many a well-horsed car ye yoked on the banks of Simois, and many a bloody tournament did ye ordain with never a prize to win, and Ilium's princes are dead and gone, no longer in Troy is seen the blaze of fire on altars of the gods with the smoke of incense



*strophe 2*

The son of Atreus is no more, slain by the hand of his wife, and she herself hath paid the debt of blood by death, and from her children's hands received her doom The god's own bidding from his oracle was levelled against her, in the day that Agamemnon's son set forth from Argos and visited his shrine, so he slew her, aye, spilt his own mother's blood O Phoebus, O thou power divine, how can I believe the story?

*antistrophe 2*

Anon wherever Hellenes gather, was heard the voice of lamentation, mothers weeping o'er their children's fate, as they left their homes to mate with strangers Ah! thou art not the only one, nor thy dear ones either, on whom the cloud of grief hath fallen Hellas had to bear the visitation, and thence the scourge crossed to Phrygia's fruitful fields, raining the bloody drops the death-god loves

(PELEUS enters in haste)

## PELEUS

Ye dames of Phthia, answer my questions I heard a vague rumour that the daughter of Menelaus had left these halls and fled, so now am I come in hot haste to learn if this be true, for it is the duty of those who are at home to labour in the interests of their absent friends

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Thou hast heard aright, O Peleus, ill would it become me to hide the evil case in which I now find myself, our queen has fled and left these halls

## PELEUS

What did she fear? explain that to me

## LEADER

She was afraid her lord would cast her out

## PELEUS

In return for plotting his child's death? surely not?

## LEADER

Yea, and she was afraid of yon captive

## PELEUS

With whom did she leave the house? with her father?

LEADER

The son of Agamemnon came and took her hence

PELEUS

What view hath he to further thereby? Will he marry her?

LEADER

Yes, and he is plotting thy grandson's death

PELEUS

From an ambuscade, or meeting him fairly face to face?

LEADER

In the holy place of Loxias, leagued with Delphians

PELEUS

God help us This is a present danger Hasten one of you with all speed to the Pythian altar and tell our friends there what has happened here, ere Achilles' son be slain by his enemies

(4 MESSENGER enters)

MESSENGER

Woe worth the day! what evil tidings have I brought for thee, old sire, and for all who love my master! woe is me!

PELEUS

Alas! my prophetic soul hath a presentiment

MESSENGER

Aged Peleus, hearken! Thy grandson is no more, so grievously is he smitten by the men of Delphi and the stranger from Mycenae

LEADER

Ah! what wilt thou do, old man? Fall not, uplift thyself

PELEUS

I am a thing of naught, death is come upon me My voice is choked, my limbs droop beneath me

MESSENGER

Hearken, if thou art eager also to avenge thy friends, lift up thyself and hear what happened

PELEUS

Ah, destiny! how tightly hast thou caught me in thy toils, a poor old man at life's extremest verge! But tell me how he was taken from me, my one son's only child, unwelcome as such news is, I fain would hear it

## MESSENGER

As soon as we reached the famous soil of Phoebus, for three whole days were we feasting our eyes with the sight. And this, it seems, caused suspicion, for the folk, who dwell near the god's shrine, began to collect in groups, while Agamemnon's son, going to and fro through the town, would whisper in each man's ear malignant hints. "Do ye see yon fellow, going in and out of the god's treasure-chambers, which are full of the gold stored there by all mankind? He is come hither a second time on the same mission as before, eager to sack the temple of Phoebus." Thereon there ran an angry murmur through the city, and the magistrates flocked to their council-chamber, while those, who have charge of the god's treasures, had a guard privately placed amongst the colonnades. But we, knowing naught as yet of this, took sheep fed in the pastures of Parnassus, and went our way and stationed ourselves at the altars with vouchers and Pythian seers. And one said, "What prayer, young warrior, wouldst thou have us offer to the god? Wherefore art thou come?" And he answered, "I wish to make atonement to Phoebus for my past transgression, for once I claimed from him satisfaction for my father's blood." Thereupon the rumour, spread by Orestes, proved to have great weight, suggesting that my master was lying and had come on a shameful errand. But he crosses the threshold of the temple to pray to Phoebus before his oracle, and was busy with his burnt-offering, when a body of men armed with swords set themselves in ambush against him in the cover of the bay-trees, and Clytemnestra's son, that had contrived the whole plot was one of them. There stood the young man praying to the god in sight of all, when lo! with their sharp swords they stabbed Achilles' unprotected son from behind. But he stepped back, for it was not a mortal wound he had received, and drew his sword, and snatching armour from the pegs where it hung on a pillar, took his stand upon the altar-steps, the picture of a warrior grim, then cried he to the sons of Delphi, and asked them, "Why seek to slay me when I am come on a holy mission? What cause is there why I should die?" But of all that throng of bystanders, no man answered him a word, but they set to hurling stones. Then he, though bruised and battered by the showers of missiles from all sides, covered himself behind his mail and tried to ward off the attack, holding his shield first here, then there, at arm's length, but all of no avail, for a storm of darts, arrows and javelins, hurtling spits with double points, and butchers' knives for slaying steers, came flying at his feet, and terrible was the war-dance thou hadst then seen thy grandson dance to avoid their marksmanship. At last, when they were hemming him in on all sides, allowing him no breathing space, he left the shelter of the altar, the hearth where victims are placed, and with one bound was on them as on the Trojans of yore, and they turned and fled like doves when they see the hawk. Many fell in the confusion, some

wounded, and others trodden down by one another along the narrow passages, and in that hushed holy house uprose unholy din and echoed back from the rocks. Calm and still my master stood there in his gleaming harness like a flash of light, till from the inmost shrine there came a voice of thrilling horror, stirring the crowd to make a stand. Then fell Achilles' son, smitten through the flank by some Delphian's biting blade, some fellow that slew him with a host to help, and as he fell, there was not one that did not stab him, or cast a rock and batter his corpse. So his whole body, once so fair, was marred with savage wounds. At last they cast the lifeless clay, lying near the altar, forth from the fragrant fane. And we gathered up his remains forthwith and are bringing them to thee, old prince, to mourn and weep and honour with a deep-dug tomb.

This is how that prince who vouchsafeth oracles to others, that judge of what is right for all the world, hath revenged himself on Achilles' son, remembering his ancient quarrel as a wicked man would. How then can he be wise?

*(The MESSENGER withdraws as the body of Neoptolemus is carried in on a bier. The following lines between PELLEUS and the CHORUS are chanted responsively.)*

## CHORUS

Lo! e'en now our prince is being carried on a bier from Delphi's land unto his home. Woe for him and his sad fate, and woe for thee, old sire! for this is not the welcome thou wouldst give Achilles' son, the lion's whelp, thyself too by this sad mischance dost share his evil lot.

## PELLEUS

Ah! woe is me! here is a sad sight for me to see and take unto my halls! Ah me! ah me! I am undone, thou city of Thessaly! My line now ends, I have no children left me in my home. Oh! the sorrows I seem born to endure! What friend can I look to for relief? Ah, dear lips, and cheeks, and hands! Would thy destiny had slain thee 'neath Ilium's walls beside the banks of Simois!

## CHORUS

Had he so died, my aged lord, he had won him honour thereby, and thine had been the happier lot.

## PELLEUS

O marriage, marriage, woe to thee! thou bane of my home, thou destroyer of my city! Ah my child, my boy, would that the honour of wedding thee, fraught with evil as it was to my children and house, had not thrown o'er thee, my son, Hermione's deadly net! O

that the thunderbolt had slain her sooner! and that thou, rash mortal, hadst never charged the great god Phoebus with aiming that murderous shaft that spilt thy hero-father's blood!

## CHORUS

Woe! woe! alas! With due observance of funeral rites will I begin the mourning for my dead master

## PELEUS

Alack and well-a-day! I take up the tearful dirge, ah me! old and wretched as I am

## CHORUS

'Tis Heaven's decree, God willed this heavy stroke

## PELEUS

O darling child, thou hast left me all alone in my halls, old and childless by thy loss

## CHORUS

Thou shouldst have died, old sire, before thy children

## PELEUS

Shall I not tear my hair, and smite upon my head with grievous blows? O city! of both my children hath Phoebus robbed me

## CHORUS

What evils thou hast suffered, what sorrows thou hast seen, thou poor old man! what shall be thy life hereafter?

## PELEUS

Childless, desolate, with no limit to my grief, I must drain the cup of woe, until I die

## CHORUS

'Twas all in vain the gods wished thee joy on thy wedding day

## PELEUS

All my hopes have flown away, fallen short of my high boasts

## CHORUS

A lonely dweller in a lonely home art thou

## PELEUS

I have no city any longer, there! on the ground my sceptre do I cast, and thou, daughter of Nereus, neath thy dim grotto, shalt see me grovelling in the dust, a ruined king

## CHORUS

Look, look! (*A dim form of divine appearance is seen hovering in mid air*) What is that moving? what influence divine am I conscious of? Look, maidens, mark it well, see, yonder is some deity, wafted through the lustrous air and alighting on the plains of Phthia, home of steeds

THETIS (*from above*)

O Peleus! because of my wedded days with thee now long ago, I Thetis am come from the halls of Nereus And first I counsel thee not to grieve to excess in thy present distress, for I too who need ne'er have borne children to my sorrow, have lost the child of our love, Achilles swift of foot, foremost of the sons of Hellas Next will I declare why I am come, and do thou give ear Carry yonder corpse, Achilles' son, to the Pythian altar and there bury it, a reproach to Delphi, that his tomb may proclaim the violent death he met at the hand of Orestes And for his captive wife Andromache,—she must dwell in the Molossian land, united in honourable wedlock with Helenus, and with her this babe, the sole survivor as he is of all the line of Aeacus, for from him a succession of prosperous kings of Molossia is to go on unbroken, for the race that springs from thee and me, my aged lord, must not thus be brought to naught, no! nor Troy's line either, for her fate too is cared for by the gods, albeit her fall was due to the eager wish of Pallas Thee too, that thou mayst know the saving grace of wedding me, will I, a goddess born and daughter of a god, release from all the ills that flesh is heir to and make a deity to know not death nor decay From henceforth in the halls of Nereus shalt thou dwell with me, god and goddess together, thence shalt thou rise dry-shod from out the main and see Achilles, our dear son, settled in his island-home by the strand of Leuce, that is girdled by the Euxine sea But get thee to Delphi's god-built town, carrying this corpse with thee, and, after thou hast buried him, return and settle in the cave which time hath hollowed in the Sepian rock and there abide, till from the sea I come with choir of fifty Nereids to be thy escort thence, for fate's decree thou must fulfil, such is the pleasure of Zeus Cease then to mourn the dead, this is the lot which heaven assigns to all, and all must pay their debt to death

## PELEUS

Great queen, my honoured wife, from Nereus sprung, all hail! thou art acting herein as befits thyself and thy children So I will stay my grief at thy bidding, goddess, and, when I have buried the dead, will seek the glens of Pelion, even the place where I took thy beauteous form to my embrace Surely after this every prudent man will seek to marry a wife of noble stock and give his daughter to a husband good and true, never setting his

heart on a worthless woman, not even though she bring a sumptuous dowry to his house So would men ne'er suffer ill at heaven's hand

(*THETIS vanishes*)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Many are the shapes of Heaven's denizens, and many a thing they bring to pass contrary to our expectation, that which we thought would be is not accomplished, while for the unexpected God finds out a way E'en such hath been the issue of this matter <sup>1</sup>

#### NOTES FOR ANDROMACHE

COLERIDGE'S translation has been slightly altered in the following lines  
79, 179, 238, 333, 352, 370, 403, 480, 482, 648, 662, 713, 784, 795, 826,  
837, 906, 930, 946, 953, 973, 980, 983, 992, 1056-1057, 1066

1 Coleridge's note to this line runs "Neoptolemus demanded satisfaction for his father's death because Apollo directed the fatal arrow of Paris which killed Achilles"

2 *ic*, the Argo

3 *ie*, the Furies

4 These lines are found likewise at the conclusion of the *Alcestis*, *Helen*, *The Bacchae*, and, with a slight addition, the *Medea*





VI  
THE HERACLEIDAE

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

IOLAUS, *friend of Heracles*

COPREUS, *herald of EURYSTHUS*

DEMOPHON, *King of Athens*

MACARIA, *daughter of Heracles*

SERVANT, *of Hyllus, son of Heracles*

ALCMEHA, *mother of Heracles*

MESSFNGER

EURYSTHEUS, *King of Argos*

CHORUS OF AGED ATILNIANS

*Acamas, the brother of DEMOPHON, younger sons of  
Heracles, attendants, guards, etc*

## INTRODUCTION

LIKE the *Andromache*, *The Heracleidae* reflects the contemporary events of the war between Athens and Sparta. Though the play cannot be exactly dated, most critics agree that it must have appeared during the earlier years of the conflict. A spirit of intense national patriotism pervades the piece, and Athens is glorified both implicitly and explicitly, first by laying the scene at Marathon, next by stressing the traditional Athenian piety towards the gods, her democratic institutions, the essential nobility of her citizens, and finally her willingness to protect the weak. There can be no doubt that Euripides' preoccupation with this patriotic purpose accounts for the inferior dramatic structure of the play.

In a characteristic Euripidean prologue, Iolaus, an old companion of Heracles, sketches the situation at the beginning of the drama. The children of Heracles, protected only by Alcmena, Heracles' mother, and Iolaus, have sought refuge at the temple of Zeus in Marathon in their effort to flee from their father's ancient and violent enemy, Eurystheus. The latter after Heracles' death desired to slay them, but they and their guardians managed to escape from Argos, and have vainly sought protection from one state in Greece after another, since Eurystheus has relentlessly pursued them. The action of the play records how Athens successfully defended the fugitives.

If the central principle of unity for the play lies in the glorification of Athens, Euripides has allowed certain extraneous elements to creep into its composition. For example, he introduces the motif of Macaria's sacrifice. Demophon, the Athenian king, reports that a maiden born of a noble sire must be immolated if the Athenian arms are to succeed against the attack of Eurystheus. Macaria willingly offers to give up her life on these terms, and after a farewell speech, replete with genuine pathos, leaves the scene, but Euripides makes no further reference to her in the remainder of the play, except perhaps in one place where the text is dubious (line 822). Likewise the half-comic scene of the arming of old Iolaus seems to strike a discordant note, though the passage may be an abortive attempt at pathos. Furthermore it is difficult to determine why Eurystheus, the arch-villain at the beginning of the play, suddenly be-

comes a most sympathetic figure at the end when he courageously faces death. Or again, we cannot understand why Alcmena in the same closing scene exhibits a painful gloating vindictiveness, for which we are completely unprepared. Various suggestions have been made to explain these difficulties. One critic has urged that the piece was written as a substitute for a Satyr-play, like the *Alcestis*. Others have argued that the text is now incomplete and that the complete version had not only fuller choral passages, but also contained an account of Macaria's death similar to Talthybius' report of Polyxena's fate in the *Hecuba*. As the play now stands, it leaves much to be desired, since its general patriotic tone does not sufficiently compensate for its dramatic flaws and its lack of unity. One therefore may easily understand why the play has not enjoyed wide popularity.

## THE HERACLEIDAE

(SCENE — *Before the altar and temple of Zeus at Marathon IOLAUS, an old man, and the children of Heracles are seen on the steps of the altar* )

### IOLAUS

I HOLD this true, and long have held Nature hath made one man upright for his neighbours' good, while another hath a disposition wholly given over to gain, useless alike to the state and difficult to have dealings with, but for himself the best of men, and this I know, not from mere hearsay. For I, from pure regard and reverence for my kith and kin, though I might have lived at peace in Argos, alone of all my race shared with Heracles his labours, while he was yet with us, and now that he dwells in heaven, I keep these his children safe beneath my wing, though myself I need protection. For when their father passed from earth away, Eurystheus would first of all have slain us, but we escaped. And though our home is lost, our life was saved. But in exile we wander from city to city, ever forced to roam. For, added to our former wrongs, Eurystheus thought it fit to put this further outrage upon us: wheresoe'er he heard that we were settling, thither would he send heralds demanding our surrender and driving us from thence, holding out this threat, that Argos is no mean city to make a friend or foe, and furthermore pointing to his own prosperity. So they, seeing how weak my means, and these little ones left without a father, bow to his superior might and drive us from their land. And I share the exile of these children, and help them bear their evil lot by my sympathy, loth to betray them, lest someone say, "Look you! now that the children's sire is dead, Iolaus no more protects them, kinsman though he is." Not one corner left us in the whole of Hellas, we are come to Marathon and its neighbouring land, and here we sit as suppliants at the altars of the gods, and pray their aid, for 'tis said two sons of Theseus dwell upon these plains, the lot of their inheritance, scions of Pandion's stock, related to these children, this the reason we have come on this our way to the borders of glorious Athens. To lead the flight two aged guides are we, my care is centred on these boys, while she, I mean Alcmena, clasps her son's daughter in her arms, and bears her for safety within

this shrine, for we shrink from letting tender maidens come anigh the crowd or stand as suppliants at the altar. Now Hyllus and the elder of his brethren are seeking some place for us to find a refuge, if we are driven by force from this land. O children, children, come hither! hold unto my robe, for lo! I see a herald coming towards us from Eurystheus, by whom we are persecuted, wanderers excluded from every land. A curse on thee and him that sent thee, hateful wretch! for that same tongue of thine hath oft announced its master's evil hests to these children's noble sire as well.

(*COPREUS, the herald of EURYSTHEUS, enters*.)

COPRUS

Doubtless thy folly lets thee think this is a good position to have taken up, and that thou art come to a city that will help thee. No! there is none that will prefer thy feeble arm to the might of Eurystheus. Begone! why take this trouble? Thou must arise and go to Argos, where awaits thee death by stoning.

IOLAUS

Not so, for the god's altar will protect me, and this land of freedom, wherein we have set foot.

COPRUS

Wilt give me the trouble of laying hands on thee?

IOLAUS

By force at least shalt thou never drag these children hence.

COPRUS

That shalt thou soon learn, it seems thou wert a poor prophet, after all, in this.

(*COPREUS seizes the children*.)

IOLAUS

This shall never happen while I live.

COPREUS

Begone! for I will take them hence, for all thy refusals, for I hold that they belong to Eurystheus, as they do indeed.

(*He throws IOLAUS to the ground*.)

IOLAUS

Help, ye who long have had your home in Athens! we suppliants at Zeus' altar in your market-place are being haled by force away, our sacred wreaths defiled, shame to your city, to the gods dishonour.

(*The CHORUS OF AGED ATHENIANS enters*.)

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Hark, hark! What cry is this that rises near the altar? At once explain the nature of the trouble

## IOLAUS

See this aged frame hurled in its feebleness upon the ground! Woe is me!

## LEADER

Who threw thee down thus pitiably?

## IOLAUS

Behold the man who flouts your gods, kind sirs, and tries by force to drag me from my seat before the altar of Zeus

CHORUS (*chanting*)

From what land, old stranger, art thou come to this confederate state of four cities? or have ye left Euboea's cliffs, and, with the oar that sweeps the sea, put in here from across the firth?

## IOLAUS

Sirs, no island life I lead, but from Mycenae to thy land I come

CHORUS (*chanting*)

What do they call thee, aged sir, those folk in Mycenae?

## IOLAUS

Maybe ye have heard of Iolaus, the comrade of Heracles, for he was not unknown to fame

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Yea, I have heard of him in bygone days, but tell me, whose are the tender boys thou bearest in thine arms?

## IOLAUS

These, sirs, are the sons of Heracles, come as suppliants to you and your city

CHORUS (*chanting*)

What is their quest? Are they anxious, tell me, to obtain an audience of the state?

## IOLAUS

That so they may escape surrender, nor be torn with violence from thy altars, and brought to Argos



COPRUS

Nay, this will nowise satisfy thy masters, who o'er thee have a right,  
and so have tracked thee hither

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Stranger, 'tis but right we should reverence the gods' suppliants,  
suffering none with violent hand to make them leave the altars, for  
that will dread Justice ne'er permit

COPRUS

Do thou then drive these subjects of Eurystheus forth, and this hand  
of mine shall abstain from violence

CHORUS (*chanting*)

'Twere impious for the state to neglect the suppliant stranger's  
prayer

COPRUS

Yet 'tis well to keep clear of troubles, by adopting that counsel, which  
is the wiser

LEADER

Thou then shouldst have told the monarch of this land thy errand be-  
fore being so bold, out of regard to his country's freedom, instead of try-  
ing to drag strangers by force from the altars of the gods

COPRUS

Who is monarch of this land and state?

LEADER

Demophon, son of gallant Theseus

COPRUS

Surely it were most to the purpose to discuss this matter somewhat  
with him, all else has been said in vain

LEADER

Lo! here he comes in person, in hot haste, and Acamas his brother, to  
hear what thou hast to say

(DI MOPHON, Acamas, and their retinue enter )

DEMOPHON

Since thou for all thy years hast outstripped younger men in coming  
to the rescue to this altar of Zeus, do thou tell me what hath chanced to  
bring this crowd together

## LEADER

There sit the sons of Heracles as suppliants, having wreathed the altar, as thou seest, O king, and with them is Iolaus, trusty comrade of their sire

## DEMOPHON

Why should this event have called for cries of pain?

LEADER (*turning to COPREUS*)

This fellow caused the uproar by trying to drag them forcibly from this altar, and he hurled down the old man, till my tears for pity flowed

## DEMOPHON

Hellenic dress and fashion in his robes doth he no doubt adopt, but deeds like these betray the barbarian Thou, sirrah, tell me straight the country whence thou camest thither

## COPREUS

An Argive I, since that thou seek'st to know Who sent me, and the object of my coming, will I freely tell Eurystheus, king of Mycenae, sends me hither to fetch these back, and I have come, sir stranger, with just grounds in plenty, alike for speech or action An Argive myself, Argives I come to fetch, taking with me these runaways from my native city, on whom the doom of death was passed by our laws there, and we have a right, since we rule our city independently, to ratify its sentences And though they have come as suppliants to the altars of numerous others, we have taken our stand on these same arguments, and no one has ventured to bring upon himself evils of his own getting But they have come hither, either because they perceived some folly in thee, or, in their perplexity, staking all on one risky throw to win or lose, for surely they do not suppose that thou, if so thou hast thy senses still, and only thou, in all the breadth of Hellas they have traversed, wilt pity their foolish troubles Come now, put argument against argument what will be thy gain, suppose thou admit them to thy land, or let us take them hence? From us these benefits are thine to win this city can secure as friends Argos, with its far-reaching arm, and Eurystheus' might complete, whilst if thou lend an ear to their piteous pleading and grow soft, the matter must result in trial of arms, for be sure we shall not yield this struggle without appealing to the sword What pretext wilt thou urge? Of what domains art thou robbed that thou shouldst take and wage war with the Tirynthian Argives? What kind of allies art thou aiding? For whom will they have fallen whom thou buriest? Surely thou wilt get an evil name from the citizens, if for the sake of an old man near the grave, a mere shadow I may say, and for these children, thou wilt plunge into troublous

waters The best thou canst say is, that thou wilt find in them a hope, and nothing more, and yet this falls far short of the present need, for these would be but a poor match for Argives even when fully armed and in their prime, if haply that raises thy spirits, moreover, the time 'twixt now and then is long, wherein ye may be blotted out Nay, hearken to me, give me naught, but let me take mine own, and so gain Mycenae, but forbear to act now, as is your Athenian way, and take the weaker side, when it is in thy power to choose the stronger as thy friends

LEADER

Who can decide a cause or ascertain its merits, till from both sides he clearly learn what they would say?

IOLAUS

O king, in thy land I start with this advantage, the right to hear and speak in turn, and none, ere that, will drive me hence as elsewhere they would 'Twixt us and him is naught in common, for we no longer have aught to do with Argos since that decree was passed, but we are exiles from our native land, how then can he justly drag us back as subjects of Mycenae, seeing that they have banished us? For we are strangers Or do ye claim that every exile from Argos is exiled from the bounds of Hellas? Not from Athens surely, for ne'er will she for fear of Argos drive the children of Heracles from her land Here is no Trachis, not at all, no! nor that Achaean town, whence thou, defying justice, but boasting of the might of Argos in the very words thou now art using, didst drive the suppliants from their station at the altar If this shall be, and they thy words approve, why then I trow this is no more Athens, the home of freedom Nay, but I know the temper and nature of these citizens, they would rather die, for honour ranks before mere life with men of worth Enough of Athens! for excessive praise is apt to breed disgust, and oft ere now I have myself felt vexed at praise that knows no bounds But to thee, as ruler of this land, I fain would show the reason why thou art bound to save these children Pittheus was the son of Pelops, from him sprung Aethra, and from her Theseus thy sire was born And now will I trace back these children's lineage for thee Heracles was son of Zeus and Alcmena, Alcmena sprang from Pelops' daughter, therefore thy father and their father would be the sons of first cousins Thus then art thou to them related, O Demophon, but thy just debt to them beyond the ties of kinship do I now declare to thee, for I assert, in days gone by, I was with Theseus on the ship, as their father's squire, when they went to fetch that girdle fraught with death, <sup>1</sup> yea, and from Hades' murky dungeons did Heracles bring thy father up, as all Hellas doth attest Wherefore in return they crave this boon of thee, that they be not surrendered up nor torn by force from the altars of thy gods and cast forth from the land For this were

shame on thee, and hurtful likewise in thy state, should suppliants, exiles, kith and kin of thine, be haled away by force. In pity cast one glance at them I do entreat thee, laying my suppliant bough upon thee, by thy hands and beard, slight not the sons of Heracles, now that thou hast them in thy power to help Show thyself their kinsman and their friend, be to them father, brother, lord, for better each and all of these than to fall beneath the Argives' hand

## LEADER

O king, I pity them, hearing their sad lot Now more than ever do I see noble birth o'ercome by fortune, for these, though sprung from a noble sire, are suffering what they ne'er deserved

## DEMOPHON

Three aspects of the circumstance constrain me, Iolaus, not to spurn the guests thou bringest, first and foremost, there is Zeus, at whose altar thou art seated with these tender children gathered round thee, next come ties of kin, and the debt I owe to treat them kindly for their father's sake, and last, mine honour, which before all I must regard, for if I permit this altar to be violently despoiled by stranger hands, men will think the land I inhabit is free no more, and that through fear I have surrendered suppliants to Argives, and this comes nigh to make one hang oneself Would that thou hadst come under a luckier star! yet, as it is, fear not that any man shall tear thee and these children from the altar by force (*to COPREUS*) Get thee to Argos and tell Eurystheus so, yea and more, if he have any charge against these strangers, he shall have justice, but never shalt thou drag them hence

## COPREUS

Not even if I have right upon my side and prove my case?

## DEMOPHON

How can it be right to drag the suppliant away by force?

## COPREUS

Well, mine is the disgrace, no harm will come to thee

## DEMOPHON

'Tis harm to me, if I let them be haled away by thee

## COPREUS

Banish them thyself, and then will I take them from elsewhere

## DEMOPHON

Nature made thee a fool, to think thou knowest better than the god

COPREUS

It seems then evildoers are to find a refuge here

DEMOPHON

A temple of the gods is an asylum open to the world

COPREUS

Maybe they will not take this view in Mycenæ

DEMOPHON

What! am I not lord of this domain?

COPREUS

So long as thou injure not the Argives, and if wise, thou wilt not

DEMOPHON

Be injured for all I care, provided I sin not against the gods

COPREUS

I would not have thee come to blows with Argos

DEMOPHON

I am of like mind in this, but I will not dismiss these from my protection

COPREUS

For all that, I shall take and drag my own away

DEMOPHON

Why then perhaps thou wilt find a difficulty in returning to Argos

COPREUS

That shall I soon find out by making the attempt

DEMOPHON

Touch them and thou shalt rue it, and that without delay

LEADER

I conjure thee, never dare to strike a herald

DEMOPHON

Strike I will, unless that herald learn discretion

LEADER

Depart, and thou, O king, touch him not

## COPREUS

I go, for 'tis feeble fighting with a single arm But I will come again, bringing hither a host of Argive troops, spearmen clad in bronze, for countless warriors are awaiting my return, and king Eurystheus in person at their head, anxiously he waits the issue here on the borders of Alca-thous' realm And when he hears thy haughty answer, he will burst upon thee, and thy citizens, on this land and all that grows therein, for all in vain should we possess such hosts of picked young troops in Argos, should we forbear to punish thee

(COPREUS *departs*)

## DEMOPHON

Perdition seize thee! I am not afraid of thy Argos Be very sure thou shalt not drag these suppliants hence by force, to my shame, for I hold not this city subject unto Argos, but independently

CHORUS (*singing*)

'Tis time to use our forethought, ere the host of Argos approach our frontier, for exceeding fierce are the warriors of Mycenae, and in the present case still more than heretofore For all heralds observe this custom, to exaggerate what happened twofold Bethink thee what a tale he will tell his master of his dreadful treatment, how he came near losing his life altogether

## IOLAUS

Children have no fairer prize than this, the being born of a good and noble sire, and the power to wed from noble families, but whoso is enslaved by passion and makes a lowborn match, I cannot praise for leaving to his children a legacy of shame, to gratify himself For noble birth offers a stouter resistance to adversity than base parentage, for we, in the last extremity of woe, have found friends and kinsmen here, the only champions of these children through all the length and breadth of this Hellenic world Give, children, give to them your hand, and they the same to you, draw near to them Ah! children, we have made trial of our friends, and if ever ye see the path that leads you back to your native land, and possess your home and the honours of your father, count them ever as your friends and saviours, and never lift against their land the foeman's spear, in memory of this, but hold this city first midst those ye love Yea, they well deserve your warm regard, in that they have shifted from our shoulders to their own the enmity of so mighty a land as Argos and its people, though they saw we were vagabonds and beggars, still they did not give us up nor drive us forth So while I live, and after death,—come when it will,—loudly will I sing thy praise, good friend, and will extol thee as I stand at Theseus' side, and cheer his heart, as I tell how

thou didst give kind welcome and protection to the sons of Heracles, and how nobly thou dost preserve thy father's fame through the length of Hellas, and hast not fallen from the high estate to which thy father brought thee, a lot which few others can boast, for 'mongst the many wilt thou find one maybe, that is not degenerate from his sire

LLADER OF THE CHORUS

This land is ever ready in an honest cause to aid the helpless Wherefore ere now it hath endured troubles numberless for friends, and now in this I see a struggle nigh at hand

DEMOPHON

Thou hast spoken well, and I feel confident their conduct will be such, our kindness will they not forget Now will I muster the citizens and set them in array, that I may receive Mycenae's host with serned ranks But first will I send scouts to meet them, lest they fall upon me unawares, for at Argos every man is prompt to answer to the call, and I will assemble prophets and ordain a sacrifice But do thou leave the altar of Zeus and go with the children into the house, for there are those who will care for thee, even though I be abroad Enter then my house, old man

IOLAUS

I will not leave the altar Let us sit here still, praying for the city's fair success, and when thou hast made a glorious end of this struggle, will we go unto the house, nor are the gods who champion us weaker than the gods of Argos, O king, Hera, wife of Zeus, is their leader, Athena ours And thus I say is an omen of success, that we have the stronger deity, for Pallas will not brook defeat

(DEMOPHON and his retinue go out )

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe*

Though loud thy boasts, there be others care no more for thee for that, O stranger from the land of Argos, nor wilt thou scare my soul with swelling words Not yet be this the fate of mighty Athens, beautiful town! But thou art void of sense, and so is he, who lords it o'er Argos, the son of Sthenelus,

*antistrophe*

thou that comest to another state, in no wise weaker than Argos, and, stranger that thou art, wouldst drag away by force suppliants of the gods, wanderers that cling to my land for help, refusing to yield to our king, nor yet having any honest plea to urge How can such conduct count as honourable, at least in wise men's judgment?

*epode*

I am for peace myself, yet I tell thee, wicked king, although thou come unto my city, thou shalt not get so easily what thou expectest Thou art not the only man to wield a sword or targe with plates of brass Nay, thou eager warrior, I warn thee, bring not war's alarms against our lovely town, restrain thyself

(DEMOPHON *re-enters*)

IOLAUS

My son, why, prithee, art thou returned with that anxious look? Hast thou news of the enemy? Are they coming, are they here, or what thy tidings? For of a surety yon herald will not play us false No! sure I am their captain, prosperous heretofore, will come, with thoughts exceeding proud against Athens But Zeus doth punish overweening pride

DEMOPHON

The host of Argos is come, and Eurystheus its king, my own eyes saw him, for the man who thinks he knows good generalship must see the foe not by messengers alone As yet, however, he hath not sent his host into the plain, but, camped upon a rocky brow, is watching—I only tell thee what I think this means—to see by which road to lead his army hither without fighting, and how to take up a safe position in this land However, all my plans are by this time carefully laid, the city is under arms, the victims stand ready to be slain to every god, whose due this is, my seers have filled the town with sacrifices, to turn the foe to flight and keep our country safe All those who chant prophetic words have I assembled, and have examined ancient oracles, both public and secret, as means to save this city And though the several answers differ in many points, yet in one is the sentiment of all clearly the same, they bid me sacrifice to Demeter's daughter some maiden from a noble father sprung Now I, though in your cause I am as zealous as thou seest, yet will not slay my child, nor will I compel any of my subjects to do so against his will, for who of his own will doth harbour such an evil thought as to yield with his own hands the child he loves? And now thou mayest see angry gatherings, where some declare, 'tis right to stand by suppliant strangers, while others charge me with folly, but if I do this deed, a civil war is then and there at hand Do thou then look to this and help to find a way to save yourselves and this country without causing me to be slandered by the citizens For I am no despot like a barbarian monarch, but provided I do what is just, just will my treatment be

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Can it be that heaven forbids this city to help strangers, when it hath the will and longing so to do?



## IOLAUS

My children, we are even as those mariners, who have escaped the storm's relentless rage, and have the land almost within their reach, but after all are driven back from shore by tempests to the deep again. Even so we, just as we reach the shore in seeming safety, are being thrust back from this land. Ah me! Why, cruel hope, didst thou then cheer my heart, though thou didst not mean to make the boon complete? The king may well be pardoned, if he will not slay his subjects' children, and with my treatment here I am content, if indeed 'tis heaven's will, I thus should fare, still is my gratitude to thee in no wise lost. Children, I know not what to do for you. Whither shall we turn? for what god's altar have we left uncrowned? to what fenced city have we failed to go? Ruin and surrender are our instant lot, poor children! If I must die, 'tis naught to me, save that thereby I give those foes of mine some cause for joy. But you, children, I lament and pity, and that aged mother of your sire, Alcmena. Ah, woe is thee for thy long span of life! and woe is me for all my idle toil! 'Twas after all our destined doom to fall into the hands of our hated foe, and die a death of shame and misery. But lend me thine aid, thou knowest how, for all hope of these children's safety has not yet left me. Give me up instead of them to the Argives, O king, run no risk, but let me save the children, to love my life becomes me not, let it pass. Me will Eurystheus be most glad to take and treat spitefully, as I was Heracles' companion, for the man is but a boor, wherefore wise men ought to pray to get a wise man for their foe, and not a proud senseless fool, for so, even if by fortune flouted, one would meet with much consideration.

## LEADER

Old man, blame not this city, for though perhaps a gain to us, yet would it be a foul reproach that we betrayed strangers.

## DEMOPHON

A generous scheme is thine, but impossible. 'Tis not in quest of thee yon king comes marching hither, what would Eurystheus gain by the death of one so old? Nay, 'tis these children's blood he wants. For there is danger to a foe in the youthful scions of a noble race, whose memory dwells upon their father's wrongs, all this Eurystheus must foresee. But if thou hast any scheme besides, that better suits the time, be ready with it, for, since I heard that oracle, I am at a loss and full of fear.

(MACARIA enters from the temple.)

## MACARIA

Sirs, impute not boldness to me, because I venture forth, this shall be my first request, for a woman's fairest crown is this, to practise silence and discretion, and abide at home in peace. But when I heard thy lamenta-

tions, Iolaus, I came forth, albeit I was not appointed to take the lead in my family. Still in some sense am I fit to do so, for these my brothers are my chiefest care, and I fain would ask, as touching myself, whether some new trouble, added to the former woes, is gnawing at thy heart

IOLAUS

My daughter, 'tis nothing new that I should praise thee, as I justly may, above all the children of Heracles. Our house seemed to be prospering, when back it fell again into a hopeless state, for the king declares the prophets signify that he must order the sacrifice, not of bull or heifer, but of some tender maid of noble lineage, if we and this city are to exist. Herein is our perplexity, the king refuses either to sacrifice his own or any other's child. Wherefore, though he use not terms express, yet doth he hint, that, unless we find some way out of this perplexity, we must seek some other land, for he this country fain would save

MACARIA

Are these indeed the terms on which our safety depends?

IOLAUS

Yea, on these, if, that is, we are successful otherwise

MACARIA

No longer then cower before the hated Argive spear, for I, of my own free will, or ever they bid me, am ready to die and offer myself as a victim. For what excuse have we, if, while this city deems it right to incur a great danger on our behalf, we, though we might save ourselves, fly from death, by foisting our trouble on others? No! indeed, 'twere surely most ridiculous to sit and mourn as suppliants of the gods, and show ourselves but cowards, children as we are of that illustrious sire. Where among the brave is such conduct seen? Better, I suppose, this city should be taken and I (which Heaven forefend!) fall into the hands of the enemy, and then, for all I am my noble father's child, meet an awful doom, and face the Death-god none the less. Shall I wander as an exile from this land? Shall I not feel shame then, when someone says, as say they will, 'Why are ye come hither with suppliant boughs, loving your lives too well? Begone from our land! for we will not succour cowards.' Nay, if these be slain and I alone be saved, I have no hope in any wise of being happy, though many ere now have in this hope betrayed their friends. For who will care to wed a lonely maid or make me mother of his children? 'Tis better I should die than meet such treatment, little as I merit it. This were fitter treatment for some other, one that is not born to fame as I am. Conduct me to the scene of death, crown me with garlands, and begin the rites, if so it please you, then be victorious o'er the foe, for here

I offer my life freely and without constraint, and for my brothers and myself I undertake to die For I, by loving not my life too well, have found a treasure very fair, a glorious means to leave it

## LEADER

Ah, what shall I say on hearing the maid's brave words, she that is ready to die for her brothers? Who can speak more noble words or do more noble deeds henceforth for ever?

## IOLAUS

Daughter, thou art his own true child, no other man's but Heracles', that godlike soul, proud am I of thy words, though I sorrow for thy lot Yet will I propose a fairer method 'tis right to summon hither all the sisters of this maiden, and then let her, on whom the lot shall fall, die for her family, for that thou shouldst die without the lot is not just

## MACARIA

My death shall no chance lot decide, there is no graciousness in that, peace! old friend But if ye accept and will avail you of my readiness, freely do I offer my life for these, and without constraint

## IOLAUS

Ah, this is even nobler than thy former word, that was matchless, but thou dost now surpass thy bravery and noble speech I cannot bid, will not forbid thy dying, O my daughter! for by thy death thou dost thy brothers serve

## MACARIA

A cautious bidding thine! Fear not to take a stain of guilt from me, only let me die as one whose death is free Follow me, old friend, for in thy arms I fain would die, stand by and veil my body with my robe, for I will go even to the dreadful doom of sacrifice, seeing whose daughter I avow myself

## IOLAUS

I cannot stand by and see thee bleed

## MACARIA

At least do thou beg me this boon of the king, that I may breathe out my life in women's arms instead of men's

## DEMOPHON

It shall be so, unhappy maid, for this were shame to me to refuse thee honour due, for many reasons because thou hast a soul so brave, because 'tis right, and thou hast shown more courage than any of thy sex my eyes have ever seen Now, if thou hast aught to say to these children or thy aged guide, oh! say the last thou hast to say—then go

## MACARIA

Farewell, old friend, farewell! and prithee teach these children to be like thyself, wise at every point, let them strive no further, for that will suffice them And seek to save them from death, even as thou art anxious to do, thy children are we, thy care it was that nurtured us Thou seest how I yield my bridal bloom to die for them For you, my brothers gathered here, may you be happy! and may every blessing be yours, for the which my blood shall pay the price! Honour this old friend, and her that is within the house, Alcmena, the aged mother of my sire, and these strangers too And if ever heaven for you devise release from trouble and a return to your home, remember the burial due to her that saved you, a funeral fair as I deserve, for I have not failed, but stood by you, and died to save my race This shall be my pearl of price instead of children, and for the maiden life I leave, if there be really aught beyond the grave—God grant there may not be! For if, e'en there, we who are to die shall find a life of care, I know not whither one shall turn, for death is held a sovereign cure for every ill

## IOLAUS

Maiden of heroic soul, transcending all thy race, be sure the fame that thou shalt win from us, in life, in death, shall leave the rest of women far behind, farewell to thee! I dare not say harsh words of her to whom thou art devoted, the goddess-daughter of Demeter

(DEMOPHON *leads* MACARIA *away*)

Children, I am undone, grief unnerves my limbs, take hold and support me to a seat hard by, when ye have drawn my mantle o'er my face, my sons For I am grieved at what hath happened, and yet, were it not fulfilled, we could not live, thus were our fate worse, though this is grief enough

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe*

Without the will of heaven none is blest, none curst, I do maintain, nor doth the same house for ever tread the path of bliss, for one kind of fortune follows hard upon another, one man it brings to naught from his high estate, another though of no account it crowns with happiness To shun what fate decrees, is no wise permitted, none by cunning shall thrust it from him, but he, who vainly would do so, shall have unceasing trouble

*antistrophe*

Then fall not prostrate thou, but bear what heaven sends, and set a limit to thy soul's grief, for she, poor maid! in dying for her brothers

and this land, hath won a glorious death, and splendid fame shall be her meed from all mankind, for virtue's path leads through troublous ways. Worthy of her father, worthy of her noble birth is this she does And if thou dost honour the virtuous dead, I share with thee that sentiment

(*The SERVANT OF HYLLUS enters*)

SERVANT OF HYLLUS

All hail, ye children! Where is aged Iolaus? where the mother of your sire, absent from their place at this altar?

IOLAUS

Here am I, so far as I can be here at all

SERVANT

Why dost thou lie there? Why that downcast look?

IOLAUS

There is come a sorrow on my house, whereby I suffer

SERVANT

Arise, lift up thy head

IOLAUS

I am old, and all my strength is gone

SERVANT

But I come with tidings of great joy for thee

IOLAUS

Who art thou? Where have I met thee? I have no remembrance

SERVANT

I am a vassal of Hyllus, dost not recognize me now?

IOLAUS

Best of friends, art thou come to save us twain from hurt?

SERVANT

Assuredly, and moreover thou art lucky in the present case

IOLAUS

Alcmena, mother of a noble son, to thee I call! come forth, hear this welcome news For long has anguish caused thee inwardly to waste, wondering if those, who now are here, would ever come

(*ALCMENA enters from the temple in answer to the call*)

## ALCMENA

What means that shout, that echoes throughout the house? Hath there come yet a herald from Argos, O Iolaus, and is he treating thee with violence? Feeble is any strength of mine, yet thus much let me tell thee, stranger, never, whilst I live, shalt thou drag them hence Shouldst thou succeed, no more let me be thought the mother of that hero And if thou lay a finger on them, thou wilt struggle to thy shame with two aged foes

## IOLAUS

Courage, aged dame, fear not, not from Argos is a herald come, with hostile messages

## ALCMENA

Why then didst raise a cry, fear's harbinger?

## IOLAUS

I called thee to come to me in front of this temple

## ALCMENA

I know not what it means, who is this?

## IOLAUS

A messenger who says thy grandson cometh hither

## ALCMENA

All hail to thee for these thy tidings! But why is he not here, where is he? if in this land he hath set foot What hath happened to keep him from coming hither with thee, to cheer my heart?

## SERVANT

He is posting the army he brought with him, and seeing it marshalled

## ALCMENA

Then have I no concern herein

## IOLAUS

Yes, thou hast, though it is my business to inquire

## SERVANT

What then wouldst thou learn of these events?

## IOLAUS

About how many allies has he with him?

## SERVANT

A numerous force, I cannot otherwise describe the number

IOLAUS

The leaders of the Athenians know this, I suppose?

SERVANT

They do, already is their left wing set in array

IOLAUS

Is then the host already armed for battle?

SERVANT

Yea, and already are the victims brought near the ranks

IOLAUS

About what distance is the Argive host from us?

SERVANT

Near enough for their general to be plainly seen

IOLAUS

What is he about? marshalling the enemy's line?

SERVANT

So we guessed, we could not hear exactly. But I must go, for I would not that my master should engage the foe without me, if I can help it

IOLAUS

I also will go with thee, for I like thee am minded, so it seems, to be there and help my friends

SERVANT

It least of all becomes thee thus to utter words of folly

IOLAUS

Far less to shrink from sharing with my friends the stubborn fight

SERVANT

Mere looks can wound no one, if the arm do naught

IOLAUS

Why, cannot I smite even through their shields?

SERVANT

Smite perhaps, more likely be smitten thyself

IOLAUS

No foe will dare to meet me face to face

SERVANT

Friend, the strength, that erst was thine, is thine no more

IOLAUS

Well, at any rate, I will fight with as many as ever I did

SERVANT

Small the weight thou canst throw into the balance for thy friends

IOLAUS

Detain me not, when I have girded myself for action

SERVANT

The power to act is thine no more, the will maybe is there

IOLAUS

Stay here I will not, say what else thou wilt

SERVANT

How shalt thou show thyself before the troops unarmed?

IOLAUS

There be captured arms within this shrine, these will I use, and, if I live, restore, and, if I am slain, the god will not demand them of me back Go thou within, and from its peg take down a suit of armour and forthwith bring it to me To linger thus at home is infamous, while some go fight, and others out of cowardice remain behind

*(The SERVANT goes into the temple)*

CHORUS (*singing*)

Not yet hath time laid low thy spirit, 'tis young as ever, but thy body's strength is gone Why toil to no purpose? 'Twill do thee hurt and benefit our city little At thy age thou shouldst confess thy error and let impossibilities alone Thou canst in no way get thy vigour back again

ALCMENA

What means this mad resolve to leave me with my children undefended here?

IOLAUS

Men must fight, and thou must look to them

ALCMENA

And what if thou art slain? what safety shall I find?

IOLAUS

Thy son's surviving children will care for thee



ALCMENA

Suppose *they* meet with some reverse? which Heaven forefend!

IOLAUS

These strangers will not give thee up, fear not

ALCMENA

They are my last and only hope, I have no other

IOLAUS

Zeus too, I feel sure, cares for thy sufferings

ALCMENA

Ah! of Zeus will I never speak ill, but himself doth know whether he is just to me

(*The SERVANT enters from the temple, carrying the arms*)

SERVANT

Lo! here thou seest a full coat of mail, make haste to case thyself therein, for the strife is nigh, and bitterly doth Ares loathe loiterers, but if thou fear the weight of the armour, go now without it, and in the ranks do on this gear, meantime will I carry it

IOLAUS

Well said! keep the harness ready to my hand, put a spear within my grasp, and support me on the left side, guiding my steps

SERVANT

Am I to lead this warrior like a child?

IOLAUS

To save the omen, we must go without stumbling

SERVANT

Would thy power to act were equal to thy zeal!

IOLAUS

Hasten, I shall feel it grievously, if I am too late for the battle

SERVANT

'Tis thou who art slow, not I, though thou fanciest thou art doing wonders

IOLAUS

Dost not mark how swift my steps are hasting?

SERVANT

I mark more seeming than reality in thy haste

IOLAUS

Thou wilt tell a different tale when thou seest me there

SERVANT

What shall I see thee do? I wish thee all success, at any rate

IOLAUS

Thou shalt see me smite some foeman through the shield

SERVANT

Perhaps, if ever we get there I have my fears of that

IOLAUS

Ah! would to Heaven that thou, mine arm, e'en as I remember thee in thy lusty youth, when with Heracles thou didst sack Sparta, couldst so champion me to-day! how I would put Eurystheus to flight! since he is too craven to wait the onslaught For prosperity carries with it this error too, a reputation for bravery, for we think the prosperous man a master of all knowledge

(IOLAUS and the SERVANT depart)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

O earth, and moon that shines by night, and dazzling radiance of the god, that giveth light to man, bear the tidings to me, shout aloud to heaven for joy, and beside our ruler's throne, and in the shrine of grey-eyed Athene For my fatherland and home will I soon decide the issue of the strife with the gleaming sword, because I have taken suppliants under my protection

*antistrophe 1*

'Tis a fearful thing, that a city prosperous as Mycenae is, one famed for martial prowess, should harbour wrath against my land still, my countrymen, it were a shameful thing in us to yield up suppliant strangers at the bidding of Argos Zeus is on my side, I am not afraid, Zeus hath a favour unto me, as is my due, never by me shall gods be thought weaker than mortal men

*strophe 2*

O dread goddess, thine the soil whereon we stand, thine this city, for thou art its mother, queen, and saviour, wherefore turn some other way the impious king, who leadeth a host from Argos with brandished lance against this land, for, such my worth, I little merit exile from my home

*antistrophe 2*

For thy worship <sup>2</sup> is aye performed with many a sacrifice, and never art thou forgotten as each month draweth to its close, when young voices sing and dancers' music is heard abroad, while on our wind-swept hill goes up the cry of joy to the beat of maidens' feet by night

(*The SERVANT enters*)

## SERVANT

Mistress, the message that I bring is very short for thee to hear and fair for me, who stand before thee, to announce O'er our foes we are victorious, and trophies are being set up, with panoplies upon them, taken from thy enemies

## ALCMENA

Best of friends! this day hath wrought thy liberty by reason of these tidings But there still remains one anxious thought thou dost not free me from,—a thought of fear,—are those, whose lives I cherish, spared to me?

## SERVANT

They are, and high their fame through all the army spreads

## ALCMENA

The old man Iolaus,—is he yet alive?

## SERVANT

Aye, that he is, a hero whom the gods delight to honour

## ALCMENA

How so? Did he perform some deed of prowess?

## SERVANT

He hath passed from age to youth once more

## ALCMENA

Thy tale is passing strange, but first I would that thou shouldst tell me how our friends won the day

## SERVANT

One speech of mine puts it all clearly before thee When we had deployed our troops and marshalled them face to face with one another, Hyllus dismounted from his four-horsed chariot and stood midway betwixt the hosts Then cried he, "Captain, who art come from Argos, why cannot we leave this land alone? No hurt wilt thou do Mycenae, if of one man thou rob her, come! meet me in single combat, and, if thou slay me,

take the children of Heracles away with thee, but, if thou fall, leave me to possess my ancestral honours and my home " The host cried yes! saying the scheme he offered was a fair one, both to rid them of their trouble and satisfy their valour But that other, feeling no shame before those who heard the challenge or at his own cowardice, quailed, general though he was, to come within reach of the stubborn spear, showing himself an abject coward, yet with such a spirit he came to enslave the children of Heracles Then did Hyllus withdraw to his own ranks again, and the prophets seeing that no reconciliation would be effected by single combat, began the sacrifice without delay and forthwith let flow from a human<sup>a</sup> throat auspicious streams of blood And some were mounting chariots, while others couched beneath the shelter of their shields, and the king of the Athenians, as a highborn chieftain should, would exhort his host "Fellow-citizens, the land, that feeds you and that gave you birth, demands to-day the help of every man " Likewise Eurystheus besought his allies that they should scorn to sully the fame of Argos and Mycenae Anon the Etrurian trumpet sounded loud and clear, and hand to hand they rushed, then think how loudly clashed their ringing shields, what din arose of cries and groans confused! At first the onset of the Argive spearmen broke our ranks, then they in turn gave ground, next, foot to foot and man to man, they fought their stubborn fray, many falling the while And either chief cheered on his men, "Sons of Athens! Ye who till the fields of Argos! ward from your land disgrace " Do all we could, and spite of every effort, scarce could we turn the Argive line in flight When lo! old Iolaus sees Hyllus starting from the ranks, whereon he lifts his hands to him with a prayer to take him up into his chariot Thereon he seized the reins and went hard after the horses of Eurystheus From this point onward must I speak from hearsay, though hitherto as one whose own eyes saw For as he was crossing Pallene's hill, sacred to the goddess Athene, he caught sight of Eurystheus' chariot, and prayed to Hebe and to Zeus, that for one single day he might grow young again and wreak his vengeance on his foes Now must thou hear a wondrous tale two stars settled on the horses' yokes and threw the chariot into dark shadow, which—at least so say our wiser folk—were thy son and Hebe, and from that murky gloom appeared that aged man in the form of a youth with strong young arms, then by the rocks of Sciron the hero Iolaus o'ertakes Eurystheus' chariot And he bound his hands with gyves, and is bringing that chieftain once so prosperous as a trophy hither, whose fortune now doth preach a lesson, clear as day, to all the sons of men, that none should envy him, who seems to thrive, until they see his death, for fortune's moods last but a day

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O Zeus, who putt'st my foes to flight, now may I behold the day that frees me from cruel fear!

## ALCMENA

At last, O Zeus, hast thou turned a favouring eye on my affliction, yet do I thank thee for what has happened. And though ere this I did not believe my son was gathered to the gods, now am I convinced thereof. My children, now at last from toil shall ye be free, free from him, whom hideous death awaits, Eurystheus, now shall ye behold your father's city, and set foot in the land of your inheritance, and sacrifice to those ancestral gods, from whom ye have been debarred and forced to lead in strangers' lands a life of wretched vagrancy. But tell me, what sage purpose Iolaus nursed in his heart, that he spared the life of Eurystheus, for to my mind this is no wisdom, to catch a foe and wreak no vengeance on him.

## SERVANT

'Twas his regard for thee, that thou might'st see him subject to thy hand, and triumph o'er him. Rest assured, 'twas no willing prisoner he made, but by strong constraint he bound him, for Eurystheus was loth indeed to come alive into thy presence and pay his penalty. Farewell, my aged mistress, I pray thee remember thy first promise when I was beginning my story, set me free, for, at such a time as this, sincerely becometh noble lips.

(*The SERVANT departs*.)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

Sweet is the dance to me, whenso the clear-toned flute and lovely Aphrodite shed grace upon the feast, and a joyful thing too it is, I trow, to witness the good luck of friends, who till then ne'er dreamt of it. For numerous is the offspring of Fate, that bringeth all to pass, and of Time, the son of Cronus.

*antistrophe 1*

Thine is the path of justice, O my city, this must no man wrest from thee, thy reverence for the gods, and, whoso denieth it of thee, draws nigh to frenzy's goal, with these plain proofs in view. Yea, for the god proclaims it clearly, by cutting short the bad man's pride in every case.

*strophe 2*

In heaven, mother, lives thy son, passed from earth away, that he went down to Hades' halls, his body burnt by the fire's fierce flame,

is past belief, in golden halls reclined he has to wife Hebe, lovely nymph. Thou, O Hymen, hast honoured them, children both of Zeus

*antistrophe 2*

Things for the most part form a single chain, for men say Athene used to champion their father, and now the citizens of that goddess have saved his children, and checked the insolence of him whose heart preferred violence to justice. God save me from such arrogance, such greed of soul!

(A MESSENGER enters. He is followed by guards who bring in EURYSTHEUS bound.)

## MESSENGER

Mistress, though thine eyes see him, yet will I announce we have brought Eurystheus hither for thy pleasure, an unexpected sight, for him no less a chance he ne'er foresaw, for little he thought of ever falling into thy hands, what time he marched from Mycenae with his toil-worn warriors, to sack Athens, thinking himself far above fortune. But a power divine hath reversed our destinies, changing their position. Now Hyllus and brave Iolaus I left raising an image to Zeus, who routs the foe, for their triumphant victory, whilst they bid me bring this prisoner to thee, wishing to gladden thy heart, for 'tis the sweetest sight to see a foe fall on evil days after prosperity.

## ALCMENA

Art come, thou hateful wretch? Hath Justice caught thee then at last? First, turn thy head this way to me, and endure to look thy enemies in the face, for thou art no more the ruler, but the slave. Art thou the man—for this I fain would learn—who didst presume to heap thy insults on my son, who now is where he is, thou miscreant? What outrage didst thou abstain from putting upon him? Thou that didst make him go down alive even to Hades, and wouldst send him with an order to slay hydras and lions? Thy other evil schemes I mention not, for to tell them were a tedious task for me. Nor did it content thee to venture thus far only, no! but from all Hellas wouldst thou drive me and my children, heaven's suppliants though we were, grey-heads some of us, and some still tender babes. But here hast thou found men and a free city, that feared not thee. Die in torment must thou, and e'en so wilt thou gain in every way, for one death is not thy due, after all the sorrow thou hast caused.

## MESSENGER

Thou mayst not slay him

ALCMENA

Then have we taken him captive in vain But say, what law forbids his death?

MESSENGER

It is not the will of the rulers of this land

ALCMENA

Why, what is this? Do they not approve of slaying enemies?

MESSENGER

Not such as they have taken alive in battle

ALCMENA

Did Hyllus uphold this decision?

MESSENGER

He, I suppose, ought to have disobeyed the law of the land

ALCMENA

The prisoner's life ought not to have been spared a moment

MESSENGER

It was then that he was wronged, by not being slain at first

ALCMENA

Why, then, he is still in time to pay his penalty

MESSENGER

There is no one who will slay him now

ALCMENA

I will, and yet I count myself someone

MESSENGER

Well, thou wilt incur great blame, if thou do this deed

ALCMENA

I love this city well, that cannot be gainsaid But since this man hath fallen into my power, no mortal hand shall wrest him from me Wherefore let who will, call me the woman bold, with thoughts too high for her sex yet shall this deed be brought to pass by me

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Lady, full well I understand thou hast a dire quarrel with this man, and 'tis pardonable

## EURYSTHEUS

Woman, be sure I will not flatter thee nor say aught to save my life, that can give any occasion for a charge of cowardice. It was not of my own free will I took this quarrel up, I am aware that I was born thy cousin, and kinsman to Heracles, thy son, but whether I would or no, Hera, by her power divine, caused me to be afflicted thus. Still, when I undertook to be his foe, and when I knew I had to enter on this struggle, I set myself to devise trouble in plenty, and oft from time to time my midnight communing bore fruit, scheming how to push aside and slay my foes, and for the future divorce myself from fear, for I knew that son of thine was no mere cipher, but a man indeed, yea, for, though he was my foe, I will speak well of him, because he was a man of worth. Now, after he was taken hence, was I not forced, by reason of these children's hatred, and because I was conscious of an hereditary feud, to leave no stone unturned by slaying, banishing, and plotting against them? So long as I did so, my safety was assured. Suppose thyself hadst had my lot, wouldst not thou have set to harassing the lion's angry whelps, instead of letting them dwell at Argos undisturbed? Thou wilt not persuade us otherwise. Now therefore, since they did not slay me then, when I was prepared to die, by the laws of Hellas my death becomes a curse on him who slays me now. The city wisely let me go, in that she regarded the gods more than her hatred of me. Thou hast had my answer to thy words, henceforth must I be called avenging spirit and noble hero too. 'Tis even thus with me, to die have I no wish, but, if I leave my life, I shall in no way be grieved.

## LEADER

Alcmena, fain I would advise thee somewhat, let this man go, for 'tis the city's will.

## ALCMENA

Suppose he die, and yet I obey the city?

## LEADER

That would be best of all, but how can this be?

## ALCMENA

I will teach thee easily. I will slay him and then give up his corpse to those of his friends who come for it, for, as regards his body, I will not disobey the state, but by his death shall he pay me the penalty.

## EURYSTHEUS

Slay me, I do not ask thee for mercy, yet since this city let me go and shrunk from slaying me, I will reward it with an old oracle of Loxias, which in time will benefit them more than doth appear. Survive my body



after death in its destined grave in front of the shrine of the virgin goddess at Pallene And I will be thy friend and guardian of thy city for ever, where I ~~lie~~ buried in a foreign soil, but a bitter foe to these children's descendants, whensoe'er <sup>4</sup> with gathered host they come against this land, traitors to your kindness now, such are the strangers ye have championed Why then came I hither, if I knew all this, instead of regarding the god's oracle? Because I thought, that Hera was mightier far than any oracle, and would not betray me Waste no drink-offering on my tomb, nor spill the victim's blood, for I will requite them for my treatment here with a journey they shall rue, and ye shall have double gain from me, for I will help you and harm them by my death

## ALCMENA

Why, why delay to kill this man, after hearing this, since this is needed to secure the safety of your city and your children? Himself points out the safest road Though the man is now our foe, yet after death is he our gain Away with him, ye servants, and cast him <sup>5</sup> to the dogs when ye have slain him Think not thou shalt live to cast me forth from my native land again

(*The guards lead out EURYSTHEUS*)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

I agree Lead on, servants Our conduct shall bring no stain of guilt upon our rulers

#### NOTES FOR THE HERACLEIDAE

THE translation of Coleridge has been slightly modified in the following lines 6, 128, 167, 225, 236, 296, 419, 507, 626, 632, 634, 666, 724, 920

1 This refers to the girdle of Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons, which Heracles had to procure as one of his labours for Eurystheus

2 The Chorus is alluding to the festival of the Panathenaea

3 If the text which Coleridge here has translated is correct, this is possibly a reference to the sacrifice of Macaria

4 Coleridge points out in a note that Eurystheus is referring to invasions by the Peloponnesians, descendants of the Heracleidae. It might be added that this line is typical of the allusions to contemporary events which are found in the play

5 This apparent breach of her promise is usually explained by the theory that the play in its present form is incomplete



VII  
THE SUPPLIANTS

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

AETHRA, *mother of THESEUS*  
CHORUS OF ARGIVE MOTHERS  
THESEUS, *King of Athens*  
ADRASTUS, *King of Argos*  
HERALD, *of Creon, King of Thebes*  
MESSENGER  
EVADNE, *wife of Capaneus*  
IPHIS, *father of EVADNE*  
CHILDREN *of the slain chieftains*  
ATHENA  
*Guards, attendants, soldiers*

## INTRODUCTION

ARGUING from certain fairly apparent allusions in the play to contemporary events of the Peloponnesian War, scholars have generally concluded that *The Suppliants* was first acted about 420 B.C. Like *The Heracleidae*, the central purpose of the piece seems to be a eulogy of Athens. Euripides here again stresses the glory of the Athenian democratic institutions, her religious piety, and her traditional rôle as a defender of the down-trodden and oppressed. The subject-matter of the play derives from the Theban saga, but presents an aspect of it which is not met elsewhere in the extant Greek tragedy. The dramatic action occurs after the Thebans under Eteocles have successfully repulsed the attack upon their city by the Argives under the leadership of Polyneices and Adrastus. The play assumes a knowledge of the unhappy story of Oedipus and his sons, but it centres primarily upon the defeated Argives and their sorrow for their fallen champions. The suppliants, from whom the play takes its name, are the mothers of these slain champions. The victorious Thebans have refused to allow them to bury their dead, and they have come to Athens in order to enlist the support of King Theseus. The play records how Theseus gave his support, recovered the bodies by defeating the Theban army, and finally made it possible for the due rites of burial to be performed.

As in *The Heracleidae*, the emphasis upon the praise of Athens has caused the play to suffer in respect to its dramatic structure and portrayal of character. No one of the characters seems to be adequately drawn, while the lack of integration between the several scenes gives an "episodic" impression which detracts materially from the effect of the whole. Some of the individual scenes in themselves are not without merit. For example, in the argument between Theseus and the Herald of Creon, there is a most able defence of the political structure of democracy, yet from the point of view of the whole play, one cannot but feel that here is the gratuitous introduction of an essentially extraneous element. Similarly, the scene wherein Evadne leaps upon the pyre of her husband, though somewhat melodramatic, carries with it no inconsiderable emotional power, yet one can scarcely discover an adequate reason for its

presence in the play. Even the final appearance of Athena as a *deus ex machina* does not seem to be demanded by the situation. These unfavorable criticisms are partially offset by the fact that there are certain scenes, such as the spectacular funeral procession of the dead heroes, which do tend to focus the play around the glory of Athens and her devotion to the gods. Such force as the play possesses seems to spring from Euripides' insistence throughout that the will of Heaven is of first importance for the life of man.

## THE SUPPLIANTS

(SCENE —*Before the temple of Demeter at Eleusis On the steps of the great altar is seated ALTHRA Around her, in the garb of suppliants, is the CHORUS OF ARGIVE MOTHERS ADRASTUS lies on the ground before the altar, crushed in abject grief The CHILDREN of the slain chieftains stand nearby Around the altar are the attendants of the goddess* )

### AETHRA

O DEMETER, guardian of this Eleusinian land, and ye servants of the goddess who attend her fane, grant happiness to me and my son Theseus, to the city of Athens and the country of Pittheus, wherein my father reared me, Aethra, in a happy home, and gave me in marriage to Aegeus, Pandion's son, according to the oracle of Loxias This prayer I make, when I behold these aged dames, who, leaving their homes in Argos, now throw themselves with suppliant branches at my knees in their awful trouble, for around the gates of Cadmus have they lost their seven noble sons, whom on a day Adrastus, king of Argos, led thither, eager to secure for exiled Polynices, his son-in-law, a share in the heritage of Oedipus, so now their mothers would bury in the grave the dead, whom the spear hath slain, but the victors prevent them and will not allow them to take up the corpses, spurning Heaven's laws Here lies Adrastus on the ground with streaming eye, sharing with them the burden of their prayer to me, and bemoaning the havoc of the sword and the sorry fate of the warriors whom he led from their homes And he doth urge me use entreaty, to persuade my son to take up the dead and help to bury them, either by winning words or force of arms, laying on my son and on Athens this task alone Now it chanced, that I had left my house and come to offer sacrifice on behalf of the earth's crop at this shrine, where first the fruitful corn showed its bristling shocks above the soil And here at the holy altars of the twain goddesses, Demeter and her daughter, I wait, holding these sprays of foliage, a bond that bindeth not, in compassion for these childless mothers, hoary with age, and from reverence for the sacred fillets To call Theseus hither is my herald to the city gone, that he may rid the land of that which grieveth them, or loose these my suppliant bonds, with



pious observance of the gods' will, for such as are discreet amongst women should in all cases invoke the aid of men

CHORUS (*chanting*)

*strophe 1*

At thy knees I fall, aged dame, and my old lips beseech thee,  
arise, rescue from the slain my children's bodies, whose limbs, by  
death relaxed, are left a prey to savage mountain beasts,

*antistrophe 1*

Beholding the bitter tears which spring to my eyes and my old  
wrinkled skin torn by my hands, for what can I do else? who never  
laid out my children dead within my halls, nor now behold their  
tombs heaped up with earth

*strophe 2*

Thou too, honoured lady, once a son didst bear, crowning thy  
lord's marriage with fond joy, then share, O share with me thy  
mother's feelings, in such measure as my sad heart grieves for my  
own dead sons, and persuade thy son, whose aid we implore, to go  
unto the river Ismenus, there to place within my hapless arms the  
bodies of my children, slain in their prime and left without a tomb

*antistrophe 2*

Though not as piety enjoins, yet from sheer necessity I have come  
to the fire-crowned altars of the gods, falling on my knees with instant  
supplication, for my cause is just, and 'tis in thy power, blest as  
thou art in thy children, to remove from me my woe, so in my sore  
distress I do beseech thee of my misery place in my hands my son's  
dead body, that I may throw my arms about his hapless limbs

(*The attendants of the goddess take up the lament*)

*strophe 3*

Behold a rivalry in sorrow! woe takes up the tale of woe, hark!  
thy servants beat their breasts Come ye who join the mourners' wail,  
come, O sympathetic band, to join the dance, which Hades honours,  
let the pearly nail be stained red, as it rends your cheeks, let your  
skin be streaked with gore, for honours rendered to the dead are a  
credit to the living

*antistrophe 3*

Sorrow's charm doth drive me wild, insatiate, painful, endless,  
even as the trickling stream that gushes from some steep rock's face,

for 'tis woman's way to fall a-weeping o'er the cruel calamity of children dead Ah me! would I could die and forget my anguish!

(THESEUS and his retinue enter)

THESEUS

What is this lamentation that I hear, this beating of the breast, these dirges for the dead, with cries that echo from this shrine? How fluttering fear disquiets me, lest haply my mother have gotten some mischance, in quest of whom I come, for she hath been long absent from home Ha! what now? A strange sight challenges my speech, I see my aged mother sitting at the altar and stranger dames are with her, who in various note proclaim their woe, from aged eyes the piteous tear is starting to the ground, their hair is shorn, their robes are not the robes of joy What means it, mother? 'Tis thine to make it plain to me, mine to listen, yea, for I expect some tidings strange

AETHRA

My son, these are the mothers of those chieftains seven, who fell around the gates of Cadmus' town With suppliant boughs they keep me prisoner, as thou seest, in their midst

THESEUS

And who is yonder man, that moaneth piteously in the gateway?

AETHRA

Adrastus, they inform me, king of Argos

THESEUS

Are those his children, those boys who stand round him?

AETHRA

Not his, but the sons of the fallen slain

THESEUS

Why are they come to us, with suppliant hand outstretched?

AETHRA

I know, but 'tis for them to tell their story, my son

THESEUS

To thee, in thy mantle muffled, I address my inquiries, unveil thy head, let lamentation be, and speak, for naught can be achieved save through the utterance of thy tongue

ADRASTUS (*rising*)

Victorious prince of the Athenian realm, Theseus, to thee and to thy city I, a suppliant, come

THESEUS

What seekest thou? What need is thine?

ADRASTUS

Dost know how I did lead an expedition to its ruin?

THESEUS

Assuredly, thou didst not pass through Hellas, all in silence

ADRASTUS

There I lost the pick of Argos' sons

THESEUS

These are the results of that unhappy war

ADRASTUS

I went and craved their bodies from Thebes

THESEUS

Didst thou rely on heralds, Hermes' servants, in order to bury them?

ADRASTUS

I did, and even then their slayers said me nay

THESEUS

Why, what say they to thy just request?

ADRASTUS

Say! Success makes them forget how to bear their fortune

THESEUS

Art come to me then for counsel? or wherefore?

ADRASTUS

With the wish that thou, O Theseus, shouldst recover the sons of the Argives

THESEUS

Where is your Argos now? were its vauntings all in vain?

ADRASTUS

Defeat and ruin are our lot To thee for aid we come

THESEUS

Is this thy own private resolve, or the wish of all the city?

ADRASTUS

The sons of Danaus, one and all, implore thee to bury the dead

THESEUS

Why didst lead thy seven armies against Thebes?

ADRASTUS

To confer that favour on the husbands of my daughters twain

THESEUS

To which of the Argives didst thou give thy daughters in marriage?

ADRASTUS

I made no match for them with kinsmen of my family

THESEUS

What! didst give Argive maids to foreign lords?

ADRASTUS

Yea, to Tydeus, and to Polyneices, who was Theban-born

THESEUS

What induced thee to select this alliance?

ADRASTUS

Dark riddles of Phoebus stole away my judgment

THESEUS

What said Apollo to determine the maidens' marriage?

ADRASTUS

That I should give my daughters twain to a wild boar and a lion

THESEUS

How dost thou explain the message of the god?

ADRASTUS

One night came to my door two exiles

THESEUS

The name of each declare, thou art speaking of both together

ADRASTUS

They fought together, Tydeus with Polyneices

THESEUS

Didst thou give thy daughters to them as to wild beasts?

ADRASTUS

Yea, for, as they fought, I likened them to those monsters twain

THESEUS

Why had they left the borders of their native land and come to thee?

ADRASTUS

Tydeus was exiled for the murder of a kinsman

THESEUS

Wherefore had the son of Oedipus left Thebes?

ADRASTUS

By reason of his father's curse, not to spill his brother's blood

THESEUS

Wise no doubt that voluntary exile

ADRASTUS

But those who stayed at home were for injuring the absent

THESEUS

What! did brother rob brother of his inheritance?

ADRASTUS

To avenge this I set out, hence my ruin

THESEUS

Didst consult seers, and gaze into the flame of burnt-offerings?

ADRASTUS

Ah me! thou pressest on the very point wherein I most did fail

THESEUS

It seems thy going was not favoured by heaven

ADRASTUS

Worse, I went in spite even of Amphiaras

THESEUS

And so heaven lightly turned its face from thee

ADRASTUS

I was carried away by the clamour of younger men

## THESEUS

Thou didst favour courage instead of discretion

## ADRASTUS

True, and many a general owes defeat to that O king of Athens, bravest of the sons of Hellas, I blush to throw myself upon the ground and clasp thy knees, I a grey-haired king, blest in days gone by, yet needs must I yield to my misfortunes I pray thee save the dead, have pity on my sorrows and on these, the mothers of the slain, whom hoary eld finds reft of their sons, yet they endured to journey hither and tread a foreign soil with aged tottering steps, bearing no embassy to Demeter's mysteries, only seeking burial for their dead, which lot should have been theirs, e'en burial by the hands of sons still in their prime And 'tis wise in the rich to see the poor man's poverty, and in the poor man to turn ambitious eyes toward the rich, that so he may himself indulge a longing for possessions, and they, whom fortune frowns not on, should gaze on misery's presentment, likewise, who maketh songs should take a pleasure in their making, for if it be not so with him, he will in no wise avail to gladden others, if himself have sorrow in his home, nay, 'tis not even right to expect it Mayhap thou'lt say, "Why pass the land of Pelops o'er, and lay this toil on Athens?" This am I bound to declare Sparta is cruel, her customs variable, the other states are small and weak Thy city alone would be able to undertake this labour, for it turns an eye on suffering, and hath in thee a young and gallant king, for want whereof to lead their hosts states ere now have often perished

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

I too, Theseus, urge the same plea to thee, have pity on my hard fate

THESEUS<sup>1</sup>

Full oft have I argued out this subject with others For there are who say, there is more bad than good in human nature, to the which I hold a contrary view, that good o'er bad predominates in man, for if it were not so, we should not exist He hath my praise, whoe'er of gods brought us to live by rule from chaos and from brutishness, first by implanting reason, and next by giving us a tongue to declare our thoughts, so as to know the meaning of what is said, bestowing fruitful crops, and drops of rain from heaven to make them grow, wherewith to nourish earth's fruits and to water her lap, and more than this, protection from the wintry storm, and means to ward from us the sun-god's scorching heat, the art of sailing o'er the sea, so that we might exchange with one another whatso our countries lack And where sight fails us and out knowledge is not sure, the seer foretells by gazing on the flame, by reading signs in folds of entrails, or by divination from the flight of birds Are we not then too

proud, when heaven hath made such preparation for our life, not to be content therewith? But our presumption seeks to lord it over heaven, and in the pride of our hearts we think we are wiser than the gods. Methinks thou art even of this number, a son of folly, seeing that thou, though obedient to Apollo's oracle in giving thy daughters to strangers, as if gods really existed, yet hast hurt thy house by mingling the stream of its pure line with muddy waters, no! never should the wise man have joined the stock of just and unjust in one, but should have gotten prosperous friends for his family. For the deity, confusing their destinies, doth oft destroy by the sinner's fate him who never sinned nor committed injustice. Thou didst lead all Argos forth to battle, though seers proclaimed the will of heaven, and then in scorn of them and in violent disregard of the gods hast ruined thy city, led away by younger men, such as court distinction, and add war to war unrighteously, destroying their fellow-citizens, one aspires to lead an army, another fain would seize the reins of power and work his wanton will, a third is bent on gain, careless of any ill the people thereby suffer. For there are three ranks of citizens, the rich, a useless set, that ever crave for more, the poor and destitute, fearful folk, that cherish envy more than is right, and shoot out grievous stings against the men who have aught, beguiled as they are by the eloquence of vicious leaders, while the class that is midmost of the three preserveth cities, observing such order as the state ordains. Shall I then become thy ally? What fair pretext should I urge before my countrymen? Depart in peace! For why shouldst thou, having been ill-advised thyself, seek to drag our fortune down?

LEADER

He erred, but with the young men rests this error, while he may well be pardoned

ADRASTUS

I did not choose thee, king, to judge my affliction, but came to thee to cure it, no! nor if in aught my fortunes prove me wrong, came I to thee to punish or correct them, but to seek thy help. But if thou wilt not, I must be content with thy decision, for how can I help it? Come, aged dames, away! Yet leave behind you here the woven leaves of pale green foliage, calling to witness heaven and earth, Demeter, that fire-bearing goddess, and the sun-god's light, that our prayers to heaven availed us naught

CHORUS (*singing*)<sup>2</sup>

who was Pelops' son, and we are of the land of Pelops and share with thee the blood of ancestors. What art thou doing? wilt thou betray these suppliant symbols, and banish from thy land these

aged women without the boon they should obtain? Do not so, e'en the wild beast finds a refuge in the rock, the slave in the altars of the gods, and a state when tempest-tossed cowers to its neighbour's shelter, for naught in this life of man is blest unto its end

Rise, hapless one, from the sacred floor of Persephone, rise, clasp him by the knees and implore him, "O recover the bodies of our dead sons, the children that I lost—ah, woe is me!—beneath the walls of Cadmus' town " Ah me! ah me! Take me by the hand, poor aged sufferer that I am, support and guide and raise me up By thy beard, kind friend, glory of Hellas, I do beseech thee, as I clasp thy knees and hands in my misery, O pity me as I entreat for my sons with my tale of wretched woe, like some beggar, nor let my sons lie there unburied in the land of Cadmus, glad prey for beasts, whilst thou art in thy prime, I implore thee See the teardrop tremble in my eye, as thus I throw me at thy knees to win my children burial

THESEUS

Mother mine, why weapest thou, drawing o'er thine eyes thy veil? Is it because thou didst hear their piteous lamentations? To my own heart it goes Raise thy silvered head, weep not where thou sittest at the holy altar of Demeter

AETHRA

Ah woe!

THESEUS

'Tis not for thee their sorrows to lament

ALITHRA

Ye hapless dames!

THESEUS

Thou art not of their company

ALITHRA

May I a scheme declare, my son, that shall add to thy glory and the state's?

THESEUS

Yea, for oft even from women's lips issue wise counsels

ALITHRA

Yet the word, that lurks within my heart, makes me hesitate

THESEUS

Shame! to hide from friends good counsel



## AETHRA

Nay then, I will not hold my peace to blame myself hereafter for having now kept silence to my shame, nor will I forego my honourable proposal, from the common fear that it is useless for women to give good advice. First, my son, I exhort thee give good heed to heaven's will, lest from slighting it thou suffer shipwreck, for in this one single point thou failest, though well-advised in all else. Further, I would have patiently endured, had it not been my duty to venture somewhat for injured folk, and this, my son, it is that brings thee now thy honour, and causes me no fear to urge that thou shouldst use thy power to make men of violence, who prevent the dead from receiving their meed of burial and funeral rites, perform this bounden duty, and check those who would confound the customs of all Hellas, for this it is that holds men's states together,—strict observance of the laws. And some, no doubt, will say, 'twas cowardice made thee stand aloof in terror, when thou mightest have won for thy city a crown of glory, and, though thou didst encounter a savage swine,<sup>3</sup> labouring for a sorry task, yet when the time came for thee to face the helmet and pointed spear, and do thy best, thou wert found to be a coward. Nay! do not so if thou be son of mine. Dost see how fiercely thy country looks on its revilers when they mock her for want of counsel? Yea, for in her toils she groweth greater. But states, whose policy is dark and cautious, have their sight darkened by their carefulness. My son, wilt thou not go succour the dead and these poor women in their need? I have no fears for thee, starting as thou dost with right upon thy side, and although I see the prosperity of Cadmus' folk, still am I confident they will throw a different die, for the deity reverses all things again.

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Ah! best of friends, right well hast thou pleaded for me and for Adras-tus, and hence my joy is doubled.

## THESEUS

Mother, the words that I have spoken are his fair deserts, and I have declared my opinion of the counsels that ruined him, yet do I perceive the truth of thy warning to me, that it ill suits my character to shun dangers. For by a long and glorious career have I displayed this my habit among Hellenes, of ever punishing the wicked. Wherefore I cannot refuse toil. For what will spiteful tongues say of me, when thou, my mother, who more than all others fearest for my safety, bidst me undertake this enterprise? Yea, I will go about this business and rescue the dead by words persuasive, or, failing that, the spear forthwith shall decide this issue, nor will heaven grudge me this. But I require the whole city's sanction also, which my mere wish will ensure, still by communicating the proposal to them I shall find the people better disposed. For them I made supreme,

when I set this city free, by giving all an equal vote So I will take Adrastus as a text for what I have to say and go to their assembly, and when I have won them to these views, I will return hither, after collecting a picked band of young Athenians, and then remaining under arms I will send a message to Creon, begging the bodies of the dead But do ye, aged ladies, remove from my mother your holy wreaths, that I may take her by the hand and conduct her to the house of Aegeus, for a wretched son is he who rewards not his parents by service, for, when he hath conferred on them the best he hath, he in his turn from his own sons receives all such service as he gave to them

(*ATHRA leaves the altar and departs*)

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe 1*

O Argos, home of steeds, my native land! we have heard with your ears these words, the king's pious will toward the gods in the sight of great Pelasgia and throughout Argos

*antistrophe 1*

May he reach the goal! yea, and triumph o'er my sorrows, rescuing the gory corpse, the mother's idol and making the land of Inachus his friend by helping her

*strophe 2*

For pious toil is a fair ornament to cities, and carries with it a grace that never wastes away What will the city decide, I wonder? Will it conclude a friendly truce with me, and shall we obtain burial for our sons?

*antistrophe 2*

Help, O help, city of Pallas, the mother's cause, that so they may not pollute the laws of all mankind Thou, I know, dost reverence right, and to injustice dealest out defeat, a protection at all times to the afflicted

(*THESEUS addresses one of his own heralds As he speaks, the HERALD from King Creon of Thebes enters*)

THESEUS

Forasmuch as with this thy art thou hast ever served the state and me by carrying my proclamations far and wide, so now cross Asopus and the waters of Ismenus, and declare this message to the haughty king of the Cadmeans "Theseus, thy neighbour, one who well may win the boon he craves, begs as a favour thy permission to bury the dead, winning to thy-

self thereby the love of all the Erechtheidae " And if they will acquiesce, come back again, but if they hearken not, thy second message runneth thus, they may expect my warrior host, for at the sacred fount of Callichorus my army camps in readiness and is being reviewed Moreover, the city gladly of its own accord undertook this enterprise, when it perceived my wish Ha! who comes hither to interrupt my speech? A Theban herald, so it seems, though I am not sure thereof Stay, haply he may save thee thy trouble For by his coming he meets my purpose half-way

#### THEBAN HERALD

Who is the despot of this land? To whom must I announce the message of Creon, who rules o'er the land of Cadmus, since Eteocles was slain by the hand of his brother Polyneices, at the sevenfold gates of Thebes?

#### THESEUS

Sir stranger, thou hast made a false beginning to thy speech, in seeking here a despot For this city is not ruled by one man, but is free The people rule in succession year by year, allowing no preference to wealth, but the poor man shares equally with the rich

#### THEBAN HERALD

Thou givest me here an advantage, as it might be in a game of draughts, for the city, whence I come, is ruled by one man only, not by the mob, none there puffs up the citizens with specious words, and for his own advantage twists them this way or that,—one moment dear to them and lavish of his favours, the next a bane to all, and yet by fresh calumnies of others he hides his former failures and escapes punishment Besides, how shall the people, if it cannot form true judgments, be able rightly to direct the state? Nay, 'tis time, not haste, that affords a better understanding A poor hind, granted he be not all unschooled, would still be unable from his toil to give his mind to politics Verily the better sort count it no healthy sign when the worthless man obtains a reputation by beguiling with words the populace, though aforetime he was naught

#### THESEUS

This herald is a clever fellow, a dabbler in the art of talk But since thou hast thus entered the lists with me, listen awhile, for 'twas thou didst challenge a discussion Naught is more hostile to a city than a despot, <sup>4</sup> where he is, there are first no laws common to all, but one man is tyrant, in whose keeping and in his alone the law resides, and in that case equality is at an end But when the laws are written down, rich and poor alike have equal justice, and it is open to the weaker to use the same language to the prosperous when he is reviled by him, and the weaker prevails over the stronger if he have justice on his side Freedom's mark

is also seen in this "Who hath wholesome counsel to declare unto the state?" And he who chooses to do so gains renown, while he, who hath no wish, remains silent. What greater equality can there be in a city? Again, where the people are absolute rulers of the land, they rejoice in having a reserve of youthful citizens, while a king counts this a hostile element, and strives to slay the leading men, all such as he deems discreet, for he feareth for his power. How then can a city remain stable, where one cuts short all enterprise and mows down the young like meadow-flowers in spring-time? What boots it to acquire wealth and livelihood for children, merely to add to the tyrant's substance by one's toil? Why train up virgin daughters virtuously in our homes to gratify a tyrant's whim, whenso he will, and cause tears to those who rear them? May my life end if ever my children are to be wedded by violence! This bolt I launch in answer to thy words. Now say, why art thou come? what needest thou of this land? Had not thy city sent thee, to thy cost hadst thou come with thy outrageous utterances, for it is the herald's duty to tell the message he is bidden and hie him back in haste. Henceforth let Creon send to my city some other messenger less talkative than thee.

#### LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Look you! how insolent the villains are, when Fortune is kind to them, just as if it would be well with them for ever.

#### THEBAN HERALD

Now will I speak. On these disputed points hold thou this view, but I the contrary. So I and all the people of Cadmus forbid thee to admit Adrastus to this land, but if he is here, drive him forth in disregard of the holy suppliant bough he bears, ere sinks yon blazing sun, and attempt not violently to take up the dead, seeing thou hast naught to do with the city of Argos. And if thou wilt hearken to me, thou shalt bring thy barque of state into port unharmed by the billows, but if not, fierce shall the surge of battle be, that we and our allies shall raise. Take good thought, nor, angered at my words, because forsooth thou rulest thy city with freedom, return a vaunting answer from thy feeblér means. Hope is man's curse, many a state hath it involved in strife, by leading them into excessive rage. For whenso the city has to vote on the question of war, no man ever takes his own death into account, but shifts this misfortune on to his neighbour, but if death had been before their eyes when they were giving their votes, Hellas would ne'er have rushed to her doom in mad desire for battle. And yet each man amongst us knows which of the two to prefer, the good or ill, and how much better peace is for mankind than war,—peace, the Muses' chiefest friend, the foe of sorrow, whose joy is in glad throngs of children, and its delight in prosperity. These are the blessings

we cast away and wickedly embark on war, man enslaving his weaker brother, and cities following suit. Now thou art helping our foes even after death, trying to rescue and bury those whom their own acts of insolence have ruined. Verily then it would seem Capaneus was unjustly blasted by the thunderbolt and charred upon the ladder he had raised against our gates, swearing he would sack our town, whether the god would or no, nor should the yawning earth have snatched away the seer,<sup>1</sup> opening wide her mouth to take his chariot and its horses in, nor should the other chieftains be stretched at our gates, their skeletons to atoms crushed 'neath boulders. Either boast thy wit transcendeth that of Zeus, or else allow that gods are right to slay the ungodly. The wise should love their children first, next their parents and country, whose fortunes it behoves them to increase rather than break down. Rashness in a leader, as in a pilot, causeth shipwreck, who knoweth when to be quiet is a wise man. Yea and this too is bravery, even forethought.

LEADER

The punishment Zeus hath inflicted was surely enough, there was no need to heap this wanton insult on us.

ADRASTUS

Abandoned wretch!

THESEUS

Peace, Adrastus! say no more, set not thy words before mine, for 'tis not to thee this fellow is come with his message, but to me, and I must answer him. Thy first assertion will I answer first. I am not aware that Creon is my lord and master, or that his power outweigheth mine, that so he should compel Athens to act on this wise, nay! for then would the tide of time have to flow backward, if we are to be ordered, as he thinks. 'Tis not I who choose this war, seeing that I did not even join these warriors to go unto the land of Cadmus, but still I claim to bury the fallen dead, not injuring any state nor yet introducing murderous strife, but preserving the law of all Hellas. What is not well in this? If ye suffered aught from the Argives—lo! they are dead, ye took a splendid vengeance on your foes and covered them with shame, and now your right is at an end. Let the dead now be buried in the earth, and each element return to the place from whence it came to the body, the breath to the air, the body to the ground, for in no wise did we get it for our own, but to live our life in, and after that its mother earth must take it back again. Dost think 'tis Argos thou art injuring in refusing burial to the dead? Nay! all Hellas shares herein, if a man rob the dead of their due and keep them from the tomb, for, if this law be enacted, it will strike dismay into the stoutest hearts. And art thou come to cast dire threats at me, while thy

own folk are afraid of giving burial to the dead? What is your fear? Think you they will undermine your land in their graves, or that they will beget children in the womb of earth, from whom shall rise an avenger? A silly waste of words, in truth it was, to show your fear of paltry groundless terrors Go, triflers, learn the lesson of human misery, our life is made up of struggles, some men there be that find their fortune soon, others have to wait, while some at once are blest Fortune lives a dainty life, to her the wretched pays his court and homage to win her smile, her likewise doth the prosperous man extol, for fear the favouring gale may leave him These lessons should we take to heart, to bear with moderation, free from wrath, our wrongs, and do naught to hurt a whole city What then? Let us, who will the pious deed perform, bury the corpses of the slain Else is the issue clear, I will go and bury them by force For never shall it be proclaimed through Hellas that heaven's ancient law was set at naught, when it devolved on me and the city of Pandion

## LEADER

Be of good cheer, for if thou preserve the light of justice, thou shalt escape many a charge that men might urge

## THEBAN HERALD

Wilt thou that I sum up in brief all thou wouldst say?

## THESEUS

Say what thou wilt, for thou art not silent as it is

## THEBAN HERALD

Thou shalt never take the sons of Argos from our land

## THESEUS

Hear, then, my answer too to that, if so thou wilt

## THEBAN HERALD

I will hear thee, not that I wish it, but I must give thee thy turn

## THESEUS

*I will bury the dead, when from Asopus' land I have removed them*

## THEBAN HERALD

First must thou adventure somewhat in the front of war

## THESEUS

Many an enterprise and of a different kind have I ere this endured

## THEBAN HERALD

Wert thou then begotten of thy sire to cope with every foe?

## THESEUS

Ay, with all wanton villains, virtue I punish not

## THEBAN HERALD

To meddle is aye thy wont and thy city's too

## THESEUS

Hence her enterprise on many a field hath won her many blessings

## THEBAN HERALD

Come then, that the warriors of the dragon-crop may catch thee in our city

## THESEUS

What furious warrior-host could spring from dragon's seed?

## THEBAN HERALD

Thou shalt learn that to thy cost As yet thou art young and rash

## THESEUS

Thy boastful speech stirs not my heart at all to rage Yet get thee gone from my land, taking with thee the idle words thou broughtest, for we are making no advance (*The THEBAN HERALD withdraws*) 'Tis time for all to start, each stout footman, and whoso mounts the car, 'tis time the bit, dripping with foam, should urge the charger on toward the land of Cadmus For I will march in person to the seven gates thereof with the sharp sword in my hand, and be myself my herald But thee, Adrastus, I bid stay, nor blend with mine thy fortunes, for I will take my own good star to lead my host, a chieftain famed in famous deeds of arms One thing alone I need, the favour of all gods that reverence right, for the presence of these things insures victory For their valour availeth men naught, unless they have the god's goodwill

(*THESEUS and his retinue depart The following lines between the SEMI-CHORUSES are chanted responsively*)

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

Unhappy mothers of those hapless chiefs! How wildly in my heart pale fear stirs up alarm!

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

What is this new cry thou utterest?

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

I fear the issue of the strife, whereto the hosts of Pallas march

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

Dost speak of issues of the sword, or interchange of words?

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

That last were gain indeed, but if the carnage of battle, fighting,  
and the noise of beaten breasts again be heard in the land, what, alas!  
will be said of me, who am the cause thereof?

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

Yet may fate again bring low the brilliant victor, 'tis this brave  
thought that twines about my heart

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

Thou speak'st of the gods as if they were just

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

For who but they allot whate'er betides?

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

I see much at variance in their dealings with men

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

The former fear hath warped thy judgment Vengeance calls  
vengeance forth, slaughter calls for slaughter, but the gods give  
respite from affliction, holding in their own hands each thing's allotted end

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

Would I could reach yon plains with turrets crowned leaving  
Callichorus, fountain of the goddess!

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

O that some god would give me wings to fly to the city of rivers  
twain!

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

So might'st thou see and know the fortunes of thy friends

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

What fate, what issue there awaits the valiant monarch of this  
land?

## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

Once more do we invoke the gods we called upon before, yea, in  
our fear this is our first and chiefest trust

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

O Zeus, father to the child the heifer-mother bore in days long  
past, that daughter of Inachus!



## FIRST SEMI-CHORUS

O be gracious, I pray, and champion this city!

## SECOND SEMI-CHORUS

'Tis thy own darling, thy own settler in the city of Argos that I am  
striving from outrage to rescue for the funeral pyre

(A MESSENGER enters)

## MESSENGER

Ladies, I bring you tidings of great joy, myself escaped—for I was taken prisoner in the battle which cost those chieftains seven their lives near Dirce's fount—to bear the news of Theseus' victory But I will save thee tedious questioning, I was the servant of Capaneus, whom Zeus with scorching bolt to ashes burnt

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Friend of friends, fair thy news of thy own return, nor less the news about Theseus, and if the host of Athens, too, is safe, welcome will all thy message be

## MESSENGER

'Tis safe, and all hath happened as I would it had befallen Adrastus and his Argives, whom from Inachus he led, to march against the city of the Cadmeans

## LEADER

How did the son of Aegeus and his fellow-warriors raise their trophy to Zeus? Tell us, for thou wert there and canst gladden us who were not

## MESSENGER

Bright shone the sun, one levelled line of light, upon the world, as by Electra's gate I stood to watch, from a turret with a far outlook And lo! I saw the host in three divisions, deploying its mail-clad warriors on the high ground by the banks of Ismenus, this last I heard, and with them was the king himself, famous son of Aegeus, his own men, natives of old Cecropia, were ranged upon the right, while on the left, hard by the fountain of Ares, were the dwellers by the sea, harnessed spearmen they, on either wing were posted cavalry, in equal numbers, and chariots were stationed in the shelter of Amphion's holy tomb Meantime, the folk of Cadmus set themselves before the walls, placing in the rear the bodies for which they fought Horse to horse, and car to car stood ranged Then did the herald of Theseus cry aloud to all "Be still, ye folk! hush, ye ranks of Cadmus, hearken! we are come to fetch the bodies of the slain, wishing to bury them in observance of the universal law of Hellas, no

wish have we to lengthen out the slaughter " Not a word would Creon let his herald answer back, but there he stood in silence under arms Then did the drivers of the four-horse cars begin the fray, on, past each other they drove their chariots, bringing the warriors at their sides up into line Some fought with swords, some wheeled the horses back to the fray again for those they drove Now when Phorbas, who captained the cavalry of the Erechtheidae, saw the thronging chariots, he and they who had the charge of the Theban horse met hand to hand, and by turns were victors and vanquished The many horrors happening there I saw, not merely heard about, for I was at the spot where the chariots and their riders met and fought, but which to tell of first I know not,—the clouds of dust that mounted to the sky, the warriors tangled in the reins and dragged this way and that, the streams of crimson gore, when men fell dead, or when, from shattered chariot-seats, they tumbled headlong to the ground, and, mid the splinters of their cars, gave up the ghost But Creon, when he marked our cavalry's success on one wing, caught up a shield and rushed into the fray, ere that despondency should seize his men, but not for that did Theseus recoil in fear, no! snatching up at once his glittering harness he hied him on And the twain, clashing their shields together as they met in the midst of the assembled host, were dealing death and courting it, shouting loudly each to his fellow the battle-cry "Slay, and with thy spear strike home against the sons of Erechtheus " Fierce foes to cope with were the warriors whom the dragon's teeth to manhood reared, so fierce, they broke our left wing, albeit theirs was routed by our right and put to flight, so that the struggle was evenly balanced Here again our chief deserved all praise, for this success was not the only one he gained, no! next he sought that part of his army which was wavering, and loud he called to them, that the earth rang again, "My sons, if ye cannot restrain the earth-born warriors' stubborn spear, the cause of Pallas is lost " His word inspired new courage in all the Danaid host Therewith himself did seize a fearsome mace, weapon of Epidaurian warfare, and swung it to and fro, and with that club, as with a sickle, he shore off necks and heads and helmets thereupon Scarce even then they turned themselves to fly I cried aloud for joy, and danced and clapped my hands, while to the gates they ran Throughout the town echoed the shrieks of young and old, as they crowded the temples in terror But Theseus, when he might have come inside the walls, held back his men, for he had not come, said he, to sack the town, but to ask for the bodies of the dead Such the general men should choose, one who shows his bravery in danger, yet hates the pride of those that in their hour of fortune lose the bliss they might have enjoyed, through seeking to scale the ladder's topmost step

## LEADER

Now do I believe in the gods after seeing this unexpected day, and I feel my woes are lighter now that these have paid their penalty

## ADRASTUS

O Zeus, why do men assert the wisdom of the wretched human race? On thee we all depend, and all we do is only what thou listest. We thought our Argos irresistible, ourselves a young and lusty host, and so when Eteocles was for making terms, in spite of his fair offer we would not accept them, and so we perished. Then in their turn those foolish folk of Cadmus, to fortune raised, like some beggar with his newly-gotten wealth, waxed wanton, and, waxing so, were ruined in their turn. Ye foolish sons of men! who strain your bow like men who shoot beyond their mark, and only by suffering many evils as ye deserve, though deaf to friends, yet yield to circumstances—ye cities likewise, though ye might by parley end your ills, yet ye choose the sword instead of reason to settle all disputes. But wherefore these reflections? This I fain would learn, the way thou didst escape, and after that I will ask thee of the rest.

## MESSENGER

During the uproar which prevailed in the city owing to the battle, I passed the gates, just as the host had entered them.

## ADRASTUS

Are ye bringing the bodies, for the which the strife arose?

## MESSENGER

Ay, each of the seven chiefs who led their famous hosts.

## ADRASTUS

What sayest thou? the rest who fell—say, where are they?

## MESSENGER

They have found burial in the dells of Cithaeron.

## ADRASTUS

On this or that side of the mount? And who did bury them?

## MESSENGER

Theseus buried them 'neath the shadow of Eleutherae's cliff.

## ADRASTUS

Where didst thou leave the dead he hath not buried?

## MESSENGER

Not far away, earnest haste makes every goal look close.

ADRASTUS

No doubt in sorrow slaves would gather them from the carnage

MESSENGER

Slaves! not one of them was set to do this toil

[*A speech belonging to ADRASTUS has been lost*]

MESSENGER

Thou wouldst say so, hadst thou been there to see his loving tendance  
of the dead

ADRASTUS

Did he himself wash the bloody wounds of the hapless youths?

MESSENGER

Ay, and strewed their biers and wrapped them in their shrouds

ADRASTUS

An awful burden this, involving some disgrace

MESSENGER

Why, what disgrace to men are their fellows' sorrows?

ADRASTUS

Ah me! how much rather had I died with them!

MESSENGER

'Tis vain to weep and move to tears these women

ADRASTUS

Methinks 'tis they who give the lesson Enough of that! My hands I  
lift at meeting of the dead, and pour forth a tearful dirge to Hades, calling  
on my friends, whose loss I mourn in wretched solitude, for this one thing,  
when once 'tis spent, man cannot recover, the breath of life, though he  
knoweth ways to get his wealth again

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe*

Joy is here and sorrow too,—for the state fair fame, and for our  
captains double meed of honour Bitter for me it is to see the limbs  
of my dead sons, and yet a welcome sight withal, because I shall be-  
hold the unexpected day after sorrow's cup was full

*antistrophe*

Would that Father Time had kept me unwed from my youth up  
e'en till now when I am old! What need had I of children? Methinks

I should not have suffered overmuch, had I never borne the marriage-yoke, but now I have my sorrow full in view, the loss of children dear

Lo! I see the bodies of the fallen youths Woe is me! would I could join these children in their death and descend to Hades with them!

(THESEUS and his soldiers enter, carrying the corpses of the slain chieftains ADRASTUS and the CHORUS chant the lament responsively )

ADRASTUS

Mothers, raise the wail for the dead departed, cry in answer when ye hear my note of woe

CHORUS

My sons, my sons! O bitter words for loving mothers to address to you! To thee, my lifeless child, I call

ADRASTUS

Woe! woe!

CHORUS

Ah me, my sufferings!

ADRASTUS

Alas! We have endured, alas!—

CHORUS

Sorrows most grievous

ADRASTUS

O citizens of Argos! do ye not behold my fate?

CHORUS

They see thee, and me the hapless mother, reft of her children

ADRASTUS

Bring near the blood-boltered corpses of those hapless chiefs, foully slain by foes unworthy, with whom lay the decision of the contest

CHORUS

Let me embrace and hold my children to my bosom in my enfolding arms

ADRASTUS

There, there! thou hast—

CHORUS

Sorrows heavy enough to bear

ADRASTUS

Ah me!

CHORUS

Thy groans mingle with those of their parents

ADRASTUS

Hear me

CHORUS

O'er both of us thou dost lament

ADRASTUS

Would God the Theban ranks had laid me dead in the dust!

CHORUS

Oh that I had ne'er been wedded to a husband!

ADRASTUS

Ah! hapless mothers, behold this sea of troubles!

CHORUS

Our nails have ploughed our cheeks in furrows, and o'er our heads  
have we strewn ashes

ADRASTUS

Ah me! ah me! Oh that earth's floor would swallow me, or the  
whirlwind snatch me away, or Zeus's flaming bolt descend upon my  
head!

CHORUS

Bitter the marriages thou didst witness, bitter the oracle of  
Phoebus! The curse of Oedipus, fraught with sorrow, after desolating  
his house, is come on thee

THESEUS

I meant to question thee when thou wert venting thy lamentations to  
the host, but I will let it pass, yet, though I dropped the matter then and  
left it alone, I now do ask Adrastus, "Of what lineage sprang those youths,  
to shine so bright in chivalry?" Tell it to our younger citizens of thy fuller  
wisdom, for thou art skilled to know. Myself beheld their daring deeds,

too high for words to tell, whereby they thought to capture Thebes One question will I spare thee, lest I provoke thy laughter, the foe that each of them encountered in the fray, the spear from which each received his death-wound These be idle tales alike for those who hear or him who speaks, that any man amid the fray, when clouds of darts are hurtling before his eyes, should declare for certain who each champion is I could not ask such questions, nor yet believe those who dare assert the like, for when a man is face to face with the foe, he scarce can see even that which 'tis his bounden duty to observe

ADRASTUS

Hearken then For in giving this task to me thou findest a willing eulogist of friends, whose praise I would declare in all truth and sincerity Dost see yon corpse by Zeus's bolt transfixed? That is Capaneus, though he had ample wealth, yet was he the last to boast of his prosperity, nor would he ever vaunt himself above a poorer neighbour, but shunned the man whose sumptuous board had puffed him up too high and made him scorn mere competence, for he held that virtue lies not in greedy gluttony, but that moderate means suffice True friend was he, alike to present or to absent friends the same, of such the number is not great His was a guileless character, a courteous address, that left no promise unperformed either towards his own household or his fellow-citizens The next I name is Eteoclus, a master he of other kinds of excellence young, nor richly dowered with store, yet high in honour in the Argive land And though his friends oft offered gifts of gold, he would not have it in his house, to make his character its slave by taking wealth's yoke upon him Not his city, but those that sinned against her did he hate, for a city is no wise to be blamed if it get an evil name by reason of an evil governor Such another was Hippomedon, third of all this band, from his very boyhood he refrained from turning towards the allurements of the Muses, to lead a life of ease, his home was in the fields, and gladly would he school his nature to hardships with a view to manliness, aye hasting to the chase, rejoicing in his steeds or straining of his bow, because he would make himself of use unto his state Next behold the huntress Atalanta's son, Parthenopaeus, a youth of peerless beauty, from Arcady he came even to the streams of Inachus, and in Argos spent his boyhood There, when he grew to man's estate, first, as is the duty of strangers settled in another land, he showed no pique or jealousy against the state, became no quibbler, chiefest source of annoyance citizen or stranger can give, but took his stand amid the host, and fought for Argos as he were her own son, glad at heart whenso the city prospered, deeply grieved if e'er reverses came, many a lover though he had midst men and maids, yet was he careful to avoid offence Of Tydeus next the lofty praise I will express in brief, no

brilliant spokesman he, but a clever craftsman in the art of war, with many a shrewd device, inferior in judgment to his brother Meleager, yet through his warrior skill lending his name to equal praise, for he had found in arms a perfect science, his was an ambitious nature, a spirit rich in store of deeds, with words less fully dowered. From this account then wonder not, Theseus, that they dared to die before the towers, for noble nurture carries honour with it, and every man, when once he hath practised virtue, scorns the name of villain. Courage may be learnt, for even a babe doth learn to speak and hear things it cannot comprehend, and whatso'er a child hath learnt, this it is his wont to treasure up till he is old. So train up your children in a virtuous way.

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Alas! my son, to sorrow I bare thee and carried thee within my womb, enduring the pangs of travail, but now Hades takes the fruit of all my hapless toil, and I that had a son am left, ah me! with none to nurse my age.

THESEUS

As for the noble son of Oecleus, him, while yet he lived, the gods snatched hence to the bowels of the earth, and his chariot too, manifestly blessing him, while I myself may truthfully tell the praises of the son of Oedipus, that is, Polynices, for he was my guest-friend ere he left the town of Cadmus and crossed to Argos in voluntary exile. But dost thou know what I would have thee do in this?

ADRASTUS

I know naught save this,—to yield obedience to thy hests.

THESEUS

As for youn Capaneus, stricken by the bolt of Zeus—

ADRASTUS

Wilt bury him apart as a consecrated corpse?

THESEUS

Even so, but all the rest on one funeral pyre.

ADRASTUS

Where wilt thou set the tomb apart for him?

THESEUS

Here near this temple have I builded him a sepulchre.

ADRASTUS

Thy thralls forthwith must undertake this toil.



THESEUS

Myself will look to those others, let the biers advance

ADRASTUS

Approach your sons, unhappy mothers

THESEUS

This thy proposal, Adrastus, is anything but good

ADRASTUS

Must not the mothers touch their sons?

THESEUS

It would kill them to see how they are altered

ADRASTUS

'Tis bitter, truly, to see the dead even at the moment of death

THESEUS

Why then wilt thou add fresh grief to them?

ADRASTUS

Thou art right Ye needs must patiently abide, for the words of Theseus are good But when we have committed them unto the flames, ye shall collect their bones O wretched sons of men! Why do ye get you weapons and bring slaughter on one another? Cease therefrom, give o'er your toiling, and in mutual peace keep safe your cities Short is the span of life, so 'twere best to run its course as lightly as we may, from trouble free

*(The corpses, followed by the CHILDREN of the slain chieftains, are carried off to the pyre which is kindled within the sight of the persons on the stage)*

CHORUS (singing)

*strophe*

No more a happy mother I, with children blest, no more I share,  
among Argive women, who have sons, their happy lot, nor any more  
will Artemis in the hour of travail kindly greet these childless  
mothers Most dreary is my life, and like some wandering cloud I  
drift before the howling blast

*antistrophe*

The seven noblest sons in Aigos once we had, we seven hapless  
mothers, but now my sons are dead, I have no child, and on me steals  
old age in piteous wise, nor 'mongst the dead nor 'mongst the living  
do I count myself, having as it were a lot apart from these

*epode*

Tears alone are left me, in my house sad memories of my son are stored, mournful tresses shorn from his head, chaplets that he wore, libations for the dead departed, and songs, but not such as golden-haired Apollo welcometh, and when I wake to weep, my tears will ever drench the folds of my robe upon my bosom Ah! there I see the sepulchre ready e'en now for Capaneus, his consecrated tomb, and the votive offerings Theseus gives unto the dead outside the shrine, and nigh yon lightning-smitten chief I see his noble bride, Evadne, daughter of King Iphis Wherefore stands she on the towering rock, which o'ertops this temple, advancing along yon path?

(EVADNE *is seen on a rock which overhangs the burning pyre She is dressed as though for a festival*)

EVADNE (*chanting*)

What light, what radiancy did the sun-god's car dart forth, and the moon athwart the firmament, while round her in the gloom swift stars careered, in the day that the city of Argos raised the stately chant of joy at my wedding, in honour of my marriage with mail-clad Capaneus? Now from my home in frantic haste with frenzied mind I rush to join thee, seeking to share with thee the fire's bright flame and the self-same tomb, to rid me of my weary life in Hades' halls, and of the pains of life, yea, for 'tis the sweetest end to share the death of those we love, if only fate will sanction it

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Behold yon pyre, which thou art overlooking, nigh thereto, set apart for Zeus! There is thy husband's body, vanquished by the blazing bolt

EVADNE (*chanting*)

Life's goal I now behold from my station here, may fortune aid me in my headlong leap from this rock in honour's cause, down into the fire below, to mix my ashes in the ruddy blaze with my husband's, to lay me side by side with him, there in the couch of Persephone, for ne'er will I, to save my life, prove untrue to thee where thou liest in thy grave Away with life and marriage too! Oh! may my children live to see the dawn of a fairer, happier wedding-day in Argos! May loyalty inspire the husband's heart, his nature fusing with his wife's!

## LEADER

Lo! the aged Iphis, thy father, draweth nigh to hear thy startling speech, which yet he knows not and will grieve to learn

(IPHIS *enters*)

IPHIS

Unhappy child! lo! I am come, a poor old man, with twofold sorrow in my house to mourn, that I may carry to his native land the corpse of my son Eteoclus, slain by the Theban spear, and further in quest of my daughter who rushed headlong from the house, for she was the wife of Capaneus and longed with him to die Ere this she was well guarded in my house, but, when I took the watch away in the present troubles, she escaped But I feel sure that she is here, tell me if ye have seen her

EVADNE

Why question them? Lo, here upon the rock, father, o'er the pyre of Capaneus, like some bird I hover lightly, in my wretchedness

IPHIS

What wind hath blown thee hither, child? Whither thy journey? Whither didst thou pass the threshold of my house and seek this land?

EVADNE

It would but anger thee to hear what I intend, and so I fain would keep thee ignorant, my father

IPHIS

What! hath not thy own father a right to know?

EVADNE

Thou wouldst not wisely judge my purpose

IPHIS

Why dost thou deck thyself in that apparel?

EVADNE

A purport strange this robe conveys, father

IPHIS

Thou hast no look of mourning for thy lord

EVADNE

No, the reason why I thus am decked is strange, maybe

IPHIS

Dost thou in such garb appear before a funeral-pyre?

EVADNE

Yea, for hither it is I come to take the meed of victory

IPHIS

"Victory!" What victory? This would I learn of thee

EVADNE

A victory o'er all women on whom the sun looks down

IPHIS

In Athena's handiwork or in prudent counsel?

EVADNE

In bravery, for I will lay me down and die with my lord

IPHIS

What dost thou say? What is this silly riddle thou propoundest?

EVADNE

To yonder pyre where lies dead Capaneus, I will leap down

IPHIS

My daughter, speak not thus before the multitude!

EVADNE

The very thing I wish, that every Argive should learn it

IPHIS

Nay, I will ne'er consent to let thee do this deed

EVADNE

'Tis all one, thou shalt never catch me in thy grasp Lo' I cast me down, no joy to thee, but to myself and to my husband blazing on the pyre with me

*(She leaps into the pyre )*

CHORUS (*chanting*)

O lady, thou hast done a fearful deed!

IPHIS

Ah me! I am undone, ye dames of Argos!

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Alack, alack! a cruel blow is this to thee, but thou must yet witness, poor wretch, the full horror of this deed

IPHIS

A more unhappy wretch than me ye could not find

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Woe for thee, unhappy man! Thou, old sir, hast been made partaker in the fortune of Oedipus, thou and my poor city too

## IPHIS

Ah, why are mortal men denied this boon, to live their youth twice o'er, and twice in turn to reach old age? If aught goes wrong within our homes, we set it right by judgment more maturely formed, but our life we may not so correct. Now if we had a second spell of youth and age, this double term of life would let us then correct each previous slip. For I, seeing others blest with children, longed to have them too, and found my ruin in that wish. Whereas if I had had my present experience, and by a father's light had learnt how cruel a thing it is to be bereft of children, never should I have fallen on such evil days as these,—I who did beget a brave young son, proud parent that I was, and after all am now bereft of him. Enough of this. What remains for such a hapless wretch as me? Shall I to my home, there to see its utter desolation and the blank within my life? or shall I to the halls of that dead Capaneus?—halls I smiled to see in days gone by, when yet my daughter was alive. But she is lost and gone, she that would ever draw down my cheek to her lips, and take my head between her hands, for naught is there more sweet unto an aged sire than a daughter's love, our sons are made of sterner stuff, but less winning are their caresses. Oh! take me to my house at once, in darkness hide me there, to waste and fret this aged frame with fasting! What shall it avail me to touch my daughter's bones? Old age, resistless foe, how do I loathe thy presence! Them too I hate, whoso desire to lengthen out the span of life, seeking to turn the tide of death aside by philtres, drugs, and magic spells,—folk that death should take away to leave the young their place, when they no more can benefit the world.

(IPHIS *departs*. A procession enters from the direction of the pyre, led by the CHILDREN of the slain chieftains, who carry the ashes of their fathers in funeral urns. The following lines between the CHORUS and the CHILDREN are chanted responsively.)

## CHORUS

Woe, woe! Behold your dead sons' bones are brought hither, take them, servants of your weak old mistress, for in me is no strength left by reason of my mourning for my sons, time's comrade long have I been, and many a tear for many a sorrow have I shed. For what sharper pang wilt thou ever find for mortals than the sight of children dead?

## CHILDREN

Poor mother mine, behold I bring my father's bones gathered from the fire, a burden grief has rendered heavy, though this tiny urn contains my all.

## CHORUS

Ah me! ah me! Why bear thy tearful load to the fond mother of the dead, a handful of ashes in the stead of those who erst were men of mark in Mycenae?

## CHILDREN

Woe worth the hour! woe worth the day! Reft of my hapless sire, a wretched orphan shall I inherit a desolate house, torn from my father's arms

## CHORUS

Woe is thee! Where is now the toil I spent upon my sons? what thank have I for nightly watch? Where the mother's nursing care? the sleepless vigils mine eyes have kept? the loving kiss upon my children's brow?

## CHILDREN

Thy sons are dead and gone Poor mother! dead and gone, the boundless air now wraps them round

## CHORUS

Turned to ashes by the flame, they have winged their flight to Hades

## CHILDREN

Father, thou hearest thy children's lamentation, say, shall I e'er, as warrior dight, avenge thy slaughter?

## CHORUS

God grant it, O my child!

## CHILDREN

Some day, if god so will, shall the avenging of my father be my task, not yet this sorrow sleeps

## CHORUS

Alas! Fortune's sorrows are enough for me, I have enough of troubles now

## CHILDREN

Shall Asopus' laughing tide ever reflect my brazen arms as I lead on my Argive troops?

## CHORUS

To avenge thy fallen sire

## CHILDREN

Methinks I see thee still before my eyes, my father—

## CHORUS

Printing a loving kiss upon thy cheek

## CHILDREN

But thy words of exhortation are borne on the winds away

## CHORUS

Two mourners hath he left behind, thy mother and thee, bequeathing to thee an endless legacy of grief for thy father

## CHILDREN

The weight of grief I have to bear hath crushed me utterly

## CHORUS

Come, let me clasp the ashes of my son to my bosom

## CHILDREN

I weep to hear that piteous word, it stabs me to the heart

## CHORUS

My child, thou art undone, no more shall I behold thee, thy own fond mother's treasure

## THESEUS

Adrastus, and ye dames from Argos sprung, ye see these children bearing in their hands the bodies of their valiant sires whom I redeemed, to thee I give these gifts, I and Athens And ye must bear in mind the memory of this favour, marking well the treatment ye have had of me And to these children I repeat the self-same words, that they may honour this city, to children's children ever handing on the kindness ye received from us Be Zeus the witness, with the gods in heaven, of the treatment we vouchsafed you ere you left us

## ADRASTUS

Theseus, well we know all the kindness thou hast conferred upon the land of Argos in her need, and ours shall be a gratitude that never waxeth old, for your generous treatment makes us debtors for a like return

## THESEUS

What yet remains, wherein I can serve you?

## ADRASTUS

Fare thee well, for such is thy desert and such thy city's too

## THESEUS

Even so Mayst thou too have the self-same fortune!

(*ATHENA appears from above*)

## ATHENA

Hearken, Theseus, to the words that I Athena utter, telling thee thy duty, which, if thou perform it, will serve thy city Give not these bones to the children to carry to the land of Argos, letting them go so lightly, nay, take first an oath of them that they will requite thee and thy city for your efforts This oath must Adrastus swear, for as their king it is his right to take the oath for the whole realm of Argos And this shall be the form thereof "We Argives swear we never will against this land lead on our mail-clad troops to war, and, if others come, we will repel them " But if they violate their oath and come against the city, pray that the land of Argos may be miserably destroyed Now hearken while I tell thee where thou must slay the victims Thou hast within thy halls a tripod with brazen feet, which Heracles, in days gone by, after he had o'erthrown the foundations of Ilium and was starting on another enterprise, enjoined thee to set up at the Pythian shrine O'er it cut the throats of three sheep, then grave within the tripod's hollow belly the oath, this done, deliver it to the god who watches over Delphi to keep, a witness and memorial unto Hellas of the oath And bury the sharp-edged knife, wherewith thou shalt have laid the victims open and shed their blood, deep in the bowels of the earth, hard by the pyres where the seven chieftains burn, for its appearance shall strike them with dismay, if e'er against thy town they come, and shall cause them to return with sorrow When thou hast done all this, dismiss the dead from thy land And to the god resign as sacred land the spot where their bodies were purified by fire, there by the meeting of the triple roads that lead unto the Isthmus Thus much to thee, Theseus, I address, next to the sons of Argos I speak, when ye are grown to men's estate, the town beside Ismenus shall ye sack, avenging the slaughter of your dead sires, thou too, Aegialeus, shalt take thy father's place and in thy youth command the host, and with thee Tydeus' son marching from Aetolia,—him whom his father named Diomedes Soon as the beards your cheeks o'ershadow must ye lead an armed Danaid host against the battlements of Thebes with sevenfold gates For to their sorrow shall ye come like lion's whelps in full-grown might to sack their city No otherwise is it to be, and ye shall be a theme for minstrels' songs in days to come, known through Hellas as "the After-born", so famous shall your expedition be, thanks to Heaven

## THESEUS

Queen Athena, I will hearken to thy bidding, for thou it is dost set me up, so that I go not astray And I will bind this monarch by an oath, do



thou but guide my steps aright For if thou art friendly to our state, we  
shall henceforth live secure

(ATHENA *vanishes* )

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Let us go, Adrastus, and take the oath to this monarch and his  
state, for the service they have already done us claims our reverence

#### NOTES FOR THE SUPPLIANTS

THE translation of Coleridge has been slightly modified in the following lines 178, 237, 430, 521, 577, 612, 632, 708, 719, 748, 791, 932, 1005, 1032, 1048, 1053, 1087, 1149, 1234

1 The first portion of this speech calls to mind Prometheus' account of his benefits to man in Aeschylus *Prometheus Bound*, as well as Sophocles' famous chorus on man in the *Antigone*

2 Some words seem to have been lost at the beginning of this choral ode

3 This refers to the monster Phaea, which infested the neighbourhood of Corinth

4 This passage may be compared with Plato's description of tyranny and the tyrant in the *Republic*, Books VIII and IX

5 *i.e.*, Amphiaraus



VIII  
THE TROJAN WOMEN

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

THE GOD POSEIDON

THE GODDESS PALLAS ATHENA

HECUBA, *Queen of Troy, wife of Priam, mother of Hector and Paris*

CASSANDRA, *daughter of Hecuba, a prophetess*

ANDROMACHE, *wife of Hector, Prince of Troy*

HELEN, *wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, carried off by Paris, Prince of Troy*

TALITHYBIUS, *Herald of the Greeks*

MENELAUS, *King of Sparta, and, together with his brother Agamemnon, General of the Greeks*

SOLDIERS ATTENDANT ON TALITHYBIUS AND MENELAUS

CHORUS OF CAPTIVE TROJAN WOMEN, YOUNG AND OLD, MAIDEN AND MARRIED

## INTRODUCTION

WHEN any one reads the plays of Euripides in their chronological order, insofar as it can be known, he becomes aware that the poet's thought is increasingly marked by a pervading sense of disillusionment. One can feel a firmness of grasp in the *Hippolytus* or the *Medea* which is apparently not present in the later plays. Certainly in *The Trojan Women* we do not even have a counterpart to Euripides' underlying optimism and confidence in Athens and her institutions which distinguish both *The Heracleidae* and *The Suppliants*. On the contrary we feel that the poet has become a man whose faith is failing him and yet one who believed that faith in some form must be maintained.

In a very fundamental sense *The Trojan Women* seems to reflect Euripides' reaction to a shattered ideal. The play, produced in the spring of 415 B.C., followed closely upon the siege and capture of the island of Melos by the Athenians. In a spirit of cold-blooded and brutal imperialism, Athens had taken the island, massacred the adult male population, and sold the women and children as slaves. Melos' only crime had been that she wished to remain neutral. The whole episode is treated brilliantly by Thucydides, who is unmitigated in his condemnation of the crime. It is not surprising therefore that Euripides' illusion of a great and just democratic Athens crumbled into nothing. Even at the very moment when the play appeared, the same military faction which had determined upon the action against Melos was still in power and was gathering its forces to embark upon the ill-fated expedition against Sicily.

*The Trojan Women* perhaps from the point of view of structure is not strictly speaking a play, but rather is a tragic pageant which presents one facet of that far greater tragedy, war itself. Inspired by the Melian incident, Euripides centres his attention upon what happens to the women and the children of the conquered, and how the conquerors, having gained their most desired end, inevitably are led to transgress the will of Heaven. The story of Troy immediately after its fall provides the poet with the medium through which he can express his ideas. He places before us one after another of the captive women in a series of harrowing scenes, the tension of which is lifted periodically by relieving choral odes. Practi-

cally without rival for sheer pathos at its best is the scene in which Talthibius, the Greek herald, takes from Andromache her son Astyanax. On the basis of this and similar passages, it has been argued, though not convincingly, that Euripides in his effort to produce pathos has overstepped the limits set by true tragedy.

The emotional strain of the whole play perhaps would be intolerable, were it not for the fact that there is in these women, though utterly desolated, inspiring courage and the capacity to endure whatever may follow. It is in this way that Euripides has expressed his ultimate belief in man's dignity and worth and strength. For example, we know from his portrayal of Andromache that she will live, and on some terms will live greatly, even though now she regards death as the highest of goods. The delineation of Hecuba likewise reveals man's seemingly limitless ability to bear suffering. But the play as a whole is most impressive as an indictment against war. When the poet juxtaposes the conquered, in the persons of these women, and the conqueror, in the person of Menelaus, who, though he has regained Helen, finds that he has won nothing, we have a situation which proclaims in powerful accents the cruelty, folly, and futility of war. European literature can boast a no more potent document on this theme than *The Trojan Women*.

## THE TROJAN WOMEN

*(The scene represents a battlefield, a few days after the battle. At the back are the walls of Troy, partially ruined. In front of them, to right and left, are some huts, containing those of the Captive Women who have been specially set apart for the chief Greek leaders. At one side some dead bodies of armed men are visible. In front a tall woman with white hair is lying on the ground asleep.)*

*It is the dusk of early dawn, before sunrise. The figure of the god POSEIDON is dimly seen before the walls.)*

### POSEIDON

UP FROM Aegean caverns, pool by pool  
Of blue salt sea, where feet most beautiful  
Of Nereid maidens weave beneath the foam  
Their long sea-dances, I, their lord, am come,  
Poseidon of the Sea 'Twas I whose power,  
With great Apollo, builded tower by tower  
These walls of Troy, and still my care doth stand  
True to the ancient People of my hand,  
Which now as smoke is perished, in the shock  
Of Argive spears. Down from Parnassus' rock  
The Greek Epeios came, of Phocian seed,  
And wrought by Pallas' mysteries a Steed  
Marvellous, big with arms, and through my wall  
It passed, a death-fraught image magical

The groves are empty and the sanctuaries  
Run red with blood. Unburied Priam lies  
By his own hearth, on God's high altar-stair,  
And Phrygian gold goes forth and raiment rare  
To the Argive ships, and weary soldiers roam  
Waiting the wind that blows at last for home,  
For wives and children, left long years away,  
Beyond the seed's tenth fullness and decay,



To work this land's undoing

And for me,  
 Since Argive Hera conquereth, and she  
 Who wrought with Hera to the Phrygians' woe,  
 Pallas, behold, I bow mine head and go  
 Forth from great Ilion and mine altars old  
 When a still city lieth in the hold  
 Of Desolation, all God's spirit there  
 Is sick and turns from worship —Hearken where  
 The ancient River waileth with a voice  
 Of many women, portioned by the choice  
 Of war amid new lords, as the lots leap  
 For Thessaly, or Argos, or the steep  
 Of Theseus' Rock And others yet there are,  
 High women, chosen from the waste of war  
 For the great kings, behind these portals hid,  
 And with them that Laconian Tyndarid,  
 Helen, like them a prisoner and a prize

And this unhappy one—would any eyes  
 Gaze now on Hecuba? Here at the Gates  
 She lies 'mid many tears for many fates  
 Of wrong One child beside Achilles grave  
 In secret slain, Polyxena the brave,  
 Lies bleeding Priam and his sons are gone,  
 And, lo, Cassandra, she the Chosen One,  
Whom Lord Apollo spared to walk her way  
A swift and virgin spirit, on this day  
Lust hath her, and she goeth garlanded  
A bride of wrath to Agamemnon's bed  
*(He turns to go, and another divine Presence becomes visible  
 in the dusk It is the goddess PALLAS ATHENA )*

O happy long ago, farewell, farewell,  
 Ye shining towers and mine old citadel,  
 Broken by Pallas, Child of God, or still  
 Thy roots had held thee true

PALLAS

Is it the will  
 Of God's high Brother, to whose hand is given  
 Great power of old, and worship of all Heaven,  
 To suffer speech from one whose enmities  
 This day are cast aside?

POSEIDON

HIS will it is  
Kindred and long companionship withal,  
Most high Athena, are things magical

PALLAS

Blest be thy gentle mood!—Methinks I see  
A road of comfort here, for thee and me

POSEIDON

Thou hast some counsel of the Gods, or word  
Spoken of Zeus? Or is it tidings heard  
From some far Spirit?

PALLAS

For this Ilion's sake,  
Whereon we tread, I seek thee, and would make  
My hand as thine

POSEIDON

Hath that old hate and deep  
Failed, where she lieth in her ashen sleep?  
Thou pitiest her?

PALLAS

Speak first, wilt thou be one  
In heart with me and hand till all be done?

POSEIDON

Yea, but lay bare thy heart For this land's sake  
Thou comest, not for Hellas?

PALLAS

I would make  
Mine ancient enemies laugh for joy and bring  
On these Greek ships a bitter homecoming

POSEIDON

Swift is thy spirit's path, and strange withal,  
And hot thy love and hate, where'er they fall

PALLAS

A deadly wrong they did me, yea within  
Mine holy place thou knowest?

POSEIDON

I know the sin  
Of Ajax, when he cast Cassandra down <sup>1</sup>

PALLAS

And no man rose and smote him, not a frown  
Nor word from all the Greeks!

POSEIDON

And 'twas thine hand  
That gave them Troy!

PALLAS

Therefore with thee I stand  
To smite them

POSEIDON

All thou cravest, even now  
Is ready in mine heart What seekest thou?

PALLAS

An homecoming that striveth ever more  
And cometh to no home

POSEIDON

Here on the shore  
Wouldst hold them or amid mine own salt foam?

PALLAS

When the last ship hath bared her sail for home!  
Zeus shall send rain, long rain and flaw of driven  
Hail, and a whirling darkness blown from heaven,  
To me his levin-light he promiseth  
O'er ships and men, for scourging and hot death  
Do thou make wild the roads of the sea, and steep  
With war of waves and yawning of the deep,  
Till dead men choke Euboea's curling bay  
So Greece shall dread even in an after day  
My house, nor scorn the Watchers of strange lands!

POSEIDON

I give thy boon unbartered These mine hands  
Shall stir the waste Aegean, reefs that cross  
The Delian pathways, jag-torn Myconos,  
Scyros and Lemnos, yea, and storm-driven  
Caphereus with the bones of drownèd men

Shall glut him — Go thy ways, and bid the Sire  
Yield to thine hand the arrows of his fire  
Then wait thine hour, when the last ship shall wind  
Her cable coil for home!

(*Exit PALLAS*)

How are ye blind,  
Ye treaders down of cities, ye that cast  
Temples to desolation, and lay waste  
Tombs, the untrodden sanctuaries where lie  
The ancient dead, yourselves so soon to die!

(*Exit POSEIDON*)

(*The day slowly dawns HECUBA wakes*)

HECUBA (*chanting*)

Up from the earth, O weary head!  
This is not Troy, about, above—  
Not Troy, nor we the lords thereof  
Thou breaking neck, be strengthened!

Endure and chafe not The winds rave  
And falter Down the world's wide road,  
Float, float where streams the breath of God,  
Nor turn thy prow to breast the wave

Ah woe! For what woe lacketh here?  
My children lost, my land, my lord  
O thou great wealth of glory, stored  
Of old in Ilium, year by year

We watched and wert thou nothingness?  
What is there that I fear to say?  
And yet, what help? Ah, well-a-day,  
This ache of lying, comfortless

And haunted! Ah, my side, my brow  
And temples! All with changeful pain  
My body rocketh, and would fain  
Move to the tune of tears that flow  
For tears are music too, and keep  
A song unheard in hearts that weep

(*She rises and gazes towards the Greek ships far off on the shore*)

O ships, O crowding faces  
Of ships, O hurrying beat  
Of oars as of crawling feet,  
How found ye our holy places?  
Threading the narrows through,  
Out from the gulfs of the Greek,  
Out to the clear dark blue,  
With hate ye came and with joy,  
And the noise of your music flew,  
Clarion and pipe did shriek,  
As the coiled cords ye threw,  
Held in the heart of Troy<sup>1</sup>

What sought ye then that ye came?  
A woman, a thing abhorred  
A King's wife that her lord  
Hateth and Castor's shame  
Is hot for her sake, and the reeds  
Of old Eurotas stir  
With the noise of the name of her  
She slew mine ancient King,  
The Sower of fifty Seeds,  
And cast forth mine and me,  
As shipwrecked men, that cling  
To a reef in an empty sea

Who am I that I sit  
Here at a Greek king's door,  
Yea, in the dust of it?  
A slave that men drive before,  
A woman that hath no home,  
Weeping alone for her dead,  
A low and bruised head,  
And the glory struck therefrom  
(*She starts up from her solitary brooding, and calls to the  
other Trojan Women in the huts*)

O Mothers of the Brazen Spear,  
And maidens, maidens, brides of shame,  
Troy is a smoke, a dying flame,  
Together we will weep for her  
I call ye as a wide-wing'd bird  
Calleth the children of her fold,

To cry, ah, not the cry men heard  
 In Ilion, not the songs of old,  
 That echoed when my hand was true  
     On Priam's sceptre, and my feet  
     Touched on the stone one signal beat,  
 And out the Dardan music rolled,  
 And Troy's great Gods gave ear thereto  
*(The door of one of the huts on the right opens, and the  
 Women steal out severally, startled and afraid)*

## FIRST WOMAN

strophe 1

How say'st thou? Whither moves thy cry,  
 Thy bitter cry? Behind our door  
 We heard thy heavy heart outpour  
 Its sorrow and there shivered by  
     Fear and a quick sob shaken  
 From prisoned hearts that shall be free no more!

## HECUBA

Child, 'tis the ships that stir upon the shore

## SECOND WOMAN

The ships, the ships awaken!

## THIRD WOMAN

Dear God, what would they? Overseas  
 Bear me afar to strange cities?

## HECUBA

Nay, child, I know not Dreams are these,  
 Fears of the hope-forsaken

## FIRST WOMAN

Awake, O daughters of affliction, wake  
 And learn your lots! Even now the Argives break  
     Their camp for sailing!

## HECUBA

Ah, not Cassandra! Wake not her  
 Whom God hath maddened, lest the foe  
 Mock at her dreaming Leave me clear  
     From that one edge of woe  
 O Troy, my Troy, thou diest here  
 Most lonely, and most lonely we

The living wander forth from thee,  
 And the dead leave thee wailing!  
*(One of the huts on the left is now open, and the rest of the  
 CHORUS come out severally Their number eventually  
 amounts to fifteen )*

## FOURTH WOMAN

*antistrophe 1*

Out of the tent of the Greek king  
 I steal, my Queen, with trembling breath  
 What means thy call? Not death, not death!  
 They would not slay so low a thing!

## FIFTH WOMAN

O, 'tis the ship-folk crying  
 To deck the galleys and we part, we part!

## HECUBA

Nay, daughter take the morning to thine heart

## FIFTH WOMAN

My heart with dread is dying!

## SIXTH WOMAN

An herald from the Greek hath come!

## FIFTH WOMAN

How have they cast me, and to whom  
 A bondmaid?

## HECUBA

Peace, child wait thy doom  
 Our lots are near the trying

## FOURTH WOMAN

Argos, belike, or Phthia shall it be,  
 Or some lone island of the tossing sea,  
 Far, far from Troy?

## HECUBA

And I the aged, where go I,  
 A winter-frozen bee, a slave  
 Death-shapen, as the stones that lie  
 Hewn on a dead man's grave  
 The children of mine enemy  
 To foster, or keep watch before

The threshold of a master's door,  
I that was Queen in Troy!

A WOMAN TO ANOTHER

*strophe 2*

And thou, what tears can tell thy doom?

THE OTHER

The shuttle still shall flit and change  
Beneath my fingers, but the loom,  
Sister, be strange

ANOTHER (*wildly*)

I look, my dead child! My child, my love,  
The last look

ANOTHER

Oh, there cometh worse  
A Greek's bed in the dark

ANOTHER

God curse  
That night and all the powers thereof!

ANOTHER

Or pitchers to and fro to bear  
To some Prene on the hill,  
Where the proud water craveth still  
Its broken-hearted minister

ANOTHER

God guide me yet to Theseus' land,  
The gentle land, the famed afar

ANOTHER

But not the hungry foam—Ah, never!—  
Of fierce Eurotas, Helen's river,  
To bow to Menelaus' hand,  
That wasted Troy with war!

A WOMAN

*antistrophe 2*

They told us of a land high-born,  
Where glimmers round Olympus' roots  
A lordly river, red with corn  
And burdened fruits



## ANOTHER

Aye, that were next in my desire  
To Athens, where good spirits dwell

## ANOTHER

Or Aetna's breast, the deeps of fire  
That front the Tyrian's Citadel  
First mother, she, of Sicily  
And mighty mountains' fame hath told  
Their crowns of goodness manifold

## ANOTHER

And, close beyond the narrowing sea,  
A sister land, where float enchanted  
Ionian summits, wave on wave,  
And Crathis of the burning tresses  
Makes red the happy vale, and blesses  
With gold of fountains spirit-haunted  
Homes of true men and brave!

## LEADER

But lo, who cometh and his lips  
Grave with the weight of dooms unknown  
A Herald from the Grecian ships  
Swift comes he, hot-foot to be done  
And finished Ah, what bringeth he  
Of news or judgment? Slaves are we,  
Spoils that the Greek hath won!

(TALTHYBIUS, followed by some Soldiers, enters from the left)

## TALTHYBIUS

Thou know'st me, Hecuba Often have I crossed  
Thy plain with tidings from the Hellene host  
Tis I, Talthybius Nay, of ancient use  
Thou know'st me And I come to bear thee news

## HECUBA

Ah me, 'tis here, 'tis here,  
Women of Troy, our long embosomed fear!

## TALTHYBIUS

The lots are cast, if that it was ye feared

HECUBA

What lord, what land                    Ah me,  
Phthia or Thebes, or sea-worn Thessaly?

TALTHYBIUS

Each hath her own    Ye go not in one herd

HECUBA

Say then what lot hath any? What of joy  
Falls, or can fall, on any child of Troy?

TALTHYBIUS

I know    but make thy question severaliy

HLCUBA

My stricken one must be  
Still first    Say how Cassandra's portion lies

TALTHYBIUS

Chosen from all for Agamemnon's prize'

HECUBA

How, for his Spartan bride  
A tirewoman? For Helen's sister's pride?

TALTHYBIUS

Nay, nay    a bride herself, for the King's bed

HECUBA

The sainted of Apollo? And her own  
Prize that God promised  
Out of the golden clouds, her virgin crown?

TALTHYBIUS

He loved her for that same strange holmess

HLCUBA

Daughter, away, away  
Cast all away,  
The haunted Keys,- the lonely stole's array  
That kept thy body like a sacred place'

TALTHYBIUS

Is't not rare fortune that the King hath smiled  
On such a maid?

HECUBA

What of that other child  
Ye reft from me but now?

TALTHYBIUS (*speaking with some constraint*)  
Polyxena? Or what child meanest thou?

HECUBA

The same What man now hath her, or what doom?

TALTHYBIUS

She rests apart, to watch Achilles' tomb

HECUBA

To watch a tomb? My daughter? What is this?  
Speak, Friend? What fashion of the laws of Greece?

TALTHYBIUS

Count thy maid happy! She hath naught of ill  
To fear

HECUBA

What meanest thou? She liveth still?

TALTHYBIUS

I mean, she hath one toil that holds her free  
From all toil else

HECUBA

What of Andromache,  
Wife of mine iron-hearted Hector, where  
Journeyeth she?

TALTHYBIUS

Pyrrhus, Achilles' son, hath taken her

HECUBA

And I, whose slave am I,  
The shaken head, the arm that creepeth by,  
Staff-crutchèd, like to fall?

TALTHYBIUS

Odysseus, Ithaca's king, hath thee for thrall

HECUBA

Beat, beat the crownless head  
Rend the cheek till the tears run red!

A lying man and a pitiless  
 Shall be lord of me, a heart full-flown  
 With scorn of righteousness  
 O heart of a beast where law is none,  
 Where all things change so that lust be fed,  
 The oath and the deed, the right and the wrong,  
 Even the hate of the forkèd tongue  
 Even the hate turns and is cold,  
 False as the love that was false of old!

O Women of Troy, weep for me!  
 Yea, I am gone I am gone my ways  
 Mine is the crown of misery,  
 The bitterest day of all our days

## LEADER

Thy fate thou knowest, Queen but I know not  
 What lord of South or North has won my lot

## TALTHYBIUS

Go, seek Cassandra, men! Make your best speed,  
 That I may leave her with the King, and lead  
 These others to their divers lords . Ha, there!  
 What means that sudden light? Is it the flare  
 Of torches?

*(Light is seen shining through the crevices of the second hut on  
 the right He moves towards it )*

Would they fire their prison rooms,  
 Or how, these women?—Yes, 'fore God, the dooms  
 Are known, and now they burn themselves and die  
 Rather than sail with us! How savagely  
 In days like these a free neck chafes beneath  
 Its burden! Open! Open quick! Such death  
 Were bliss to them, it may be but 'twill bring  
 Much wrath, and leave me shamed before the King!

## HECUBA

There is no fire, no peril 'tis my child,  
 Cassandra, by the breath of God made wild  
*(The door opens from within and CASSANDRA enters, white-  
 robed and wreathed like a Priestess, a great torch in her  
 hand She is singing softly to herself and does not see the  
 Herald or the scene before her )*

## CASSANDRA

*strophe*

Lift, lift it high  
 Give it to mine hand!  
 Lo, I bear a flame  
 Unto God! I praise his name  
 I light with a burning brand  
 This sanctuary  
 Blessèd is he that shall wed,  
 And blessèd, blessèd am I  
 In Argos a bride to lie  
 With a king in a king's bed

Hail, O Hymen red,  
 O Torch that makest one!  
 Weepst thou, Mother mine own?  
 Surely thy cheek is pale  
 With tears, tears that wail  
 For a land and a father dead  
 But I go garlanded  
 I am the Bride of Desire  
 Therefore my torch is borne—  
 Lo, the lifting of morn,  
 Lo, the leaping of fire!—

For thee, O Hymen bright,  
 For thee, O Moon of the Deep,  
 So Law hath charged, for the light  
 Of a maid's last sleep

*antistrophe*

Awake, O my feet, awake  
 Our father's hope is won!  
 Dance as the dancing skies  
 Over him, where he lies  
 Happy beneath the sun!  
 Lo, the Ring that I make  
 (She makes a circle round her with a torch, and visions  
 appear to her)  
 Apollo! Ah, is it thou?  
 O shrine in the laurels cold,  
 I bear thee still, as of old,  
 Mine incense! Be near to me now  
 (She waves the torch as though bearing incense)

O Hymen, Hymen fleet  
Quick torch that makest one!  
How? Am I still alone?  
Laugh as I laugh, and twine  
In the dance, O Mother mine  
Dear feet, be near my feet!

Come, greet ye Hymen, greet  
Hymen with songs of pride  
Sing to him loud and long,  
Cry, cry, when the song  
Faieth, for joy of the bride!

O Damsels girt in the gold  
Of Ilion, cry, cry ye,  
For him that is doomed of old  
To be lord of me!

## LEADER

O hold the damsel, lest her trancèd feet  
Lift her afar, Queen, toward the Hellene fleet!

## HECUBA

O Fire, Fire, where men make marriages  
Surely thou hast thy lot, but what are these  
Thou bringest flashing? Torches savage-wild  
And far from mine old dreams —Alas, my child,  
How little dreamed I then of wars or red  
Spears of the Greek to lay thy bridal bed!  
Give me thy brand, it hath no holy blaze  
Thus in thy frenzy flung Nor all thy days  
Nor all thy griefs have changed them yet, nor learned  
Wisdom —Ye women, bear the pine half burned  
To the chamber back, and let your drownèd eyes  
Answer the music of these bridal cries!  
(*She takes the torch and gives it to one of the women*)

## CASSANDRA

O Mother, fill mine hair with happy flowers,  
And speed me forth Yea, if my spirit cowers,  
Drive me with wrath! So liveth Loxias,  
A bloodier bride than ever Helen was  
Go I to Agamemnon, Lord most high  
Of Hellas! ' I shall kill him, mother I

Shall kill him, and lay waste his house with fire  
 As he laid ours. My brethren and my sire  
 Shall win again

(*Checking herself*) But part I must let be,  
 And speak not Not the axe that craveth me,  
 And more than me, not the dark wanderings  
 Of mother-murder that my bridal brings,  
 And all the House of Atreus down, down, down

Nay, I will show thee Even now this town  
 Is happier than the Greeks I know the power  
 Of God is on me but this little hour,  
 Wilt thou but listen, I will hold him back!

One love, one woman's beauty, o'er the track  
 Of hunted Helen, made their myriads fall  
 And this their King so wise, who ruleth all,  
 What wrought he? Cast out Love that Hate might feed  
 Gave to his brother his own child, his seed  
 Of gladness, that a woman fled, and fain  
 To fly for ever, should be turned again!

So the days waned, and armies on the shore  
 Of Simois stood and strove and died Wherefore?  
 No man had moved their landmarks, none had shook  
 Their walled towns—And they whom Ares took,  
 Had never seen their children no wife came  
 With gentle arms to shroud the limbs of them  
 For burial, in a strange and angry earth  
 Laid dead And there at home, the same long dearth!  
 Women that lonely died, and aged men  
 Waiting for sons that ne'er should turn again,  
 Nor know their graves, nor pour drink-offerings,  
 To still the unslakèd dust These be the things  
 The conquering Greek hath won!

But we—what pride,  
 What praise of men were sweeter?—fighting died  
 To save our people And when war was red  
 Around us, friends upbore the gentle dead  
 Home, and dear women's hands about them wound  
 White shrouds, and here they sleep in the old ground  
 Belovèd And the rest long days fought on,  
 Dwelling with wives and children, not alone  
 And joyless, like these Greeks

And Hector's woe,

What is it? He is gone, and all men know  
 His glory, and how true a heart he bore  
 It is the gift the Greek hath brought! Of yore  
 Men saw him not, nor knew him Yea, and even  
 Paris hath loved withal a child of heaven  
 Else had his love but been as others are

Would ye be wise, ye Cities, fly from war!  
 Yet if war come, there is a crown in death  
 For her that striveth well and perisheth  
 Unstained to die in evil were the stain!  
 Therefore, O Mother, pity not thy slain,  
 Nor Troy, nor me, the bride Thy direst foe  
 And mine by this my wooing is brought low

## TALTHYBIUS

*(at last breaking through the spell that has held him)*

I swear, had not Apollo made thee mad,  
 Not lightly hadst thou flung this shower of bad  
 Bodings, to speed my General o'er the seas!

'Fore God, the wisdoms and the greatnesses  
 Of seeming, are they hollow all, as things  
 Of naught? This son of Atreus, of all kings  
 Most mighty, hath so bowed him to the love  
 Of this mad maid, and chooseth her above  
 All women! By the Gods, rude though I be,  
 I would not touch her hand!

Look thou, I see  
 Thy lips are blind, and whatso words they speak,  
 Praises of Troy or shamings of the Greek,  
 I cast to the four winds! Walk at my side  
 In peace! And heaven content him of his bride!  
*(He moves as though to go, but turns to HECUBA, and speaks more gently)*

And thou shalt follow to Odysseus' host  
 When the word comes 'Tis a wise queen thou go'st  
 To serve, and gentle so the Ithacans say

## CASSANDRA

*(seeing for the first time the Herald and all the scene)*

How fierce a slave! O Heralds, Heralds! Yea,  
 Voices of Death, and mists are over them  
 Of dead men's anguish, like a diadem,  
 These weak abhorred things that serve the hate



Of kings and peoples!

To Odysseus' gate

My mother goeth, say'st thou? Is God's word

As taught, to me in silence ministered,

That in this place she dies? (*To herself*) No more, no more!

Why should I speak the shame of them, before

They come? Little he knows, that hard-beset

Spirit, what deeps of woe await him yet,

Till all these tears of ours and harrowings

Of Troy, by his, shall be as golden things

Ten years behind ten years athwart his way

Waiting and home, lost and unfriended

Nay

Why should Odysseus' labours vex my breath?

On, hasten, guide me to the house of Death,

To lie beside my bridegroom!

Thou Greek King,

Who deem'st thy fortune now so high a thing,

Thou dust of the earth, a lowlier bed I see,

In darkness, not in light, awaiting thee

And with thee, with thee there, where yawneth plain

A rift of the hills, raging with winter rain,

Dead and outcast and naked It is I

Beside my bridegroom and the wild beasts cry,

And ravin on God's chosen!

(*She clasps her hands to her brow and feels the wreaths*)

O, ye wreaths!

Ye garlands of my God, whose love yet breathes

About me, shapes of joyance mystical,

Begone! I have forgot the festival,

Forgot the joy Begone! I tear ye, so,

From off me! Out on the swift winds they go

With flesh still clean I give them back to thee,

Still white, O God, O light that leadest me!

(*Turning upon the Herald*)

Where lies the galley? Whither shall I tread?

See that your watch be set, your sail be spread

The wind comes quick! Three Powers<sup>4</sup>—mark me, thou!—

There be of Hell, and one walks with thee now!

Mother, farewell, and weep not! O my sweet

City, my earth-clad brethren, and thou great

Sire that begat us, but a little now,  
 And I am with you yea, with shining brow  
 I come, ye Dead, and shining from the fall  
 Of Atreus' House, the House that wrecked us all!  
*(She goes out, followed by TALTHYBIUS and the Soldiers,  
 HECUBA, after waiting for an instant motionless, falls to  
 the ground )*

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

The Queen, ye Watchers! See, she falls, she falls,  
 Rigid without a word! O sorry thralls,  
 Too late! And will ye leave her downstricken,  
 A woman, and so old? Raise her again!  
*(Same women go to HECUBA, but she refuses their aid and  
 speaks without rising )*

## HECUBA

Let lie the love we seek not is no love  
 This ruined body! Is the fall thereof  
 Too deep for all that now is over me  
 Of anguish, and hath been, and yet shall be?  
 Ye Gods Alas! Why call on things so weak  
 For aid? Yet there is something that doth seek,  
 Crying, for God, when one of us hath woe  
 O, I will think of things gone long ago  
 And weave them to a song, like one more tear  
 In the heart of misery All kings we were,  
 And I must wed a king And sons I brought  
 My lord King, many sons nay, that were naught,  
 But high strong princes, of all Troy the best  
 Hellas nor Troas nor the garnered East  
 Held such a mother! And all these things beneath  
 The Argive spear I saw cast down in death,  
 And shore these tresses at the dead men's feet  
 Yea, and the gardener of my garden great,  
 It was not any noise of him nor tale  
 I wept for, these eyes saw him, when the pale  
 Was broke, and there at the altar Priam fell  
 Murdered, and round him all his citadel  
 Sacked And my daughters, virgins of the fold,  
 Meet to be brides of mighty kings, behold,  
 'Twas for the Greek I bred them! All are gone,  
 And no hope left, that I shall look upon  
 Their faces any more, nor they on mine

And now my feet tread on the utmost line  
 An old, old slave-woman, I pass below  
 Mine enemies' gates, and whatso task they know  
 For this age basest, shall be mine, the door,  
 Bowing, to shut and open I that bore  
 Hector! and meal to grind, and this racked head  
 Bend to the stones after a royal bed,  
 Torn rags about me, aye, and under them  
 Torn flesh, 'twill make a woman sick for shame!  
 Woe's me, and all that one man's arms might hold  
 One woman, what long seas have o'er me rolled  
 And roll for ever! O my child, whose white  
 Soul laughed amid the laughter of God's light,  
 Cassandra, what hands and how strange a day  
 Have loosed thy zone! And thou, Polyxena,  
 Where art thou? And my sons? Not any seed  
 Of man nor woman now shall help my need  
 Why raise me any more? What hope have I  
 To hold me? Take this slave that once trod high  
 In Ilion, cast her on her bed of clay  
 Rock-pillowed, to lie down, and pass away  
 Wasted with tears And whatso man they call  
 Happy, believe not ere the last day fall! "

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophic*

O Muse, be near me now, and make  
 A strange song for Ilion's sake,  
 Till a tone of tears be about mine ears  
 And out of my lips a music break  
 For Troy, Troy, and the end of the years  
 When the wheels of the Greek above me pressed,  
 And the mighty horse-hoofs beat my breast,  
 And all around were the Argive spears  
 A towering Steed of golden rein—  
 O gold without, dark steel within!—  
 Ramped in our gates, and all the plain  
 Lay silent where the Greeks had been  
 And a cry broke from all the folk  
 Gathered above on Ilion's rock  
 "Up, up, O fear is over now!  
 To Pallas, who hath saved us living,  
 To Pallas bear this victory-vow!"

Then rose the old man from his room,  
 The merry damsel left her loom,  
 And each bound death about his brow  
 With minstrelsy and high thanksgiving!

*antistrophe*

O, swift were all in Troy that day,  
 And girt them to the portal-way,  
 Marvelling at that mountain Thing  
 Smooth-carven, where the Argives lay,  
 And wrath, and Ilion's vanquishing  
 Meet gift for her that spareth not,  
 Heaven's yokeless Rider <sup>o</sup> Up they brought  
 Through the steep gates her offering  
 Like some dark ship that climbs the shore  
 On straining cables, up, where stood  
 Her marble throne, her hallowed floor,  
 Who lusted for her people's blood

A very weariness of joy  
 Fell with the evening over Troy  
 And lutes of Afric mingled there  
 With Phrygian songs and many a maiden.  
 With white feet glancing light as air,  
 Made happy music through the gloom  
 And fires on many an inward room  
 All night broad-flashing, flung their glare  
 On laughing eyes and slumber-laden

A MAIDEN

I was among the dancers there  
 To Artemis, and gloriing sang  
 Her of the Hills, the Maid most fair,  
 Daughter of Zeus and, lo, there rang  
 A shout out of the dark, and fell  
 Deathlike from street to street, and made  
 A silence in the citadel  
 And a child cried, as if afraid,  
 And hid him in his mother's veil  
 Then stalked the Slayer from his den,  
 The hand of Pallas served her well!  
 O blood, blood of Troy was deep  
 About the streets and altars then  
 And in the wedded rooms of sleep,

Lo, the desolate dark alone,  
And headless things, men stumbled on

And forth, lo, the women go,  
The crown of War, the crown of Woe,  
To bear the children of the foe  
And weep, weep, for Ilion!

*(As the song ceases a chariot is seen approaching from the town, laden with spoils. On it sits a mourning Woman with a child in her arms.)*

## LEADER

Lo, yonder on the heapèd crest  
Of a Greek wain, Andromache,  
As one that o'er an unknown sea  
Tosseth, and on her wave-borne breast  
Her loved one clingeth, Hector's child,  
Astyanax O most forlorn  
Of women, whither go'st thou, borne  
'Mid Hector's bronzen arms, and piled  
Spoils of the dead, and pageantry  
Of them that hunted Ilion down?  
Aye, richly thy new lord shall crown  
The mountain shrines of Thessaly!

## ANDROMACHE

*strophe 1*

Forth to the Greek I go,  
Driven as a beast is driven ?

## HECUBA

Woe, woe!

## ANDROMACHE

Nay, mine is woe  
Woe to none other given,  
And the song and the crown therefor!

## HECUBA

O Zeus!

## ANDROMACHE

He hates thee sore!

HECUBA

Children!

ANDROMACHE

No more, no more  
To aid thee their strife is striven!

HECUBA

*antistrophe 1*

Troy, Troy is gone!

ANDROMACHE

Yea, and her treasure parted

HECUBA

Gone, gone, mine own  
Children, the noble-hearted!

ANDROMACHE

Sing sorrow

HECUBA

For me, for me!

ANDROMACHE

Sing for the Great City,  
That falleth, falleth to be  
A shadow, a fire departed

ANDROMACHE

*strophe 2*

Come to me, O my lover!

HECUBA

The dark shroudeth him over,  
My flesh, woman, not thine, not thine!

ANDROMACHE

Make of thine arms my cover!

HECUBA

*antistrophe 2*

O thou whose wound was deepest,  
Thou that my children keepest,  
Priam, Priam, O age-worn King,  
Gather me where thou sleepest

ANDROMACHE (*her hands upon her heart*)  
*strophe* 3

O here is the deep of desire,

HECUBA

(How? And is this not woe? )

ANDROMACHE

For a city burned with fire,

HECUBA

(It beateth, blow on blow )

ANDROMACHE

God's wrath for Paris, thy son, that he died not long ago  
Who sold for his evil love  
Troy and the towers thereof  
Therefore the dead men lie  
Naked, beneath the eye  
Of Pallas, and vultures croak  
And flap for joy  
So Love hath laid his yoke  
On the neck of Troy!

HECUBA

*antistrophe* 3

O mine own land, my home,

ANDROMACHE

(I weep for thee, left forlorn,)

HECUBA

See'st thou what end is come?

ANDROMACHE

(And the house where my babes were born )

HECUBA

A desolate Mother we leave, O children, a City of scorn

Even as the sound of a song<sup>a</sup>  
Left by the way, but long  
Remembered, a tune of tears  
Falling where no man hears,  
In the old house, as rain,  
For things loved of yore

But the dead hath lost his pain  
And weeps no more

LEADER

(How sweet are tears to them in bitter stress,  
And sorrow, and all the songs of heaviness

ANDROMACHE

Mother of him of old, whose mighty spear  
Smote Greeks like chaff, see'st thou what things are here?

HECUBA

I see God's hand, that buildeth a great crown  
For littleness, and hath cast the mighty down

ANDROMACHE

I and my babe are driven among the droves  
Of plundered cattle O, when fortune moves  
So swift, the high heart like a slave beats low

HECUBA

'Tis fearful to be helpless Men but now  
Have taken Cassandra, and I strove in vain

ANDROMACHE

Ah, woe is me, hath Ajax come again?  
But other evil yet is at thy gate

HECUBA

Nay, Daughter, beyond number, beyond weight  
My evils are! Doom raceth against doom

ANDROMACHE

Polyxena across Achilles' tomb  
Lies slain, a gift flung to the dreamless dead

HECUBA

My sorrow! 'Tis but what Talthylus said  
So plain a riddle, and I read it not

ANDROMACHE

I saw her lie, and stayed this chariot,  
And raiment wrapt on her dead limbs, and beat  
My breast for her



HECUBA (*to herself*)

O the foul sin of it!

The wickedness! My child My child! Again  
I cry to thee How cruelly art thou slain!

ANDROMACHE

She hath died her death, and howso dark it be,  
Her death is sweeter than my misery

HECUBA

{ Death cannot be what Life is, Child, the cup  
Of Death is empty, and Life hath always hope

ANDROMACHE

O Mother, having ears, hear thou this word  
Fear-conquering, till thy heart as mine be stirred  
With joy To die is only not to be,  
And better to be dead than grievously  
Living They have no pain, they ponder not  
Their own wrong But the living that is brought  
From joy to heaviness, his soul doth roam,  
As in a desert, lost, from its old home  
Thy daughter lieth now as one unborn,  
Dead, and naught knowing of the lust and scorn  
That slew her And I long since I drew my bow  
Straight at the heart of good fame, and I know  
My shaft hit, and for that am I the more  
Fallen from peace All that men praise us for,  
I loved for Hector's sake, and sought to win  
I knew that alway, be there hurt therein  
Or utter innocence, to roam abroad  
Hath ill report for women, so I trod  
Down the desire thereof, and walked my way  
In mine own garden And light words and gay  
Parley of women never passed my door  
The thoughts of mine own heart I craved no more  
Spoke with me, and I was happy Constantly  
I brought fair silence and a tranquil eye  
For Hector's greeting, and watched well the way  
Of living, where to guide and where obey  
And, lo! some rumour of this peace, being gone  
Forth to the Greek, hath cursed me Achilles' son,  
So soon as I was taken, for his thrall  
Chose me I shall do service in the hall

Of them that slew           How? Shall I thrust aside  
Hector's beloved face, and open wide  
My heart to this new lord? Oh, I should stand  
A traitor to the dead! And if my hand  
And flesh shrink from him       lo, wrath and despite  
O'er all the house, and I a slave!

One night,  
' One night       aye, men have said it       maketh tame  
A woman in a man's arms       O shame, shame!  
What woman's lips can so forswear her dead,  
And give strange kisses in another's bed?

Why, not a dumb beast, not a colt will run  
In the yoke untroubled, when her mate is gone—  
A thing not in God's image, dull, unmoved  
Of reason O my Hector! best beloved,  
That, being mine, wast all in all to me,  
My prince, my wise one, O my majesty  
Of valiance! No man's touch had ever come  
Near me, when thou from out my father's home  
Didst lead me and make me thine       And thou art dead,  
And I war-flung to slavery and the bread  
Of shame in Hellas, over bitter seas!

What knoweth she of evils like to these,  
That dead Polyxena, thou weepest for?  
There liveth not in my life any more  
The hope that others have Nor will I tell  
The lie to mine own heart, that aught is well  
Or shall be well       Yet, O, to dream were sweet!

## LEADER

Thy feet have trod the pathway of my feet,  
And thy clear sorrow teacheth me mine own

## HECUBA

Lo, yonder ships I ne'er set foot on one,  
But tales and pictures tell, when over them  
Breaketh a storm not all too strong to stem,  
Each man strives hard, the tiller gripped, the mast  
Manned, the hull baled, to face it till at last  
Too strong breaks the o'erwhelming sea lo, then  
They cease, and yield them up as broken men  
To fate and the wild waters Even so  
I in my many sorrows bear me low,  
Nor curse, nor strive that other things may be

The great wave rolled from God hath conquered me

But, O, let Hector and the fates that fell  
 On Hector, sleep Weep for him ne'er so well,  
 Thy weeping shall not wake him Honour thou  
 The new lord that is set above thee now,  
 And make of thine own gentle piety  
 A prize to lure his heart So shalt thou be  
 A strength to them that love us, and—God knows,  
 It may be—rear this babe among his foes,  
 My Hector's child, to manhood and great aid  
 For Ilion So her stones may yet be laid  
 One on another, if God will, and wrought  
 Again to a city! Ah, how thought to thought  
 Still hecons! But what minion of the Greek  
 Is this that cometh, with new words to speak?  
*(Enter TALTHYBIUS with a band of Soldiers He comes forward  
 slowly and with evident disquiet )*

TALTHYBIUS

Spouse of the noblest heart that beat in Troy,  
 Andromache, hate me not! 'Tis not in joy  
 I tell thee But the people and the Kings  
 Have with one voice

ANDROMACHE

What is it? Evil things  
 Are on thy lips!

TALTHYBIUS

'Tis ordered, this child Oh,  
 How can I tell her of it?

ANDROMACHE

Doth he not go  
 With me, to the same master?

TALTHYBIUS

There is none  
 In Greece, shall e'er be master of thy son

ANDROMACHE

How? Will they leave him here to build again  
 The wreck?

TALTHYBIUS

I know not how to tell thee plain!

ANDROMACHE

Thou hast a gentle heart        if it be ill,  
And not good, news thou hidest!

TALTHYBIUS

   'Tis their will  
Thy son shall die        The whole vile thing is said  
Now!

ANDROMACHE

Oh, I could have bourn mine enemy's bed!

TALTHYBIUS

And speaking in the council of the host  
Odysseus hath prevailed—

ANDROMACHE

   O lost! lost! lost!  
Forgive me! It is not easy

TALTHYBIUS

   That the son  
Of one so perilous be not fostered on  
To manhood—

ANDROMACHE

   God, may his own counsel fall  
On his own sons!

TALTHYBIUS

   But from this crested wall  
Of Troy be dashed, and die        Nay, let the thing  
Be done! Thou shalt be wiser so! Nor cling  
So fiercely to him! Suffer as a brave  
Woman in bitter pain, nor think to have  
Strength which thou hast not! Look about thee here!  
Canst thou see help, or refuge anywhere?  
Thy land is fallen and thy lord, and thou  
A prisoner and alone, one woman, how  
Canst battle against us? For thine own good  
I would not have thee strive, nor make ill blood  
And shame about thee        Ah, nor move thy lips  
In silence there, to cast upon the ships

Thy curse! One word of evil to the host,  
 This babe shall have no burial, but be tossed  
 Naked . Ah, peace! And bear as best thou may,  
 War's fortune So thou shalt not go thy way  
 Leaving this child unburied, nor the Greek  
 Be stern against thee, if thy heart be meek!

ANDROMACHE (*to the child*)

Go, die, my best-beloved, my cherished one,  
 In fierce men's hands, leaving me here alone  
 Thy father was too valiant, that is why  
 They slay thee! Other children, like to die,  
 Might have been spared for that But on thy head  
 His good is turned to evil

O thou bed

And bridal, O the joining of the hand,  
 That led me long ago to Hector's land  
 To bear, O not a lamb for Grecian swords  
 To slaughter, but a Prince o'er all the hordes  
 Enthroned of wide-flung Asia Weepst thou?  
 Nay, why, my little one? Thou canst not know  
 And Father will not come, he will not come,  
 Not once, the great spear flashing, and the tomb  
 Riven to set thee free! Not one of all  
 His brethren, nor the might of Ilion's wall

How shall it be? One horrible spring deep, deep  
 Down And thy neck Ah God, so cometh sleep!  
 And none to pity thee! Thou little thing  
 That curlest in my arms, what sweet scents cling  
 All round thy neck! Belovèd, can it be  
 All nothing, that this bosom cradled thee  
 And fostered, all the weary nights, wherethrough  
 I watched upon thy sickness, till I grew  
 Wasted with watching? Kiss me This one time,  
 Not ever again Put up thine arms, and climb  
 About my neck now, kiss me, lips to lips

O, ye have found an anguish that outstrips  
 All tortures of the East, ye gentle Greeks!  
 Why will ye slay this innocent, that seeks  
 No wrong? O Helen, Helen, thou ill tree  
 That Tyndareus planted, who shall deem of thee  
 As child of Zeus? O, thou hast drawn thy breath  
 From many fathers, Madness, Hate, red Death,

And every rotting poison of the sky!  
 Zeus knows thee not, thou vampire, draining dry  
 Greece and the world! God hate thee and destroy,  
 That with those beautiful eyes hast blasted Troy,  
 And made the far-famed plains a waste withal

Quick! take him! drag him! cast him from the wall,  
 If cast ye will! Tear him, ye beasts, be swift!  
 God hath undone me, and I cannot lift  
 One hand, one hand, to save my child from death  
 O, hide my head for shame! fling me beneath  
 Your galleys' benches!

*(She swoons then half-rising)*

Quick! I must begone

To the bridal! I have lost my child, my own!  
*(The Soldiers close round her)*

#### LLADER

O Troy ill-starred, for one strange woman, one  
 Abhorred kiss, how are thine hosts undone!

#### TALTHYBIUS

*(bending over ANDROMACHE and gradually taking the Child from her)*

Come, Child! let be that clasp of love  
 Outwearied! Walk thy ways with me,  
 Up to the crested tower, above  
 Thy father's wall! Where they decree  
 Thy soul shall perish—Hold him! hold!—  
 Would God some other man might ply  
 These charges, one of duller mould,  
 And nearer to the iron than I!

#### HECUBA

O Child, they rob us of our own,  
 Child of my Mighty One outworn  
 Ours, ours thou art!—Can ought be done  
 Of deeds, can aught of pain be borne,  
 To aid thee?—Lo, this beaten head,  
 This bleeding bosom! These I spread  
 As gifts to thee! I can thus much  
 Woe, woe for Troy, and woe for thee!  
 What fall yet lacketh, ere we touch  
 The last dead deep of misery?  
*(The Child, who has started back from TALTHYBIUS,  
 is taken up by one of the Soldiers and borne back)*

*towards the city, while ANDROMACHE is set again  
on the Chariot and driven off towards the ships  
TALTHYBIUS goes with the Child )*

CHORUS (*singing*)<sup>a</sup>

*strophe* 1

In Salamis, filled with the foaming  
Of billows and murmur of bees,  
Old Telamon stayed from his roaming,  
Long ago, on a throne of the seas,  
Looking out on the hills olive-laden,  
Enchanted, where first from the earth  
The grey-gleaming fruit of the Maiden  
Athena had birth,  
A soft grey crown for a city  
Beloved, a City of Light  
Yet he rested not there, nor had pity,  
But went forth in his might,  
Where Heracles wandered, the lonely  
Bow-bearer, and lent him his hands  
For the wrecking of one land only,  
Of Ilion, Ilion only,  
Most hated of lands!

*antistrophe* 1

Of the bravest of Hellas he made him  
A ship-folk, in wrath for the Steeds,  
And sailed the wide waters, and stayed him  
At last amid Simois' reeds,  
And the oars beat slow in the river,  
And the long ropes held in the strand,  
And he felt for his bow and his quiver,  
The wrath of his hand  
And the old king died, and the towers  
That Phoebus had builded did fall,  
And his wrath, as a flame that devours,  
Ran red over all,  
And the fields and the woodlands lay blasted,  
Long ago Yea, twice hath the Sire  
Uplifted his hand and downcast it  
On the wall of the Dardan, downcast it  
As a sword and as fire

*strophe 2*

In vain, all in vain,  
O thou 'mid the wine-jars golden  
That movest in delicate joy,  
Ganymedes, child of Troy,  
The lips of the Highest drain  
The cup in thine hand upholden  
And thy mother, thy mother that bore thee,  
Is wasted with fire and torn,  
And the voice of her shores is heard,  
Wild, as the voice of a bird,  
For lovers and children before thee  
Crying, and mothers outworn  
And the pools of thy bathing are perished,  
And the wind-strewn ways of thy feet  
Yet thy face as aforesaid is cherished  
Of Zeus, and the breath of it sweet,  
Yea, the beauty of Calm is upon it  
In houses at rest and afar  
But thy land, He hath wrecked and o'erthrown it  
In the wailing of war

*antistrophe 2*

O Love, ancient Love,  
Of old to the Dardan given,  
Love of the Lords of the Sky,  
How didst thou lift us high  
In Ihon, yea, and above  
All cities, as wed with heaven!  
For Zeus—O leave it unspoken  
But alas for the love of the Morn,  
Morn of the milk-white wing,  
The gentle, the earth-loving,  
That shineth on battlements broken  
In Troy, and a people forlorn!  
And, lo, in her bowers Tithonus,  
Our brother, yet sleeps as of old  
O, she too hath loved us and known us,  
And the Steeds of her star, flashing gold,  
Stooped hither and bore him above us,  
Then blessed we the Gods in our joy  
But all that made them to love us  
Hath perished from Troy



(As the song ceases, the King MENELAUS enters, richly armed and followed by a bodyguard of Soldiers. He is a prey to violent and conflicting emotions.)

**MENELAUS**

How bright the face of heaven, and how sweet  
The air this day, that layeth at my feet  
The woman that I        Nay 'twas not for her  
I came 'Twas for the man, the cozener  
And thief, that ate with me and stole away  
My bride But Paris lieth, this long day,  
By God's grace, under the horse-hoofs of the Greek,  
And round him all his land And now I seek  
Curse her! I scarce can speak the name she bears,  
That was my wife Here with the prisoners  
They keep her, in these huts, among the hordes  
Of numbered slaves —The host whose labouring swords  
Won her, have given her up to me, to fill  
My pleasure perchance kill her, or not kill,  
But lead her home —Methinks I have foregone  
The slaying of Helen here in Ilion  
Over the long seas I will bear her back,  
And there, there, cast her out to whatso wrack  
Of angry death they may devise, who know  
Their dearest dead for her in Ilion —Ho!  
Ye soldiers! Up into the chambers where  
She croucheth! Grip the long blood-reeking hair,  
And drag her to mine eyes        (*controlling himself*)  
And when there come  
Fair breezes, my long ships shall bear her home  
(*The Soldiers go to force open the door of the second hut  
on the left*)

## HECUBA

Thou deep Base of the World, and thou high Throne  
Above the World, whoe'er thou art, unknown  
And hard of surmise, Chain of Things that be,  
Or Reason of our Reason, God, to thee  
I lift my praise, seeing the silent road  
That bringeth justice ere the end be trod  
To all that breathes and dies

MENELAUS (*turning*)

Ha! who is there  
That prayeth heaven, and in so strange a prayer?

HECUBA

I bless thee, Menelaus, I bless thee,  
If thou wilt slay her! Only fear to see  
Her visage, lest she snare thee and thou fall!  
She snareth strong men's eyes, she snareth tall  
Cities, and fire from out her eateth up  
Houses. Such magic hath she, as a cup  
Of death! Do I not know her? Yea, and thou,  
And these that lie around, do they not know?  
(*The Soldiers return from the hut and stand aside to let  
HELEN pass between them. She comes through them,  
gentle and unafraid, there is no disorder in her rai-  
ment.*)

HELEN

King Menelaus, thy first deed might make  
A woman fear. Into my chamber brake  
Thine armed men, and lead me wrathfully.  
Methinks, almost, I know thou hatest me.  
Yet I would ask thee what decree is gone  
Forth for my life or death?

MENELAUS (*struggling with his emotion*)

There was not one  
That scrupled for thee. All, all with one will  
Gave thee to me, whom thou hast wronged, to kill!

HELEN

And is it granted that I speak, or no,  
In answer to them ere I die, to show  
I die most wronged and innocent?

MENELAUS

I seek  
To kill thee, woman, not to hear thee speak!

HECUBA

O hear her! She must never die unheard,  
King Menelaus! And give me the word  
To speak in answer! All the wrong she wrought  
Away from thee, in Troy, thou knowest not

The whole tale set together is a death  
Too sure, she shall not 'scape thee!

MENELAUS

'Tis but breath  
And time For thy sake, Hecuba, if she need  
To speak, I grant the prayer I have no heed  
Nor mercy—let her know it well—for her!

HELEN

It may be that, how false or true soe'er  
Thou deem me, I shall win no word from thee  
So sore thou holdest me thine enemy  
Yet I will take what words I think thy heart  
Holdeth of anger and in even part  
Set my wrong and thy wrong, and all that fell  
(*pointing to HECUBA*)

She cometh first, who bare the seed and well  
Of springing sorrow, when to life she brought  
Paris and that old King, who quenched not  
Quick in the spark, ere yet he woke to slay,  
The firebrand's image <sup>10</sup>—But enough a day  
Came, and this Paris judged beneath the trees  
Three Crowns of Life, three diverse Goddesses  
The gift of Pallas was of War, to lead  
His East in conquering battles, and make bleed  
The hearths of Hellas Hera held a Throne—  
If majesties he craved—to reign alone  
From Phrygia to the last realm of the West  
And Cypris, if he deemed her lovehest,  
Beyond all heaven, made dreams about my face  
And for her grace gave me And, lo! her grace  
Was judged the fairest, and she stood above  
Those twain —Thus was I loved, and thus my love  
Hath holpen Hellas No fierce Eastern crown  
Is o'er your lands, no spear hath cast them down  
O, it was well for Hellas! But for me  
Most ill, caught up and sold across the sea  
For this my beauty, yea, dishonoured  
For that which else had been about my head  
A crown of honour Ah, I see thy thought,  
The first plain deed, 'tis that I answer not,  
How in the dark out of thy house I fled  
There came the Seed of Fire, this woman's seed,

Came—O, a Goddess great walked with him then—  
 This Alexander, Breaker-down-of-Men,  
 This Paris, Strength-is-with-him, whom thou, whom—  
 O false and light of heart—thou in thy room  
 Didst leave, and spreadest sail for Cretan seas,  
 Far, far from me! And yet, how strange it is!  
 I ask not thee, I ask my own sad thought,  
 What was there in my heart, that I forgot  
 My home and land and all I loved, to fly  
 With a strange man? Surely it was not I,  
 But Cypris, there! Lay thou thy rod on her,  
 And be more high than Zeus and bitterer,  
 Who o'er all other spirits hath his throne,  
 But knows her chain must bind him My wrong done  
 Hath its own pardon

One word yet thou hast,  
 Methink, of righteous seeming When at last  
 The earth for Paris oped and all was o'er,  
 And her strange magic bound my feet no more,  
 Why kept I still his house, why fled not I  
 To the Argive ships? Ah, how I strove to fly!  
 The old Gate-Warden could have told thee all,  
 My husband, and the watchers from the wall,  
 It was not once they took me, with the rope  
 Tied, and this body swung in the air, to grope  
 Its way toward thee, from that dun battlement

Ah, husband still, how shall thy hand be bent  
 To slay me? Nay, if Right be come at last,  
 What shalt thou bring but comfort for pains past,  
 And harbour for a woman storm-driven  
 A woman borne away by violent men  
 And this one birthright of my beauty, this  
 That might have been my gloir, lo, it is  
 A stamp that God hath burned, of slavery!

Alas! and if thou cravest still to be  
 As one set above gods, inviolate,  
 'Tis but a fruitless longing holds thee yet

LEADER

O Queen, think of thy children and thy land,  
 And break her spell! The sweet soft speech, the hand  
 And heart so fell it maketh me afraid

## HECUBA

Meseems her goddesses first cry mine aid  
Against these lying lips! Not Hera, nay,  
Nor virgin Pallas deem I such low clay,  
To barter their own folk, Argos and brave  
Athens, to be trod down, the Phrygian's slave,  
All for vain glory and a shepherd's prize  
On Ida! Wherefore should great Hera's eyes  
So hunger to be fair? She doth not use  
To seek for other loves, being wed with Zeus  
And maiden Pallas did some strange god's face  
Beguile her, that she craved for loveliness,  
Who chose from God one virgin gift above  
All gifts, and fleeth from the lips of love?

Ah, deck not out thine own heart's evil springs  
By making spirits of heaven as brutish things  
And cruel! The wise may hear thee, and guess all!

And Cypris must take ship—fantastical!  
Sail with my son and enter at the gate  
To seek thee! Had she willed it, she had sate  
At peace in heaven, and waited thee, and all  
Amyclae with thee, under Ilion's wall

My son was passing beautiful, beyond  
His peers and thine own heart, that saw and conned  
His face, became a spirit enchanting thee  
For all wild things that in mortality  
Have being, are Aphrodite, and the name  
She bears in heaven is born and writ of them

Thou sawest him in gold and orient vest  
Shining, and lo, a fire about thy breast  
Leapt! Thou hadst fed upon such little things,  
Pacing thy ways in Argos! But now wings  
Were come! Once free from Sparta, and there rolled  
The Ilion glory, like broad streams of gold,  
To steep thine arms and splash the towers! How small,  
How cold that day was Menelaus' hall!

Enough of that! It was by force my son  
Took thee, thou sayst, and striving! Yet not one  
In Sparta knew! No cry, no sudden prayer  
Rang from thy rooms that night! Castor was there  
To hear thee, and his brother both true men,  
Not yet among the stars! And after, when  
Thou camest here to Troy, and in thy track

Argos and all its anguish and the rack  
Of war—Ah God!—perchance men told thee 'Now  
The Greek prevails in battle' then wouldst thou  
Praise Menelaus, that my son might smart,  
Striving with that old image in a heart  
Uncertain still Then Troy had victories  
And this Greek was as naught! Alway thine eyes  
Watched Fortune's eyes, to follow hot where she  
Led first Thou wouldst not follow Honesty

Thy secret ropes, thy body swung to fall  
Far, like a desperate prisoner, from the wall!  
Who found thee so? When wast thou taken? Nay,  
Hadst thou no surer rope, no sudden way  
Of the sword, that any woman honest-souled  
Had sought long since, loving her lord of old?

Often and often did I charge thee, 'Go,  
My daughter, go thy ways My sons will know  
New loves I will give aid, and steal thee past  
The Argive watch O give us peace at last,  
Us and our foes!' But out thy spirit cried  
As at a bitter word Thou hadst thy pride  
In Alexander's house, and O, 'twas sweet  
To hold proud Easterns bowing at thy feet  
They were great things to thee! And comest thou now  
Forth, and hast decked thy bosom and thy brow,  
And breathest with thy lord the same blue air,  
Thou evil heart? Low, low, with ravaged hair,  
Rent raiment, and flesh shuddering, and within—  
O shame at last, not glory for thy sin,  
So face him if thou canst! Lo, I have done  
Be true, O King, let Hellas bear her crown  
Of Justice Slay this woman, and upraise  
The law for evermore she that betrays  
Her husband's bed, let her be judged and die

LEADER

Be strong, O King, give judgment worthily  
For thee and thy great house Shake off thy long  
Reproach, not weak, but iron against the wrong!

MENELAUS

Thy thought doth walk with mine in one intent  
'Tis sure, her heart was willing, when she went

Forth to a stranger's bed And all her fair  
Tale of enchantment, 'tis a thing of air!  
(*Turning furiously upon HELEN*)  
Out woman! There be those that seek thee yet  
With stones! Go, meet them So shall thy long debt  
Be paid at last And ere this night is o'er  
Thy dead face shall dishonour me no more!

HELEN (*kneeling before him and embracing him*)  
Behold, mine arms are wreathed about thy knees,  
Lay not upon my head the phantasies  
Of Heaven Remember all, and slay me not!

HECUBA

Remember them she murdered, them that fought  
Beside thee, and their children! Hear that prayer!

MENELAUS

Peace, aged woman, peace! 'Tis not for her,  
She is as naught to me  
(*To the Soldiers*) March on before,  
Ye ministers, and tend her to the shore  
And have some chambered galley set for her,  
Where she may sail the seas

HECUBA

If thou be there,  
I charge thee, let not her set foot therein!

MENELAUS

How? Shall the ship go heavier for her sin?

HECUBA

A lover once, will always love again

MENELAUS

If that he loved be evil, he will fain  
Hate it! Howbeit, thy pleasure shall be done  
Some other ship shall bear her, not mine own  
Thou counsellest very well And when we come  
To Argos, then O then some pitiless doom  
Well-earned, black as her heart! One that shall bind  
Once for all tune the law on womankind  
Of faithfulness! 'Twill be no easy thing,  
God knoweth But the thought thereof shall fling

A chill on the dreams of women, though they be  
 Wilder of wing and loathed more than she!  
 (*Exit, following HELEN, who is escorted by the Soldiers*)

CHORUS (*singing*)

*Some Women*

*strophe 1*

And hast thou turned from the Altar of frankincense,  
 And given to the Greek thy temple of Ilion?  
 The flame of the cakes of corn, is it gone from hence,  
 The myrrh on the air and the wreathed towers gone?  
 And Ida, dark Ida, where the wild ivy grows,  
 The glens that run as rivers from the summer-broken snows,  
 And the Rock, is it forgotten, where the first sunbeam glows,  
 The lit house most holy of the Dawn?

*Others*

*antistrophe 1*

The sacrifice is gone and the sound of joy,  
 The dancing under the stars and the night-long prayer  
 The Golden Images and the Moons of Troy,  
 The twelve Moons and the mighty names they bear  
 My heart, my heart crieth, O Lord Zeus on high,  
 Were they all to thee as nothing, thou throned in the sky,  
 Throned in the fire-cloud, where a City, near to die,  
 Passeth in the wind and the flare?

*A Woman*

*strophe 2*

Dear one, O husband mine,  
 Thou in the dim dominions  
 Driftest with waterless lips,  
 Unbued, and me the ships  
 Shall bear o'er the bitter brine,  
 Storm-birds upon angry pinions,  
 Where the towers of the Giants shine  
 O'er Argos cloudily,  
 And the riders ride by the sea

*Others*

And children still in the Gate  
 Crowd and cry,  
 A multitude desolate,  
 Voices that float and wait



As the tears run dry  
 'Mother, alone on the shore  
 They drive me, far from thee  
 Lo, the dip of the oar,  
 The black hull on the sea!  
 Is it the Isle Immortal,  
 Salamis, waits for me?  
 Is it the Rock that broods  
 Over the sundered floods  
 Of Corinth, the ancient portal  
 Of Pelops' sovranity?'

*A Woman**antistrophe 2*

Out in the waste of foam,  
 Where rideth dark Menelaus,  
 Come to us there, O white  
 And jagged, with wild sea-light  
 And crashing of oar-blades, come,  
 O thunder of God, and slay us  
 While our tears are wet for home,  
 While out in the storm go we,  
 Slaves of our enemy!

*Others*

And, God, may Helen be there,  
 With mirror of gold,  
 Decking her face so fair,  
 Girl-like, and hear, and stare,  
 And turn death-cold  
 Never, ah, never more  
 The hearth of her home to see,  
 Nor sand of the Spartan shore,  
 Nor tombs where her fathers be,  
 Nor Athena's bronzen Dwelling,  
 Nor the towers of Pitane,  
 For her face was a dark desire  
 Upon Greece, and shame like fire,  
 And her dead are welling, welling,  
 From red Simois to the sea!

(TALTHYBIUS, followed by one or two Soldiers  
 and bearing the child ASTYANAX dead, is  
 seen approaching )

## LEADER

Ah, change on change! Yet each one racks  
This land with evil manifold,  
Unhappy wives of Troy, behold,  
They bear the dead Astyanax,  
Our prince, whom bitter Greeks this hour  
Have hurled to death from Ilion's tower

## TALTHYBIUS

One galley, Hecuba, there lingereth yet,  
Lapping the wave, to gather the last freight  
Of Pyrrhus' spoils for Thessaly The chief  
Himself long since hath parted, much in grief  
For Peleus' sake, his grandsire, whom, men say,  
Acastus, Pelias' son, in war array  
Hath driven to exile Loath enough before  
Was he to linger, and now goes the more  
In haste, bearing Andromache, his prize  
'Tis she hath charmed these tears into mine eyes,  
Weeping her fatherland, as o'er the wave  
She gazed, and speaking words to Hector's grave  
Howbeit, she prayed us that due rites be done  
For burial of this babe, thine Hector's son,  
That now from Ilion's tower is fallen and dead  
And, lo! this great bronze-fronted shield, the dread  
Of many a Greek, that Hector held in frav,  
O never in God's name—so did she pray—  
Be this borne forth to hang in Peleus' hall  
Or that dark bridal chamber, that the wall  
May hurt her eyes, but here, in Troy o'erthrown,  
Instead of cedar wood and vaulted stone,  
Be this her child's last house And in thine hands  
She bade me lay him, to be swathed in bands  
Of death and garments, such as rest to thee  
In these thy fallen fortunes, seeing that she  
Hath gone her ways, and, for her master's haste,  
May no more fold the babe unto his rest  
Howbeit, so soon as he is garlanded  
And robed, we will heap earth above his head  
And lift our sails See all be swiftly done,  
As thou art bidden I have saved thee one  
Labour For as I passed Scamander's stream  
Hard by, I let the waters run on him,

And cleansed his wounds—See, I will go forth now  
And break the hard earth for his grave so thou  
And I will haste together, to set free  
Our oars at last to beat the homeward seal  
(*He goes out with his Soldiers, leaving the body of the  
Child in HECUBA'S arms*)

## HECUBA

Set the great orb of Hector's shield to lie  
Here on the ground 'Tis bitter that mine eye  
Should see it O ye Argives, was your spear  
Keen, and your hearts so low and cold, to fear  
This babe? 'Twas a strange murder for brave men!  
For fear this babe some day might raise again  
His fallen land! Had ye so little pride?  
While Hector fought, and thousands at his side,  
Ye smote us, and we perished, and now, now,  
When all are dead and Ilium lieth low,  
Ye dread this innocent! I deem it not  
Wisdom, that rage of fear that hath no thought  
Ah, what a death hath found thee, little one!  
Hadst thou but fallen fighting, hadst thou known  
Strong youth and love and all the majesty  
Of godlike kings, then had we spoken of thee  
As of one blessed could in any wise  
These days know blessedness But now thine eyes  
Have seen, thy lips have tasted, but thy soul  
No knowledge had nor usage of the whole  
Rich life that lapt thee round . . . Poor little child!  
Was it our ancient wall, the circuit piled  
By loving Gods, so savagely hath rent  
Thy curls, these little flowers innocent  
That were thy mother's garden, where she laid  
Her kisses, here, just where the bone-edge frayed  
Grins white above—Ah heaven, I will not see!  
Ye tender arms, the same dear mould have ye  
As his, how from the shoulder loose ye drop  
And weak! And dear proud lips, so full of hope  
And closed for ever! What false words ye said  
At daybreak, when he crept into my bed,  
Called me kind names, and promised 'Grandmother,  
When thou art dead, I will cut close my hair  
And lead out all the captains to ride by

Thy tomb ' Why didst thou cheat me so? 'Tis I,  
Old, homeless, childless, that for thee must shed  
Cold tears, so young, so miserably dead

Dear God, the pattering welcomes of thy feet,  
The nursing in my lap, and O, the sweet  
Falling asleep together! All is gone  
How should a poet carve the funeral stone  
To tell thy story true? 'There lieth here  
A babe whom the Greeks feared, and in their fear  
Slew him ' Aye, Greece will bless the tale it tells!

Child, they have left thee beggared of all else  
In Hector's house, but one thing shalt thou keep,  
This war-shield bronzen-barred, wherein to sleep  
Alas, thou guardian true of Hector's fair  
Left arm, how art thou masterless! And there  
I see his handgrip printed on thy hold,  
And deep stains of the precious sweat, that rolled  
In battle from the brows and beard of him,  
Drop after drop, are writ about thy rim

Go, bring them—such poor garments hazardous  
As these days leave God hath not granted us  
Wherewith to make much pride But all I can,  
I give thee, Child of Troy—O vain is man,  
Who glorieth in his joy and hath no fears  
While to and fro the chances of the years  
Dance like an idiot in the wind! And none  
By any strength hath his own fortune won  
*(During these lines several Women are seen approaching  
with garlands and raiment in their hands )*

#### LEADER

Lo these, who bear thee raiment harvested  
From Ilion's slain, to fold upon the dead  
*(During the following scene HECUBA gradually takes the  
garments and wraps them about the Child )*

#### HECUBA

O not in pride for speeding of the car  
Beyond thy peers, not for the shaft of war  
True aimed, as Phrygians use, not any prize  
Of joy for thee, nor splendour in men's eyes,  
Thy father's mother lays these offerings  
About thee, from the many fragrant things  
That were all thine of old But now no more

One woman, loathed of God, hath broke the door  
And robbed thy treasure-house, and thy warm breath  
Made cold, and trod thy people down to death!

## CHORUS

*Some Women*

Deep in the heart of me  
I feel thine hand,  
Mother and is it he  
Dead here, our prince to be,  
And lord of the land?

## HECUBA

Glory of Phrygian raiment, which my thought  
Kept for thy bridal day with some far-sought  
Queen of the East, folds thee for evermore  
And thou, grey Mother, Mother-Shield that bore

A thousand days of glory, thy last crown  
Is here      Dear Hector's shield! Thou shalt lie down  
Undying with the dead, and lordlier there  
Than all the gold Odysseus' breast can bear,  
The evil and the strong!

## CHORUS

*Some Women*

Child of the Shield-bearer,  
Alas, Hector's child!  
Great Earth, the All-mother,  
Taketh thee unto her  
With wailing wild!

*Others*

Mother of misery,  
Give Death his song!

## HECUBA

(Woe')

*Others*

Aye and bitterly

## HECUBA

(Woe')

## Others

We too weep for thee,

And the infinite wrong!

*(During these lines HECUBA, kneeling by the body, has been performing a funeral rite, symbolically staunching the dead Child's wounds )*

## HECUBA

I make thee whole,

I bind thy wounds, O little vanished soul

This wound and this I heal with linen white

O emptiness of aid! Yet let the rite

Be spoken This and Nay, not I, but he,

Thy father far away shall comfort thee!

*(She bows her head to the ground and remains motionless and unseeing )*

## CHORUS

Beat, beat thine head

Beat with the wailing chime

Of hands lifted in time

Beat and bleed for the dead

Woe is me for the dead!

## HICUBA

O Women! Ye, mine own

*(She rises bewildered, as though she had seen a vision )*

## LLADLR

Hecuba, speak!

Thine are we all Oh, ere thy bosom break

## HECUBA

Lo, I have seen the open hand of God,

And in it nothing, nothing, save the rod

Of mine affliction, and the eternal hate,

Beyond all lands, chosen and lifted great

For Troy! Vain, vain were prayer and incense-swell

And bulls' blood on the altars! All is well

Had He not turned us in His hand, and thrust

Our high things low and shook our hills as dust,

We had not been this splendour, and our wrong

An everlasting music for the song

Of earth and heaven!

Go, women lay our dead  
 In his low sepulchre He hath his meed  
 Of robing And, methinks, but little care  
 Toucheth the tomb, if they that moulder there  
 Have rich encerement 'Tis we, 'tis we,  
 That dream, we living and our vanity!  
*(The Women bear out the dead Child upon the shield,  
 singing, when presently flames of fire and dim forms  
 are seen among the ruins of the City)*

#### CRIORUS

##### *Some Women*

Woe for the mother that bare thee, child,  
 Thread so frail of a hope so high,  
 That Time hath broken and all men smiled  
 About thy cradle, and, passing by,  
 Spoke of thy father's majesty  
 Low, low, thou hest!

##### *Others*

Ha! Who be these on the crested rock?  
 Fiery hands in the dusk, and a shock  
 Of torches slung! What lingereth still  
 O wounded City, of unknown ill,  
 Ere yet thou diest?

##### TALTHYBIUS (*coming out through the ruined wall*)

Ye Captains that have charge to wreck this keep  
 Of Priam's City, let your torches sleep  
 No more! Up, fling the fire into her heart!  
 Then have we done with Ilion, and may part  
 In joy to Heilas from this evil land

And ye—so hath one word two faces—stand,  
 Daughters of Troy, till on your ruined wall  
 The echo of my master's trumpet call  
 In signal breaks then, forward to the sea,  
 Where the long ships lie waiting

And for thee,

O ancient woman most unfortunate,  
 Follow Odysseus' men be here, and wait  
 To guide thee 'Tis to him thou go'st for thrall

## HECUBA

Ah, me! and is it come, the end of all,  
 The very crest and summit of my days?  
 I go forth from my land, and all its ways  
 Are filled with fire! Bear me, O aged feet,  
 A little nearer I must gaze, and greet  
 My poor town ere she fall

Farewell, farewell!

O thou whose breath was mighty on the swell  
 Of orient winds, my Troy! Even thy name  
 Shall soon be taken from thee Lo, the flame  
 Hath thee, and we, thy children pass away  
 To slavery      God! O God of mercy!      Nay  
 Why call I on the Gods? They know, they know,  
 My prayers, and would not hear them long ago  
 Quick, to the flames! O, in thine agony,  
 My Troy, mine own, take me to die with thee!  
*(She springs toward the flames, but is seized and held by  
 the Soldiers)*

## TALTHYBIUS

Back! Thou art drunken with thy miseries,  
 Poor woman!—Hold her fast, men, till it please  
 Odysseus that she come She was his lot  
 Chosen from all and portioned Lose her not!  
*(He goes to watch over the burning of the City The dusk  
 deepens)*

## CHORUS

*Divers Women*

Woe, woe, woe!

Thou of the Ages, O wherefore fleest thou,  
 Lord of the Phrygian, Father that made us?  
 'Tis we, thy children, shall no man aid us?  
 'Tis we, thy children! Seest thou, seest thou?

*Others*

He seeth, only his heart is pitiless,  
 And the land dies yea she,  
 She of the Mighty Cities perisheth citiless!  
 Troy shall no more be!



## Others

Woe, woe, woe!  
 Ilion shineth afar!  
 Fire in the deeps thereof,  
 Fire in the heights above,  
 And crested walls of War!

## Others

As smoke on the wing of heaven  
 Climbeth and scattereth,  
 Torn of the spear and driven,  
 The land crieth for death  
 O stormy battlements that red fire hath riven,  
 And the sword's angry breath!

*(A new thought comes to HECUBA, she kneels  
 and beats the earth with her hands)*

## HECUBA

*strophe*

O Earth, Earth of my children, hearken! and O mine own,  
 Ye have hearts and forget not, ye in the darkness lying!

## LEADER

Now hast thou found thy prayer, crying to them that are gone

## HECUBA

Surely my knees are weary, but I kneel above your head,  
 Harken, O ye so silent! My hands beat your bed!

## LEADER

I, I am near thee,  
 I kneel to thy dead to hear thee,  
 Kneel to mine own in the darkness, O husband, hear my crying!

## HECUBA

Even as the beasts they drive, even as the loads they bear,

## LEADER

(Pain, O pain!)

## HECUBA

We go to the house of bondage Hear, ye dead, O hear!

## LEADER

(Go, and come not again!)

## HECUBA

Priam, mine own Priam,  
 Lying so lowly,  
 Thou in thy nothingness,  
 Shelterless, comfortless,  
 See'st thou the thing I am?  
 Know'st thou my bitter stress?

## LEADER

Nay, thou art naught to him!  
 Out of the strife there came,  
 Out of the noise and shame,  
 Making his eyelids dim,  
 Death, the Most Holy!  
 (*The fire and smoke rise constantly higher*)

## HECUBA

*antistrophe*

O high houses of Gods, beloved streets of my birth,  
 Ye have found the way of the sword, the fiery and blood-  
 red river!

## LEADER

Fall, and men shall forget you! Ye shall lie in the gentle earth

## HECUBA

The dust as smoke riseth, it spreadeth wide its wing  
 It maketh me as a shadow, and my City a vanished thing!

## LEADER

Out on the smoke she goeth,  
 And her name no man knoweth,  
 And the cloud is northward, southward, Troy is gone for ever!  
 (*A great crash is heard, and the Wall is lost in smoke and  
 darkness*)

## HECUBA

Ha! Marked ye? Heard ye? The crash of the towers that fall!

## LEADER

All is gone!

## HECUBA

Wrath in the earth and quaking and a flood that sweepeth all,

## LEADER

And passeth on!  
(*The Greek trumpet sounds*)

## HECUBA

Farewell!—O spirit grey,  
Whatso is coming,  
Fail not from under me  
Weak limbs, why tremble ye?  
Forth where the new long day  
Dawneth to slavery!

CHORUS (*singing*)

Farewell from parting lips,  
Farewell!—Come, I and thou,  
Whatso may wait us now,  
Forth to the long Greek ships  
And the sea's foaming

(*The trumpet sounds again, and the Women go out in the  
darkness*)

#### NOTES FOR THE TROJAN WOMEN

1 The lesser Ajax, son of Oileus, as Murray points out in his note to these lines, ravished or attempted to ravish Cassandra while she was clinging to the image of Pallas. This was one of the sins perpetrated during the capture of Troy which, according to the legend, brought down the anger of the gods upon the Greeks.

2 Cassandra had in her charge the sacred keys of the god's "Holy Place," as Murray calls it.

3 Cassandra here foresees the doom of the house of Atreus.

4 *ie*, the three Erinyes or Furies.

5 This thought, traditionally supposed to have been first expressed by Solon, appears frequently in Greek tragedy. Cf. *eg*, the last lines of Sophocles' *Oedipus the King*.

6 *ie*, Athena.

7 Murray's note to this passage reads: "This very beautiful scene is perhaps marred to most modern readers by an element which is merely a part of the convention of ancient mourning. Each of the mourners cries, 'There is no affliction like mine' and then proceeds to argue, as it were, against the other's counter claim. One can only say that it was, after all, what they expected of each other, and I believe the same convention exists in most places where keening or wailing is an actual practice."

8 Murray supplies here some words which seem to be missing in the Greek.

9 Murray prints in his notes the following argument of this lyric: "This is not the first time Troy has been taken. Long ago Heracles made war against the old king Laomedon, because he had not given him the immortal steeds that he promised. And Telamon joined him, Telamon who might have been happy in his island of Salamis, among the bees and the pleasant waters, looking over the strait to the olive-laden hills of Athens, the beloved City. And they took ship and slew Laomedon. Yea, twice Zeus has destroyed Ilium."

"(Second part) Is it all in vain that our Trojan princes have been loved by the Gods? Ganymedes pours the nectar of Zeus in his banquets, his face never troubled, though his motherland is burned with fire. And, to

say nothing of Zeus, how can the Goddess of Morning rise and shine upon us uncaring? She loved Tithonus, son of Laomedon, and bore him up from us in a chariot to be her husband in the skies. But all that once made them love us is gone."

10 Murray's note here reads "Hecuba, just before Paris' birth, dreamed that she gave birth to a firebrand. The prophets therefore advised that the babe should be killed, but Priam disobeyed them."

IX  
HERACLES

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

AMPHITRYON, *husband of Alcmena, the mother of HERACLES*

MEGARA, *wife of HIRACLES, daughter of Crcon*

LYCUS, *unlawful King of Thebes*

IRIS

MADNESS

MESSLINGER

HERACLES, *son of Zeus and Alcmena*

THESEUS, *King of Athens*

CHORUS OF OLD MEN OF THEBES

*Sons of HERACLES, guards, attendants*

## INTRODUCTION

SCHOLARS have been completely unable to determine the date of the *Heracles*. Euripides has chosen a version of the legend which connects Heracles and Theseus, and explains in some measure why their worship was combined in a number of Attic cults. This circumstance would point to a date somewhere in the neighbourhood of 420 B.C., since in the play Heracles' connection with Athens seems to be exploited in order to reflect greater glory upon the city and her claims to supremacy. It therefore seems natural to suppose that Euripides wrote his play prior to the period during which he gradually lost his faith in Athens. On the other hand there have been some who believe that the piece was composed late in the poet's life. This theory is based largely upon the famous chorus on old age (lines 637-700), which seems to bespeak authorship by a person advanced in years. As a matter of fact, there have been critics who have even seen in the *Heracles* a close counterpart to Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus*, with which the play has been compared. When one examines the conflicting claims of these two theories, it becomes immediately evident why the problem of the play's date has never been satisfactorily settled.

As has already been indicated, the legends of Heracles took several different forms. Euripides did not choose to follow the version which Sophocles adopted for *The Trachiniae*, but rather took over the so-called Theban account, which is somewhat less romantic. The prologue of the play, spoken by Amphytrion, the reputed father of Heracles, gives in great detail all the requisite information concerning the events prior to the dramatic action. There is presented a rather exhaustive account of the genealogical situation and then we are told that Heracles has not yet returned from his last and most difficult labour, his mission to Hades to bring back Cerberus. We learn likewise that in Heracles' absence a certain Lycus has usurped the royal power of Thebes, and is now on the point of slaying Amphytrion, Heracles' wife Megara, and the hero's children. The play records how Heracles returned, rescued his family, slew Lycus, but then was visited with a dread madness and in his frenzy slew likewise his wife and children.



The *Heracles* shares with several other Euripidean tragedies the characteristic of falling into two parts which are somewhat inadequately knit together. In this play the fault does not seem to be so glaring, because the character of Heracles dominates the entire drama, giving it at least a modicum of unity. Certainly the contrast between Heracles' triumph and his cataclysmic downfall, which immediately follows, intensifies to the extreme the impact of the play. Furthermore, the *Heracles* becomes more unified because of the stress laid upon the religious implications of the dramatic situation. Though unmitigated in his hatred for Hera, Heracles at the end of the play seems to have reached a somewhat purified religious position. He does not commit suicide, for he feels that to be a coward's course. Influenced by the counsels of Theseus, he determines to live on, courageously to endure the blows of fate, and to face fully the responsibility for his deeds. He makes this decision after having contemptuously rejected the anthropomorphism in the conventional religion, while at the same time he maintains, so far as we can tell, a belief in a higher, better deity behind the universe, inscrutable in his ways to man, but who has decreed that it is the part of a man to endure life. When Euripides presents Heracles in these terms, he completes his portrait of a great tragic character.

## HERACLES

(SCENE — *Before the palace of HERACLES at Thebes. Nearby stands the altar of Zeus, on the steps of which are now seated AMPHITRYON, MEGARA and her sons by HERACLES. They are seeking refuge at the altar.*)

### AMPHITRYON

WHAT mortal hath not heard of him who shared a wife with Zeus, Amphitryon of Argos, whom on a day Alcaeus, son of Perseus, begat, Amphitryon the father of Heracles? He it was dwelt here in Thebes, where from the sowing of the dragon's teeth grew up a crop of earth-born giants, for of these Ares saved a scanty band, and their children's children people the city of Cadmus. Hence sprung Creon, son of Menoeceus, king of this land, and Creon became the father of this lady Megara, whom once all Cadmus' race escorted with the glad music of lutes at her wedding, in the day that Heracles, illustrious chief, led her to my halls. Now he, my son, left Thebes where I was settled, left his wife Megara and her kin, eager to make his home in Argolis, in that walled town which the Cyclopes built, whence I am exiled for the slaying of Electryon, so he, wishing to lighten my affliction and to find a home in his own land, did offer Eurystheus a mighty price for my recall, even to free the world of savage monsters, whether it was that Hera goaded him to submit to this, or that fate was leagued against him. Divers are the toils he hath accomplished, and last of all hath he passed through the mouth of Taenarus into the halls of Hades to drag to the light that hound with bodies three, and thence is he never returned. Now there is an ancient legend amongst the race of Cadmus, that one Lycus in days gone by was husband to Dirce, being king of this city with its seven towers, before that Amphion and Zethus, sons of Zeus, lords of the milk-white steeds, became rulers in the land. His son, called by the same name as his father, albeit no Theban but a stranger from Euboea, slew Creon, and after that seized the government, having fallen on this city when weakened by dissension. So this connection with Creon is likely to prove to us a serious evil, for now that my son is in the bowels of the earth, this illustrious monarch Lycus is bent on extirpating the children of Heracles, to quench one bloody feud with

another, likewise his wife and me, if useless age like mine is to rank amongst men, that the boys may never grow up to exact a blood-penalty of their uncle's family. So I, left here by my son, whilst he is gone into the pitchy darkness of the earth, to tend and guard his children in his house, am taking my place with their mother, that the race of Heracles may not perish, here at the altar of Zeus the Saviour, which my own gallant child set up to commemorate his glorious victory over the Minyae. And here we are careful to keep our station, though in need of everything, of food, of drink, and raiment, huddled together on the hard bare ground, for we are barred out from our house and sit here for want of any other safety. As for friends, some I see are insincere, while others, who are staunch, have no power to help us further. This is what misfortune means to man, God grant it may never fall to the lot of any who bears the least goodwill to me, to apply this never-failing test of friendship!

#### MLGARA

Old warrior, who erst did raze the citadel of the Taphians leading on the troops of Thebes to glory, how uncertain are God's dealings with man! For I, as far as concerned my sire was never an outcast of fortune, for he was once accounted a man of might by reason of his wealth, possessed as he was of royal power, for which long spears are launched at the lives of the fortunate through love of it, children too he had, and me did he betroth to thy son, matching me in glorious marriage with Heracles. Whereas now all that is dead and gone from us, and I and thou, old friend, art doomed to die, and these children of Heracles, whom I am guarding 'neath my wing as a bird keepeth her tender chicks under her. And they the while in turn keep asking me, "Mother, whither is our father gone from the land? what is he about? when will he return?" Thus they inquire for their father, in childish perplexity, while I put them off with excuses, inventing stories, but still I wonder if 'tis he whenever a door creaks on its hinges, and up they all start, thinking to embrace their father's knees. What hope or way of salvation art thou now devising, old friend? for to thee I look. We can never steal beyond the boundaries of the land unseen, for there is too strict a watch set on us at every outlet, nor have we any longer hopes of safety in our friends. Whatever thy scheme is, declare it, lest our death be made ready, while we are only prolonging the time, powerless to escape.

#### AMPHIRYON

'Tis by no means easy, my daughter, to give one's earnest advice on such matters easily, without weary thought.

#### MEGARA

Dost need a further taste of grief, or cling so fast to life?

## AMPHITRYON

Yes, I love this life, and cling to its hopes

## MEGARA

So do I, but it boots not to expect the unexpected, old friend

## AMPHITRYON

In these delays is left the only cure for our evils

## MEGARA

'Tis the pain of that interval I feel so

## AMPHITRYON

Daughter, there may yet be a happy escape from present troubles for me and thee, my son, thy husband, may yet arrive So calm thyself, and wipe those tears from thy children's eyes, and soothe them with soft words, inventing a tale to delude them, piteous though such fraud be Yea, for men's misfortunes oft times flag, and the stormy wind doth not always blow so strong, nor are the prosperous ever so, for all things change, making way for each other The bravest man is he who relieth ever on his hopes, but despair is the mark of a coward

(*The CHORUS OF OLD MEN OF THEBES enters*)

CHORUS (*chanting*)*strophe*

To the sheltering roof, to the old man's couch, leaning on my staff have I set forth, chanting a plaintive dirge like some bird grown grey, I that am but a voice and nothing more, a fancy bred of the visions of sleep by night, palsied with age, yet meaning kindly All hail! ye orphaned babes! all hail, old friend! thou too, unhappy mother, wailing for thy husband in the halls of Hades!

*antistrophe*

Faint not too soon upon your way, nor let your limbs grow weary, even as a colt beneath the yoke grows weary as he mounts some stony hill, dragging the weight of a wheeled car Take hold of hand or robe, whoso feels his footsteps falter Old friend, escort another like thyself, who erst amid his toiling peers in the days of our youth would take his place beside thee, no blot upon his country's glorious record

See, how like their father's sternly flash these children's eyes! Misfortune, God wot, hath not failed his children, nor yet hath his comeliness been denied them O Hellas! if thou lose these, of what allies wilt thou rob thyself!

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

But I see Lycus, the ruler of this land, drawing near the house  
(LYCUS and his attendants enter)

## LYCUS

One question, if I may, to this father of Heracles and his wife, and certainly as your lord and master I have a right to put what questions I choose. How long do ye seek to prolong your lives? What hope, what succour do ye see to save you from death? Do you trust that these children's father, who lies dead in the halls of Hades, will return? How unworthily ye show your sorrow at having to die, thou (*to AMPHITRYON*) after thy idle boasts, scattered broadcast through Hellas, that Zeus was partner in thy marriage-bed and there begat a new god, and thou (*to MEGARA*) after calling thyself the wife of so peerless a lord.

After all, what was the fine exploit thy husband achieved, if he *did* kill a hydra in a marsh or that monster of Nemea? which he caught in a snare, for all he says he strangled it to death in his arms. Are these your weapons for the hard struggle? Is it for this then that Heracles' children should be spared? a man who has won a reputation for valour in his contests with beasts, in all else a weakling, who ne'er buckled shield to arm nor faced the spear, but with a bow, that coward's weapon, was ever ready to run away. Archery is no test of manly bravery: no! he is a man who keeps his post in the ranks and steadily faces the swift wound the spear may plough. My policy, again, old man, shows no reckless cruelty, but caution, for I am well aware I slew Creon, the father of Megara, and am in possession of his throne. So I have no wish that these children should grow up and be left to take vengeance on me in requital for what I have done.

## AMPHITRYON

As for Zeus, let Zeus defend his son's case, but as for me, Heracles, I am only anxious on thy behalf to prove by what I say this tyrant's ignorance, for I cannot allow thee to be ill spoken of. First then for that which should never have been said,—for to speak of thee Heracles as a coward is, methinks, outside the pale of speech,—of that must I clear thee with heaven to witness. I appeal then to the thunder of Zeus, and the chariot wherein he rode, when he pierced the giants, earth's brood, to the heart with his winged shafts, and with gods uplifted the glorious triumph-song, or go to Pholoe and ask the insolent tribe of four-legged Centaurs, thou craven king, ask them who they would judge their bravest foe, will they not say my son, who according to thee is but a pretender? Wert thou to ask Euboean Dirphys, thy native place, it would nowise sing thy praise, for thou hast never done a single gallant deed to which thy country can witness. Next thou dost disparage that clever invention, an archer's

weapon, come, listen to me and learn wisdom. A man who fights in line is a slave to his weapons, and if his fellow-comrades want for courage he is slain himself through the cowardice of his neighbours, or, if he break his spear, he has not wherewithal to defend his body from death, having only one means of defence, whereas all who are armed with the trusty bow, though they have but one weapon, yet is it the best, for a man, after discharging countless arrows, still has others wherewith to defend himself from death, and standing at a distance keeps off the enemy, wounding them for all their watchfulness with shafts invisible, and never exposing himself to the foe, but keeping under cover, and this is far the wisest course in battle, to harm the enemy, if they are not stationed out of shot, and keep safe oneself. These arguments are completely opposite to thine with regard to the point at issue. Next, why art thou desirous of slaying these children? What have they done to thee? One piece of wisdom I credit thee with, thy coward terror of a brave man's descendants. Still it is hard on us, if for thy cowardice we must die, a fate that ought to have overtaken thee at our braver hands, if Zeus had been fairly disposed towards us. But, if thou art so anxious to make thyself supreme in the land, let us at least go into exile, abstain from all violence, else thou wilt suffer by it whenso the deity causes fortune's breeze to veer round.

Ah! thou land of Cadmus,—for to thee too will I turn, upbraiding thee with words of reproach,—is this your succour of Heracles and his children? the man who faced alone the Minyan host in battle and allowed Thebes to see the light with freemen's eyes. I cannot praise Hellas, nor will I ever keep silence, finding her so craven as regards my son, she should have come with fire and sword and warrior's arms to help these tender babes, to requite him for all his labours in purging land and sea. Such help, my children, neither Hellas nor the city of Thebes affords you, to me a feeble friend ye look, that am but empty sound and nothing more. For the vigour which once I had, is gone from me, my limbs are palsied with age, and my strength is decayed. Were I but young and still a man of my hands, I would have seized my spear and dabbled those flaxen locks of his with blood, so that the coward would now be flying from my prowess beyond the bounds of Atlas.

#### LEADER

Have not the brave amongst mankind a fair opening for speech, albeit slow to begin?

#### LYCUS

Say what thou wilt of me in thy exalted phrase, but I by deeds will make thee rue those words (*Calling to his servants*) Ho! bid wood-cutters go, some to Helicon, others to the glens of Parnassus, and cut me logs of oak, and when they are brought to the town, pile up a stack of wood all

round the altar on either side thereof, and set fire to it and burn them all alive, that they may learn that the dead no longer rules this land, but that for the present I am king (*angrily to the CHORUS*) As for you, old men, since ye thwart my views, not for the children of Heracles alone shall ye lament, but likewise for every blow that strikes his house, and ye shall ne'er forget ye are slaves and I your prince

## LEADER

Ye sons of Earth, whom Ares on a day did sow, when from the dragon's ravening jaw he had torn the teeth, up with your staves, whereon ye lean your hands, and dash out this miscreant's brains! a fellow who, without even being a Theban, but a foreigner, lords it shamefully o'er the younger folk, but *my* master shalt thou never be to thy joy, nor shalt thou reap the harvest of all my toil, begone with my curse upon thee! carry thy insolence back to the place whence it came For never whilst I live, shalt thou slay these sons of Heracles, not so deep beneath the earth hath their father disappeared from his children's ken Thou art in possession of this land which thou hast ruined, while he its benefactor has missed his just reward, and yet do I take too much upon myself because I help those I love after their death, when most they need a friend? Ah! right hand, how fain wouldst thou wield the spear, but thy weakness is a death-blow to thy fond desire, for then had I stopped thee calling me slave, and I would have governed Thebes, wherem thou art now exulting, with credit, for a city sick with dissension and evil counsels thinketh not aright, otherwise it would never have accepted thee as its master

## MEGARA

Old sirs, I thank you, 'tis right that friends should feel virtuous indignation on behalf of those they love, but do not on our account vent your anger on the tyrant to your own undoing Hear my advice, Amphitryon, if haply there appear to thee to be aught in what I say I love my children, strange if I did not love those whom I laboured to bring forth! Death I count a dreadful fate, but the man who wrestles with necessity I esteem a fool Since we must die, let us do so without being burnt alive, to furnish our foes with food for merriment, which to my mind is an evil worse than death, for many a fair guerdon do we owe our family Thine has ever been a warrior's fair fame, so 'tis not to be endured that thou shouldst die a coward's death, and my husband's reputation needs no one to witness that he would ne'er consent to save these children's lives by letting them incur the stain of cowardice, for the noble are afflicted by disgrace on account of their children, nor must I shrink from following my lord's example As to thy hopes consider how I weigh them Thou thinkest thy son will return from beneath the earth who ever has come

back from the dead out of the halls of Hades? Thou hast a hope perhaps of softening this man by entreaty no, no! better to fly from one's enemy when he is so brutish, but yield to men of breeding and wisdom, for thou wilt more easily obtain mercy there by friendly overtures True, a thought has already occurred to me that we might by entreaty obtain a sentence of exile for the children, yet this too is misery, to compass their deliverance with dire penury as the result, for 'tis a saying that hosts look sweetly on banished friends for a day and no more Steel thy heart to die with us, for that awaits thee after all By thy brave soul I challenge thee, old friend, for whoso struggles hard to escape destiny shows zeal no doubt, but 'tis zeal with a taint of folly, for what must be, no one will ever avail to alter

## LEADER

If a man had insulted thee, while yet my arms were lusty, there would have been an easy way to stop him but now am I a thing of naught, and so thou henceforth, Amphitryon, must scheme how to avert misfortune

## AMPHITRYON

'Tis not cowardice or any longing for life that hinders my dying, but my wish to save my son's children, though no doubt I am vainly wishing for impossibilities Lo! here is my neck ready for thy sword to pierce, my body for thee to hack or hurl from the rock, only one boon I crave for both of us, O king, slay me and this hapless mother before thou slay the children, that we may not see the hideous sight, as they gasp out their lives, calling on their mother and their father's sire, for the rest work thy will, if so thou art inclined, for we have no defence against death

## MEGARA

I too implore thee add a second boon, that by thy single act thou mayst put us both under a double obligation, suffer me to deck my children in the robes of death,—first opening the palace gates, for now are we shut out,—that thus at least they may obtain from their father's halls

## LYCUS

I grant it, and bid my servants undo the bolts Go in and deck yourselves, robes I grudge not But soon as ye have clothed yourselves, I will return to you to consign you to the nether world

(LYCUS and his retinue withdraw)

## MEGARA

Children, follow the footsteps of your hapless mother to your father's halls, where others possess his substance, though his name is still ours

(MEGARA and her children enter the palace)



## AMPHITRYON

O Zeus, in vain, it seems, did I get thee to share my bride with me, in vain used we to call thee father of my son. After all thou art less our friend than thou didst pretend. Great god as thou art, I, a mere mortal, surpass thee in true worth. For I did not betray the children of Heracles, but thou by stealth didst find thy way to my couch, taking another's wife without leave given, while to save thy own friends thou hast no skill. Either thou art a god of little sense, or else naturally unjust.

(AMPHITRYON follows MEGARA into the palace.)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

Phoebus is singing a plaintive dirge to drown his happier strains, striking with key of gold his sweet-tongued lyre, so too am I fain to sing a song of praise, a crown to all his toil, concerning him who is gone to the gloom beneath the nether world, whether I am to call him son of Zeus or of Amphitryon. For the praise of noble toils accomplished is a glory to the dead. First he cleared the grove of Zeus of a lion, and put its skin upon his back, hiding his auburn hair in its fearful gaping jaws,

*antistrophe 1*

Then on a day, with murderous bow he wounded the race of wild Centaurs, that range the hills, slaying them with winged shafts, Peneus, the river of fair eddies, knows him well, and those far fields unharvested, and the steadings on Pelion and they who haunt the glens of Homole bordering thereupon, whence they rode forth to conquer Thessaly, arming themselves with pines for clubs, likewise he slew that dappled hind with horns of gold, that preyed upon the country-folk, glorifying Artemis, huntress queen of Oenoe,

*strophe 2*

Next he mounted on a car and tamed with the lit the steeds of Diomedes, that greedily champed their bloody food at gory mangers with jaws unbridled, devouring with hideous joy the flesh of men, then crossing Hebrus' silver stream he still toiled on to perform the hests of the tyrant of Mycenae, till he came to the strand of the Malian gulf by the streams of Anaurus, where he slew with his arrows Cycnus, murderer of his guests, the savage wretch who dwelt in Amphanae,

*antistrophe 2*

Also he came to those minstrel maids, to their orchard in the west, to pluck from the leafy apple-tree its golden fruit, when he had slain

the tawny dragon, whose awful coils were twined all round to guard it, and he made his way into ocean's lairs, bringing calm to men that use the oar, moreover he sought the home of Atlas, and stretched out his hands to uphold the firmament, and on his manly shoulders took the starry mansions of the gods,

*strophe 3*

Then he went through the waves of heaving Euxine against the mounted host of Amazons dwelling round Macotis, the lake that is fed by many a stream, having gathered to his standard all his friends from Hellas, to fetch the gold-embroidered raiment of the warrior queen, a deadly quest for a girdle And Hellas won those glorious spoils of the barbarian maid, and safe in Mycenae are they now On Lerna's murderous hound, the many-headed hydra, he set his branding-iron, and smeared its venom on his darts, wherewith he slew the shepherd of Erytheia, a monster with three bodies,

*antistrophe 3*

And many another glorious achievement he brought to a happy issue, to Hades' house of tears hath he now sailed, the goal of his labours, where he is ending his career of toil, nor cometh he thence again Now is thy house left without a friend, and Charon's boat awaits thy children to bear them on that journey out of life, whence is no returning, contrary to God's law and man's justice, and it is to thy prowess that thy house is looking although thou art not here Had I been strong and lusty, able to brandish the spear in battle's onset, my Theban compeers too, I would have stood by thy children to champion them, but now my happy youth is gone and I am left

But lo! I see the children of Heracles who was erst so great, clad in the vesture of the grave, and his loving wife dragging her babes along at her side, and that hero's aged sire Ah! woe is me! no longer can I stem the flood of tears that spring to my old eyes

(MEGARA, AMPHITRYON, and the children enter from the palace)

## MEGARA

Come now, who is to sacrifice or butcher these poor children? or rob me of my wretched life? Behold! the victims are ready to be led to Hades' halls O my children! an ill-matched company are we hurried off to die, old men and babes, and mothers, all together Alas! for my sad fate and my children's, whom these eyes now for the last time behold So I gave you birth and reared you only for our foes to mock, to flout, and slay Ah me! how bitterly my hopes have disappointed me in the expectation I once formed from the words of your father (*Addressing each of her sons*)

*in turn*) To *thee* thy dead sire was for giving Argos, and thou wert to dwell in the halls of Eurystheus, lording it o'er the fair fruitful land of Argolis, and o'er thy head would he throw that lion's skin wherewith himself was girt *Thou* wert to be king of Thebes, famed for its chariots, receiving as thy heritage my broad lands, for so thou didst coax thy father dear, and to thy hand used he to resign the carved club, his sure defence, pretending to give it thee To *thee* he promised to give Oechalia, which once his archery had wasted Thus with three principalities would your father exalt you his three sons, proud of your manliness, while I was choosing the best brides for you, scheming to link you by marriage to Athens, Thebes, and Sparta, that ye might live a happy life with a fast sheet-anchor to hold by And now that is all vanished, fortune's breeze hath veered and given to you for brides the maidens of death in their stead, and tears to me to bathe them in, woe is me for my foolish thoughts! and your grandsire here is celebrating your marriage-feast, accepting Hades as the father of your brides, a grim relationship to make Ah me! which of you shall I first press to my bosom, which last? on which bestow my kiss, or clasp close to me? Oh! would that like the bee with russet wing, I could collect from every source my sighs in one, and, blending them together, shed them in one copious flood! Heracles, dear husband mine, to thee I call, if haply mortal voice can make itself heard in Hades' halls, thy father and children are dying, and I am doomed, I who once because of thee was counted blest as men count bliss Come to our rescue, appear, I pray, if but as a phantom, since thy mere coming would be enough, for they are cowards compared with thee, who are slaying thy children

#### AMPHITRYON

Lady, do thou prepare the funeral rites, but I, O Zeus, stretching out my hand to heaven, call on thee to help these children, if such be thy intention, for soon will any aid of thine be unavailing, and yet thou hast been oft invoked, my toil is wasted, death seems inevitable Ye aged friends, the joys of life are few, so take heed that ye pass through it as gladly as ye may, without a thought of sorrow from morn till night, for time reckes little of preserving our hopes, and, when he has busied himself on his own business, away he flies Look at me, a man who had made a mark amongst his fellows by deeds of note, yet hath fortune in a single day robbed me of it as of a feather that floats away toward the sky I know not any whose plenteous wealth and high reputation is fixed and sure, fare ye well, for now have ye seen the last of your old friend, my comrades

(MEGARA catches sight of HERACLES approaching)

MEGARA

Ha! old friend, is it my own, my dearest I behold? or what am I to say?

AMPHITRYON

I know not, my daughter, I too am struck dumb

MEGARA

Is this he who, they told us, was beneath the earth?

AMPHITRYON

'Tis he, unless some day-dream mocks our sight

MEGARA

What am I saying? What visions do these anxious eyes behold? Old man, this is none other than thy own son. Come hither, my children, cling to your father's robe, make haste to come, never loose your hold, for here is one to help you, nowise behind our saviour Zeus

(HERACLES enters)

HERACLES

All hail! my house, and portals of my home, how glad am I to emerge to the light and see thee. Ha! what is this? I see my children before the house in the garb of death, with chaplets on their heads, and my wife amid a throng of men, and my father weeping o'er some mischance. Let me draw near to them and inquire, lady, what strange stroke of fate hath fallen on the house?

MEGARA

Dearest of all mankind to me! O ray of light appearing to thy sire! art thou safe, and is thy coming just in time to help thy dear ones?

HERACLES

What meanest thou? what is this confusion I find on my arrival, father?

MEGARA

We are being ruined, forgive me, old friend, if I have anticipated that which thou hadst a right to tell him, for woman's nature is perhaps more prone than man's to grief, and they are my children that were being led to death, which was my own lot too

HERACLES

Great Apollo! what a prelude to thy story!

MEGARA

Dead are my brethren, dead my hoary sire

HERACLES

How so? what befell him? who dealt the fatal blow?

MEGARA

Lycus, our splendid monarch, slew him

HERACLES

Did he meet him in fair fight, or was the land sick and weak?

MEGARA

Aye, from faction, now is he master of the city of Cadmus with its seven gates

HERACLES

Why hath panic fallen on thee and my aged sire?

MEGARA

He meant to kill thy father, me, and my children

HERACLES

Why, what had he to fear from my orphan babes?

MEGARA

He was afraid they might some day avenge Creon's death

HERACLES

What means this dress they wear, suited to the dead?

MEGARA

'Tis the garb of death we have already put on

HERACLES

And were ye being haled to death? O woe is me!

MEGARA

Yes, deserted by every friend, and informed that thou wert dead

HERACLES

What put such desperate thoughts into your heads?

MEGARA

That was what the heralds of Eurystheus kept proclaiming

HERACLES

Why did ye leave my hearth and home?

MEGARA

He forced us, thy father was dragged from his bed

## HERACLES

Had he no mercy, to ill-use the old man so?

## MEGARA

Mercy forsooth! that goddess and he dwell far enough apart

## HERACLES

Was I so poor in friends in my absence?

## MEGARA

Who are the friends of a man in misfortune?

## HERACLES

Do they make so light of my hard warring with the Minyae?

## MEGARA

Misfortune, to repeat it to thee, has no friends

## HERACLES

Cast from your heads these chaplets of death, look up to the light, for instead of the nether gloom your eyes behold the welcome sun I, meantime, since here is work for my hand, will first go raze this upstart tyrant's halls, and when I have beheaded the miscreant, I will throw him to dogs to tear, and every Theban who I find has played the traitor after my kindness, will I destroy with this victorious club, the rest will I scatter with my feathered shafts and fill Ismenus full of bloody corpses, and Dirce's clear fount shall run red with gore For whom ought I to help rather than wife and children and aged sire? Farewell my labours! for it was in vain I accomplished them rather than succoured these And yet I ought to die in their defence, since they for their sire were doomed, else what shall we find so noble in having fought a hydra and a lion at the hests of Eurystheus, if I make no effort to save my own children from death? No longer I trow, as heretofore, shall I be called Heracles the victor

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

'Tis only right that parents should help their children, their aged sires, and the partners of their marriage

## AMPHITRYON

My son, 'tis like thee to show thy love for thy dear ones and thy hate for all that is hostile, only curb excessive hastiness

## HERACLES

Wherein, father, am I now showing more than fitting haste?

## AMPHITRYON

The king hath a host of allies, needy villains though pretending to be rich, who sowed dissension and o'erthrew the state with a view to plundering their neighbours, for the wealth they had in their houses was all spent, dissipated by their sloth. Thou wast seen entering the city, and, that being so, beware that thou bring not thy enemies together and be slain unawares.

## HERACLES

Little I reckon if the whole city saw me, but chancing to see a bird perched in an ill-omened spot, from it I learnt that some trouble had befallen my house, so I purposely made my entry to the land by stealth.

## AMPHITRYON

For thy lucky coming hither, go salute thy household altar, and let thy father's halls behold thy face. For soon will the king be here in person to drag away thy wife and children and murder them, and to add me to the bloody list. But if thou remain on the spot all will go well, and thou wilt profit by this security, but do not rouse thy city ere thou hast these matters well in train, my son.

## HERACLES

I will do so, thy advice is good, I will enter my house. After my return at length from the sunless den of Hades and the maiden queen of hell, I will not neglect to greet first of all the gods beneath my roof.

## AMPHITRYON

Why, didst thou in very deed go to the house of Hades, my son?

## HERACLES

Aye, and brought to the light that three-headed monster.

## AMPHITRYON

Didst worst him in fight, or receive him from the goddess?

## HERACLES

In fair fight, for I had been lucky enough to witness the rites of the initiated.<sup>1</sup>

## AMPHITRYON

Is the monster really lodged in the house of Eurystheus?

## HERACLES

The grove of Demeter and the city of Hermione are his prison.

## AMPHITRYON

Does not Eurystheus know that thou hast returned to the upper world?

## HERACLES

He knows not, I came hither first to learn your news

## AMPHITRYON

How is it thou wert so long beneath the earth?

## HERACLES

I stayed awhile attempting to bring back Theseus from Hades, father

## AMPHITRYON

Where is he? gone to his native land?

## HERACLES

He set out for Athens right glad to have escaped from the lower world  
Come, children, attend your father to the house My entering in is fairer  
in your eyes, I trow, than my going out Take heart, and no more let the  
tears stream from your eyes, thou too, dear wife, collect thy courage,  
cease from fear, let go my robe, for I cannot fly away, nor have I any  
wish to flee from those I love Ah! they do not loose their hold, but cling  
to my garments all the more, were ye in such jeopardy? Well, I must  
lead them, taking them by the hand to draw them after me, like a ship  
when towing, for I too do not reject the care of my children, here all  
mankind are equal, all love their children, both those of high estate and  
those who are naught, 'tis wealth that makes distinctions among them,  
some have, others want, but all the human race loves its offspring  
(HERACLES, MEGARA, AMPHITRYON and the children enter the palace)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

Dear to me is youth, but old age is ever hanging o'er my head, a  
burden heavier than Aetna's crags, casting its pall of gloom upon my  
eyes Oh! never may the wealth of Asia's kings tempt me to barter  
for houses stored with gold my happy youth, which is in wealth and  
poverty alike most fair! But old age is gloomy and deathly, I hate  
it, let it sink beneath the waves! Would it had never found its way  
to the homes and towns of mortal men, but were still drifting on for  
ever down the wind

*antistrophe 1*

Had the gods shown discernment and wisdom, as mortals count  
these things, men would have gotten youth twice over, a visible  
mark of worth amongst whomsoever found, and after death would  
these have retraced their steps once more to the sun-light, while  
the mean man would have had but a single portion of life, and  
thus would it have been possible to distinguish the good and the



bad, just as sailors know the number of the stars amid the clouds  
 But, as it is, the gods have set no certain boundary 'twixt good and  
 bad, but time's onward roll brings increase only to man's wealth

*strophe 2*

Never will I cease to link in one the Graces and the Muses, fairest  
 union Never may my lines be cast among untutored boors, but ever  
 may I find a place among the crownèd choir! Yes, still the aged  
 bard lifts up his voice of bygone memories, still is my song of the  
 triumphs of Heracles, whether Bromius the giver of wine is nigh, or  
 the strains of the seven-stringed lyre and the Libyan flute are rising,  
 not yet will I cease to sing the Muses' praise, my patrons in the  
 dance

*antistrophe 2*

As the maids of Delos raise their song of joy, circling round the  
 temple gates in honour of Leto's fair son, the graceful dancer, so I  
 with my old lips will sing songs of victory at thy palace-doors, a  
 song of my old age, such as sings the dying swan, for there is a goodly  
 theme for minstrelsy, he is the son of Zeus, yet high above his  
 noble birth tower his deeds of prowess, for his toil secured this life  
 of calm for man, having destroyed all fearsome beasts

(*AMPHITRYON comes out of the palace as LYCUS and his retinue  
 enter*)

LYCUS

Ha! Amphitryon, 'tis high time thou camest forth from the palace,  
 ye have been too long arraying yourselves in the robes and trappings  
 of the dead Come, bid the wife and children of Heracles show themselves  
 outside the house, to die on the conditions you yourselves offered

AMPHITRYON

O king, thou dost persecute me in my misery and heapest insult upon  
 me over and above the loss of my son, thou shouldst have been more  
 moderate in thy zeal, though thou art my lord and master But since  
 thou dost impose death's stern necessity on me, needs must I acquiesce  
 and do thy will

LYCUS

Pray, where is Megara? where are the children of Alcmena's son?

AMPHITRYON

She, I believe, so far as I can guess from outside—

LYCUS

What grounds hast thou to base thy fancy on?

AMPHITRYON

Is sitting as a suppliant on the altar's hallowed steps

LYCUS

Imploring them quite uselessly to save her life

AMPHITRYON

And calling on her dead husband, quite in vain

LYCUS

He is nowhere near, and he certainly will never come

AMPHITRYON

No, unless perhaps a god should raise him from the dead

LYCUS

Go to her and bring her from the palace

AMPHITRYON

By doing so I should become an accomplice in her murder

LYCUS

Since thou hast this scruple, I, who have left fear behind, will myself bring out the mother and her children Follow me, servants, that we may put an end to this delay of our work to our joy

(LYCUS and his servants enter the palace)

AMPHITRYON

Then go thy way along the path of fate, for what remains, maybe another will provide Expect for thy evil deeds to find some ill thyself Ah! my aged friends, he is marching fairly to his doom, soon will he be entangled in the snare of the sword, thinking to slay his neighbours, the villain! I will hence, to see him fall dead, for the sight of a foe being slain and paying the penalty of his misdeeds gives pleasure

(AMPHITRYON follows LYCUS into the palace)

CHORUS (*singing*)

Evil has changed sides, he who was erst a mighty king is now turning his life backward into the road to Hades

Hail to thee! Justice and heavenly retribution

At last hast thou reached the goal where thy death will pay the forfeit,

For thy insults against thy betters

Joy makes my tears burst forth  
 There is come a retribution, which the prince of the land never  
 once thought in his heart would happen  
 Come, old friends, let us look within to see if one we know has  
 met the fate I hope

LYCUS (*within*)

Ah me! ah me!

CHORUS (*singing*)

Ha! how sweet to hear that opening note of his within the house,  
 death is not far off him now  
 Hark! the prince cries out in his agony, that preludes death

LYCUS (*within*)

O kingdom of Cadmus, by treachery I am perishing!

CHORUS (*singing*)

Thou wert thyself for making others perish, endure thy retri-  
 bution, tis only the penalty of thy own deeds thou art paying

Who was he, weak son of man, that aimed his silly saying at the  
 blessed gods of heaven with impious blasphemy, maintaining that  
 they are weaklings after all?

Old friends, our godless foe is now no more

The house is still, let us to our dancing

Yea, for fortune smiles upon my friends as I desire

*strophe 1*

Dances and banquets now prevail throughout the holy town of  
 Thebes For release from tears and respite from sorrow give birth to  
 song The upstart king is dead and gone, our former monarch now  
 is prince, having made his way even from the bourn of Acheron  
 Hope beyond all expectation is fulfilled

*antistrophe 1*

To heed the right and wrong is heaven's care 'Tis their gold and  
 their good luck that lead men's hearts astray, bringing in their train  
 unholy tyranny For no man ever had the courage to reflect what  
 reverses time might bring, but, disregarding law to gratify lawless-  
 ness, he shatters in gloom the car of happiness

*strophe 2*

Deck thee with garlands, O Ismenus! break forth into dancing,  
 ye paved streets of our seven-gated city! come Dirce, fount of

waters fair, and joined with her ye daughters of Asopus, come from your father's waves to add your maiden voices to our hymn, the victor's prize that Heracles hath won O Pythian rock, with forests crowned, and haunts of the Muses on Helicon! make my city and her walls re-echo with cries of joy, where sprang the earth-born crop to view, a warrior-host with shields of brass, who are handing on their realm to children's children, a light divine to Thebes

*antistrophe 2*

All hail the marriage! wherein two bridegrooms shared, the one, a mortal, the other, Zeus, who came to wed the maiden sprung from Perseus, for that marriage of thine, O Zeus, in days gone by has been proved to me a true story beyond all expectation, and time hath shown the lustre of Heracles' prowess, who emerged from caverns 'neath the earth after leaving Pluto's halls below To me art thou a worthier lord than that base-born king, who now lets it be plainly seen in this struggle 'twixt armed warriors, whether justice still finds favour in heaven

(*The spectres of MADNESS and IRIS appear from above The CHORUS sees them*)

Ha! see there, my old comrades! is the same wild panic fallen on us all, what phantom is this I see hovering o'er the house? Fly, fly, bestir thy tardy steps! begone! away! O saviour prince, avert calamity from me!

IRIS

Courage, old men! she, whom you see, is Madness, daughter of Night, and I am Iris, the handmaid of the gods We have not come to do your city any hurt, but against the house of one man only is our warfare, even against him whom they call the son of Zeus and Alcmena For until he had finished all his grievous toils, Destiny was preserving him, nor would father Zeus ever suffer me or Hera to harm him But now that he hath accomplished the labours of Eurystheus, Hera is minded to brand him with the guilt of shedding kindred blood by slaying his own children, and I am one with her Come then, mad unwed, child of murky Night, harden thy heart relentlessly, send forth frenzy upon him, confound his mind even to the slaying of his children, drive him, goad him wildly on his mad career, shake out the sails of death, that when he has sent o'er Acheron's ferry that fair group of children by his own murderous hand, he may learn to know how fiercely against him the wrath of Hera burns and may also experience mine, otherwise, if he escape punishment, the gods will become as naught, while man's power will grow

## MADNESS

Of noble parents was I born, the daughter of Night, sprung from the blood of Uranus, and these prerogatives I hold, not to use them in anger against friends, nor have I any joy in visiting the homes of men, and fain would I counsel Hera, before I see her err, and thee too, if ye will hearken to my words. This man, against whose house thou art sending me, has made himself a name alike in heaven and earth, for, after taming pathless wilds and raging sea, he by his single might raised up again the honours of the gods when sinking before man's impiety, wherefore I counsel thee, do not wish him dire mishaps

## IRIS

Spare us *thy* advice on Hera's and my schemes

## MADNESS

I seek to turn thy steps into the best path instead of into this one of evil

## IRIS

'Twas not to practice self-control that the wife of Zeus sent thee hither

## MADNESS

I call the sun-god to witness that herein I am acting against my will, but if indeed I must forthwith serve thee and Hera and follow you in full cry as hounds follow the huntsman, why go I will, nor shall ocean with its moaning waves, nor the earthquake, nor the thunderbolt with blast of agony be half so furious as the headlong rush I will make into the breast of Heracles, through his roof will I burst my way and swoop upon his house, after first slaying his children, nor shall their murderer know that he is killing his own-begotten babes, till he is released from my madness. Behold him! see how even now he is wildly tossing his head at the outset, and rolling his eyes fiercely from side to side without a word, nor can he control his panting breath, but like a bull in act to charge, he bellows fearfully, calling on the goddesses of nether hell. Soon will I rouse thee to yet wilder dancing and sound a note of terror in thine ear. Soar away, O Iris, to Olympus on thy honoured course, while I unseen will steal into the halls of Heracles

(IRIS and MADNESS vanish)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Alas! alas! lament, O city, the son of Zeus, thy fairest bloom, is being cut down

Woe is thee, Hellas! that wilt cast from thee thy benefactor, and destroy him as he madly, wildly dances where no pipe is heard

She is mounted on her car, the queen of sorrow and sighing, and

is goading on her steeds, as if for outrage, the Gorgon child of Night,  
with hundred hissing serpent-heads, Madness of the flashing eyes

Soon hath the god changed his good fortune, soon will his children  
breathe their last, slain by a father's hand

Ah me! alas! soon will vengeance, mad, relentless, lay low by a  
cruel death thy unhappy son, O Zeus, exacting a full penalty

Alas, O house! the fiend begins her dance of death without the  
cymbal's crash, with no glad waving of the wine-god's staff

Woe to these halls! toward bloodshed she moves, and not to pour  
libations of the juice of the grape

O children, haste to fly, that is the chant of death her piping plays

Ah, yes! he is chasing the children Never, ah! never will Madness  
lead her revel rout in vain

Ah misery!

Ah me! how I lament that aged sire, that mother too that bore  
his babes in vain

Look! look!

A tempest rocks the house, the roof is falling with it

Oh! what art thou doing, son of Zeus?

Thou art sending hell's confusion against thy house, as erst did  
Pallas on Enceladus

(A MESSENGER enters from the palace)

MESSENGER

Ye hoary men of eld!

CHORUS

Why, oh! why this loud address to me?

MESSENGER

Awful is the sight within!

CHORUS

No need for me to call another to announce that

MESSENGER

Dead lie the children

CHORUS

Alas!

MESSENGER

Ah weep! for here is cause for weeping

## CHORUS

A cruel murder, wrought by parents' hands!

## MESSENGER

No words can utter more than we have suffered

## CHORUS

What, canst thou prove this piteous ruin was a father's outrage on his children? Tell me how these heaven-sent woes came rushing on the house, say how the children met their sad mischance

## MESSENGER

Victims to purify the house were stationed before the altar of Zeus, for Heracles had slain and cast from his halls the king of the land. There stood his group of lovely children, with his sire and Megara, and already the basket was being passed round the altar, and we were keeping holy silence. But just as Alcmena's son was bringing the torch in his right hand to dip it in the holy water, he stopped without a word. And as their father lingered, his children looked at him, and lo! he was changed, his eyes were rolling, he was distraught, his eyeballs were bloodshot and starting from their sockets, and foam was oozing down his bearded cheek. Anon he spoke, laughing the while a madman's laugh, "Father, why should I sacrifice before I have slain Eurystheus, why kindle the purifying flame and have the toil twice over, when I might at one stroke so fairly end it all? Soon as I have brought the head of Eurystheus hither, I will cleanse my hands for those already slain. Spill the water, cast the baskets from your hands. Ho! give me now my bow and club! To famed Mycenae will I go, crow-bars and pick-axes must I take, for I will heave from their very base with iron levers those city-walls which the Cyclopes squared with red plumb-line and mason's tools."

Then he set out, and though he had no chariot there, he thought he had, and was for mounting to its seat, and using a goad as though his fingers really held one. A twofold feeling filled his servants' breasts, half amusement, and half fear, and one looking to his neighbour said, "Is our master making sport for us, or is he mad?" But he the while was pacing to and fro in his house, and, rushing into the men's chamber, he thought he had reached the city of Nisus, albeit he had gone into his own halls. So he threw himself upon the floor, as if he were there, and made ready to feast. But after waiting a brief space he began saying he was on his way to the plains amid the valleys of the Isthmus, and then stripping himself of his mantle, he fell to competing with an imaginary rival, o'er whom he proclaimed himself victor with his own voice, calling on imaginary spectators to listen. Next, fancy carrying him to Mycenae, he was uttering fearful threats against Eurystheus. Meantime his father caught

him by his stalwart arm, and thus addressed him, "My son, what meanest thou hereby? What strange doings are these? Can it be that the blood of thy late victims has driven thee frantic?" But he, supposing it was the father of Eurystheus striving in abject supplication to touch his hand, thrust him aside, and then against his own children aimed his bow and made ready his quiver, thinking to slay the sons of Eurystheus. And they in wild affright darted hither and thither, one to his hapless mother's skirts, another to the shadow of a pillar, while a third cowered 'neath the altar like a bird. Then cried their mother, "O father, what art thou doing? dost mean to slay thy children?" Likewise his aged sire and all the gathered servants cried aloud. But he, hunting the child round and round the column, in dreadful circles, and coming face to face with him shot him to the heart, and he fell upon his back, sprinkling the stone pillars with blood as he gasped out his life. Then did Heracles shout for joy and boasted loud, "Here lies one of Eurystheus' brood dead at my feet, atoning for his father's hate." Against a second did he aim his bow, who had crouched at the altar's foot thinking to escape unseen. But ere he fired, the poor child threw himself at his father's knees, and, flinging his hand to reach his beard or neck, cried, "Oh! slay me not, dear father mine! I am thy child, thine own, 'tis no son of Eurystheus thou wilt slay."

But that other, with savage Gorgon-sowl, as the child now stood in range of his baleful archery, smote him on the head, as smites a smith his molten iron, bringing down his club upon the fair-haired boy, and crushed the bones. The second caught, away he hies to add a third victim to the other twain. But ere he could, the poor mother caught up her babe and carried him within the house and shut the doors, forthwith the madman, as though he really were at the Cyclopean walls, prizes open the doors with levers, and, hurling down their posts, with one fell shaft laid low his wife and child. Then in wild career he starts to slay his aged sire, but lo! there came a phantom,—so it seemed to us on-lookers,—of Pallas, with plumed helm, brandishing a spear, and she hurled a rock against the breast of Heracles, which stayed him from his frenzied thirst for blood and plunged him into sleep, to the ground he fell, smiting his back against a column that had fallen on the floor in twain when the roof fell in. Thereon we rallied from our flight, and with the old man's aid bound him fast with knotted cords to the pillar, that on his awakening he might do no further evil. So there he sleeps, poor wretch! a sleep that is not blest, having murdered wife and children, nay, for my part I know not any son of man more miserable than he.

(*The MESSENGER withdraws*.)



CHORUS (*singing*)

That murder wrought by the daughters of Danaus, whereof my native Argos wots, was formerly the most famous and notorious in Hellas, but this hath surpassed and outdone those previous horrors I could tell of the murder of that poor son of Zeus, whom Procne, mother of an only child, slew and offered to the Muses, <sup>2</sup> but thou hadst three children, wretched parent, and all of them hast thou in thy frenzy slain What groans or wails, what funeral dirge, or chant of death am I to raise? Alas and woe! see, the bolted doors of the lofty palace are being rolled apart Ah me! behold these children lying dead before their wretched father, who is sunk in awful slumber after shedding their blood Round him are bonds and cords, made fast with many a knot about the body of Heracles, and lashed to the stone columns of his house While he, the aged sire, like mother-bird wailing her unfledged brood, comes hastening hither with halting steps on his bitter journey

(*The central doors of the palace have opened and have disclosed HERACLES lying asleep, bound to a shattered column AMPHITRYON steps out The following lines between AMPHITRYON and the CHORUS are chanted responsively*)

## AMPHITRYON

Softly, softly! ye aged sons of Thebes, let him sleep on and forget his sorrows

## CHORUS

For thee, old friend, I weep and mourn, for the children too and that victorious chief

## AMPHITRYON

Stand further off, make no noise nor outcry, rouse him not from his calm deep slumber

## CHORUS

O horrible! all this blood—

## AMPHITRYON

Hush, hush! ye will be my ruin

## CHORUS

That he has spilt is rising up against him

## AMPHITRYON

Gently raise your dirge of woe, old friends, lest he wake, and, bursting his bonds, destroy the city, rend his sire, and dash his house to pieces

## CHORUS

I cannot, cannot—

## AMPHITRYON

Hush! let me note his breathing, come, let me put my ear close

## CHORUS

Is he sleeping?

## AMPHITRYON

Aye, that is he, a deathly sleep, having slain wife and children  
with the arrows of his twanging bow

## CHORUS

Ah! mourn—

## AMPHITRYON

I do

## CHORUS

The children's death,

## AMPHITRYON

Ah me!

## CHORUS

And thy own son's doom

## AMPHITRYON

Ah misery!

## CHORUS

Old friend—

## AMPHITRYON

Hush! hush! he is turning, he is waking! Oh! let me hide myself  
beneath the covert of yon roof

## CHORUS

Courage! darkness still broods o'er thy son's eye

## AMPHITRYON

Oh! beware, 'tis not that I shrink from leaving the light after my  
miseries, poor wretch! but should he slay me that am his father,  
then will he be devising woe on woe, and to the avenging curse will  
add a parent's blood

## CHORUS

Well for thee hadst thou died in that day, when, to win they wife,  
thou didst go forth to exact vengeance for her slain brethren by sack-  
ing the Taphians' sea-beat town

## AMPHITRYON

Fly, fly, my aged friends, haste from before the palace, escape his  
waking fury! For soon will he heap up fresh carnage on the old,  
ranging wildly once more through the streets of Thebes

## CHORUS

O Zeus, why hast thou shown such savage hate against thine own  
son and plunged him in this sea of troubles?

HERACLES (*waking*)

Aha! my breath returns, I am alive, and my eyes see, opening on the  
sky and earth and yon sun's darting beam, but how my senses reel! in  
what strange turmoil am I plunged! my fevered breath in quick spas-  
modic gasps escapes my lungs How now? why am I lying here, made  
fast with cables like a ship, my brawny chest and arms tied to a shattered  
piece of masonry, with corpses for my neighbours, while o'er the floor  
my bow and arrows are scattered, that erst like trusty squires to my  
arm both kept me safe and were kept safe of me? Surely I am not come  
a second time to Hades' halls, having just returned from thence for  
Eurystheus? No, I do not see Sisyphus with his stone, or Pluto, or his  
queen, Demeter's child Surely I am distraught, I cannot remember  
where I am Ho, therc! which of my friends is near or far to help me in  
my ignorance? For I have no clear knowledge of things once familiar

## AMPHITRYON

My aged friends, shall I approach the scene of my sorrow?

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Yes, and let me go with thee, nor desert thee in thy trouble

## HERACLES

Father, why dost thou weep and veil thy eyes, standing aloof from  
thy beloved son?

## AMPHITRYON

My child! mine still, for all thy misery

## HERACLES

Why, what is there so sad in my case that thou dost weep?

## AMPHITRYON

That which might make any of the gods weep, were he to suffer so

## HERACLES

A bold assertion that, but thou art not yet explaining what has happened

## AMPHITRYON

Thine own eyes see that, if by this time thou are restored to thy senses

## HERACLES

Fill in thy sketch if any change awaits my life

## AMPHITRYON

I will explain, if thou art no longer mad as a fiend of hell

## HERACLES

God help us! what suspicions these dark hints of thine again excite!

## AMPHITRYON

I am still doubtful whether thou art in thy sober senses

## HERACLES

I never remember being mad

## AMPHITRYON

Am I to loose my son, old friends, or what?

## HERACLES

Loose and say who bound me, for I feel shame at this

## AMPHITRYON

Rest content with what thou knowest of thy woes, the rest forego

## HERACLES

Enough! I have no wish to probe thy silence

## AMPHITRYON

O Zeus, dost thou behold these deeds proceeding from the throne of Hera?

## HERACLES

What! have I suffered something from her enmity?

## AMPHITRYON

A truce to the goddess! attend to thy own troubles

**HERACLES**

I am undone, what mischance wilt thou unfold?

**AMPHITRYON**

See here the corpses of thy children

**HERACLES**

O horror! what hideous sight is here? ah me!

**AMPHITRYON**

My son, against thy children hast thou waged unnatural war

**HERACLES**

War! what meanst thou? who killed these?

**AMPHITRYON**

Thou and thy bow and some god, whoso he be that is to blame

**HERACLES**

What sayst thou? what have I done? Speak, father, thou messenger of evil

**AMPHITRYON**

Thou wert distraught, 'tis a sad explanation thou art asking

**HERACLES**

Was it I that slew my wife also?

**AMPHITRYON**

Thy own unaided arm hath done all this

**HERACLES**

Ah, woe is me! a cloud of sorrow wraps me round

**AMPHITRYON**

The reason this that I lament thy fate

**HERACLES**

Did I dash my house to pieces or incite others thereto?

**AMPHITRYON**

Naught know I save this, that thou art utterly undone

**HERACLES**

Where did my frenzy seize me? where did it destroy me?

**AMPHITRYON**

In the moment thou wert purifying thyself with fire at the altar

## HERACLES

Ah me! why do I spare my own life when I have taken that of my dear children? Shall I not hasten to leap from some sheer rock, or aim the sword against my heart and avenge my children's blood, or burn my body in the fire and so avert from my life the infamy which now awaits me?

But hither I see Theseus coming to check my deadly counsels, my kinsman and friend. Now shall I stand revealed, and the dearest of my friends will see the pollution I have incurred by my children's murder. Ah, woe is me! what am I to do? Where can I find release from my sorrows? shall I take wings or plunge beneath the earth? Come, let me veil my head in darkness, for I am ashamed of the evil I have done, and, since for these I have incurred fresh blood-guiltiness, I would fain not harm the innocent.

(THESEUS and his retinue enter.)

## THESEUS

I am come, and others with me, young warriors from the land of Athens, encamped by the streams of Asopus, to help thy son, old friend. For a rumour reached the city of the Erechtheidae, that Lycus had usurped the sceptre of this land and was become your enemy even to battle. Wherefore I came making recompense for the former kindness of Heracles in saving me from the world below, if haply ye have any need of such aid as I or my allies can give, old prince.

Ha! what means this heap of dead upon the floor? Surely I have not delayed too long and come too late to check new ills? Who slew these children? whose wife is this I see? Boys do not go to battle, nay, it must be some other strange mischance I here discover.

(The following lines between THESEUS and AMPHITRYON are chanted responsively.)

## AMPHITRYON

O king, whose home is that olive-clad hill!

## THESEUS

Why this piteous prelude in addressing me?

## AMPHITRYON

Heaven has afflicted us with grievous suffering.

## THESEUS

Whose be these children, o'er whom thou weepst?

## AMPHITRYON

My own son's children, woe to him! their father and butcher both was he, hardening his heart to the bloody deed.

THESEUS

Hush! good words only!

AMPHITRYON

I would I could obey!

THISEUS

What dreadful words!

AMPHITRYON

Fortune has spread her wings, and we are ruined, ruined

THISEUS

What meanest thou? what hath he done?

AMPHITRYON

Slain them in a wild fit of frenzy with arrows dipped in the venom of the hundred-headed hydra

THISEUS

This is Hera's work, but who lies there among the dead, old man?

AMPHITRYON

My son, my own enduring son, that marched with gods to Phlegra's plain, there to battle with giants and slay them, warrior that he was

THISEUS

Ah, woe for him! whose fortune was e'er so curst as his?

AMPHITRYON

Never wilt thou find another that hath borne a larger share of suffering or been more fatally deceived

THISEUS

Why doth he veil his head, poor wretch, in his robe?

AMPHITRYON

He is ashamed to meet thine eye, his kinsman's kind intent and his children's blood make him abashed

THISEUS

But I come to sympathize, uncover him

AMPHITRYON

My son, remove that mantle from thine eyes, throw it from thee, show thy face unto the sun, a counterpoise to weeping is battling for the mastery In suppliant wise I entreat thee, as I grasp thy

beard, thy knees, thy hands, and let fall the tear from my old eyes  
O my child! restrain thy savage lion-like temper, for thou art rushing forth on an unholy course of bloodshed, eager to join woe to woe

## THESEUS

Ho! To thee I call who art huddled there in thy misery, show to thy friends thy face, for no darkness is black enough to hide thy sad mischance. Why dost thou wave thy hand at me, signifying murder? is it that I may not be polluted by speaking with thee? If I share thy misfortune, what is that to me? For if I too had luck in days gone by, I must refer it to the time when thou didst bring me safe from the dead to the light of life. I hate a friend whose gratitude grows old, one who is ready to enjoy his friends' prosperity but unwilling to sail in the same ship with them when their fortune lours. Arise, unveil thy head, poor wretch! and look on me. The gallant soul endures without a word such blows as heaven deals.

## HERACLES

O Theseus, didst thou witness this struggle with my children?

## THESEUS

I heard of it, and now I see the horrors thou meanest.

## HERACLES

Why then hast thou unveiled my head to the sun?

## THESEUS

Why have I? Thou, a man, canst not pollute what is of God.

## HERACLES

Fly, luckless wretch, from my unholy taint.

## THESEUS

The avenging fiend goes not forth from friend to friend.

## HERACLES

For this I thank thee, I do not regret the service I did thee.

## THESEUS

While I, for kindness then received, now show my pity for thee.

## HERACLES

Ah yes! I am piteous, a murderer of my sons.

## THESEUS

I weep for thee in thy changed fortunes.



**HERACLES**

*Didst ever find another more afflicted?*

**THESEUS**

*Thy misfortunes reach from earth to heaven.*

**HERACLES**

Therefore am I resolved on death

**THESEUS**

Dost thou suppose the gods attend to these thy threats?

**HERACLES**

Remorseless hath heaven been to me, so I will prove the like to it

**THESEUS**

Hush! lest thy presumption add to thy sufferings

**HERACLES**

My barque is freighted full with sorrow, there is no room to stow aught further

**THESEUS**

What wilt thou do? whither is thy fury drifting thee?

**HERACLES**

I will die and return to that world below whence I have just come

**THESEUS**

Such language is fit for any common fellow

**HERACLES**

Ah! thine is the advice of one outside sorrow's pale

**THESEUS**

Are these indeed the words of Heracles, the much-enduring?

**HERACLES**

Though never so much as this Endurance must have a limit

**THESEUS**

Is this man's benefactor, his chiefest friend?

**HERACLES**

Man brings no help to me, no! Hera has her way

**THESEUS**

Never will Hellas suffer thee to die through sheer perversity

## HERACLES

Hear me a moment, that I may enter the lists with words in answer to thy admonitions, and I will unfold to thee why life now as well as formerly has been unbearable to me. First I am the son of a man who incurred the guilt of blood, before he married my mother Alcmena, by slaying her aged sire. Now when the foundation is badly laid at birth, needs must the race be cursed with woe, and Zeus, whoever this Zeus may be, begot me as a butt for Hera's hate, yet be not thou vexed thereat, old man, for thee rather than Zeus do I regard as my father. Then whilst I was yet being suckled, that bride of Zeus did foist into my cradle fearsome snakes to compass my death. After I was grown to man's estate, of all the toils I then endured what need to tell? of all the lions, Typhons triple-bodied, and giants that I slew, or of the battle I won against the hosts of four-legged Centaurs? or how when I had killed the hydra, that monster with a ring of heads with power to grow again, I passed through countless other toils besides and came unto the dead to fetch to the light at the bidding of Eurystheus the three-headed hound, hell's porter. Last, ah, woe is me! have I perpetrated this bloody deed to crown the sorrows of my house with my children's murder. To this sore strait am I come, no longer may I dwell in Thebes, the city that I love, for suppose I stay, to what temple or gathering of friends shall I repair? For mine is no curse that invites address. Shall I to Argos? how can I, when I am an exile from my country? Well, is there a single other city I can fly to? And if there were, am I to be looked at askance as a marked man, branded by cruel stabbing tongues, "Is not this the son of Zeus that once murdered wife and children? Plague take him from the land!"

Now to one who was erst called happy, such changes are a grievous thing, though he who is always unfortunate feels no such pain, for sorrow is his birthright. This, methinks, is the piteous pass I shall one day come to, for earth will cry out forbidding me to touch her, the sea and the river-springs will refuse me a crossing, and I shall become like Ixion who revolves in chains upon that wheel. Wherefore this is best, that henceforth I be seen by none of the Hellenes, amongst whom in happier days I lived in bliss. What right have I to live? what profit can I have in the possession of a useless, impious life? So let that noble wife of Zeus break forth in dancing, beating with buskined foot on heaven's bright floor, for now hath she worked her heart's desire in utterly confounding the chiefest of Hellas' sons. Who would pray to such a goddess? Her jealousy of Zeus for his love of a woman hath destroyed the benefactors of Hellas, guiltless though they were.

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

This is the work of none other of the gods than the wife of Zeus, thou art right in that surmise

## THESLUS

I cannot counsel you to die ' rather than to go on suffering There is not a man alive that hath wholly 'scaped misfortune's taint, nor any god either, if what poets sing is true Have they not intermarried in ways that law forbids? Have they not thrown fathers into ignominious chains to gain the sovereign power? Still they inhabit Olympus and brave the issue of their crimes And yet what shalt thou say in thy defence, if thou, a child of man, dost kick against the pricks of fate, while they do not? Nay, then, leave Thebes in compliance with the law, and come with me to the city of Pallas There, when I have purified thee of thy pollution, will I give thee temples and the half of all I have Yea, I will give thee all those presents I received from the citizens for saving their children, seven sons and daughters seven, in the day I slew the bull of Crete, <sup>4</sup> for I have plots of land assigned me throughout the country, these shall henceforth be called after thee by men, whilst thou livest, and at thy death, when thou art gone to Hades' halls, the city of Athens shall unite in exalting thy honour with sacrifices and a monument of stone For 'tis a noble crown for citizens to win from Hellas, even a reputation fair, by helping a man of worth This is the return that I will make thee for saving me, for now art thou in need of friends But when heaven delights to honour a man, he has no need of friends, for the god's aid, when he chooses to give it, is enough

## HERACLES

Alas! this is quite beside the question of my troubles For my part, I do not believe that the gods indulge in unholy unions, and as for putting fetters on parents' hands, I have never thought that worthy of belief, nor will I now be so persuaded, nor again that one god is naturally lord and master of another For the deity, if he be really such, has no wants, these are miserable fictions of the poets But I, for all my piteous plight, reflected whether I should let myself be branded as a coward for giving up my life For whoso schooleth not his frail mortal nature to bear fate's buffets as he ought, will never be able to withstand even a man's weapon I will harden my heart against death and seek thy city, with grateful thanks for all thou offerest me

*(He weeps)*

Of countless troubles have I tasted, God knows, but never yet did I faint at any or shed a single tear, nay, nor ever dreamt that I should come to this, to let the tear-drop fall But now, it seems, I must be fortune's slave Well, let it pass, old father mine, thou seest me go forth to

exile, and in me beholdest my own children's murderer. Give them burial, and lay them out in death with the tribute of a tear, for the law forbids my doing so. Rest their heads upon their mother's bosom and fold them in her arms, sad pledges of our union, whom I, alas! unwittingly did slay. And when thou hast buried these dead, live on here still, in bitterness maybe, but still constrain thy soul to share my sorrows. O children! he who begat you, your own father, hath been your destroyer, and ye have had no profit of my triumphs, all my restless toil to win you a fair name in life, a glorious guerdon from a sire. Thee too, unhappy wife, this hand hath slain, a poor return to make thee for preserving mine honour so safe, for all the weary watch thou long hast kept within my house. Alas for you, my wife, my sons! and woe for me, how sad my lot, cut off from wife and child! Ah! these kisses, bitter-sweet! these weapons which 'tis pain to own! I am not sure whether to keep or let them go, dangling at my side. They thus will say, "With us didst thou destroy children and wife, we are thy children's slayers, and thou keepest us." Shall I carry them after that? what answer can I make? Yet, am I to strip me of these weapons, the comrades of my glorious career in Hellas, and put myself thereby in the power of my foes, to die a death of shame? No! I must not let them go, but keep them, though it grieve me. In one thing, Theseus, help my misery, come to Argos with me and aid in settling my reward for bringing Cerberus thither, lest, if I go all alone, my sorrow for my sons do me some hurt.

O land of Cadmus, and all ye folk of Thebes! cut off your hair, and mourn with me, go to my children's burial, and with united dirge lament alike the dead and me, for on all of us hath Hera inflicted the same cruel blow of destruction.

THESEUS

Rise, unhappy man! thou hast had thy fill of tears.

HERACLES

I cannot rise, my limbs are rooted here.

THESEUS

Yea, even the strong are o'erthrown by misfortunes.

HERACLES

Ah! would I could grow into a stone upon this spot, oblivious of trouble!

THESEUS

Peace! give thy hand to a friend and helper.

## HERACLES

Nay, let me not wipe off the blood upon thy robe

## THESEUS

Wipe it off and spare not, I will not say thee nay

## HERACLES

Reft of my own sons, I find thee as a son to me

## THESEUS

Throw thy arm about my neck, I will be thy guide

## HERACLES

A pair of friends in sooth are we, but one a man of sorrows Ah! aged sire, this is the kind of man to make a friend

## AMPHITRYON

Blest in her sons, the country that gave him birth!

## HERACLES

O Theseus, turn me back again to see my babes

## THESEUS

What charm dost think to find in this to soothe thy soul?

## HERACLES

I long to do so, and would fain embrace my sire

## AMPHITRYON

Here am I, my son, thy wish is no less dear to me

## THESEUS

Hast thou so short a memory for thy troubles?

## HERACLES

All that I endured of yore was easier to bear than this

## THESEUS

If men see thee play the woman, they will scoff

## HERACLES

Have I by living grown so abject in *thy* sight? 'twas not so once, methinks

## THESEUS

Aye, too much so, for how dost show thyself the glorious Heracles of yore?

## HERACLES

What about thyself? what kind of hero wert thou when in trouble in the world below?

## THESEUS

I was worse than anyone as far as courage went

## HERACLES

How then canst thou say of me, that I am abased by my troubles?

## THESEUS

Forward!

## HERACLES

Farewell, my aged sire!

## AMPHITRYON

Farewell to thee, my son!

## HERACLES

Bury my children as I said

## AMPHITRYON

But who will bury me, my son?

## HERACLES

I will

## AMPHITRYON

When wilt thou come?

## HERACLES

After thou hast buried my children

## AMPHITRYON

How?

## HERACLES

I will fetch thee from Thebes to Athens But carry my children within, a grievous burden to the earth And I, after ruining my house by deeds of shame, will follow in the wake of Theseus, totally destroyed Whoso prefers wealth or might to the possession of good friends, thinketh amiss

(THESEUS and his attendants lead HERACLES away)

CHORUS (*singing*)

With grief and many a bitter tear we go our way, robbed of all we prized most dearly

#### NOTE FOR HERACLES

COLERIDGE's translation has been slightly altered in the following lines  
63, 89, 138, 152, 204-205, 300, 362, 393, 421, 596, 627, 728, 732, 847,  
917, 932, 1012, 1057, 1065, 1069, 1075, 1089, 1107, 1163, 1173, 1182,  
1213, 1214, 1237, 1255, 1340, 1343, 1424

1 The reference is to the Eleusian mysteries. Privileges in Hades were guaranteed to initiates.

2 The allusion is to Itys, whose murder by his mother, as Coleridge points out, became a theme for poets, and hence was an offering to the Muses.

3 Some words seem to have been lost here. The beginning of the sentence has been supplied to establish the connection in thought. Cf. note *ad loc* in the text of Paley.

4 *i.e.*, the Minotaur.

X

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS



## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

IPHIGENIA, *daughter of Agamemnon*

ORESTES, *brother of IPHIGENIA*

PYLADES, *friend of ORESTES*

THOAS, *King of the Taurians*

HERDSMAN

MESSENGER

MINERVA

CHORUS OF GREEK WOMEN, *captives, attendants*  
*on IPHIGENIA in the temple*

## INTRODUCTION

LACK of both external and internal evidence makes it impossible to date the *Iphigenia in Tauris*, though from its general tone approximately 420 B C seems a reasonable time for its composition. As is usual in a great many Euripidean plays, there is an element of aetiology present. Apparently a local religious festival in Attica, to which Euripides alludes in lines 1450 ff., attracted the poet's attention, and hence he connected his interpretation of the familiar legend of Iphigenia with certain features of contemporary religious ritual. Euripides, by using this device, perhaps may have given his play greater immediacy in the eyes of his Athenian audience, but he has not rendered the aetiological factor as relevant to the central nature of his piece, as Aeschylus has, for example, in *The Eumenedes*, when he deals with the court of the Areopagus.

Some critics have felt that Euripides sought escape from the discouraging and disillusioning events of his times by composing what they would call "romantic" plays. In many ways this contention seems valid and it applies with particular cogency to the *Iphigenia in Tauris*. Here we meet a drama of excitement and adventure in which the protagonists extricate themselves successfully and triumphantly from a seemingly fatal situation. The prologue reveals that Euripides has adopted for his play the variant legend which recorded that Iphigenia had not actually been killed at Aulis. Her father, Agamemnon, in guilty obedience to the prophecy of Calchas, had brought her to Aulis to sacrifice her to Artemis (or Diana, as the translator of this play calls her) in order that the great expedition might sail for Troy. At the last moment Artemis substituted a hind for the maiden at the altar, and carried her far away to the land of the Taurians. Here under the orders of their king Thoas, she now serves as a priestess of the goddess, part of whose barbaric rite demands that all strangers who come to the land must be slain in religious sacrifice. The tense dramatic situation commences with the appearance of Iphigenia's brother, Orestes, and his friend Pylades, who are of course in the category of potential victims of the rite.

Euripides has presented two excellent characterizations in the play. Orestes is drawn as one whose former deeds have left upon him an in-

delible stain,—the “Furies” of his murdered mother still can shake his mental stability. He possesses great courage and, when in possession of himself, great clarity of mind, yet at the same time he leans heavily and somewhat pathetically upon his loyal friend, Pylades. Iphigenia likewise commands attention. She is still filled with bitterness because the Greeks would have sacrificed her at Aulis, but nevertheless she still loves Greece and longs desperately to return to her native land. She too possesses great courage, and manages coolly to carry out the plan whereby she may safely effect the flight of herself, her brother, and his friend. Some literal-minded interpreters have objected because she outwits Thoas by means of gross deception. The fact that the play in its central nature is melodramatically ‘romantic’ tends to render such criticism irrelevant.

The drama on the whole is well constructed, even though Athena’s appearance as a *deus ex machina* seems to be unsatisfactorily motivated. Aristotle thought well of at least one feature of the play, for he singled out the recognition scene between Iphigenia and Orestes to illustrate the best way in which this aspect of drama could be handled.<sup>1</sup> So far as the general significance of the play is concerned, there have been attempts to establish a definite religious orientation. This element seems only to be present in a secondary degree, for our attention cannot fail to be captured primarily by the desperate situation in which Iphigenia, Orestes, and Pylades find themselves and by the excitement of their escape.

<sup>1</sup> Aristotle, *Poetics*, chap. XVI

## IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS

(SCENE — *Before the great temple of Diana of the Taurians A blood-stained altar is prominently in view* IPHIGENIA, *clad as a priestess, enters from the temple* )

### IPHIGENIA

To PISA, by the fleetest coursers borne,  
Comes Pelops, son of Tantalus, and weds  
The virgin daughter of Oenomaus  
From her sprung Atreus, Menelaus from him,  
And Agamemnon, I from him derive  
My birth, his Iphigemia, by his queen,  
Daughter of Tyndarus Where frequent winds  
Swell the vex'd Euripus with eddying blasts,  
And roll the darkening waves, my father slew me,  
A victim to Diana, so he thought,  
For Helen's sake, its bay where Aulis winds,  
To fame well known, for there his thousand ships,  
The armament of Greece, the imperial chief  
Convened, desirous that his Greeks should snatch  
The glorious crown of victory from Troy,  
And punish the base insult to the bed  
Of Helen, vengeance grateful to the soul  
Of Menelaus But 'gainst his ships the sea  
Long barr'd, and not one favouring breeze to swell  
His flagging sails, the hallow'd flames the chief  
Consults, and Calchas thus disclosed the fates —  
"Imperial leader of the Grecian host,  
Hence shalt thou not unmoor thy vessels, ere  
Diana as a victim shall receive  
Thy daughter Iphigenia what the year  
Most beauteous should produce, thou to the queen  
Dispensing light didst vow to sacrifice  
A daughter Clytemnestra in thy house

Then bore (the peerless grace of beauty thus  
To me assigning), her must thou devote  
The victim" Then Ulysses by his arts,  
Me, to Achilles as design'd a bride,  
Won from my mother My unhappy fate  
To Aulis brought me, on the altar there  
High was I placed, and o'er me gleam'd the sword,  
Aiming the fatal wound but from the stroke  
Diana snatch'd me, in exchange a hind  
Giving the Grecians, through the lucid air  
Me she conveyed to Tauris, here to dwell,  
Where o'er barbarians a barbaric king  
Holds his rude sway, named Thoas, whose swift foot  
Equals the rapid wing me he appoints  
The priestess of this temple, where such rites  
Are pleasing to Diana, that the name  
Alone claims honour, for I sacrifice  
(Such, ere I came, the custom of the state)  
Whatever Grecian to this savage shore  
Is driven the previous rites are mine, the deed  
Of blood, too horrid to be told, devolves  
On others in the temple but the rest,  
In reverence to the goddess, I forbear  
But the strange visions which the night now past  
Brought with it, to the air, if that may soothe  
My troubled thought, I will relate I seem'd,  
As I lay sleeping, from this land removed,  
To dwell at Argos, resting on my couch  
Mid the apartments of the virgin train  
Sudden the firm earth shook I fled, and stood  
Without, the battlements I saw, and all  
The rocking roof fall from its lofty height  
In ruins to the ground of all the house,  
My father's house, one pillar, as I thought,  
Alone was left, which from its cornice waved  
A length of auburn locks, and human voice  
Assumed the bloody office, which is mine  
To strangers here, respecting, I to death,  
Sprinkling the lustral drops, devoted it  
With many tears My dream I thus expound —  
Orestes, whom I hallow'd by my rites,  
Is dead for sons are pillars of the house,  
They, whom my lustral lavers sprinkle, die

I cannot to my friends apply my dream,  
 For Strophius, when I perish'd, had no son  
 Now, to my brother, absent though he be,  
 Libations will I offer this, at least,  
 With the attendants given me by the king,  
 Virgins of Greece, I can but what the cause  
 They yet attend me not within the house,  
 The temple of the goddess, where I dwell?  
*(She goes into the temple ORESTES and PYLADES enter cautiously )*

ORESTES

Keep careful watch, lest some one come this way

PYLADES

I watch, and turn mine eye to every part

ORESTES

And dost thou, Pylades, imagine this  
 The temple of the goddess, which we seek,  
 Our sails from Argos sweeping o'er the main?

PYLADES

Orestes, such my thought, and must be thine

ORESTES

And this the altar wet with Grecian blood?

PYLADES

Crimson'd with gore behold its sculptured wreaths

ORESTES

See, from the battlements what trophies hang!

PYLADES

The spoils of strangers that have here been slain

ORESTES

Behooves us then to watch with careful eye  
 O Phoebus, by thy oracles again  
 Why hast thou led me to these toils? E'er since,  
 In vengeance for my father's blood, I slew  
 My mother, ceaseless by the Furies driven,  
 Vagrant, an outcast, many a bending course  
 My feet have trod to thee I came, of thee  
 Inquired this whirling frenzy by what means,

And by what means my labours I might end  
 Thy voice commanded me to speed my course  
 To this wild coast of Tauris, where a shrine  
 Thy sister hath, Diana, thence to take  
 The statue of the goddess, which from heaven  
 (So say the natives) to this temple fell  
 This image, or by fraud or fortune won,  
 The dangerous toil achieved, to place the prize  
 In the Athenian land no more was said,  
 But that, performing this, I should obtain  
 Rest from my toils Obedient to thy words,  
 On this unknown, inhospitable coast  
 Am I arrived Now, Pylades (for thou  
 Art my associate in this dangerous task),  
 Of thee I ask, What shall we do? for high  
 The walls, thou seest, which fence the temple round  
 Shall we ascend their height? But how escape  
 Observing eyes? Or burst the brazen bars?  
 Of these we nothing know in the attempt  
 To force the gates, or meditating means  
 To enter, if detected, we shall die  
 Shall we then, ere we die, by flight regain  
 The ship in which we hither plough'd the sea?

PYLADES

Of flight we brook no thought, nor such hath been  
 Our wont, nor may the god's commanding voice  
 Be disobey'd, but from the temple now  
 Retiring, in some cave, which the black sea  
 Beats with its billows, we may lie conceal'd  
 At distance from our bark, lest some, whose eyes  
 May note it, bear the tidings to the king,  
 And we be seized by force But when the eye  
 Of night comes darkling on, then must we dare,  
 And take the polish'd image from the shrine,  
 Attempting all things and the vacant space  
 Between the triglyphs (mark it well) enough  
 Is open to admit us, by that way  
 Attempt we to descend in toils the brave  
 Are daring, of no worth the abject soul

ORESTES

This length of sea we plough'd not, from this coast,  
 Nothing effected, to return but well

Hast thou advised, the god must be obey'd  
Retire we then where we may lie conceal'd,  
For never from the god will come the cause,  
That what his sacred voice commands should fall  
Effectless We must dare No toil to youth  
Excuse, which justifies inaction, brings

(*They go out* IPHIGENIA and the CHORUS enter from the temple)

IPHIGENIA (*singing*)<sup>1</sup>

You, who your savage dwellings hold  
Nigh this inhospitable main,  
'Gainst clashing rocks with fury roll'd,  
From all but hallow'd words abstain  
Virgin queen, Latona's grace,  
Joying in the mountain chase,  
To thy court, thy rich domain,  
To thy beauteous-pillar'd fane  
Where our wondering eyes behold  
Battlements that blaze with gold,  
Thus my virgin steps I bend,  
Holy, the holy to attend,  
Servant, virgin queen, to thee,  
Power, who bear'st life's golden key,  
Far from Greece for steeds renown'd,  
From her walls with towers crown'd,  
From the beauteous-planted meads  
Where his train Eurotas leads,  
Visiting the loved retreats,  
Once my father's royal seats

CHORUS (*singing*)

I come What cares disturb thy rest?  
Why hast thou brought me to the shrine?  
Doth some fresh grief afflict thy breast?  
Why bring me to this seat divine?  
Thou daughter of that chief, whose powers  
Plough'd with a thousand keels the strand,  
And ranged in arms shook Troy's proud towers  
Beneath the Atreidae's great command!



IPHIGENIA (*singing*)

O ye attendant train,  
How is my heart oppress'd with woe!  
What notes, save notes of grief, can flow,  
A harsh and unmelodious strain?  
My soul domestic ills oppress with dread,  
And bid me mourn a brother dead  
What visions did my sleeping sense appal  
In the past dark and midnight hour!  
'Tis ruin, ruin all  
My father's house,—it is no more  
No more is his illustrious line  
What dreadful deeds hath Argos known!  
One only brother, Fate, was mine,  
And dost thou rend him from me? Is he gone  
To Pluto's dreary realms below?  
For him, as dead, with pious care  
This goblet I prepare,  
And on the bosom of the earth shall flow  
Streams from the heifer mountain-bred,  
The grape's rich juice, and, mix'd with these,  
The labour of the yellow bees,  
Libations soothing to the dead  
Give me the oblation let me hold  
The foaming goblet's hallow'd gold

O thou, the earth beneath,  
Who didst from Agamemnon spring,  
To thee, deprived of vital breath,  
I these libations bring  
Accept them to thy honour'd tomb,  
Never, ah! never shall I come,  
Never these golden tresses bear,  
To place them there, there shed the tear,  
For from my country far, a hind  
There deem'd as slain, my wild abode I find

CHORUS (*singing*)

To thee thy faithful train  
The Asiatic hymn will raise,  
A doleful, a barbaric strain,  
Responsive to thy lays,  
And steep in tears the mournful song,—

Notes, which to the dead belong,  
Dismal notes, attuned to woe  
By Pluto in the realms below  
No sprightly air shall we employ  
To cheer the soul, and wake the sense of joy

IPHIGENIA (*singing*)

The Atreidae are no more,  
Extinct their sceptre's golden light,  
My father's house from its proud height  
Is fallen its ruins I deplore  
Who of her kings at Argos holds his reign,  
Her kings once bless'd? But Sorrow's train  
Rolls on impetuous for the rapid steeds  
Which o'er the strand with Pelops fly  
From what atrocious deeds  
Starts the sun back, his sacred eye  
Of brightness, loathing, turn'd aside?  
And fatal to their house arose,  
From the rich ram, Thessalia's golden pride,  
Slaughter on slaughter, woes on woes  
Thence, from the dead ages past,  
Vengeance came rushing on its prey,  
And swept the race of Tantalus away  
Fatal to thee its ruthless haste,  
To me too fatal, from the hour  
My mother wedded, from the night  
She gave me to life's opening light,  
Nursed by affliction's cruel power  
Early to me, the Fates unkind,  
To know what sorrow is assign'd  
Me Leda's daughter, hapless dame,  
First blooming offspring of her bed  
(A father's conduct here I blame),  
A joyless victim bred,  
When o'er the strand of Aulis, in the pride  
Of beauty kindling flames of love,  
High on my splendid car I move,  
Betrothed to Thetis' son a bride  
Ah, hapless bride, to all the train  
Of Grecian fair preferr'd in vain!  
But now, a stranger on this strand,  
'Gainst which the wild waves beat,

I hold my dreary, joyless seat,  
Far distant from my native land,  
Nor nuptial bed is mine, nor child, nor friend  
At Argos now no more I raise  
The festal song in Juno's praise,  
Nor o'er the loom sweet-sounding bend,  
As the creative shuttle flies,  
Give forms of Titans fierce to rise,  
And, dreadful with her purple spear,  
Image Athenian Pallas there  
But on this barbarous shore  
The unhappy stranger's fate I moan,  
The ruthless altar stam'd with gore,  
His deep and dying groan,  
And, for each tear that weeps his woes,  
From me a tear of pity flows  
Of these the sad remembrance now must sleep  
A brother dead, ah me! I weep  
At Argos him, by fate oppress'd,  
I left an infant at the breast,  
A beauteous bud, whose opening charms  
Then blossom'd in his mother's arms,  
Orestes, born to high command,  
The imperial sceptre of the Argive land

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Leaving the sea-wash'd shore a herdsman comes  
Speeding, with some fresh tidings to thee fraught  
(A HERDSMAN enters)

## HERDSMAN

Daughter of Agamemnon, and bright gem  
Of Clytemnestra, hear strange things from me

## IPHIGENIA

And what of terror doth thy tale import?

## HERDSMAN

Two youths, swift-rowing 'twixt the clashing rocks  
Of our wild sea, are landed on the beach,  
A grateful offering at Diana's shrine,  
And victims to the goddess Haste, prepare  
The sacred lavers, and the previous rites

IPHIGENIA

Whence are the strangers? from what country named?

HERDSMAN

From Greece this only, nothing more, I know

IPHIGENIA

Didst thou not hear what names the strangers bear?

HERDSMAN

One by the other was call'd Pylades

IPHIGENIA

How is the stranger, his companion, named?

HERDSMAN

This none of us can tell we heard it not

IPHIGENIA

How saw you them? how seized them? by what chance?

HERDSMAN

Mid the rude cliffs that o'er the Eurine hang—

IPHIGENIA

And what concern have herdsmen with the sea?

HERDSMAN

To wash our herds in the salt wave we came

IPHIGENIA

To what I ask'd return how seized you them?

Tell me the manner, this I wish to know

For slow the victims come, nor hath some while

The altar of the goddess, as was wont,

Been crimson'd with the streams of Grecian blood

HERDSMAN

Our herds, which in the forest feed, we drove

Amid the tide that rushes to the shore,

'Twixt the Symplegades it was the place,

Where in the rifted rock the chafing surge

Hath hallow'd a rude cave, the haunt of those

Whose quest is purple Of our number there

A herdsman saw two youths, and back return'd

With soft and silent step, then pointing, said,

"Do you not see them? These are deities

That sit there." One, who with religious awe  
Revered the gods, with hands uplifted pray'd,  
His eyes fix'd on them,—“Son of the sea-nymph  
Leucothoe, guardian of the labouring bark,  
Our lord Palaemon, be propitious to us!  
Or sit you on our shores, bright sons of Jove,  
Castor and Pollux? Or the glorious boast  
Of Nereus, father of the noble choir  
Of fifty Nereids?” One, whose untaught mind  
Audacious folly harden'd 'gainst the sense  
Of holy awe, scoff'd at his prayers, and said,—  
“These are wreck'd mariners, that take their seat  
In the cleft rock through fear, as they have heard  
Our prescribed rite, that here we sacrifice  
The stranger ” To the greater part he seem'd  
Well to have spoken, and we judg'd it meet  
To seize the victims, by our country's law  
Due to the goddess Of the stranger youths,  
One at this instant started from the rock  
Awhile he stood, and wildly toss'd his head,  
And groan'd, his loose arms trembling all their length,  
Convulsed with madness, and a hunter loud  
Then cried,—“Dost thou behold her, Pylades?  
Dost thou not see this dragon fierce from hell  
Rushing to kill me, and against me rousing  
Her horrid vipers? See this other here,  
Emitting fire and slaughter from her vests,  
Sails on her wings, my mother in her arms  
Bearing, to hurl this mass of rock upon me!  
Ah, she will kill me! Whither shall I fly?”  
His visage might we see no more the same,  
And his voice varied, now the roar of bulls,  
The howl of dogs now uttering, mimic sounds  
Sent by the maddening Furies, as they say  
Together thronging, as of death assured,  
We sit in silence, but he drew his sword,  
And, like a lion rushing mid our herds,  
Plunged in their sides the weapon, weening thus  
To drive the Furies, till the briny wave  
Foam'd with their blood But when among our herds  
We saw this havoc made, we all 'gan rouse  
To arms, and blew our sounding shells to alarm  
The neighbouring peasants, for we thought in fight

Rude herdsmen to these youthful strangers, train'd  
To arms, ill match'd, and forthwith to our aid  
Flock'd numbers But, his frenzy of its force  
Abating, on the earth the stranger falls,  
Foam bursting from his mouth but when he saw  
The advantage, each adventured on and hurl'd  
What might annoy him fallen the other youth  
Wiped off the foam, took of his person care,  
His fine-wrought robe spread over him, with heed  
The flying stones observing, ward'd off  
The wounds, and each kind office to his friend  
Attentively perform'd His sense return'd,  
The stranger started up, and soon perceived  
The tide of foes that roll'd impetuous on,  
The danger and distress that closed them round  
He heaved a sigh, an unremitting storm  
Of stones we pour'd, and each incited each  
Then we his dreadful exhortation heard —  
"Pylades, we shall die, but let us die  
With glory draw thy sword, and follow me "  
But when we saw the enemies advance  
With brandish'd swords, the steep heights crown'd with wood  
We fell in flight but others, if one flies,  
Press on them, if again they drive these back,  
What before fled turns, with a storm of stones  
Assaulting them, but, what exceeds belief,  
Hurl'd by a thousand hands, not one could hit  
The victims of the goddess scarce at length,  
Not by brave daring seized we them, but round  
We closed upon them, and their swords with stones  
Beat, wily, from their hands, for on their knees  
They through fatigue had sunk upon the ground  
We bare them to the monarch of this land  
He view'd them, and without delay to thee  
Sent them devoted to the cleansing vase,  
And to the altar Victims such as these,  
O virgin, wish to find, for if such youths  
Thou offer, for thy slaughter Greece will pay,  
Her wrongs to thee at Aulis well avenged

## LEADER

These things are wonderful, which thou hast told  
Of him, whoe'er he be, the youth from Greece  
Arrived on this inhospitable shore

## IPHIGENIA

'Tis well go thou, and bring the strangers hither  
What here is to be done shall be our care

(*The HERDSMAN departs*)

O my unhappy heart! before this hour  
To strangers thou wast gentle, always touch'd  
With pity, and with tears their tears repaid,  
When Grecians, natives of my country, came  
Into my hands but from the dreams, which prompt  
To deeds ungentle, showing that no more  
Orestes views the sun's fair light, whoe'er  
Ye are that hither come, me will you find  
Relentless now This is the truth, my friends  
My heart is rent, and never will the wretch,  
Who feels affliction's cruel tortures, bear  
Good-will to those that are more fortunate  
Never came gale from Jove, nor flying bark,  
Which 'twixt the dangerous rocks of the Euxine sea  
Brought Helen hither, who my ruin wrought,  
Nor Menelaus, that on them my foul wrongs  
I might repay, and with an Aulis here  
Requite the Aulis there, where I was seized,  
And, as a heifer, by the Grecians slain  
My father too, who gave me birth, was priest  
Ah me! the sad remembrance of those ills  
Yet lives how often did I stroke thy cheek,  
And, hanging on thy knees, address thee thus —  
"Alas, my father! I by thee am led  
A bride to bridal rites unblest and base  
Them, while by thee I bleed, my mother hymns,  
And the Argive dames, with hymeneal strains,  
And with the jocund pipe the house resounds  
But at the altar I by thee am slain,  
For Pluto was the Achilles, not the son  
Of Peleus, whom to me thou didst announce  
The affianced bridegroom, and by guile didst bring  
To bloody nuptials in the rolling car "  
But, o'er mine eyes the veil's fine texture spread,  
This brother in my hands who now is lost,  
I clasp'd not, though his sister, did not press  
My lips to his, through virgin modesty,  
As going to the house of Peleus then  
Each fond embrace I to another time

Deferr'd, as soon to Argos to return  
 If, O unhappy brother, thou art dead,  
 From what a state, thy father's envied height  
 Of glory, loved Orestes, art thou torn!—  
 These false rules of the goddess much I blame <sup>2</sup>  
 Whoe'er of mortals is with slaughter stain'd,  
 Or hath at childbirth given assisting hands,  
 Or chanced to touch aught dead, she as impure  
 Drives from her altars, yet herself delights  
 In human victims bleeding at her shrine  
 Ne'er did Latona from the embrace of Jove  
 Bring forth such inconsistency I then deem  
 The feast of Tantalus, where gods were guests,  
 Unworthy of belief, as that they fed  
 On his son's flesh delighted, and I think  
 These people, who themselves have a wild joy  
 In shedding human blood, their savage guilt  
 Charge on the goddess for this truth I hold,  
 None of the gods is evil, or doth wrong  
 (*She enters the temple*)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe* 1

Ye rocks, ye clashing rocks, whose brow  
 Frowns o'er the darken'd deeps below,  
 Whose wild, inhospitable wave,  
 From Argos flying and her native spring,  
 The virgin once was known to brave,  
 Tormented with the brize's maddening sting,  
 From Europe when the rude sea o'er  
 She pass'd to Asia's adverse shore,  
 Who are these hapless youths, that dare to land,  
 Leaving those soft, irriguous meads,  
 Where, his green margin fringed with reeds,  
 Eurotas rolls his ample tide,  
 Or Dirce's hallow'd waters glide,  
 And touch this barbarous, stranger-hating strand,  
 The altars where a virgin dews,  
 And blood the pillar'd shrine imbrues?

*antistrophe* 1

Did they with oars impetuous sweep  
 (Rank answering rank) the foamy deep,  
 And wing their bark with flying sails,



To raise their humble fortune their desire,  
 Eager to catch the rising gales,  
 Their bosoms with the love of gain on fire?  
 For sweet is hope to man's fond breast,  
 The hope of gain, insatiate guest,  
 Though on her oft attends Misfortune's train,  
 For daring man she tempts to brave  
 The dangers of the boisterous wave,  
 And leads him heedless of his fate  
 Through many a distant barbarous state  
 Vain his opinions, his pursuits are vain!  
 Boundless o'er some her power is shown,  
 But some her temperate influence own

*strophe 2*

How did they pass the dangerous rocks  
 Clashing with rude, tremendous shocks?  
 How pass the savage-howling shore,  
 Where once the unhappy Phineus held his reign,  
 And sleep affrighted flies its roar,  
 Steering their rough course o'er this boisterous main,  
 Form'd in a ring, beneath whose waves  
 The Nereid train in high arch'd caves  
 Weave the light dance, and raise the sprightly song,  
 While, whispering in their swelling sails,  
 Soft Zephyrs breathe, or southern gales  
 Piping amid their tackling play,  
 As their bark ploughs its watery way  
 Those hoary cliffs, the haunts of birds, along,  
 To that wild strand, the rapid race  
 Where once Achilles deign'd to grace?

*antistrophe 2*

O that from Troy some chance would bear  
 Leda's loved daughter, fatal fair!  
 (The royal virgin's vows are mine)  
 That her bright tresses roll'd in crimson dew,  
 Her warm blood flowing at this shrine  
 The altar of the goddess might imbrue,  
 And Vengeance, righteous to repay  
 Her former mischiefs, seize her prey!  
 But with what rapture should I hear his voice,  
 If one this shore should reach from Greece,  
 And bid the toils of slavery cease!

Or might I in the hour of rest  
 With pleasing dreams of Greece be bless'd,  
 So in my house, my native land rejoice,  
 In sleep enjoy the pleasing strain  
 For happiness restored again!

*(IPHIGENIA enters from the temple)*

IPHIGENIA

But the two youths, their hands fast bound in chains,  
 The late-seized victims to the goddess, come  
 Silence, my friends, for, destined at the shrine  
 To bleed, the Grecian strangers near approach,  
 And no false tidings did the herdsman bring

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Goddess reveled, if grateful to thy soul  
 This state presents such sacrifice, accept  
 The victims, which the custom of this land  
 Gives thee, but deem'd unholy by the Greeks  
*(Guards lead in ORISTES and PYLADES, bound)*

IPHIGENIA

No more, that to the goddess each due rite  
 Be well perform'd shall be my care Unchain  
 The strangers' hands, that, hallow'd as they are,  
 They may no more be bound  
*(The guards release ORISTES and PYLADES)*

Go you, prepare

Within the temple what the rites require  
 Unhappy youths, what mother brought you forth,  
 Your father who? Your sister, if perchance  
 Ye have a sister, of what youths deprived?  
 For brother she shall have no more Who knows  
 Whom such misfortunes may attend? For dark  
 What the gods will creeps on, and none can tell  
 The ills to come this fortune from the sight  
 Obscures But, O unhappy strangers, say,  
 Whence came you? Sail'd you long since for this land?  
 But long will be your absence from your homes,  
 For ever, in the dreary realms below

ORISTES

Lady, whoe'er thou art, why for these things  
 Dost thou lament? why mourn for ills, which soon

Will fall on us? Him I esteem unwise,  
Who, when he sees death near, tries to o'ercome  
Its terrors with bewailings, without hope  
Of safety ill he adds to ill, and makes  
His folly known, yet dies We must give way  
To fortune, therefore mourn not thou for us  
We know, we are acquainted with your rites

IPHIGENIA

Which of you by the name of Pylades  
Is call'd? This first it is my wish to know

ORESTES

If aught of pleasure that may give thee, he

IPHIGENIA

A native of what Grecian state, declare

ORESTES

What profit knowing this wouldst thou obtain?

IPHIGENIA

And are you brothers, of one mother born?

ORESTES

Brothers by friendship, lady, not by birth

IPHIGENIA

To thee what name was by thy father given?

ORESTES

With just cause I Unhappy might be call'd

IPHIGENIA

I ask not that, to fortune that ascribe

ORESTES

Dying unknown, rude scoffs I shall avoid

IPHIGENIA

Wilt thou refuse? Why are thy thoughts so high?

ORESTES

My body thou mayst kill, but not my name

IPHIGENIA

Wilt thou not say a native of what state?

ORESTES

The question naught avails, since I must die

IPHIGENIA

What hinders thee from granting me this grace?

ORESTES

The illustrious Argos I my country boast

IPHIGENIA

By the gods, stranger, is thy birth from thence?

ORESTES

My birth is from Mycenae, once the bless'd

IPHIGENIA

Dost thou an exile fly, or by what fate?

ORESTES

Of my free will, in part not free, I fly

IPHIGENIA

Wilt thou then tell me what I wish to know?

ORESTES

Whate'er is foreign to my private griefs

IPHIGENIA

To my dear wish from Argos art thou come

ORESTES

Not to my wish, but if to thine, enjoy it

IPHIGENIA

Troy, whose fame spreads so wide, perchance thou know'st

ORESTES

O that I ne'er had known her, ev'n in dreams!

IPHIGENIA

They say she is no more, by war destroy'd

ORESTES

It is so you have heard no false reports

IPHIGENIA

Is Helena with Menelaus return'd?

ORFSTES

She is, and one I love her coming rues

IPHIGENIA

Where is she? Me too she of old hath wrong'd

ORESTES

At Sparta with her former lord she dwells

IPHIGENIA

By Greece, and not by me alone abhorr'd!

ORFSTES

I from her nuptials have my share of grief

IPHIGENIA

And are the Greeks, as Fame reports, return'd?

ORFSTES

How briefly all things dost thou ask at once!

IPHIGENIA

This favour, ere thou die, I wish to obtain

ORFSTES

Ask, then since such thy wish, I will inform thee

IPHIGENIA

Calchas, a prophet,—came he back from Troy?

ORESTES

He perish'd at Mycenae such the fame

IPHIGENIA

Goddess revered! But doth Ulysses live?

ORESTES

He lives, they say, but is not yet return'd

IPHIGENIA

Perish the wretch, nor see his country more!

ORESTES

Wish him not ill, for all with him is ill

IPHIGENIA

But doth the son of sea-born Thetis live?

ORESTES

He lives not vain his nuptial rites at Aulis

IPHIGENIA

That all was fraud, as those who felt it say

ORESTES

But who art thou, inquiring thus of Greece?

IPHIGENIA

I am from thence, in early youth undone

ORESTES

Thou hast a right to inquire what there hath pass'd

IPHIGENIA

What know'st thou of the chief, men call the bless'd?

ORESTES

Who? Of the bless'd was not the chief I knew

IPHIGENIA

The royal Agamemnon, son of Atreus

ORESTES

Of him I know not, lady, cease to ask

IPHIGENIA

Nay, by the gods, teil me, and cheer my soul

ORESTES

He's dead, the unhappy chief no single ill

IPHIGENIA

Dead! By what adverse fate? O wretched me!

ORESTES

Why mourn for this? How doth it touch thy breast?

IPHIGENIA

The glories of his former state I mourn

ORESTES

Dreadfully murdered by a woman's hand

IPHIGENIA

How wretched she that slew him, he thus slain!

ORESTES

Now then forbear of him inquire no more

IPHIGENIA

This only lives the unhappy monarch's wife?

ORESTES

She, lady, is no more, slain by her son

IPHIGENIA

Alas, the ruin'd house! What his intent?

ORESTES

To avenge on her his noble father slain

IPHIGENIA

An ill, but righteous deed, how justly done!

ORESTES

Though righteous, by the gods he is not bless'd

IPHIGENIA

Hath Agamemnon other offspring left?

ORESTES

He left one virgin daughter, named Electra

IPHIGENIA

Of her that died a victim is aught said?

ORESTES

This only, dead, she sees the light no more

IPHIGENIA

Unhappy she! the father too who slew her!

ORESTES

For a bad woman she unseemly died

IPHIGENIA

At Argos lives the murdered father's son?

ORESTES

Nowhere he lives, poor wretch! and everywhere

IPHIGENIA

False dreams, farewell, for nothing you import

## ORESTES

Nor are those gods, that have the name of wise,  
Less false than fleeting dreams In things divine,  
And in things human, great confusion reigns  
One thing is left, that, not unwise of soul,  
Obedient to the prophet's voice he perish'd,  
For that he perish'd, they who know report

## LEADER

What shall we know, what of our parents know?  
If yet they live or not, who can inform us?

## IPHIGENIA

Hear me this converse prompts a thought, which gives  
Promise of good, ye youths of Greece, to you,  
To these, and me thus may it well be done,  
If, willing to my purpose, all assent  
Wilt thou, if I shall save thee, go for me  
A messenger to Argos, to my friends  
Charged with a letter, which a captive wrote,  
Who pitied me, nor murderous thought my hand,  
But that he died beneath the law, these rites  
The goddess deeming just? for from that hour  
I have not found who might to Argos bear  
Himself my message, back with life return'd,  
Or send to any of my friends my letter  
Thou, therefore, since it seems thou dost not bear  
Ill-will to me, and dost Mycenæ know,  
And those I wish to address, be safe, and live,  
No base reward for a light letter, life  
Receiving, and let him, since thus the state  
Requires, without thee to the goddess bleed

## ORESTES

Virgin unknown, well hast thou said in all  
Save this, that to the goddess he should bleed  
A victim, that were heavy grief indeed  
I steer'd the vessel to these ills, he sail'd  
Attendant on my toils to gain thy grace  
By his destruction, and withdraw myself  
From sufferings, were unjust thus let it be  
Give him the letter, to fulfil thy wish,  
To Argos he will bear it me let him  
Who claims that office, slay base is his soul,



Who in calamities involves his friends,  
And saves himself, this is a friend, whose life,  
Dear to me as my own, I would preserve

IPHIGENIA

Excellent spirit! from some noble root  
It shows thee sprung, and to thy friends a friend  
Sincere, of those that share my blood if one  
Remains, such may he be! for I am not  
Without a brother, strangers, from my sight  
Though distant now Since then thy wish is such,  
Him will I send to Argos, he shall bear  
My letter, thou shalt die, for this desire  
Hath strong possession of thy noble soul

ORESTES

Who then shall do the dreadful deed, and slay me?

IPHIGENIA

I to atone the goddess is my charge

ORESTES

A charge unenvied, virgin, and unblest'd

IPHIGENIA

Necessity constrains I must obey

ORESTES

Wilt thou, a woman, plunge the sword in men?

IPHIGENIA

No but thy locks to sprinkle round is mine

ORESTES

Whose then, if I may ask, the bloody deed?

IPHIGENIA

To some within the temple this belongs

ORESTES

What tomb is destined to receive my corse?

IPHIGENIA

The hallow'd fire within, and a dark cave

ORESTES

O, that a sister's hand might wrap these limbs!

## IPHIGENIA

Vain wish, unhappy youth, whoe'er thou art,  
 Hast thou conceived, for from this barbarous land  
 Far is her dwelling Yet, of what my power  
 Permits (since thou from Argos draw'st thy birth),  
 No grace will I omit for in the tomb  
 I will place much of ornament, and pour  
 The dulcet labour of the yellow bee,  
 From mountain flowers extracted, on thy pyre  
 But I will go, and from the temple bring  
 The letter, yet 'gainst me no hostile thought  
 Conceive You, that attend here, guard them well,  
 But without chains To one, whom most I love  
 Of all my friends, to Argos I shall send  
 Tidings perchance unlook'd for, and this letter,  
 Declaring those whom he thought dead alive,  
 Shall bear him an assured and solid joy  
 (*She enters the temple*)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Thee, o'er whose limbs the bloody drops shall soon  
 Be from the lavers sprinkled, I lament

## ORESTES

This asks no pity, strangers but farewell

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Thee for thy happy fate we reverence, youth  
 Who to thy country shall again return

## PYLADES

To friends unwish'd, who leave their friends to die

CHORUS (*chanting*)

Painful dismission! Which shall I esteem  
 Most lost, alas, alas! which most undone?  
 For doubts my wavering judgment yet divide,  
 If chief for thee my sighs should swell, or thee

## ORESTES

By the gods, Pylades, is thy mind touch'd  
 In manner like as mine?

## PYLADES

I cannot tell;  
Nor to thy question have I to reply

## ORESTES

Who is this virgin? With what zeal for Greece  
Made she inquiries of us what the toils  
At Troy, if yet the Grecians were return'd,  
And Calchas, from the flight of birds who form'd  
Presages of the future And she named  
Achilles with what tenderness bewail'd  
The unhappy Agamemnon! Of his wife  
She ask'd me,—of his children thence her race  
This unknown virgin draws, an Argive, else  
Ne'er would she send this letter, nor have wish'd  
To know these things, as if she bore a share  
(If Argos flourish) in its prosperous state

## PYLADES

Such were my thoughts (but thou hast given them words,  
Preventing me) of every circumstance,  
Save one the fate of kings all know, whose state  
Holds aught of rank But pass to other thoughts

## ORESTES

What? Share them, so thou best mayst be inform'd

## PYLADES

That thou shouldst die, and I behold this light,  
Were base with thee I sail'd, with thee to die  
Becomes me, else shall I obtain the name  
Of a vile coward through the Argive state,  
And the deep vales of Phocis Most will think  
(For most think ill) that by betraying thee  
I saved myself, home to return alone,  
Or haply that I slew thee, and thy death  
Contrived, that in the ruin of thy house  
Thy empire I might grasp, to me devolved  
As wedded to thy sister, now sole heir  
These things I fear, and hold them infamous  
Behooves me then with thee to die, with thee  
To bleed a victim, on the pyre with thine  
To give my body to the flames, for this  
Becomes me as thy friend, who dreads reproach

## ORESTES

Speak more auspicious words 'tis mine to bear  
Ills that are mine, and single when the wo,  
I would not bear it double What thou say'st  
Is vile and infamous, would light on me,  
Should I cause thee to die, who in my toils  
Hast borne a share to me, who from the gods  
Suffer afflictions which I suffer, death  
Is not unwelcome thou art happy, thine  
An unpolluted and a prosperous house,  
Mine impious and unblest'd if thou art saved,  
And from my sister (whom I gave to thee,  
Betroth'd thy bride) art blest'd with sons, my name  
May yet remain, nor all my father's house  
In total ruin sink Go then, and live  
Dwell in the mansion of thy ancestors  
And when thou comest to Greece, to Argos famed  
For warrior-steeds, by this right hand I charge thee  
Raise a sepulchral mound, and on it place  
A monument to me, and to my tomb  
Her tears, her tresses let my sister give,  
And say, that by an Argive woman's hand  
I perish'd, to the altar's bloody rites  
A hallow'd victim Never let thy soul  
Betray my sister, for thou seest her state,  
Of friends how destitute, her father's house  
How desolate Farewell Of all my friends,  
Thee have I found most friendly, from my youth  
Train'd up with me, in all my sylvan sports  
Thou dear associate, and through many toils  
Thou faithful partner of my miseries  
Me Phoebus, though a prophet, hath deceived,  
And, meditating guile, hath driven me far  
From Greece, of former oracles ashamed,  
To him resign'd, obedient to his words,  
I slew my mother, and my meed is death

## PYLADES

Yes, I will raise thy tomb thy sister's bed  
I never will betray, unhappy youth,  
For I will hold thee dearer when thou art dead,  
Than while thou livest, nor hath yet the voice  
Of Phoebus quite destroy'd thee, though thou stand

To slaughter nigh, but sometimes mighty woes  
Yield mighty changes, so when Fortune wills.

ORESTES

Forbear the words of Phoebus naught avail me,  
For, passing from the shrine, the virgin comes  
(*IPHIGENIA enters from the temple She is carrying a letter*)

IPHIGENIA (*to the guards*)

Go you away, and in the shrine prepare  
What those, who o'er the rites preside, require  
(*The guards go into the temple*)  
Here, strangers, is the letter folded close  
What I would further, hear The mind of man  
In dangers, and again, from fear relieved,  
Of safety when assured, is not the same  
I therefore fear lest he, who should convey  
To Argos this epistle, when return'd  
Safe to his native country, will neglect  
My letter, as a thing of little worth

ORESTES

What wouldst thou then? What is thy anxious thought?

IPHIGENIA

This let him give an oath that he will bear  
To Argos this epistle to those friends,  
To whom it is my ardent wish to send it

ORESTES

And wilt thou in return give him thy oath?

IPHIGENIA

That I will do or will not do, say what

ORESTES

To send him from this barbarous shore alive

IPHIGENIA

That's just how should he bear my letter else?

ORESTES

But will the monarch to these things assent?

IPHIGENIA

By me induced Him I will see embark'd

ORESTES

Swear then, and thou propose the righteous oath

IPHIGENIA

This, let him say, he to my friends will give

PYLADES

Well, to thy friends this letter I will give

IPHIGENIA

Thee will I send safe through the darkening rocks

PYLADES

What god dost thou invoke to attest thy oath?

IPHIGENIA

Diana, at whose shrine high charge I hold

PYLADES

And I heaven's potent king, the awful Jove

IPHIGENIA

But if thou slight thy oath, and do me wrong?

PYLADES

Never may I return But if thou fail,  
And save me not?

IPHIGENIA

Then never, while I live,  
May I revisit my loved Argos more'

PYLADES

One thing, not mention'd, thy attention claims

IPHIGENIA

If honour owes it, this will touch us both

PYLADES

Let me in this be pardon'd, if the bark  
Be lost, and with it in the surging waves  
Thy letter perish, and I naked gain  
The shore, no longer binding be the oath

IPHIGENIA

Know'st thou what I will do? For various ills  
Arise to those that plough the dangerous deep  
What in this letter is contain'd, what here

Is written, all I will repeat to thee,  
That thou mayst bear my message to my friends  
'Gainst danger thus I guard if thou preserve  
The letter, that though silent will declare  
My purport, if it perish in the sea,  
Saving thyself, my words too thou wilt save

## PYLADES

Well hast thou said touching the gods and me  
Say then to whom at Argos shall I bear  
This letter? What relate as heard from thee?

IPHIGENIA (*reading*)

This message to Orestes, to the son  
Of Agamemnon, bear —She, who was slain  
At Aulis, Iphigenia, sends thee this  
She lives, but not to those who then were there

## ORESTES

Where is she? From the dead return'd to life?

## IPHIGENIA

She whom thou seest but interrupt me not  
To Argos, O my brother, ere I die,  
Bear me from this barbaric land, and far  
Remove me from this altar's bloody rites,  
At which to slay the stranger is my charge —

## ORESTES

What shall I say? Where are we, Pylades?

## IPHIGENIA

Or on thy house for vengeance will I call,  
Orestes Twice repeated, learn the name

## ORESTES

Ye gods!

## IPHIGENIA

In my cause why invoke the gods?

## ORESTES

Nothing proceed my thoughts were wandering wide  
Strange things of thee unask'd I soon shall learn

## IPHIGENIA

Tell him the goddess saved me, in exchange  
A hind presenting, which my father slew  
A victim, deeming that he plunged his sword  
Deep in my breast me in this land she placed  
Thou hast my charge and this my letter speaks

## PYLADES

O, thou hast bound me with an easy oath  
What I have sworn with honest purpose, long  
Defer I not, but thus discharge mine oath  
To thee a letter from thy sister, lo,  
I bear, Orestes, and I give it thee  
(PYLADES hands the letter to ORESTES)

## ORESTES

I do receive it, but forbear to uncloset  
Its foldings, greater pleasure first to enjoy  
Than words can give My sister, O most dear,  
Astonish'd ev'n to disbelief, I throw  
Mine arms around thee with a fond embrace,  
In transport at the wondrous things I hear

## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Stranger, thou dost not well with hands profane  
Thus to pollute the priestess of the shrine,  
Grasping her garments hallow'd from the touch

## ORESTES

My sister, my dear sister, from one sire,  
From Agamemnon sprung, turn not away,  
Holding thy brother thus beyond all hope

## IPHIGENIA

My brother! Thou my brother! Wilt thou not  
Unsay these words? At Argos far he dwells

## ORESTES

Thy brother, O unhappy! is not there

## IPHIGENIA

Thee did the Spartan Tyndarus bring forth?

## ORESTES

And from the son of Pelops' son I sprung



IPHIGENIA

What say'st thou? Canst thou give me proof of this?

ORESTES

I can ask something of my father's house

IPHIGENIA

Nay, it is thine to speak, mine to attend

ORESTES

First let me mention things which I have heard  
Electra speak to thee is known the strife  
Which fierce 'twixt Atreus and Thyestes rose

IPHIGENIA

Yes, I have heard it, for the golden ram,—

ORESTES

In the rich texture didst thou not inweave it?

IPHIGENIA

O thou most dear! Thou windest near my heart

ORESTES

And image in the web the averted sun?

IPHIGENIA

In the fine threads that figure did I work

ORESTES

For Aulis did thy mother bathe thy limbs?

IPHIGENIA

I know it, to unlucky spousals led

ORESTES

Why to thy mother didst thou send thy locks?

IPHIGENIA

Devoted for my body to the tomb

ORESTES

What I myself have seen I now as proofs  
Will mention In thy father's house, hung high  
Within thy virgin chambers, the old spear  
Of Pelops, which he brandish'd when he slew  
Oenomaus, and won his beauteous bride,  
The virgin Hippodamia, Pisa's boast

## IPHIGENIA

O thou most dear (for thou art he), most dear  
Acknowledged, thee, Orestes, do I hold,  
From Argos, from thy country distant far?

## ORESTES

And hold I thee, my sister, long deem'd dead?  
Grief mix'd with joy, and tears, not taught by woe  
To rise, stand melting in thy eyes and mine

## IPHIGENIA

Thee yet an infant in thy nurse's arms  
I left, a babe I left thee in the house  
Thou art more happy, O my soul, than speech  
Knows to express What shall I say? 'tis all  
Surpassing wonder and the power of words

## ORESTES

May we together from this hour be bless'd!

## IPHIGENIA

An unexpected pleasure, O my friends,  
Have I received, yet fear I from my hands  
Lest to the air it fly O sacred hearths  
Raised by the Cyclops! O my country, loved  
Mycenae! Now that thou didst give me birth,  
I thank thee, now I thank thee, that my youth  
Thou trainedst, since my brother thou has train'd,  
A beam of light, the glory of his house

## ORESTES

We in our race are happy, but our life,  
My sister, by misfortunes is unhappy

## IPHIGENIA

I was, I know, unhappy, when the sword  
My father, frantic, pointed at my neck

## ORESTES

Ah me! methinks ev'n now I see thee there

## IPHIGENIA

When to Achilles, brother, not a bride,  
I to the sacrifice by guile was led,  
And tears and groans the altar compass'd round

## ORESTES

Alas, the lovers there!

## IPHIGENIA

I mourn'd the deed

My father dared, unlike a father's love,  
Cruel, unlike a father's love, to me

## ORESTES

Ill deeds succeed to ill if thou hadst slain  
Thy brother, by some god impell'd, what griefs  
Must have been thine at such a dreadful deed!

IPHIGENIA (*chanting*)

Dreadful, my brother, O how dreadful! scarce  
Hast thou escaped a foul, unhallow'd death,  
Slain by my hands But how will these things end?  
What Fortune will assist me? What safe means  
Shall I devise to send thee from this state,  
From slaughter, to thy native land, to Argos,  
Ere with thy blood the cruel sword be stain'd?  
This to devise, O my unhappy soul!  
This to devise is thine. Wilt thou by land,  
Thy bark deserted, speed thy flight on foot?  
Perils await thee mid these barbarous tribes,  
Through pathless wilds, and 'twixt the clashing rocks,  
Narrow the passage for the flying bark,  
And long Unhappy, ah, unhappy me!  
What god, what mortal, what unlook'd-for chance  
Will expedite our dangerous way, and show  
Two sprung from Atreus a release from ills?

## LEADER

What having seen and heard I shall relate,  
Is marvellous, and passes fabling tales

## PYLADES

When after absence long, Orestes, friend  
Meets friend, embraces will express their joy  
Behooves us now, bidding farewell to grief,  
And heedful to obtain the glorious name  
Of safety, from this barbarous land to fly  
The wise, of fortune not regardless, seize  
The occasion, and to happiness advance

## ORESTES

Well hast thou said, and Fortune here, I ween,  
Will aid us, to the firm and strenuous mind  
More potent works the influence divine

## IPHIGENIA

Nothing shall check, nothing restrain my speech  
First will I question thee what fortune waits  
Electra this to know would yield me joy

## ORESTES

With him (*pointing to Pylades*) she dwells, and happy is her life

## IPHIGENIA

Whence then is he? and from what father sprung?

## ORESTES

From Phocis Strophius is his father named

## IPHIGENIA

By Atreus' daughter to my blood allied?

## ORESTES

Nearly allied my only faithful friend

## IPHIGENIA

He was not then, me when my father slew

## ORESTES

Childless was Strophius for some length of time

## IPHIGENIA

O thou, the husband of my sister, hail!

## ORESTES

More than relation, my preserver too

## IPHIGENIA

But to thy mother why that dreadful deed?

## ORESTES

Of that no more to avenge my father's death

## IPHIGENIA

But for what cause did she her husband slay?

## ORESTES

Of her inquire not thou wouldst blush to hear

## IPHIGENIA

The eyes of Argos now are raised to thee

## ORESTES

There Menelaus is lord, I, outcast, fly

## IPHIGENIA

Hath he then wrong'd his brother's ruin'd house?

## ORESTES

Not so the Furies fright me from the land

## IPHIGENIA

The madness this, which seized thee on the shore?

## ORESTES

I was not first beheld unhappy there

## IPHIGENIA

Stern powers! they haunt thee for thy mother's blood

## ORESTES

And ruthless make me champ the bloody bit

## IPHIGENIA

Why to this region has thou steer'd thy course?

## ORESTES

Commanded by Apollo's voice, I come

## IPHIGENIA

With what intent? if that may be disclosed

## ORESTES

I will inform thee, though to length of speech  
This leads When vengeance from my hands o'ertook  
My mother's deeds—foul deeds, which let me pass  
In silence—by the Furies' fierce assaults  
To flight I was impell'd to Athens then  
Apollo sent me, that, my cause there heard,  
I might appease the vengeful powers, whose names  
May not be utter'd the tribunal there  
Is holy, which for Mars, when stain'd with blood,  
Jove in old times establish'd There arrived,  
None willingly received me, by the gods  
As one abhorr'd, and they, who felt the touch  
Of shame, the hospitable board alone

Yielded, and though one common roof beneath,  
Their silence showing they disdain'd to hold  
Converse with me, I took from them apart  
A lone repast, to each was placed a bowl  
Of the same measure, this they filled with wine,  
And bathed their spirits in delight Unmeet  
I deem'd it to express offence at those  
Who entertain'd me, but in silence grieved,  
Showing a cheer as though I mark'd it not,  
And sigh'd for that I shed my mother's blood  
A feast, I hear, at Athens is ordain'd  
From this my evil plight, ev'n yet observed,  
In which the equal-measured bowl then used  
Is by that people held in honour high  
But when to the tribunal on the mount  
Of Mars I came, one stand I took, and one  
The eldest of the Furies opposite  
The cause was heard touching my mother's blood,  
And Phoebus saved me by his evidence  
Equal, by Pallas number'd, were the votes,  
And I from doom of blood victorious freed  
Such of the Furies as there sat, appeased  
By the just sentence, nigh the court resolved  
To fix their seat, but others, whom the law  
Appeased not, with relentless tortures still  
Pursued me, till I reach'd the hallow'd soil  
Of Phoebus stretch'd before his shrine, I swore  
Foodless to waste my wretched life away,  
Unless the god, by whom I was undone,  
Would save me from the golden tripod burst  
The voice divine, and sent me to this shore,  
Commanding me to bear the image hence,  
Which fell from Jove, and in the Athenian land  
To fix it What the oracular voice assign'd  
My safety, do thou aid if we obtain  
The statue of the goddess, I no more  
With madness shall be tortured, but this arm  
Shall place thee in my bark, which ploughs the waves  
With many an oar, and to Mycenae safe  
Bear thee again Show then a sister's love,  
O thou most dear, preserve thy father's house,  
Preserve me too, for me destruction waits,  
And all the race of Pelops, if we bear not  
This heaven-descended image from the shrine

## LEADER

The anger of the gods hath raged severe,  
And plunged the race of Tantalus in woes

## IPHIGENIA

Ere thy arrival here, a fond desire  
To be again at Argos, and to see  
Thee, my loved brother, fill'd my soul Thy wish  
Is my warm wish, to free thee from thy toils,  
And from its ruins raise my father's house,  
Nor harbour I 'gainst him, that slew me, thought  
Of harsh resentment from thy blood my hands  
Would I keep pure, thy house I would preserve  
But from the goddess how may this be hid?  
The tryant too I fear, when he shall find  
The statue on its marble base no more  
What then from death will save me? What excuse  
Shall I devise? Yet by one daring deed  
Might these things be achieved couldst thou bear hence  
The image, me too in thy gallant bark  
Placing secure, how glorious were the attempt!  
Me if thou join not with thee, I am lost  
Indeed, but thou, with prudent measures form'd,  
Return I fly no danger, not ev'n death,  
Be death required, to save thee no the man  
Dying is mourn'd, as to his house a loss,  
But woman's weakness is of light esteem

## ORESTES

I would not be the murderer of my mother,  
And of thee too, sufficient is her blood  
No, I will share thy fortune, live with thee,  
Or with thee die to Argos I will lead thee,  
If here I perish not, or dying, here  
Remain with thee But what my mind suggests,  
Hear if Diana were averse to this,  
How could the voice of Phoebus from his shrine  
Declare that to the state of Pallas hence  
The statue of the goddess I should bear,  
And see thy face? All this, together weigh'd,  
Gives hope of fair success, and our return

IPHIGENIA

But how effect it, that we neither die,  
And what we wish achieve? For our return  
On this depends this claims deliberate thought

ORESTES

Have we not means to work the tyrant's death?

IPHIGENIA

For strangers full of peril were the attempt

ORESTES

Thee would it save and me, it must be dared

IPHIGENIA

I could not yet thy promptness I approve

ORESTES

What if thou lodge me in the shrine conceal'd?

IPHIGENIA

That in the shades of night we may escape?

ORESTES

Night is a friend to frauds, the light to truth

IPHIGENIA

Within are sacred guards, we 'scape not them

ORESTES

Ruin then waits us how can we be saved?

IPHIGENIA

I think I have some new and safe device

ORESTES

What is it? Let me know impart thy thought

IPHIGENIA

Thy sufferings for my purpose I will use,—

ORESTES

To form devices quick is woman's wit

IPHIGENIA

And say, thy mother slain, thou fledd'st from Argos



ORESTES

If to aught good, avail thee of my ills

IPHIGENIA

Unmeet then at this shrine to offer thee

ORESTES

What cause alleged? I reach not thine intent

IPHIGENIA

As now impure when hallow'd, I will slay thee

ORESTES

How is the image thus more promptly gain'd?

IPHIGENIA

Thee I will hallow in the ocean waves

ORESTES

The statue we would gain is in the temple

IPHIGENIA

That, by thy touch polluted, I would cleanse

ORESTES

Where? On the watery margin of the main?

IPHIGENIA

Where thy tall bark secured with cables rides

ORESTES

And who shall bear the image in his hands?

IPHIGENIA

Myself, profaned by any touch but mine

ORESTES

What of this blood shall on my friend be charged?

IPHIGENIA

His hands, it shall be said, like thine are stain'd

ORESTES

In secret this, or to the king disclosed?

IPHIGENIA

With his assent, I cannot hide it from him

## ORESTES

My bark with ready oars attends thee near

## IPHIGENIA

That all be well appointed, be thy charge

## ORESTES

One thing alone remains, that these conceal  
Our purpose but address them, teach thy tongue  
Persuasive words a woman hath the power  
To melt the heart to pity thus perchance  
All things may to our warmest wish succeed

## IPHIGENIA

Ye train of females, to my soul most dear,  
On you mine eyes are turn'd, on you depends  
My fate, with prosperous fortune to be bless'd,  
Or to be nothing, to my country lost,  
Of a dear kinsman and a much-loved brother  
Deprived This plea I first would urge, that we  
Are women, and have hearts by nature form'd  
To love each other, of our mutual trusts  
Most firm preservers Touching our design,  
Be silent, and assist our flight naught claims  
More honour than the faithful tongue You see  
How the same fortune links us three, most dear  
Each to the other, to revisit safe  
Our country, or to die If I am saved,  
That thou mayst share my fortune, I to Greece  
Will bring thee safe but thee by this right hand,  
Thee I conjure, and thee, by this loved cheek  
Thee, by thy knees, by all that in your house  
Is dearest to you, father, mother, child,  
If you have children What do you reply?  
Which of you speaks assent? Or which dissents?  
But be you all assenting for my plea  
If you approve not, ruin falls on me,  
And my unhappy brother too must die

## LEADER

Be confident, loved lady and consult  
Only thy safety all thou givest in charge,  
Be witness, mighty Jove, I will conceal

## IPHIGENIA

O, for this generous promise be you bless'd  
 (To ORESTES and PYLADES)  
 To enter now the temple be thy part,  
 And thine for soon the monarch of the land  
 Will come, inquiring if the strangers yet  
 Have bow'd their necks as victims at the shrine  
 Goddess revered, who in the dreadful bay  
 Of Aulis from my father's slaughtering hand  
 Didst save me, save me now, and these through thee,  
 Else will the voice of Phoebus be no more  
 Held true by mortals From this barbarous land  
 To Athens go propitious here to dwell  
 Beseems thee not, thine be a polish'd state!  
 (ORESTES, PYLADES, and IPHIGENIA enter the temple)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe 1*

O bird, that round each craggy height  
 Projecting o'er the sea below,  
 Wheelest thy melancholy flight,  
 Thy song attuned to notes of woe,  
 The wise thy tender sorrows own,  
 Which thy lost lord unceasing moan,  
 Like thine, sad halcyon, be my strain,  
 A bird, that have no wings to fly  
 With fond desire for Greece I sigh,  
 And for my much-loved social train,  
 Sigh for Diana, pitying maid,  
 Who joys to rove o'er Cynthus' heights,  
 Or in the branching laurel's shade,  
 Or in the soft-hair'd palm delights,  
 Or the hoar olive's sacred boughs,  
 Lenient of sad Latona's woes,  
 Or in the lake, that rolls its wave  
 Where swans their plumage love to lave,  
 Then, to the Muses soaring high,  
 The homage pay of melody

*antistrophe 1*

Ye tears, what frequent-falling showers  
 Roll'd down these cheeks in streams of woe,  
 When in the dust my country's towers  
 Lay levell'd by the conquering foe,

And, to their spears a prey, their oars  
Brought me to these barbaric shores!  
For gold exchanged, a traffic base,  
No vulgar slave, the task is mine,  
Here at Diana's awful shrine,  
Who loves the woodland hind to chase,  
The virgin priestess to attend,  
Daughter of rich Mycenae's lord,  
At other shrines her wish to bend,  
Where bleeds the victim less abhorr'd  
No respite to her griefs she knows,  
Not so the heart inured to woes,  
As train'd to sorrow's rigid lore  
Now comes a change, it mourns no more  
But to long bliss when ill succeeds,  
The anguish'd heart for ever bleeds

*strophe 2*

Thee, loved virgin, freed from fear  
Home the Argive bark shall bear  
Mountain Pan, with thrilling strain,  
To the oars that dash the main  
In just cadence well agreed,  
Shall accord his wax-join'd reed  
Phoebus, with a prophet's fire  
Sweeping o'er his seven-string'd lyre,  
And his voice attuning high  
To the swelling harmony,  
Thee shall guide the wild waves o'er  
To the soft Athenian shore  
Leaving me, thy oars shall sweep  
Eager o'er the foaming deep  
Thou shalt catch the rising gales  
Swelling in thy firm-bound sails,  
And thy bark in gallant pride  
Light shall o'er the billows glide

*antistrophe 2*

Might I through the lucid air  
Fly where rolls yon flaming car,  
O'er those loved and modest bowers,  
Where I pass'd my youthful hours,  
I would stay my weary flight,  
Wave no more my pennons light,

But, amid the virgin band,  
 Once my loved companions, stand  
 Once mid them my charms could move,  
 Blooming then, the flames of love,  
 When the mazy dance I trod,  
 While with joy my mother glow'd,  
 When to vie in grace was mine,  
 And in splendid robes to shine,  
 For, with radiant tints impress'd,  
 Glow'd for me the gorgeous vest,  
 And these tresses gave new grace,  
 As their ringlets shade my face

(THOAS and his retinue enter)

THOAS

Where is the Grecian lady, to whose charge  
 This temple is committed? Have her rites  
 Hallow'd the strangers? Do their bodies burn  
 In the recesses of the sacred shrine?

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

She comes, and will inform thee, king, of all  
 (*IPHIGENIA comes out of the temple She is carrying the sacred  
 statue of Diana*)

THOAS

Daughter of Agamemnon, what means this?  
 The statue of the goddess in thine arms  
 Why dost thou bear, from its firm base removed?

IPHIGENIA

There in the portal, monarch, stay thy step

THOAS

What of strange import in the shrine hath chanced?

IPHIGENIA

Things ominous that word I, holy, speak

THOAS

To what is tuned thy proem? Plainly speak

IPHIGENIA

Not pure the victims, king, you lately seized

THOAS

What show'd thee this? Or speak'st thou but thy thought?

IPHIGENIA

Back turn'd the sacred image on its base

THOAS

Spontaneous turn'd, or by an earthquake moved?

IPHIGENIA

Spontaneous, and, averted, closed its eyes

THOAS

What was the cause? The blood-stain'd stranger's guilt?

IPHIGENIA

That, and naught else, for horrible their deeds

THOAS

What, have they slain some Scythian on the shore?

IPHIGENIA

They came polluted with domestic blood

THOAS

What blood? I have a strong desire to know

IPHIGENIA

They slew their mother with confederate swords

THOAS

O Phoebus! This hath no barbarian dared

IPHIGENIA

All Greece indignant chased them from her realms

THOAS

Bear'st thou for this the image from the shrine?

IPHIGENIA

To the pure air, from stain of blood removed

THOAS

By what means didst thou know the stranger's guilt?

IPHIGENIA

I learn'd it as the statue started back

THOAS

Greece train'd thee wise this well hast thou discern'd

IPHIGENIA

Now with sweet blandishments they soothe my soul

THOAS

Some glozing tale from Argos telling thee?

IPHIGENIA

I have one brother he, they say, lives happy,—

THOAS

That thou mayst save them for their pleasing news?

IPHIGENIA

And that my father lives, by fortune bless'd

THOAS

But on the goddess well thy thoughts are turn'd

IPHIGENIA

I hate all Greece, for it hath ruin'd me

THOAS

What with the strangers, say then, should be done?

IPHIGENIA

The law ordain'd in reverence we must hold

THOAS

Are then thy lovers ready, and the sword?

IPHIGENIA

First I would cleanse them with ablutions pure

THOAS

In fountain waters, or the ocean wave?

IPHIGENIA

All man's pollutions doth the salt sea cleanse

THOAS

More holy to the goddess will they bleed

IPHIGENIA

And better what I have in charge advance

THOAS

Doth not the wave ev'n 'gainst the temple beat?

IPHIGENIA

This requires solitude more must I do

THOAS

Lead where thou wilt on secret rite I pry not

IPHIGENIA

The image of the goddess I must cleanse

THOAS

If it be stain'd with touch of mother's blood

IPHIGENIA

I could not else have borne it from its base

THOAS

Just is thy provident and pious thought,  
For this by all the state thou art revered

IPHIGENIA

Know st thou what next I would?

THOAS

Tis thine thy will

To signify

IPHIGENIA

Give for these strangers chains

THOAS

To what place can they fly?

IPHIGENIA

A Grecian knows

Naught faithful

THOAS

Of my train go some for chains  
(*Some attendants go out*)

IPHIGENIA

Let them lead forth the strangers

THOAS

Be it so



IPHIGENIA

And veil their faces

THOAS

From the sun's bright beams?

IPHIGENIA

Some of thy train send with me

THOAS

These shall go,

Attending thee

IPHIGENIA

One to the city send

THOAS

With what instructions charged?

IPHIGENIA

That all remain

Within their houses

THOAS

That the stain of blood

They meet not?

IPHIGENIA

These things have pollution in them

THOAS

Go thou, and bear the instructions

*(An attendant departs)*

IPHIGENIA

That none come

In sight

THOAS

How wisely careful for the city!

IPHIGENIA

Warn our friends most

THOAS

This speaks thy care for me

IPHIGENIA

Stay thou before the shrine

THOAS

To what intent?

IPHIGENIA

Cleanse it with lustral fires

THOAS

That thy return

May find it pure?

IPHIGENIA

But when the strangers come  
Forth from the temple,—

THOAS

What must I then do?

IPHIGENIA

Spread o'er thine eyes a veil

THOAS

That I receive not

Pollution?

IPHIGENIA

Tedious if my stay appear,—

THOAS

What bounds may be assign'd?

IPHIGENIA

Deem it not strange

THOAS

At leisure what the rites require perform

IPHIGENIA

May this lustration as I wish succeed!

THOAS

Thy wish is mine

(ORESTES and PYLADES, bound, are led from the temple in a  
solemn procession by the guards THOAS and his retinue  
veil their heads as it slowly moves past )

IPHIGENIA (*chanting*)

But from the temple, see,  
 The strangers come, the sacred ornaments,  
 The hallow'd lambs—for I with blood must wash  
 This execrable blood away,—the light  
 Of torches, and what else my rites require  
 To purify these strangers to the goddess  
 But to the natives of this land my voice  
 Proclaims, from this pollution far remove,  
 Art thou attendant at the shrine, who liftest  
 Pure to the gods thy hands, or nuptial rites  
 Dost thou prepare, or pregnant matron hence,  
 Begone, that this defilement none may touch  
 Thou, daughter of Latona and high Jove,  
 O royal virgin, if I cleanse the stain  
 Of these, and where I ought with holy rites  
 Address thee, thou shalt hold thy residence  
 In a pure mansion, we too shall be bless'd  
 More though I speak not, goddess, unexpress'd,  
 All things to thee and to the gods are known  
 (IPHIGENIA, *carrying the statue, joins the procession as it goes*  
*out* THOAS and his retinue enter the temple )

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe*

Latona's glorious offspring claims the song,  
 Born the hallow'd shades among,  
 Where fruitful Delos winds her valleys low,  
 Bright-hair'd Phoebus, skill'd to inspire  
 Raptures, as he sweeps the lyre,  
 And she that glories in the unerring bow  
 From the rocky ridges steep,  
 At whose feet the hush'd waves sleep,  
 Left their far-famed native shore,  
 Them the exulting mother bore  
 To Parnassus, on whose heights  
 Bacchus shouting holds his rites,  
 Glittering in the burnish'd shade,  
 By the laurel's branches made,  
 Where the enormous dragon lies,  
 Brass his scales, and flame his eyes,  
 Earth-born monster, that around  
 Rolling guards the oracular ground,

Him, while yet a sportive child,  
In his mother's arms that smiled,  
Phoebus slew, and seized the shrine  
Whence proceeds the voice divine  
On the golden tripod placed,  
Throne by falsehood ne'er disgraced,  
Where Castalia's pure stream flows,  
He the fates to mortal shows

*antistrophe*

But when Themis, whom of yore  
Earth, her fruitful mother, bore,  
From her hallow'd seat he drove,  
Earth to avenge her daughter strove,  
Forming visions of the night,  
Which, in rapt dreams hovering light,  
All that Time's dark volumes hold  
Might to mortal sense unfold,  
When in midnight's sable shades  
Sleep the silent couch invades  
Thus did Earth her vengeance boast  
His prophetic honours lost,  
Royal Phoebus speeds his flight  
To Olympus, on whose height  
At the throne of Jove he stands,  
Stretching forth his little hands,  
Suppliant that the Pythian shrine  
Feel no more the wrath divine,  
That the goddess he appease,  
That her nightly visions cease  
Jove with smiles beheld his son  
Early thus address his throne,  
Sung with ambitious pride  
O'er the rich shrine to preside,  
He, assenting, bow'd his head  
Straight the nightly visions fled,  
And prophetic dreams no more  
Hover'd slumbering mortals o'er  
Now to Phoebus given again,  
All his honours pure remain,  
Votaries distant regions send  
His frequented throne to attend  
And the firm decrees of fate

On his faithful voice await

(A MESSENGER enters )

MESSENGER

Say you, that keep the temple, and attend  
The altar, where is Thoas, Scythia's king?  
Open these strong-compacted gates, and call  
Forth from the shrine the monarch of the land

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Wherefore? at thy command if I must speak

MESSENGER

The two young men are gone, through the device  
Of Agamemnon's daughter from this land  
They fly, and, in their Grecian galley placed,  
The sacred image of the goddess bear

LEADER

Incredible thy tale but whom thou seek'st,  
The monarch, from the temple went in haste

MESSENGER

Whither? for what is doing he should know

LEADER

We know not but go thou, and seek for him  
Where'er thou find him, thou wilt tell him this

MESSENGER

See, what a faithless race you women are!  
In all that hath been done you have a part

LEADER

Sure thou art mad! what with the strangers' flight  
Have we to do? But wilt thou not, with all  
The speed thou mayst, go to the monarch's house?

MESSENGER

Not till I first am well inform'd, if here  
Within the temple be the king, or not

(Shouting)

Unbar the gates (to you within I speak),  
And tell your lord that at the portal here  
I stand, and bring him tidings of fresh ills  
(THOAS and his attendants enter from the temple)

THOAS

Who at the temple of the goddess dares  
This clamour raise, and, thundering at the gates,  
Strikes terror through the ample space within?

MESSENGER

With falsehoods would these women drive me hence,  
Without to seek thee thou wast in the shrine

THOAS

With what intent? or what advantage sought?

MESSENGER

Of these hereafter, what more urgent now  
Imports thee, hear the virgin, in this place  
Presiding at the altars, from this land  
Is with the strangers fled, and bears with her  
The sacred image of the goddess, all  
Of her ablutions but a false pretence

THOAS

How say'st thou? What is her accursed design?

MESSENGER

To save Orestes this too will amaze thee

THOAS

Whom? What Orestes? Clytemnestra's son?

MESSENGER

Him at the altar hallow'd now to bleed

THOAS

Portentous! for what less can it be call'd?

MESSENGER

Think not on that, but hear me, with deep thought  
Reflect weigh well what thou shalt hear, devise  
By what pursuit to reach and seize the strangers

THOAS

Speak thou advisest well the sea though nigh,  
They fly not so as to escape my spear

MESSENGER

When to the shore we came, where station'd rode  
The galley of Orestes, by the rocks

Conceal'd to us, whom thou hadst sent with her  
To hold the strangers' chains, the royal maid  
Made signs that we retire, and stand aloof,  
As if with secret rites she would perform  
The purposed expiation on she went,  
In her own hands holding the strangers' chains  
Behind them not without suspicion this,  
Yet by thy servants, king, allow'd At length,  
That we might deem her in some purpose high  
Employ'd, she raised her voice, and chanted loud  
Barbaric strains, as if with mystic rites  
She cleansed the stain of blood When we had sat  
A tedious while, it came into our thought,  
That from their chains unloosed, the stranger youths  
Might kill her, and escape by flight yet fear  
Of seeing what we ought not, kept us still  
In silence, but at length we all resolved  
To go, though not permitted, where they were  
There we behold the Grecian bark with oars  
Well furnish'd, wing'd for flight, and at their seats,  
Grasping their oars, were fifty rowers, free  
From chains beside the stern the two youths stood  
Some from the prow relieved the keel with poles,  
Some weigh'd the anchors up, the climbing ropes  
Some hasten'd, through their hands the cables diw,  
Launch'd the light bark, and gave her to the main  
But when we saw their treacherous wives, we rush'd  
Heedless of danger, seized the priestess, seized  
The halsers, hung upon the helm, and strove  
To rend the rudder-bands away Debate  
Now rose — "What mean you, sailing o'er the seas,  
The statue and the priestess from the land  
By stealth conveying? Whence art thou, and who,  
That bear'st her, like a purchased slave, away?"  
He said, "I am her brother, be of this  
Inform'd, Orestes, son of Agamemnon  
My sister, so long lost, I bear away,  
Recover'd here" But naught the less for that  
Held we the priestess, and by force would lead  
Again to thee hence dreadful on our cheeks  
The blows, for in their hands no sword they held,  
Nor we, but many a rattling stroke the youths  
Dealt with their fists, against our sides and breasts

Their arms fierce darting, till our batter'd limbs  
Were all disabled now with dreadful marks  
Disfigured, up the precipice we fly,  
Some bearing on their heads, some in their eyes  
The bloody bruises standing on the heights,  
Our fight was safer, and we hurl'd at them  
Fragments of rocks, but, standing on the stern,  
The archers with their arrows drove us thence,  
And now a swelling wave roll'd in, which drove  
The galley towards the land The sailors fear'd  
The sudden swell on his left arm sustain'd,  
Orestes bore his sister through the tide,  
Mounted the bark's tall side, and on the deck  
Safe placed her, and Diana's holy image,  
Which fell from heaven, from the midship his voice  
He sent aloud — 'Ye youths, that in this bark  
From Argos plough'd the deep, now ply your oars,  
And dash the billows till they foam those things  
Are ours, for which we swept the Euxine sea  
And steer'd our course within its clashing rocks '  
They gave a cheerful shout, and with their oars  
Dash'd the salt wave The galley, while it rode  
Within the harbour, work'd its easy way,  
But having pass'd its mouth, the swelling flood  
Roll'd on it, and with sudden force the wind  
Impetuous rising drove it back their oars  
They slack'd not, stoutly struggling 'gainst the wave,  
But towards the land the reflux flood impell'd  
The galley then the royal virgin stood,  
And pray'd — "O daughter of Latona, save me,  
Thy priestess save, from this barbaric land  
To Greece restore me, and forgive my thefts  
For thou, O goddess, dost thy brother love,  
Deem then that I love those allied to me "  
The mariners responsive to her prayer  
Shouted loud paeans, and their naked arms,  
Each cheering each, to their stout oars apply  
But nearer and yet nearer to the rock  
The galley drove some rush'd into the sea,  
Some strain'd the ropes that bind the loosen'd sails  
Straight was I hither sent to thee, O king,  
To inform thee of these accidents But haste,  
Take chains and gyves with thee, for if the flood



Subside not to a calm, there is no hope  
 Of safety to the strangers Be assured,  
 That Neptune, awful monarch of the main,  
 Remembers Troy, and, hostile to the race  
 Of Pelops, will deliver to thy hands,  
 And to thy people, as is meet, the son  
 Of Agamemnon, and bring back to thee  
 His sister, who the goddess hath betray'd,  
 Unmindful of the blood at Aulis shed

## LEADER

Unhappy Iphigenia, thou must die,  
 Thy brother too must die, if thou again,  
 Seized in thy flight, to thy lord's hands shalt come

## THOAS

Inhabitants of this barbaric land,  
 Will you not rein your steeds, will you not fly  
 Along the shore, to seize whate'er this skiff  
 Of Greece casts forth, and, for your goddess roused,  
 Hunt down these impious men? Will you not launch  
 Instant your swift-oar'd barks, by sea, by land  
 To catch them, from the rugged rock to hurl  
 Their bodies, or impale them on the stake?  
 But for you, women, in these dark designs  
 Accomplices, hereafter, as I find  
 Convenient leisure, I will punish you  
 The occasion urges now, and gives no pause

(MINERVA *appears above* )

## MINERVA

Whither, O royal Thoas, dost thou lead  
 This vengeful chase? Attend Minerva speaks  
 Cease thy pursuit, and stop this rushing flood  
 Of arms, for hither, by the fateful voice  
 Of Phoebus, came Orestes, warn'd to fly  
 The anger of the Furies, to convey  
 His sister to her native Argos back,  
 And to my land the sacred image bear  
 Thoas, I speak to thee him, whom thy rage  
 Would kill, Orestes, on the wild waves seized,  
 Neptune, to do me grace, already wafts  
 On the smooth sea, the swelling surges calm'd

And thou, Orestes (for my voice thou hear'st,  
Though distant far), to my commands attend  
Go, with the sacred image, which thou bear'st,  
And with thy sister but when thou shalt come  
To Athens built by gods, there is a place  
On the extreme borders of the Attic land,  
Close neighbouring to Carystia's craggy height,  
Sacred, my people call it Alae there  
A temple raise, and fix the statue there,  
Which from the Tauric goddess shall receive  
Its name, and from thy toils, which thou, through Greece  
Driven by the Furies' maddening stings, hast borne,  
And mortals shall in future times with hymns  
The Tauric goddess there, Diana, hail  
And be this law establish'd, when the feast  
For thy deliverance from this shrine is held,  
To a man's throat that they apply the sword,  
And draw the blood, in memory of these rites,  
That of her honours naught the goddess lose  
Thou, Iphigenia, on the hallow'd heights  
Of Brauron on this goddess shalt attend  
Her priestess, dying shalt be there inter'd,  
Graced with the honours of the gorgeous vests  
Of finest texture, in their houses left  
By matrons who in childbed pangs expired  
These Grecian dames back to their country lead,  
I charge thee, justice thus return demands,  
For I saved thee, when on the mount of Mars  
The votes were equal, and from that decree  
The shells in number equal still absolve  
But, son of Agamemnon, from this land  
Thy sister bear, nor, Thoas, be thou angry

## THOAS

Royal Minerva, he that hears the gods  
Commanding, and obeys not, is unwise  
My anger 'gainst Orestes flames no more,  
Gone though he be, and bears with him away  
The statue of the goddess, and his sister  
Have mortals glory 'gainst the powerful gods  
Contending? Let them go, and to thy land  
The sacred image bear, and fix it there,  
Good fortune go with them To favour Greece,

These dames, at thy high bidding, I will send  
My arms will I restrain, which I had raised  
Against the strangers, and my swift-oar'd barks,  
Since, potent goddess, this is pleasing to thee

## MINERVA

I praise thy resolution, for the power  
Of Fate o'er thee and o'er the gods prevails  
Breathe soft, ye favouring gales, to Athens bear  
These sprung from Agamemnon, on their course  
Attending, I will go, and heedful save  
My sister's sacred image You too go (*to the CHORUS*)  
Prosperous, and in the fate that guards you bless'd  
(*MINERVA vanishes*)

CHORUS (*chanting*)

O thou, among the immortal gods revered  
And mortal men, Minerva, we will do  
As thou commandest, for with transport high,  
Exceeding hope, our ears receive thy words

O Victory, I revere thy awful power<sup>a</sup>  
Guard thou my life, nor ever cease to crown me!

#### NOTES FOR IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS

R POTTER, whose translation of Aeschylus appeared in 1777, did a complete version of Euripides, which was published in 1781 and 1782. In the present rendering, Potter has followed the eighteenth century convention of using the Roman or Latin forms for various proper names. Hence Artemis and Athena appear as Diana and Minerva.

1 Modern editors do not assign the parts of this choral passage as they are found here.

2 The following lines seem to reflect Euripides' violent reaction against the taints of anthropomorphism in the orthodox theology. Cf. Plato's consistently held position that a god by his very nature must be good.

3 These closing lines, found also at the end of *The Phoenissae* and the *Orestes*, have nothing to do with the play, but are really a prayer for victory in the dramatic contest.



XI  
ION

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

MERCURY

ION

CREUSA, *daughter of Erechtheus*

XUTHUS, *husband of CREUSA*

TUTOR

ATTENDANT

PRIESTESS OF APOLLO

MINERVA

CHORUS OF HANDMAIDENS OF CREUSA

*Attendants of the Temple of Apollo*

## INTRODUCTION

THE *Ion*, though it cannot be accurately dated, in all probability falls among the later works of Euripides. The play deals with material not handled elsewhere in the extant Greek drama, and seems to depart somewhat from the norm of Greek tragic composition, even beyond the broader limits marked out for it by Euripides. The play opens with an unusually long prologue, spoken by the god Mercury, who incidentally does not figure at all in the subsequent action. We are told that Creusa, daughter of the legendary king of Athens, Erechtheus, had secretly borne a son to the god Apollo. This happened many years prior to the opening of the play. Creusa, in her shame, had exposed her new-born infant, and now supposes him dead, but Apollo with the help of Mercury had caused the child to be transported to Delphi, where he was reared by the Pythian priestess and has now reached young manhood. He does not know his parentage, but has devoted his life to the service of the oracular god and his temple. In the meantime, Creusa has married a certain Xuthus, but their union has been unblest by offspring. As the play opens, it emerges that the unhappy couple have come to ask the assistance of Apollo to cure their childlessness.

Out of this dramatic situation the action of the *Ion* develops. In many ways the resultant piece seems to resemble more closely a Greek New Comedy than it does the normal tragedy. The ending of the play is happy. Ion is discovered to be Creusa's long-lost son, when, in a manner characteristic of the technique conventional in New Comedy, she recognizes the paraphernalia in which the child was exposed and which have been carefully preserved through the years by the Pythian priestess. In this respect the *Ion* constitutes evidence for the widely held critical thesis that the poets of the New Comedy were more influenced by and were more indebted to Euripides than to the writers of Old Comedy.

Attractive as the theory may be that the *Ion* is merely a Euripidean prototype of the New Comedy, there are in fact several elements in the play which are not easy to interpret on this hypothesis. One such element is the fact that there is present in certain passages an intense melodramatic tone which would not be found in the later comic poets. To illus-



trate, when the oracle deceitfully causes Xuthus to think that Ion is his son, born of a youthful escapade, his desire for parenthood is satisfied, but Creusa is insanely jealous. She plans to kill Ion, but the attempt at murder proves abortive, and she herself in a tense scene is on the point of being slain when the timely discovery that they are mother and son supervenes.

Likewise uncharacteristic of the New Comedy is the extent to which the gods and religion seem to be emphasized in the *Ion*. The interpretation of this aspect of the play has proved most difficult. Apollo appears in some ways as nothing but a seducer who tries desperately to save his face and the reputation of his oracle by using deception. In fact, even in the denouement it becomes evident that Xuthus is never to be informed of the true parentage of Ion. Hence critics have been led to suppose that the play is one of Euripides' most telling indictments levelled against the orthodox anthropomorphic religion, which believes in such travesties of deity, and respects the lying and corrupt oracles of Delphi which do nothing except make for the perversion of true religion. Such an interpretation might be invalidated by urging that the gods and the divine elements in the play are merely technical instruments in the hands of the dramatist wherewith he is better able to develop and resolve his plot. Corollary to this theory would be the contention that Euripides is primarily interested in his dramatic situation, secondarily interested in portraying the characters of Ion, Creusa, and Xuthus when they are involved in this situation, and finally that the religious meaning is farthest from his thought and only apparently significant in the play because through the exigencies of his plot he has been forced to use gods as characters. Perhaps no final answer can be given to this problem of interpretation, but in any event, the play itself has enough intrinsic power to warrant placing it among the more interesting of Euripides' dramatic compositions.

## ION

(SCENE —*Before the Temple of Apollo at Delphi The sun is about to rise* MERCURY *enters* )

### MERCURY

Atlas, that on his brazen shoulders rolls  
Yon heaven, the ancient mansion of the gods,  
Was by a goddess sire to Maia, she  
To supreme Jove bore me, and call'd me Hermes,  
Attendant on the king, his high behests  
I execute To Delphi am I come,  
This land where Phoebus from his central throne  
Utters to mortals his high strain, declaring  
The present and the future, this is the cause,  
Greece hath a city of distinguish'd glory,  
Which from the goddess of the golden lance  
Received its name, Erechtheus was its king,  
His daughter, call'd Creusa, to the embrace  
Of nuptial love Apollo strain'd perforce,  
Where northward points the rock beneath the heights  
Crown'd with the Athenian citadel of Pallas,  
Call'd Macraï by the lords of Attica  
Her growing burden, to her sire unknown  
(Such was the pleasure of the god), she bore,  
Till in her secret chamber to a son  
The rolling months gave birth to the same cave,  
Where by the enamour'd god she was compress'd,  
Creusa bore the infant there for death  
Exposed him in a well-compacted ark  
Of circular form, observant of the customs  
Drawn from her great progenitors, and chief  
From Erichthonius, who from the Attic earth  
Deriv'd his origin to him as guards  
Minerva gave two dragons, and in charge

Consign'd him to the daughters of Aglauros  
This rite to the Erechthidae hence remains,  
Mid serpents wreathed in ductile gold to nurse  
Their children What of ornament she had  
She hung around her son, and left him thus  
To perish But to me his earnest prayer  
Phoebus applied, "To the high-lineaged sons  
Of glorious Athens go, my brother, well  
Thou know'st the city of Pallas, from the cave  
Deep in the hollow rock a new-born babe,  
Laid as he is, and all his vestments with him,  
Bring to thy brother to my shrine, and place  
At the entrance of my temple, of the rest  
(For, know, the child is mine) I will take care "  
To gratify my brother thence I bore  
The osier-woven ark, and placed the boy  
Here at the temple's base, the wreathed lid  
Uncovering, that the infant might be seen  
It chanced, as the orient sun the steep of heav'n  
Ascended, to the god's oracular seat  
The priestess entering, on the infant cast  
Her eye, and marvelled, deeming that some nymph  
Of Delphi at the fane had dared to lay  
The secret burden of her womb this thought  
Prompts her to move it from the shrine but soon  
To pity she resign'd the harsh intent,  
The impulse of the god secretly acting  
In favour of the child that in his temple  
It might abide, her gentle hand then took it,  
And gave it nurture, yet conceived she not  
That Phoebus was the sire, nor who the mother  
Knew aught, nor of his parents could the child  
Give information All his youthful years  
Sportive he wandered round the shrine, and there  
Was fed but when his firmer age advanced  
To manhood, o'er the treasures of the god  
The Delphians placed him, to his faithful care  
Consigning all, and in this royal dome  
His hallow'd life he to this hour hath pass'd  
Meantime Creusa, mother of the child,  
To Xuthus was espoused, the occasion this —  
On Athens from Euboean Chalcis roll'd  
The waves of war, he join'd their martial toil,

And with his spear repell'd the foe, for this  
 To the proud honour of Creusa's bed  
 Advanc'd, no native, in Achaea sprung  
 From Aeolus, the son of Jove Long time  
 Unbless'd with children, to the oracular shrine  
 Of Phoebus are they come, through fond desire  
 Of progeny to this the god hath brought  
 The fortune of his son, nor, as was deem'd,  
 Forgets him, but to Xuthus, when he stands  
 This sacred seat consulting, will he give  
 That son, declared his offspring, that the child,  
 When to Creusa's house brought back, by her  
 May be agnized, the bridal rites of Phoebus  
 Kept secret, that the youth may claim the state  
 Due to his birth, through all the states of Greece  
 Named Ion, founder of the colonies  
 On the Asiatic coast The laurell'd cave  
 Now will I visit, there to learn what fortune  
 Is to the boy appointed, for I see  
 This son of Phoebus issuing forth to adorn  
 The gates before the shrine with laurel boughs  
 First of the gods I hail him by the name  
 Of Ion, which his fortune soon will give him  
 (MERCURY *vanishes* ION *and the attendants of the temple*  
*enter*)

ION (*singing*)

Now flames this radiant chariot of the sun  
 High o'er the earth, at whose ethereal fire  
 The stars into the sacred night retreat  
 O'er the Parnassian cliffs the ascending wheels  
 To mortals roll the beams of day, the wreaths  
 Of incense-breathing myrrh mount to the roof  
 Of Phœbus' fane, the Delphic priestess now  
 Assumes her seat, and from the hallow'd tripod  
 Pronounces to the Greeks the oracular strains  
 Which the god dictates Haste, ye Delphic train,  
 Haste to Castalia's silver-streaming fount,  
 Bathed in its chaste dew to the temple go,  
 There from your guarded mouths no sound be heard  
 But of good omen, that to those who crave  
 Admission to the oracle, your voice  
 May with auspicious words expound the answers

My task, which from my early infancy  
 Hath been my charge, shall be with laurel boughs  
 And sacred wreaths to cleanse the vestibule  
 Of Phoebus, on the pavement moistening dews  
 To rain, and with my bow to chase the birds  
 Which would defile the hallow'd ornaments  
 A mother's fondness, and a father's care  
 I never knew the temple of the god  
 Claims then my service, for it nurtured me

(*The attendants leave* ION *busies himself before the temple as he continues to sing*)

*strophe*

Haste, thou verdant new-sprung bough,  
 Haste, thy early office know,  
 Branch of beauteous laurel come,  
 Sweep Apollo's sacred dome,  
 Cropp'd this temple's base beneath,  
 Where the immortal gardens breathe,  
 And eternal dews that round  
 Water the delicious ground,  
 Bathe the myrtle's tresses fair  
 Lightly thus, with constant care,  
 The pavement of the god I sweep,  
 When over the Parnassian steep  
 Flames the bright sun's mounting ray,  
 This my task each rising day  
 Son of Latona, Paean, Paean, hail!  
 Never, O never may thy honours fail!

*antistrophe*

Grateful is my task, who wait  
 Serving, Phoebus, at thy gate,  
 Honouring thus thy hallow'd shrine,  
 Honour for the task is mine  
 Labouring with unwilling hands,  
 Me no mortal man commands  
 But, immortal gods, to you  
 All my pleasing toil is due  
 Phoebus is to me a sire,  
 Grateful thoughts my soul inspire,  
 Nurtured by thy bounty here,  
 Thee, Apollo, I revere,

And thy name in this rich seat  
As a father's I repeat  
Son of Latona, Paeon, Paeon, hail!  
Never, O never may thy honours fail!

Now from this labour with the laurel bough  
I cease, and sprinkling from the golden vase  
The chaste drops which Castalia's fountain rolls,  
Bedew the pavement Never may I quit  
This office to the god, or, if I quit it,  
Be it, good Fortune, at thy favouring call!  
But see, the early birds have left their nests,  
And this way from Parnassus wing their flight  
Come not, I charge you, near the battlements,  
Nor near the golden dome Herald of Jove,  
Strong though thy beak beyond the feather'd kind,  
My bow shall reach thee Towards the altar, see,  
A swan comes sailing elsewhere wilt thou move  
Thy scarlet-tinctured foot? or from my bow  
The lyre of Phoebus to thy notes attuned  
Will not protect thee, farther stretch thy wings,  
Go, wanton, skim along the Delian lake,  
Or wilt thou steep thy melody in blood  
Look, what strange bird comes onwards, wouldst thou fix  
Beneath the battlements thy straw-built nest?  
My singing bow shall drive thee hence, begone,  
Or to the banks of Alpheus, gulfy stream,  
Or to the Isthmian grove, there hatch thy young,  
Mar not these pendent ornaments, nor soil  
The temple of the god I would not kill you  
'Twere pity, for to mortal man you bear  
The message of the gods, yet my due task  
Must be perform'd, and never will I cease  
My service to the god who nurtured me

*(The CHORUS enters The following lines between ION and  
the CHORUS are chanted responsively as they gaze ad-  
miringly at the decorations on the temple )*

CHORUS <sup>1</sup>

The stately column, and the gorgeous dome  
Raised to the gods, are not the boast alone  
Of our magnificent Athens, nor the statues  
That grace her streets, this temple of the god,

Son of Latona, beauteous to behold,  
Beams the resplendent light of both her children

ION

Turn thine eyes this way, look, the son of Jove  
Lops with his golden scimitar the heads  
Of the Lernean Hydra view it well

CHORUS

I see him

ION

And this other standing nigh,  
Who snatches from the fire the blazing brand

CHORUS

What is his name? the subject, on the web  
Design'd, these hands have wrought in ductile gold

ION

The shield-supporting Iolaus, who bears  
The toils in common with the son of Jove  
View now this hero, on his winged steed  
The triple-bodied monster's dreadful force  
He conquers through the flames his jaws emit

CHORUS

I view it all attentively

ION

Observe

The battle of the giants, on the walls  
Sculptured in stone

CHORUS

Let us note this, my friends

ION

See where against Enceladus she shakes  
Her gorgon shield

CHORUS

I see my goddess, Pallas

ION

Mark the tempestuous thunder's flaming bolt  
Launch'd by the hand of Jove

## CHORUS

The furious Mimas

Here blazes in the volley'd fires and there  
 Another earth-born monster falls beneath  
 The wand of Bacchus wreathed with ivy round,  
 No martial spear But, as 'tis thine to tend  
 This temple, let me ask thee, is it lawful,  
 Leaving our sandals, its interior parts  
 To visit'

## ION

Strangers, this is not permitted

## CHORUS

Yet may we make inquiries of thee?

## ION

Speak

What wouldst thou know?

## CHORUS

Whether this temple's site

Be the earth's centre?

## ION

Ay, with garlands hung,

And gorgons all around

## CHORUS

So fame reports

## ION

If at the gate the honey'd cake be offer'd,  
 Would you consult the oracle, advance  
 To the altar till the hallow'd lamb has bled  
 In sacrifice, approach not the recess

## CHORUS

I am instructed what the god appoints  
 As laws, we wish not to transgress without  
 Enough of ornament delights our eyes

## ION

Take a full view of all, that is allow'd



## CHORUS

To view the inmost shrine was our lord's order

## ION

Who are you call'd? Attendants on what house?

## CHORUS

Our lords inhabit the magnificent domes  
Of Pallas — But she comes, of whom thou askest  
(*CREUSA and attendants enter*)

## ION

Lady, whoe'er thou art, that liberal air  
Speaks an exalted mind there is a grace,  
A dignity in those of noble birth,  
That marks their high rank Yet I marvel much  
That from thy closed lids the trickling tear  
Water'd thy beauteous cheeks, soon as thine eye  
Beheld this chaste oracular seat of Phoebus  
What brings this sorrow, lady? All besides,  
Viewing the temple of the god, are struck  
With joy, thy melting eye o'erflows with tears

## CREUSA

Not without reason, stranger, art thou seized  
With wonder at my tears this sacred dome  
Awakes the sad remembrance of things past  
I had my mind at home, though present here  
How wretched is our sex! And, O ye gods,  
What deeds are yours! Where may we hope for right,  
If by the injustice of your power undone?

## ION

Why, lady, this inexplicable grief?

## CREUSA

It matters not my mind resumes its firmness  
I say no more, cease thy concern for me

## ION

But say, who art thou? whence? what country boasts  
Thy birth? and by what name may we address thee?

## CREUSA

Creusa is my name, drawn from Elechtheus  
My high-born lineage, Athens gave me birth

ION

Illustrious is thy state, thy ancestry  
So noble, that I look with reverence on thee

CREUSA

Happy indeed is this, in nothing farther

ION

But tell me, is it true what fame has blazon'd?

CREUSA

What wouldst thou ask? Stranger, I wish to know

ION

Sprung the first author of thy line from the earth?

CREUSA

Ay, Erichthonius, but my race avails not

ION

And did Minerva raise him from the earth?

CREUSA

Held in her virgin hands she bore him not

ION

And gave him as the picture represents?

CREUSA

Daughters of Cecrops these, charged not to see him

ION

The virgins open'd the interdicted chest?

CREUSA

And died, distaining with their blood the rock

ION

But tell me, is this truth, or a vain rumour?

CREUSA

What wouldst thou ask? I am not scant of time

ION

Thy sisters did Erechtheus sacrifice?

CREUSA

He slew the virgins, victims for their country

ION

And thou of all thy sisters saved alone?

CREUSA

I was an infant in my mother's arms

ION

And did the yawning earth swallow thy father?

CREUSA

By Neptune's trident smote, and so he perish'd

ION

And Macraï call you not the fatal place?

CREUSA

Why dost thou ask? What thoughts hast thou recall'd?

ION

Does Phoebus, do his lightnings honour it?

CREUSA

Honour! Why this? Would I had never seen it!

ION

Why? Dost thou hate the place dear to the god?

CREUSA

No but for some base deed done in the cave

ION

But what Athenian, lady, wedded thee?

CREUSA

Of Athens none, but one of foreign birth

ION

What is his name? Noble he needs must be

CREUSA

Xuthus, by Aeolus derived from Jove

ION

How weds a stranger an Athenian born?

CREUSA

Euboea is a state neighbouring on Athens

ION

A narrow sea flows, I have heard, between

CREUSA

Joining the Athenian arms, that state he wasted

ION

Confederate in the war, thence wedded thee?

CREUSA

The dowral meed of war, earn'd by his spear

ION

Camest thou with him to Delphi, or alone?

CREUSA

With him, gone now to the Trophonian shrine

ION

To view it, or consult the oracle?

CREUSA

Both that and this, anxious for one response

ION

For the earth's fruits consult you, or for children?

CREUSA

Though wedded long, yet childless is our bed

ION

Hast thou ne'er borne a child, that thou hast none?

CREUSA

My state devoid of children Phoebus knows

ION

Bless'd in all else, luckless in this alone

CREUSA

But who art thou? Bless'd I pronounce thy mother

ION

Call'd as I am the servant of the god

CREUSA

Presented by some state, or sold to this?

ION

I know not aught save this, I am the god's.

CREUSA

And in my turn, stranger, I pity thee

ION

As knowing not my mother, or my lineage

CREUSA

Hast thou thy dwelling here, or in some house?

ION

The temple is my house, ev'n when I sleep

CREUSA

A child brought hither, or in riper years?

ION

An infant, as they say, who seem to know

CREUSA

What Delphian dame sustain'd thee at her breast?

ION

I never knew a breast She nourish'd me

CREUSA

Who, hapless youth? Diseased, I find disease

ION

The priestess as a mother I esteem her

CREUSA

Who to these many years gave thee support?

ION

The altars, and the still-succeeding strangers

CREUSA

Wretched, whoe'er she be, is she that bore thee

ION

I to some woman am perchance a shame

CREUSA

Are riches thine? Thou art well habited

ION

Graced with these vestments by the god I serve

CREUSA

Hast thou made no attempt to trace thy birth?

ION

I have no token, lady, for a proof

CREUSA

Ah, like thy mother doth another suffer

ION

Who? tell me shouldst thou help me, what a joy!

CREUSA

One for whose sake I come before my husband

ION

Say for what end, that I may serve thee, lady

CREUSA

To ask a secret answer of the god

ION

Speak it my service shall procure the rest

CREUSA

Hear then the tale but Modesty restrains me

ION

Ah, let her not, her power avails not here

CREUSA

My friend then says that to the embrace of Phoebus—

ION

A woman and a god! Say not so, stranger

CREUSA

She bore a son her father knew it not

ION

Not so a mortal's baseness he disdains

CREUSA

This she affirms, and this, poor wretch, she suffer'd

ION

What follow'd, if she knew the god's embrace?

CREUSA

The child, which hence had birth, she straight exposed

ION

This exposed child, where is he? doth he live?

CREUSA

This no one knows, this wish I to inquire

ION

If not alive, how probably destroyed?

CREUSA

Torn, she conjectures, by some beast of prey

ION

What ground hath she on which to build that thought?

CREUSA

Returning to the place she found him not

ION

Observed she drops of blood distain the path?

CREUSA

None, though with anxious heed she search'd around

ION

What time hath pass'd since thus the child was lost?

CREUSA

Were he alive, his youth were such as thine

ION

The god hath done him wrong the unhappy mother—

CREUSA

Hath not to any child been mother since

ION

What if in secret Phoebus nurtures him!

CREUSA

Unjust to enjoy alone a common right

ION

Ah me! this cruel fate accords with mine

CREUSA

For thee too thy unhappy mother mourns

ION

Ah, melt me not to griefs I would forget!

CREUSA

I will be silent but impart thy aid

ION

Seest thou what most the inquiry will suppress?

CREUSA

And to my wretched friend what is not ill?

ION

How shall the god what he would hide reveal?

CREUSA

As placed on the oracular seat of Greece

ION

The deed must cause him shame convict him not

CREUSA

To the poor sufferer 'tis the cause of grief

ION

It cannot be, for who shall dare to give  
The oracle? With justice would the god,  
In his own dome affronted, pour on him  
Severest vengeance, who should answer thee  
Desist then, lady it becomes us ill,  
In opposition to the god, to make  
Inquiries at his shrine, by sacrifice  
Before their altars, or the flight of birds,  
Should we attempt to force the unwilling gods  
To utter what they wish not, 'twere the excess  
Of rudeness, what with violence we urge  
'Gainst their consent would to no good avail us  
What their spontaneous grace confers on us,  
That, lady, as a blessing we esteem



## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

How numberless the ills to mortal man,  
And various in their form! One single blessing  
By any one through life is scarcely found

## CREUSA

Nor here, nor there, O Phoebus, art thou just  
To her, though absent, yet her words are present  
Nor didst thou save thy son, whom it became thee  
To save, nor, though a prophet, wilt thou speak  
To the sad mother who inquires of thee,  
That, if he is no more, to him a tomb  
May rise, but, if he lives, that he may bless  
His mother's eyes But even thus behooves us  
To omit these things, if by the god denied  
To know what most I wish —But, for I see  
The noble Xuthus this way bend, return'd  
From the Trophonian cave, before my husband  
Resume not, generous stranger, this discourse,  
Lest it might cause me shame that thus I act  
In secret, and perchance lead on to questions  
I would not have explain'd Our hapless sex  
Oft feel our husbands' rigour with the bad  
The virtuous they confound, and treat us harshly  
(XUTHUS and his retinue enter)

## XUTHUS

With reverence to the god my first address  
I pay Hail, Phoebus! Lady, next to thee  
Absent so long, have I not caused thee fear?

## CREUSA

Not much as anxious thoughts 'gan rise, thou'rt come  
But, tell me, from Trophonius what reply  
Bearest thou, what means whence offspring may arise?

## XUTHUS

Unmeet he held it to anticipate  
The answer of the god one thing he told me  
That childless I should not return, nor thou,  
Home from the oracle

## CREUSA

Goddess revered,  
Mother of Phoebus, be our coming hither  
In lucky hour, and our connubial bed  
Be by thy son made happier than before!

## XUTHUS

It shall be so But who is president here?

## ION

Without, that charge is mine, within, devolved  
On others, stranger, seated near the tripod,  
The chiefs of Delphi these, chosen by lot

## XUTHUS

'Tis well all that I want is then complete  
Let me now enter for the oracle  
Is given, I hear, in common to all strangers  
Before the shrine, on such a day, that falls  
Propitious thus, the answer of the god  
Would I receive meanwhile, these laurel boughs  
Bear round the altars, lady, breathe thy prayers  
To every god, that from Apollo's shrine  
I may bring back the promise of a son  
(XUTHUS, after giving the laurel boughs to CREUSA, enters the temple)

## CREUSA

It shall, it shall be so Should Phoebus now  
At least be willing to redress the fault  
Of former times, he would not through the whole  
Be friendly to us yet will I accept  
What he vouchsafes us, for he is a god  
(CREUSA departs to the shrines in the outer precinct of the temple)

ION<sup>2</sup>

Why does this stranger always thus revile  
With obscure speech the god? Is it through love  
Of her, for whom she asks? or to conceal  
Some secret of importance? But to me  
What is the daughter of Erechtheus? Naught  
Concerns it me Then let me to my task,  
And sprinkle from the golden vase the dew  
Yet must I blame the god, if thus perforce  
He mounts the bed of virgins, and by stealth

Becomes a father, leaving then his children  
 To die, regardless of them Do not thou  
 Act thus, but, as thy power is great, respect  
 The virtues, for whoe'er, of mortal men,  
 Dares impious deeds, him the gods punish how  
 Is it then just that you, who gave the laws  
 To mortals, should yourselves transgress those laws?  
 If (though it is not thus, yet will I urge  
 The subject),—if to mortals you shall pay  
 The penalty of forced embraces, thou,  
 Neptune, and Jove, that reigns supreme in heaven,  
 Will leave your temples treasureless by paying  
 The mulcts of your injustice for unjust  
 You are, your pleasures to grave temperance  
 Preferring and to men these deeds no more  
 Can it be just to charge as crimes, these deeds  
 If from the gods they imitate on those  
 Who gave the ill examples falls the charge  
 (ION goes out)

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe*

Thee prompt to yield thy lenient aid,  
 And sooth a mother's pain  
 And thee, my Pallas, martial maid,  
 I call O, hear the strain!  
 Thou, whom the Titan from the head of Jove,  
 Prometheus, drew, bright Victory, come,  
 Descending from thy golden throne above  
 Haste, goddess, to the Pythian dome  
 Where Phoebus, from his central shrine,  
 Gives the oracle divine,  
 By the raving maid repeated,  
 On the hallowed tripod seated  
 O haste thee, goddess, and with thee  
 The daughter of Latona bring,  
 A virgin thou, a virgin she,  
 Sisters to the Delphian king;  
 Him, virgins, let your vows implore,  
 That now his pure oracular power  
 Will to Erechtheus' ancient line declare  
 The blessing of a long-expected heir!

*antistrophe*

To mortal man this promised grace  
 Sublimest pleasure brings,  
 When round the father's hearth a race  
     In blooming lustre springs  
 The wealth, the honours, from their high-drawn line  
 From sire to son transmitted down,  
 Shall with fresh glory through their offspring shine,  
 And brighten with increased renown  
     A guard, when ills begin to lower,  
     Dear in fortune's happier hour,  
     For their country's safety waking,  
     Firm in fight the strong spear shaking,  
     More than proud wealth's exhaustless store,  
     More than a monarch's bride to reign,  
     The dear delight, to virtue's lore  
     Careful the infant mind to train  
     Doth any praise the childless state?  
     The joyless, loveless life I hate,  
 No, my desires to moderate wealth I bound,  
 But let me see my children smile around

*epode*

Ye rustic seats, Pan's dear delight,  
 Ye caves of Macra's rocky height,  
 Where oft the social virgins meet,  
 And weave the dance with nimble feet,  
 Descendants from Aglauros they  
 In the third line, with festive play,  
 Minerva's hallow'd fane before  
 The verdant plain light-tripping o'er,  
 When thy pipe's quick-varying sound  
 Rings, O Pan, these caves around,  
 Where, by Apollo's love betray'd,  
 Her child some hapless mother laid,  
 Exposed to each night-prowling beast,  
 Or to the ravenous birds a feast,  
 For never have I heard it told,  
 Nor wrought it in historic gold,  
 That happiness attends the race,  
 When gods with mortals mix the embrace

(ION re-enters.)

ION

Ye female train, that place yourselves around  
This incense-breathing temple's base, your lord  
Awaiting, hath he left the sacred tripod  
And oracle, or stays he in the shrine,  
Making inquiries of his childless state?

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Yet in the temple, stranger, he remains

ION

But he comes forth, the sounding doors announce  
His near approach, behold, our lord is here  
(XUTHUS enters from the temple He rushes to greet ION )

XUTHUS

Health to my son! This first address is proper

ION

I have my health be in thy senses thou,  
And both are well

XUTHUS

O let me kiss thy hand,  
And throw mine arms around thee

ION

Art thou, stranger,  
Well in thy wits? or hath the god's displeasure  
Bereft thee of thy reason?

XUTHUS

Reason bids,  
That which is dearest being found, to wish  
A fond embrace

ION

Off, touch me not, thy hands  
Will mar the garlands of the god

XUTHUS

My touch  
Asserts no pledge my own, and that most dear,  
I find

ION

Wilt thou not keep thee distant, ere  
Thou hast my arrow in thy heart?

XUTHUS

Why fly me,  
When thou shouldst own what is most fond of thee?

ION

I am not fond of curing wayward strangers,  
And madmen

XUTHUS

Kill me, raise my funeral pyre,  
But, if thou kill me, thou wilt kill thy father

ION

My father thou! how so? it makes me laugh  
To hear thee

XUTHUS

This my words may soon explain

ION

What wilt thou say to me?

XUTHUS

I am thy father,  
And thou my son

ION

Who declares this?

XUTHUS

The god,  
That nurtured thee, though mine

ION

Thou to thyself  
Art witness

XUTHUS

By the oracle inform'd

ION

Misled by some dark answer

XUTHUS

Well I heard it

ION

What were the words of Phoebus?

XUTHUS

That who first

Should meet me—

ION

How?—what meeting?

XUTHUS

As I pass'd

Forth from the temple

ION

What the event to him?

XUTHUS

He is my son

ION

Born so, or by some other

Presented?

XUTHUS

Though a present, born my son

ION

And didst thou first meet me?

XUTHUS

None else, my son

ION

This fortune whence?

XUTHUS

At that we marvel both

ION

Who is my mother?

XUTHUS

That I cannot say

ION

Did not the god inform thee?

XUTHUS

Through my joy,

For this I ask'd not

ION

Haply from the earth

I sprung, my mother

XUTHUS

No, the earth no sons

Produces

ION

How then am I thine?

XUTHUS

I know not

To Phoebus I appeal

ION

Be this discourse

Chang'd to some other

XUTHUS

This delights me most

ION

Hast thou e'er mounted an unlawful bed?

XUTHUS

In foolishness of youth

ION

Was that before

Thy marriage with the daughter of Erechtheus?

XUTHUS

Since never

ION

Owe I then my birth to that?

XUTHUS

The time agrees



ION

How came I hither then?

XUTHUS

I can form no conjecture

ION

Was I brought

From some far distant part?

XUTHUS

That fills my mind

With doubtful musing

ION

Didst thou e'er before

Visit the Pythian rock?

XUTHUS

Once, at the feast

Of Bacchus

ION

By some public host received?

XUTHUS

Who with the Delphian damsels—

ION

To the orgies

Led thee, or how?

XUTHUS

And with the Maenades

Of Bacchus—

ION

In the temperate hour, or warm

With wine?

XUTHUS

Amid the revels of the god

ION

From thence I date my birth

XUTHUS

Hath found thee  
And fate, my son,

ION

How then came I to the temple?

XUTHUS

Perchance exposed

ION

Have I escaped  
The state of servitude

XUTHUS

Receive  
Thy father now, my son,

ION

Indecent were it in the god  
Not to confide

XUTHUS

Thy thoughts are just

ION

Would we?                      What else

XUTHUS

Thou seest what thou oughtst to see

ION

Am I the son then of the son of Jove?

XUTHUS

Such is thy fortune

ION

Do I embrace?  
Those that gave me birth

XUTHUS

Obedient to the god

ION

My father, hail!

XUTHUS

That dear name I accept

With joy

ION

This present day—

XUTHUS

Hath made me happy

ION

O my dear mother, when shall I behold  
Thy face? Whoe'er thou art, more wish I now  
To see thee than before, but thou perchance  
Art dead, and nothing our desires avail

LEADER

We in the blessing of our house rejoice  
Yet wish we that our mistress too were happy  
In children, and the lineage of Erechtheus

XUTHUS

Well hath the god accomplish'd this, my son,  
Discovering thee, well hath he joined thee to me,  
And thou hast found the most endearing ties,  
To which, before this hour, thou wast a stranger  
And the warm wish, which thou hast well conceived,  
Is likewise mine, that thou mayst find thy mother,  
I from what woman thou derivate thy birth  
This, left to time, may haply be discover'd  
Now quit this hallow'd earth, the god no more  
Attending, and to mine accord thy mind,  
To visit Athens, where thy father's sceptre,  
No mean one, waits thee, and abundant wealth  
Nor, though thou grieve one parent yet unknown,  
Shalt thou be censured as ignobly born,  
Or poor no, thou art noble, and thy state  
Adorn'd with rich possessions Thou art silent  
Why is thine eye thus fixed upon the ground?  
Why on thy brow that cloud? The smile of joy  
Vanish'd, thou strikest thy father's heart with fear

ION

Far other things appear when nigh, than seen  
At distance I indeed embrace my fortune,

In thee my father found But hear what now  
Wakes sad reflections Proud of their high race  
Are your Athenians, natives of the land,  
Not drawn from foreign lineage I to them  
Shall come unwelcome, in two points defective,  
My father not a native, and myself  
Of spurious birth loaded with this reproach,  
If destitute of power, I shall be held  
Abject and worthless should I rush among  
The highest order of the state, and wish  
To appear important, inferior ranks  
Will hate me, aught above them gives disgust  
The good, the wise, men form'd to serve the state,  
Are silent, nor at public honours aim  
Too hastily by such, were I not quiet  
In such a bustling state, I should be deem'd  
Ridiculous, and proverb'd for a fool  
Should I attain the dignity of those,  
Whose approved worth hath raised them to the height  
Of public honours, by such suffrage more  
Should I be watch'd, for they that hold in states  
Rule and pre-eminence, bear hostile minds  
To all that vie with them And should I come  
To a strange house a stranger, to a woman  
Childless herself, who that misfortune shared  
Before with thee, now sees it her sole lot,  
And feels it bitterly, would she not hate me,  
And that with justice? When I stand before thee,  
With what an eye would she, who hath no child,  
Look on thy child? In tenderness to her,  
Thy wife, thou must forsake me, or embroil  
Thy house in discord, if thou favour me  
What murderous means, what poisonous drugs for men  
Have women with inventive rage prepared!  
Besides, I have much pity for thy wife,  
Now growing old without a child, that grief  
Unmerited, the last of her high race,  
The exterior face indeed of royalty,  
So causelessly commended, hath its brightness,  
Within, all gloom for what sweet peace of mind,  
What happiness is his, whose years are pass'd  
In comfortless suspicion, and the dread  
Of violence? Be mine the humble blessings

Of private life, rather than be a king,  
From the flagitious forced to choose my friends,  
And hate the virtuous through the fear of death  
Gold, thou mayst tell me, hath o'er things like these  
A sovereign power, and riches give delight  
I have no pleasure in this noisy pomp,  
Nor, while I guard my riches, in the toil  
Be mine a modest mean that knows not care  
And now, my father, hear the happy state  
I here enjoy'd, and first, to mortal man  
That dearest blessing, leisure, and no bustle  
To cause disturbance me no ruffian force  
Shoved from the way it is not to be borne,  
When every insolent and worthless wretch  
Makes you give place The worship of the god  
Employ'd my life, or (no unpleasing task)  
Service to men well pleased the parting guest  
I bade farewell—welcomed the new-arrived  
Thus something always new made every hour  
Glide sweetly on, and to the human mind  
That dearest wish, though some regard it not,  
To be, what duty and my nature made me,  
Just to the god revolving this, my father,  
I wish not for thy Athens to exchange  
This state, permit me to myself to live,  
Dear to the mind pleasures that arise  
From humble life, as those which greatness brings

## LEADER

Well hast thou said, if those whom my soul holds  
Most dear shall in thy words find happiness

## XUTHUS

No more of this discourse, learn to be happy  
It is my will that thou begin it here,  
Where first I found thee, son, a general feast  
Will I provide, and make a sacrifice,  
Which at thy birth I made not at my table  
Will I receive thee as a welcome guest,  
And cheer thee with the banquet, then conduct thee  
To Athens with me as a visitant,  
Not as my son for, mid my happiness,  
I would not grieve my wife, who hath no child

But I will watch the occasions time may bring,  
 And so present thee, and obtain her leave  
 That thou mayst hold the sceptre which I bear  
 Ion I name thee, as befits thy fortune,  
 As first thou met'st me from the hallow'd shrine  
 As I came forth, assemble then thy friends,  
 Invite them all to share the joyful feast,  
 Since thou art soon to leave the Delphic state  
 And you, ye females, keep, I charge you, keep  
 This secret, she that tells my wife shall die

## ION

Let us then go, yet one thing to my fortune  
 Is wanting if I find not her that bore me,  
 Life hath no joy Might I indulge a wish,  
 It were to find her an Athenian dame,  
 That from my mother I might dare to assume  
 Some confidence, for he whose fortune leads him  
 To a free state proud of their unmix'd race,  
 Though call'd a citizen, must close his lips  
 With servile awe, for freedom is not his  
 (XUTHUS and ION go out )

CHORUS (*singing*)*strophe*

Yes, sisters, yes, the streaming eye,  
 The swelling heart I see, the bursting sigh,  
 When thus rejoicing in his son  
 Our queen her royal lord shall find,  
 And give to grief her anguish'd mind,  
 Afflicted, childless, and alone  
 What means this voice divine,  
 Son of Latona, fate-declaring power?  
 Whence is this youth, so fondly graced,  
 That to ripe manhood, from his infant hour,  
 Hath in thy hallow'd courts been plac'd  
 And nurtured at thy shrine?  
 Thy dark reply delights not me,  
 Lurking beneath close fraud I see  
 Where will this end? I fear, I fear—  
 'Tis strange, and strange events must hence ensue  
 But grateful sounds it to his ear,  
 The youth, that in another's state

(Who sees not that my words are true?)  
 Enjoys the fraud, and triumphs in his fate

*antistrophe*

Say, sisters, say, with duteous zeal  
 Shall we this secret to our queen reveal?  
 She, to her royal lord resign'd,  
 With equal hope, with equal care,  
 Form'd her his joys, his griefs to share,  
 And gave him all her willing mind  
     But joys are his alone,  
 While she, poor mourner, with a weight of woes,  
     To hoary age advancing, bends,  
 He the bright smile of prosperous fortune knows  
     Ev'n thus, unhonour'd by his friends,  
     Plac'd on another's throne,  
     Mischance and ruin on him wait,  
     Who fails to guard its happy state  
     Him may mischance and ruin seize,  
 Who round my lov'd queen spreads his wily trains  
     No god may his oblation please,  
     No favouring flame to him ascend!  
     To her my faith, my zeal remains,  
 Known to her ancient royal house a friend

*epode*

Now the father and the new-found son  
     The festive table haste to spread,  
 Where to the skies Parnassus lifts his head,  
     And deep beneath the hanging stone  
     Forms in its rudely-rifted side  
     A cavern wild and wide,  
 Where Bacchus, shaking high his midnight flames,  
     In many a light fantastic round  
     Dances o'er the craggy ground,  
     And revels with his frantic dames  
     Ne'er to my city let him come,  
     This youth no, rather let him die,  
     And sink into an early tomb!  
     With an indignant eye  
     Athens would view the stranger's pride  
     Within her gates triumphant ride  
 Enough for her the honour'd race that springs  
 From old Erechtheus and her line of kings

(CRUSA and his aged TUTOR enter)

## CREUSA

Thou venerable man, whose guiding voice  
 My father, while he lived, revered, advance  
 Up to the oracular seat thy aged steps,  
 That, if the royal Phoebus should pronounce  
 Promise of offspring, thou with me mayst share  
 (The joy, for pleasing is it when with friends  
 Good fortune we receive, if aught of ill  
 (Avert it, Heaven!) befalls, a friend's kind eye  
 Beams comfort, thee, as once thou didst revere  
 My father, though thy queen, I now revere

## TUTOR

In thee, my child, the nobleness of manners  
 Which graced thy royal ancestors yet lives,  
 Thou never wilt disgrace thy high-born lineage  
 Lead me, then, lead me to the shrine, support me  
 High is the oracular seat, and steep the ascent,  
 Be thou assistant to the foot of age

## CREUSA

Follow, be heedful where thou set thy steps

## TUTOR

I am my foot is slow, my heart hath wings

## CREUSA

Fix thy staff firm on this loose-rolling ground

## TUTOR

That hath no eyes, and dim indeed my sight

## CREUSA

Well hast thou said; on cheerful then, and faint not

## TUTOR

I have the will, but o'er constraint no power

## CREUSA

Ye females, on my richly-broider'd works  
 Faithful attendants, say, respecting children,  
 For which we came, what fortune hath my lord  
 Borne hence? if good, declare it you shall find  
 That to no thankless masters you give joy



## LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O fortune!

CREUSA

To thy speech this is a poem  
Not tuned to happiness

LEADER

Unhappy fortune!

But why distress me for the oracle  
Given to our lords? Be that as fate requires  
In things which threaten death, what shall we do?

CREUSA

What means this strain of woe? Whence are these fears?

LEADER

What<sup>1</sup> shall we speak, or bury this in silence?

CREUSA

Speak, though thy words bring wretchedness to me

LEADER

It shall be spoken, were I twice to die  
To thee, my queen, it is not given to clasp  
In thy fond arms a child, or at thy breast  
To hold it

TUTOR

O my child, would I were dead!

CREUSA

Yes, this is wretchedness indeed, a grief  
That makes life joyless

TUTOR

This is ruin to us

CREUSA

Unhappy me! this is a piercing grief,  
That rends my heart with anguish

TUTOR

Groan not yet

CREUSA

Yet is the affliction present

TUTOR

Till we learn—

CREUSA

To me what tidings?

TUTOR

If a common fate

Await our lord, partaker of thy griefs,

Or thou alone art thus unfortunate

LEADER

To him, old man, the god hath given a son,

And happiness is his unknown to her

CREUSA

To ill this adds the deepest ill, a grief

For me to mourn

TUTOR

Born of some other woman

Is this child yet to come, or did the god

Declare one now in being?

LEADER

One advanced

To manhood's prime he gave him I was present

CREUSA

What hast thou said? Thy words denounce to me

Sorrows past speech, past utterance

TUTOR

And to me

CREUSA

How was this oracle accomplished? Tell me

With clearest circumstance who is this youth?

LEADER

Him as a son Apollo gave, whom first,

Departing from the god, thy lord should meet

CREUSA

O my unhappy fate! I then am left

Childless to pass my life, childless, alone,

Amid my lonely house! Who was declared?

Whom did the husband of this wretch first meet?  
How meet him? Where behold him? Tell me all

LEADER

Dost thou, my honoured mistress, call to mind  
The youth that swept the temple? This is he

CREUSA

O, through the liquid air that I could fly,  
Far from the land of Greece, ev'n to the stars  
Fix'd in the western sky! Ah me, what grief,  
What piercing grief is mine!

TUTOR

Say, by what name  
Did he address his son, if thou hast heard it?  
Or does it rest in silence, yet unknown?

LEADER

Ion, for that he first advanced to meet him

TUTOR

And of what mother?

LEADER

That I could not learn  
Abrupt was his departure (to inform thee  
Of all I know, old man) to sacrifice,  
With hospitable rites, a birthday feast,  
And in the hallow'd cave, from her apart,  
With his new son to share the common banquet

TUTOR

Lady, we by thy husband are betrayed,  
For I with thee am grieved, with contrived fraud  
Insulted, from thy father's house cast forth  
I speak not this in hatred to thy lord,  
But that I love thee more a stranger he  
Came to the city and thy roval house,  
And wedded thee, all thy inheritance  
Receiving, by some other woman now  
Discover'd to have children privately  
How privately I'll tell thee when he saw  
Thou hadst no child, it pleased him not to bear  
A fate like thine, but by some favourite slave,

His paramour by stealth, he hath a son  
Him to some Delphian gave he, distant far,  
To educate, who to this sacred house  
Consign'd, as secret here, received his nurture  
He knowing this, and that his son advanced  
To manhood, urged thee to attend him hither,  
Pleading thy childless state Nor hath the god  
Deceived thee he deceived thee, and long since  
Contrived this wily plan to rear his son,  
That, if convicted, he might charge the god,  
Himself excusing should the fraud succeed,  
He would observe the times when he might safely  
Consign to him the empire of thy land  
And this new name was at his leisure form'd,  
Ion, for that he came by chance to meet him  
I hate those ill-designing men, that form  
Plans of injustice, and then gild them over  
With artificial ornament to me  
Far dearer is the honest simple friend,  
Than one whose quicker wit is train'd to ill  
And to complete this fraud, thou shalt be urged  
To take into thy house, to lord it there,  
This low-born youth, this offspring of a slave  
Though ill, it had been open, had he pleaded  
Thy want of children, and, thy leave obtain'd,  
Brought to thy house a son that could have boasted  
His mother noble, or, if that displeased thee,  
He might have sought a wife from Aeolus  
Behooves thee then to act a woman's part,  
Or grasp the sword, or drug the poison'd bowl,  
Or plan some deep design to kill thy husband,  
And this his son, before thou find thy death  
From them if thou delay, thy life is lost  
For when beneath one roof two foes are met,  
The one must perish I with ready zeal  
Will aid thee in this work, and kill the youth,  
Entering the grot where he prepares the feast,  
Indifferent in my choice, so that I pay  
What to my lords I owe, to live or die  
If there is aught that causes slaves to blush,  
It is the name, in all else than the free  
The slave is nothing worse, if he be virtuous

## LEADER

I too, my honour'd queen, with cheerful mind  
Will share thy fate, or die, or live with honour

CREUSA (*chanting*)

How, O my soul, shall I be silent, how  
Disclose this secret? Can I bid farewell  
To modesty? What else restrains my tongue?  
To how severe a trial am I brought!  
Hath not my husband wrong'd me? Of my house  
I am deprived, deprived of children, hope  
Is vanish'd, which my heart could not resign,  
With many an honest wish this furtive bed  
Concealing, this lamented bed concealing  
But by the star-bespangled throne of Jove,  
And by the goddess high above my rocks  
Enshrined, by the moist banks that bend around  
The hallow'd lake by Triton form'd, no longer  
Will I conceal this bed, but ease my breast,  
The oppressive load discharged Mine eyes drop tears,  
My soul is rent, to wretchedness ensnared  
By men, by gods, whom I will now disclose,  
Unkind betrayers of the beds they forced  
O thou, that wakest on thy seven-string'd lyre  
Sweet notes, that from the rustic lifeless horn  
Enchant the ear with heavenly melody,  
Son of Latona, thee before this light  
Will I reprove Thou camest to me, with gold  
Thy locks all glittering, as the vermeil flowers  
I gather'd in my vest to deck my bosom  
With the spring's glowing hues, in my white hand  
Thy hand enlocking, to the cavern'd rock  
Thou led'st me, naught avail'd my cries, that call'd  
My mother, on thou led'st me, wanton god,  
Immodestly, to Venus paying homage  
A son I bare thee, O my wretched fate!  
Him (for I fear'd my mother) in thy cave  
I placed, where I unhappy was undone  
By thy unhappy love Woe, woe is me!  
And now my son and thine, ill-fated babe,  
Is rent by ravenous vultures, thou, meanwhile,  
Art to thy lyre attuning strains of joy  
Son of Latona, thee I call aloud,

Who from thy golden seat, thy central throne,  
Utterest thine oracle my voice shall reach  
Thine ear ungrateful lover, to my husband,  
No grace requiting, thou hast given a son  
To bless his house, my son and thine, unown'd,  
Perish'd a prey to birds, the robes that wrapp'd  
The infant's limbs, his mother's work, lost with him  
Delos abhors thee, and the laurel boughs  
With the soft foliage of the palm o'erhung,  
Grasping whose round trunk with her hands divine,  
Latona thee, her hallow'd offspring, bore

## LEADER

Ah, what a mighty treasury of ills  
Is open'd here, a copious source of tears!

## TUTOR

Never, my daughter, can I sate my eyes  
With looking on thy face astonishment  
Bears me beyond my senses I had stemm'd  
One tide of evils, when another flood  
High-surfing overwhelm'd me from the words  
Which thou hast utter'd, from the present ills  
To an ill train of other woes transferr'd  
What say'st thou? Of what charge dost thou implead  
The god? What son hast thou brought forth? Where placed him  
A feast for vultures? Tell me all again

## CREUSA

Though I must blush, old man, yet I will speak

## TUTOR

I mourn with generous grief at a friend's woes

## CREUSA

Hear then the northward-pointing cave thou knowest,  
And the Cecropian rocks, which we call Macraï

## TUTOR

Where stands a shrine to Pan, and altars nigh

## CREUSA

There in a dreadful conflict I engaged

## TUTOR

What! my tears rise ready to meet thy words

CREUSA

By Phoebus drawn reluctant to his bed

TUTOR

Was this, my daughter, such as I suppose?

CREUSA

I know not but if truth, I will confess it

TUTOR

Didst thou in silence mourn this secret ill?

CREUSA

This was the grief I now disclose to thee

TUTOR

This love of Phoebus how didst thou conceal?

CREUSA

I bore a son Hear me, old man, with patience

TUTOR

Where? who assisted? or wast thou alone?

CREUSA

Alone, in the same cave where compress'd

TUTOR

Where is thy son, that childless now no more—

CREUSA

Dead, good old man, to beasts of prey exposed

TUTOR

Dead! and the ungrateful Phoebus gives no aid?

CREUSA

None in the house of Pluto a young guest

TUTOR

Whose hands exposed him? Surely not thine own

CREUSA

Mine, in the shades of night, wrapp'd in his vests

TUTOR

Hadst thou none with thee conscious to this deed?

CREUSA

My misery, and the secret place alone

TUTOR

How durst thou in a cavern leave thy son?

CREUSA

How? uttering many sad and plaintive words

TUTOR

Ah, cruel was thy deed, the god more cruel

CREUSA

Hadst thou but seen him stretch his little hands!

TUTOR

Seeking the breast, or reaching to thine arms?

CREUSA

To this, deprived of which he suffer'd wrong

TUTOR

And what induced thee to expose thy child?

CREUSA

Hope that the god's kind care would save his son

TUTOR

How are the glories of thy house destroy'd!

CREUSA

Why, thine head cover'd, dost thou pour these tears?

TUTOR

To see thee and thy father thus unhappy

CREUSA

This is the state of man nothing stands firm

TUTOR

No longer then, my child, let grief oppress us

CREUSA

What should I do? In misery all is doubt

TUTOR

First on the god that wrong'd thee be avenged



CREUSA

How shall a mortal gainst a god prevail?

TUTOR

Set this revered oracular shrine on fire

CREUSA

I fear ev'n now I have enough of ills

TUTOR

Attempt what may be done then, kill thy husband

CREUSA

The nuptial bed I reverence, and his goodness

TUTOR

This son then, which is now brought forth against thee

CREUSA

How? Could that be, how warmly should I wish it

TUTOR

Thy train hath swords instruct them to the deed

CREUSA

I go with speed but where shall it be done?

TUTOR

In the hallow'd tent, where now he feasts his friends

CREUSA

An open murder, and with coward slaves!

TUTOR

If mine displease, propose thou some design

CREUSA

I have it, close and easy to achieve

TUTOR

In both my faithful services are thine

CREUSA

Hear then not strange to thee the giants' war

TUTOR

When they in Phlegra fought against the gods

CREUSA

There the earth brought forth the Gorgon, horrid monster

TUTOR

In succour of her sons to annoy the gods?

CREUSA

Ev'n so her Pallas slew, daughter of Jove

TUTOR

What fierce and dreadful form did she then wear?

CREUSA

Her breastplate arm'd with vipers wreathed around

TUTOR

A well-known story, often have I heard it

CREUSA

Her spoils before her breast Minerva wore

TUTOR

The aegis, so they call the vest of Pallas

CREUSA

So named, when in the war she join'd the gods

TUTOR

But how can this, my child, annoy thy foes?

CREUSA

Thou canst not but remember Erichthonius

TUTOR

Whom first of thy high race the earth brought forth

CREUSA

To him while yet an infant Pallas gave—

TUTOR

What? Thy slow preface raises expectation

CREUSA

Two drops of blood that from the Gorgon fell

TUTOR

And on the human frame what power have these?

CREUSA

The one works death, the other heals disease.

TUTOR

In what around the infant's body hung?

CREUSA

Enclosed in gold he gave them to my father

TUTOR

At his decease then they devolved to thee?

CREUSA

Ay, and I wear it as a bracelet, look

TUTOR

Their double qualities how temper'd, say

CREUSA

This drop, which from her hollow vein distill'd,—

TUTOR

To what effect applied? What is its power?

CREUSA

Medicinal, of sovereign use to life

TUTOR

The other drop, what faculties hath that?

CREUSA

It kills, the poison of the Gorgon dragons

TUTOR

And dost thou bear this gore blended in one?

CREUSA

No, separate, for with ill good mixes not

TUTOR

O my dear child, thou hast what'er we want

CREUSA

With this the boy shall die, and thou shalt kill him

TUTOR

Where? How? 'Tis thine to speak, to dare be mine

CREUSA

At Athens, when he comes beneath my roof

TUTOR

I like not this, what I proposed displeased

CREUSA

Dost thou surmise what enters now my thoughts?

TUTOR

Suspicion waits thee, though thou kill him not

CREUSA

Thou hast judged well a stepdame's hate is proverb'd

TUTOR

Then kill him here, thou mayst disown the deed

CREUSA

My mind ev'n now anticipates the pleasure

TUTOR

Thus shalt thou meet thy husband's wiles with wiles

CREUSA

This shalt thou do this little golden casket  
Take from my hand, Minerva's gift of old,  
To where my husband secretly prepares  
The sacrifice, bear this beneath thy vest  
That supper ended, when they are to pour  
Libations to the gods, thou mayst infuse  
In the youth's goblet this but take good heed,  
Let none observe thee, drug his cup alone  
Who thinks to lord it in my house if once  
It pass his lips, his foot shall never reach  
Illustrious Athens death awaits him here  
(*She gives him the casket*)

TUTOR

Go thou then to the hospitable house  
Prepared for thy reception be it mine,  
Obedient to thy word to do this deed  
Come then, my aged foot, be once more young  
In act, though not in years, for past recall  
That time is fled kill him, and bear him forth  
Well may the prosperous harbour virtuous thought.

But when thou wouldst avenge thee on thy foes,  
There is no law of weight to hinder thee

(*They both go out*)

CHORUS (*singing*)

*strophe* 1

Daughter of Ceres, Trivia hear,  
Propitious regent of each public way  
Amid the brightness of the day,  
Nor less when night's dark hour engenders fear,  
The fulness of this goblet guide  
To check with death this stripling's pride,  
For whom my queen this fatal draught prepares,  
Tinged with the Gorgon's venom'd gore  
That seat, which mid Erechtheus' royal heirs  
His pride claims, it shall claim no more  
Never may one of alien blood disgrace  
The imperial honours of that high-born race'

*antistrophe* 1

Should not this work of fate succeed,  
Nor the just vengeance of my queen prevail,  
Should this apt time of daring fail,  
And hope, that flatters now, desert the deed,  
Slaughter shall other means afford,  
The strangling cord, the piercing sword,  
For rage from disappointed rage shall flow,  
And try each various form of death,  
For never shall my queen thus torment know,  
Ne'er while she draws this vital breath,  
Brook in her house that foreign lords should shine,  
Clothed with the splendours of her ancient line

*strophe* 2

Thou whom the various hymn delights,  
Then thy bright choir of beauteous dames among,  
Dancing the stream's soft brink along,  
Thou seest the guardian of thy mystic rites,  
Thy torch its midnight vigils keep,  
Thine eye meantime disdaining sleep,  
While with thee dances Jove's star-spangled plain,  
And the moon dances up the sky  
Ye nymphs, that lead to grots your frolic train,  
Beneath the gulfy founts that lie,

Thou gold-crown'd queen, through night's dark regions fear'd,  
 And thou, her mother, power revered,  
 How should I blush to see this youth unknown!  
 This Delphic vagrant, hope to seize the throne

*antistrophe 2*

You, who the melting soul to move,  
 In loose, dishonest airs the Muse employ  
 To celebrate love's wanton joy,  
 The joy of unallow'd, unholy love,  
 See how our pure and modest law  
 Can lavish man's lewd deeds o'erawe!  
 Ye shameless bards, revoke each wanton air,  
 No more these melting measures frame,  
 Bid the chaste muse in Virtue's cause declare,  
 And mark man's lawless bed with shame!  
 Ungrateful is this Jove-descended lord,  
 For, his wife's childless bed abhorr'd,  
 Lewdly he courts the embrace of other dames,  
 And with a spurious son his pride inflames

*(An ATTENDANT of CREUSA enters)*

ATTENDANT

Athenian dames, where shall I find our queen,  
 The daughter of Erechtheus? Seeking her,  
 This city have I walked around in vain

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

And for what cause, my fellow-slave? What means  
 Thy hasty foot? What tidings dost thou bring?

ATTENDANT

We are discover'd, and the rulers here  
 Seek her, that she may die o'erwhelm'd with stones

LEADER

Ah me! what wouldst thou say? Are our designs  
 Of secret ruin to this youth disclosed?

ATTENDANT

They are, and know, the worst of ills await you

LEADER

How were our dark devices brought to light?

## ATTENDANT

The god, that justice might receive no stain  
Caused it to triumph o'er defeated wrong

## LEADER

How? as a suppliant, I conjure thee, tell me  
Of this inform'd, if we must die, more freely  
Wish we to die than see the light of heaven

## ATTENDANT

Soon as the husband of Creusa left  
The god's oracular shrine, this new-found son  
He to the feast, and sacrifice prepared  
To the high gods, led with him Xuthus then  
Went where the hallow'd flame of Bacchus mounts,  
That on each rock's high point the victim's blood  
Might flow, a grateful offering for his son  
Thus recognised, to whom he gave in charge,  
"Stay thou, and with the artist's expert aid  
Erect the sheltering tent my rites perform d  
To the kind gods that o'er the genial bed  
Preside, should I be there detain'd too long,  
Spread the rich table to my present friends "  
This said, he led the victims to the rocks  
Meanwhile with reverent heed the son 'gan rear  
On firm supporters the wide tent, whose sides  
No masonry require, yet framed to exclude  
The mid-day sun's hot beams, or his last rays  
When sinking in the west the lengthen'd lines  
Equally distant comprehend a square  
Of twice five thousand feet (the skilful thus  
Compute it), space to feast (for so he will d)  
All Delphi from the treasures of the god  
He took the sacred tapestry, and around  
Hung the rich shade, on which the admiring eye  
Gazes with fix'd delight <sup>s</sup> first over head,  
Like a broad pennon spread the extended woof,  
Which from the Amazonian spoils the son  
Of Jove, Alcides, hallow'd to the god,  
In its bright texture interwov'n a sky  
Gathering the stars in its ethereal round,  
While downwards to the western wave the sun  
His steeds declines, and to his station high  
Draws up the radiant flame of Hesperus

Meanwhile the Night robed in her sable stole,  
Her unreg'd car advances, on her state  
The stars attend, the Pleiads mounting high,  
And with his glittering sword Orion arm'd,  
Above, Arcturus to the golden pole  
Inclines, full-orb'd the month-dividing moon  
Takes her bright station, and the Hyades  
Marked by the sailor distant in the rear,  
Aurora ready to relume the day,  
And put the stars to flight The sides were graced  
With various textures of the historic woof,  
Barbaric arguments, in gallant trim  
Against the fleet of Greece the hostile fleet  
Rides proudly on Here monstrous forms portray'd  
Human and brutal mix'd the Thracian steeds  
Are seized, the hinds, and the adventurous chase  
Of savage lions figured nigh the doors,  
Cecrops, attended by his daughter's, roll'd  
His serpent train in the ample space within  
He spread the festal table, richly deck'd  
With golden goblets Now the herald walk'd  
His round, each native that inclined to grace  
The feast inviting to the crowded tent  
They hasten, crown'd with garlands, and partake  
The exquisite repast The pleased sense  
Now satiate, in the midst an old man stood,  
Officious in his ministry, which raised  
Much mirth among the guests, for from the urns  
He fill'd the lavers, and with fragrant myrrh  
Incensed the place, the golden bowls he claim'd  
His charge When now the jocund pipes 'gan breathe  
Harmonious airs, and the fresh goblet stood  
Ready to walk its round, the old man said,  
"Away with these penurious cups, and bring  
Capacious bowls, so shall you quickly bathe  
Your spirits in delight " With speed were brought  
Goblets of gold and silver one he took  
Of choicer frame, and, seemingly intent  
To do his young lord honour, the full vase  
Gave to his hands, but in the wine infused  
A drug of poisonous power, which, it is said,  
His queen supplied, that the new son no more  
Might view the light of heav'n, but unobserved



He mix'd it As the youth among the rest  
Pour'd the libation, 'mid the attendant slaves  
Words of reproach one utter'd he, as train'd  
Within the temple and with expert seers,  
Deem'd them of evil omen, and required  
Another goblet to be filled afresh  
The former a libation to the god,  
He cast upon the ground, instructing all  
To pour, like him, the untasted liquor down  
Silence ensued the sacred bowls we fill  
With wines of Byblos, when a troop of doves  
Came fluttering in, for undisturb'd they haunt  
The dome of Phoebus in the floating wine  
They dipp'd their bills to drink, then raised their heads,  
Gurgling it down their beauteous-plumed throats.  
Harmless to all the spilt wine, save to her  
That lighted where the youth had pour'd his bowl  
She drank, and straight convulsive shiverings seized  
Her beauteous plumes, around in giddy rings  
She whirl'd, and in a strange and mournful note  
Seem'd to lament amazement seized the guests,  
Seeing the poor bird's pangs her heart heaved thick,  
And stretching out her scarlet legs, she died  
Rending his robes, the son of Phoebus given  
Sprung from the table, and aloud exclaim'd,—  
"What wretch design'd to kill me? Speak, old man  
Officious was thy ministry, the bowl  
I from thy hand received " Then straight he seized  
His aged arm, and to the question held him,  
As in the fact discover'd he thus caught,  
Reluctant and constrain'd, own'd the bold deed,  
The deadly goblet by Creusa drugg'd  
Forth from the tent, the guests attending, rush'd  
The youth announced by Phoebus, and amid  
The Pythian regents says,—"O hallow'd land!  
This stranger dame, this daughter of Erechtheus  
Attempts my life by poison " Then decreed  
The Delphian lords (nor did one voice dissent)  
That she should die, my mistress, from the rock  
Cast headlong, as the deed was aim'd against  
A sacred life, and impiously presumed  
This hallow'd place with murder to profane  
Demanded by the state, she this way bends

Her wretched steps Unhappy to this shrine  
 She came through fond desire of children, here,  
 Together with her hopes, her life is lost.

CHORUS (*singing*)

None, there is none, from death no flight,  
 To me no refuge, our dark deed  
 Betray'd, betray'd to open light,  
 The festive bowl, with sprightly wine that flow'd  
 Mix'd with the Gorgon's viperous blood,  
 An offering to the dead decreed,  
 All is betray'd to light and I,  
 Cast headlong from the rock, must die  
 What flight shall save me from this death,  
 Borne on swift pinions through the air,  
 Sunk to the darksome cave beneath,  
 Or mounted on the rapid car?  
 Or shall the flying bark unfurl its sails?  
 Alas, my queen, no flight avails,  
 Save when some god's auspicious power  
 Shall snatch us from the dangerous hour  
 Unhappy queen, what pangs shall rend thy heart!  
 Shall we, who plann'd the deathful deed,  
 Be caught within the toils we spread,  
 While Justice claims severe her chast'ning part?

(*CREUSA rushes in*)

CREUSA

I am pursued, ye faithful females, doom'd  
 To death the Pythian council hath decreed it  
 My life is forfeited

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Unhappy lady,  
 We know the dreadful ills that close thee round

CREUSA

Ah, whither shall I fly? From instant death  
 Scarce hath my foot sped hither, from my foes  
 By stealth escaping

LEADER

Whither wouldst thou fly,  
 But to this altar?

CREUSA

What will that avail me?

LEADER

To kill a suppliant there the law forbids

CREUSA

But by the law I perish

LEADER

If their hands

Had seized thee

CREUSA

Dreadful contest, with drawn swords

They hastily advance

LEADER

Now take thy seat

At the altar shouldst thou die ev'n there, thy blood

Will call the vengeance of the god on those

That spilt it but our fortune we must bear

*(She takes refuge at the altar as ION, guards, and Delphians enter )*

ION

Bull-visaged sire Cephisus, what a viper

Hast thou produced? a dragon from her eyes

Glaring pernicious flame Each daring deed

Is hers less venomous the Gorgon's blood,

With which she purposed to have poison'd me

Seize her, that the Parnassian rocks may tease

Those nice-adjusted ringlets of her hair,

As down the craggy precipice she bounds

Here my good genius saved me, e'er I came

To Athens, there beneath my stepdame's wiles

To fall, amid my friends thy fell intents

Have I unravell'd, what a pest to me,

Thy hate how deadly had thy toils inclosed me

In thine own house, thou wouldst at once have sent me

With complete ruin to the shades below

But nor the altar nor Apollo's shrine

Shall save thee. Pity, might her voice be heard,

Would rather plead for me and for my mother,

She absent, yet the name remains with me

Behold that sorceress, with what art she wove  
Wile after wile, the altar of the god  
Impress'd her not with awe, as if secure  
No vengeance waited her unhallow'd deeds

CREUSA

I charge thee, kill me not, in my own right,  
And in the god's, whose suppliant here I stand

ION

What right hast thou to plead Apollo's name?

CREUSA

My person hallow'd to the god I offer

ION

Yet wouldst thou poison one that is the god's

CREUSA

Thou wast no more Apollo's, but thy father's

ION

I have been, of a father's wealth I speak

CREUSA

And now I am thou hast that claim no more

ION

But thou art impious pious were my deeds

CREUSA

As hostile to my house, I would have kill'd thee

ION

Did I against thy country march in arms?

CREUSA

And more, thou wouldst have fired Erechtheus' house

ION

What torch, what brands, what flames had I prepared?

CREUSA

There wouldst thou fix, seizing my right by force

ION

The land which he possess'd, my father gave me

CREUSA

What claim hath there the race of Aeolus?

ION

He was its guardian, not with words but arms

CREUSA

Its soldier then, an inmate, not its lord

ION

Wouldst thou, through fear of what might happen, kill me?

CREUSA

Lest death should be my portion, if not thine

ION

Childless thou enviest that my father found me

CREUSA

And wilt thou make a childless house thy spoil?

ION

Devolves my father then no share to me?

CREUSA

His shield, his spear, be those thine heritage

ION

Come from the altar, quit that hallow'd seat

CREUSA

Instruct thy mother, whosoe'er she be

ION

Shalt thou unpunish'd meditate my death?

CREUSA

Within this shrine if thou wilt murder me

ION

What pleasure mid these sacred wreaths to die?

CREUSA

We shall grieve one, by whom we have been grieved

ION

Strange, that the god should give these laws to men,  
Bearing no stamp of honour, nor design'd

With provident thought it is not meet to place  
The unrighteous at his altars; worthier far  
To be chased thence, nor decent that the vile  
Should with their touch pollute the gods the good,  
Oppress'd with wrongs, should at those hallow'd seats  
Seek refuge ill beseems it that the unjust  
And just alike should seek protection there  
(As ION and his followers are about to tear CREUSA from the altar,  
the PRIESTESS of Apollo enters from the temple)

PRIESTESS

Forbear, my son, leaving the oracular seat,  
I pass this pale, the priestess of the god,  
The guardian of the tripod's ancient law,  
Call'd to this charge from all the Delphian dames

ION

Hail, my loved mother, dear, though not my parent

PRIESTESS

Yet let me have the name, 'tis grateful to me

ION

Hast thou yet heard their wily trains to kill me?

PRIESTESS

I have, but void of mercy thou dost wrong

ION

Should I not ruin those that sought my life?

PRIESTESS

Stepdames to former sons are always hostile

ION

And I to stepdames ill intreated thus

PRIESTESS

Be not, this shrine now leaving for thy country

ION

How, then, by thy monition should I act?

PRIESTESS

Go with good omens, pure to Athens go

ION

All must be pure that kill their enemies

PRIESTESS

So do not thou attentive mark my words

ION

Speak from good will whate'er thou say'st must flow

PRIESTESS

Seest thou the vase I hold beneath mine arm?

ION

I see an ancient ark entwined with wreaths

PRIESTESS

In this long since an infant I received thee

ION

What say'st thou? New is thy discourse and strange

PRIESTESS

In silence have I kept them now I show them

ION

And why conceal'd, as long since thou received'st me?

PRIESTESS

The god would have thee in his shrine a servant

ION

Is that no more his will? How shall I know it?

PRIESTESS

Thy father shown, he sends thee from this land

ION

Hast thou preserved these things by charge, or how?

PRIESTESS

It was the god that so disposed my thought

ION

With what design? Speak, finish thy discourse

PRIESTESS

Ev'n to this hour to keep what then I found

ION

What gain imports this to me, or what loss?

PRIESTESS

There didst thou lie wrapp'd in thy infant vests

ION

Thou hast produced whence I may find my mother

PRIESTESS

Since now the god so wills, but not before

ION

This is a day of bless'd discoveries

PRIESTESS

Now take them o'er all Asia, and the bounds  
Of Europe hold thy progress thou shalt know  
These tokens To do pleasure to the god,  
I nurtured thee, my son, now to thy hand  
Restore what was his will I should receive  
Unbidden, and preserve for what intent  
It was his will, I have not power to say  
That I had these, or where they were conceal'd,  
No mortal knew And now farewell the love  
I bear thee equals what a parent feels  
Let thy inquiries where they ought begin,  
First, if some Delphian virgin gave thee birth,  
And in this shrine exposed thee, next, if one  
Of Greece From me, and from the god, who feels  
An interest in thy fortune, thou hast all  
(*She goes into the temple after giving ION the ark*)

ION

Ah me! the moist tear trickles from mine eye,  
When I reflect that she who gave me birth,  
By stealth espoused, may with like secrecy  
Have sold me, to my infant lips her breast  
Denied but in the temple of the god  
Without a name, a servile life I led  
All from the god was gracious, but from fortune  
Harsh, for the time when in a mother's arms  
I in her fondness should have known some joy  
Of life, from that sweet care was I estranged,  
A mother's nurture nor less wretched she,



Thus forced to lose the pleasure in her son  
 But I will take this vase, and to the god  
 Bear it, a hallow'd offering, that from thence  
 I may find nothing which I would not find  
 Should she, that gave me being, chance to be  
 A slave, to find her were a greater ill,  
 Than to rest silent in this ignorance  
 O Phoebus, in thy temple hang I this  
 What am I doing? War I not against  
 The pleasure of the god, who saved for me  
 These pledges of my mother? I must dare,  
 And open these my fate cannot be shunn'd

*(He opens the ark)*

Ye sacred garlands, what have you so long  
 Conceal'd ye bands, that keep these precious relics?  
 Behold the cover of this circular vase,  
 Its freshness knows no change, as if a god  
 So will'd, this osier-woven ark yet keeps  
 Its soundness undecay'd, yet many a year,  
 Since it contain'd this treasured charge, has pass'd

CREUSA

What an unhop'd-for sight do I behold!

ION

I thought thou long hadst known to keep thee silent

CREUSA

Silence is mine no more, instruct not me,  
 For I behold the ark, wherein of old  
 I laid thee, O my son, an infant babe,  
 And in the caves of Cecrops, with the rocks  
 Of Macraï roof'd, exposed thee I will quit  
 This altar, though I run on certain death

ION

Seize her, for by the impulse of the god  
 She leaves the sculptured altar bind her hands

CREUSA

Instantly kill me, so that I embrace  
 This vase, and thee, and these thy conceal'd pledges

ION

Is not this strange? I take thee at thy word

CREUSA

Not strange a friend thou by thy friends art found

ION

Thy friend! Yet wouldst thou kill me secretly

CREUSA

My son if that to parents is most dear

ION

Forbear thy wiles, I shall refute them well

CREUSA

Might I but to come to what I wish, my son!

ION

Is this vase empty, or contains it aught?

CREUSA

Thy infant vests, in which I once exposed thee

ION

And wilt thou name them to me, ere thou see them?

CREUSA

If I recount them not, be death my meed

ION

Speak then thy confidence hath something strange

CREUSA

A tissue, look, which when a child I wrought

ION

What is it? Various are the works of virgins

CREUSA

A slight, unfinish'd essay of the loom

ION

What figure wrought? Thou shalt not take me thus

CREUSA

A Gorgon central in the warp entwoven—

ION

What fortune haunts me, O supreme of gods!

CREUSA

And like an aegis edged with serpents round.

ION

Such is the woof, and such the vest I find

CREUSA

Thou old embroidery of my virgin hands!

ION

Is there aught else besides this happy proof?

CREUSA

Two dragons, an old work, their jaws of gold

ION

The gift of Pallas, who thus nurtures children?

CREUSA

Emblems of Erichthonius of old times

ION

Why? for what use? Explain these works of gold

CREUSA

For ornaments to grace the infant's neck

ION

See, here they are, the third I wish to know

CREUSA

A branch of olive then I wreathed around thee,  
Pluck'd from that tree which from Minerva's rock  
First sprung, if it be there, it still retains  
Its verdure for the foliage of that olive,  
Fresh in immortal beauty, never fades

ION

O my dear mother! I with joy behold thee  
With transport 'gainst thy cheek my cheek recline  
(*They embrace*)

CREUSA

My son, my son, far dearer to thy mother  
Than yon bright orb (the god will pardon me),  
Do I then hold thee in my arms, thus found  
Beyond my hopes, when in the realms below,  
I thought thy habitation 'mong the dead?

ION

O my dear mother, in thy arms I seem  
As one that had been dead to life return'd

CREUSA

Ye wide-expanded rays of heavenly light,  
What notes, what high-raised strains shall tell my joy?  
This pleasure whence, this unexpected transport?

ION

There was no blessing farther from my thoughts  
Than this, my mother, to be found thy son

CREUSA

I tremble yet

ION

And hast thou yet a fear,  
Holding me, not to hold me?

CREUSA

Such fond hopes  
Long time have I renounced Thou hallow'd *matron*,  
From whom didst thou receive my infant child?  
What bless'd hand brought him to Apollo's shrine?

ION

It was the god's appointment may our life  
To come be happy, as the past was wretched

CREUSA

Not without tears, my son, wast thou brought forth,  
Nor without anguish did my hands resign thee  
Now breathing on thy cheek I feel a joy  
Transporting me with heartfelt ecstasies

ION

The words expressive of thy joys speak mine

CREUSA

Childless no more, no more alone, my house  
Now shines with festive joy, my realms now own  
A lord, Erechtheus blooms again, no more  
His high-traced lineage sees night darkening round,  
But glories in the sun's refulgent beams

ION

Now let my father, since he's present here,  
Be partner of the joy which I have given you.

CREUSA

What says my son?

ION

Such, such as I am proved

CREUSA

What mean thy words? Far other is thy birth,

ION

Ah me! thy virgin bed produced me base

CREUSA

Nor bridal torch, my son, nor bridal dance  
Had graced my nuptial rites, when thou wast born

ION

Then I'm a wretch, a base-born wretch—say whence

CREUSA

Be witness, thou by whom the Gorgon died,—

ION

What means this adjuration?

CREUSA

Who hast fix'd

High o'er my cave thy seat amid the rocks  
With olive clothed

ION

Abstruse thy words, and dark

CREUSA

Where on the cliffs the nightingale attunes  
Her songs, Apollo—

ION

Why Apollo named?

CREUSA

Led me in secret to his bed

ION

Speak on;

Thy words import some glorious fortune to me.

CREUSA

Thee in the tenth revolving month, my son,  
A secret pang to Phoebus did I bear

ION

Thy words, if true, are grateful to my soul

CREUSA

These swathing bands, thy mother's virgin work,  
Wove by my flying shuttle, round thy body  
I roll'd, but from thy lips my breast withheld,  
A mother's nouriture, nor bathed thy hands  
In cleansing lavers, but to death exposed thee,  
Laid in the dreary cave, to birds of prey  
A feast, rent piecemeal by their ravenous beaks

ION

Cruel, my mother, was thy deed

CREUSA

By fear

Constrain'd, my son, I cast thy life away,  
Unwillingly I left thee there to die

ION

And from my hands unholy were thy death

CREUSA

Dreadful was then my fortune, dreadful here,  
Whirl'd by the eddy blast from misery there  
To misery here, and back again to joy  
Her boisterous winds are changed, may she remain  
In this repose enough of ills are past  
After the storm soft breathes a favouring gale

LEADER

From this example, mid the greatest ills  
Never let mortal man abandon hope

ION

O thou, that hast to thousands wrought a change  
Of state ere this, involving them in ills,

And raising them to happiness again,  
 Fortune, to what a point have I been carried,  
 Ready to kill my mother, horrid thought!  
 But in the sun's bright course each day affords  
 Instruction. Thee, my mother, have I found,  
 In that discovery bless'd, nor hath my birth  
 Aught I can blame yet one thing would I say  
 To thee alone —walk this way' to thine ear  
 In secret would I whisper this, and throw  
 The veil of darkness o'er each circumstance  
 Take heed, my mother, lest thy maiden fault  
 Seeks in these secret nuptials to conceal  
 Its fault, then charges on the god the deed,  
 And, fearing my reproach, to Phoebus gives  
 A son, to Phoebus whom thou didst not bear

## CREUSA

By her, who 'gainst the giants in her car  
 Fought by the side of Jove, victorious Pallas,  
 No one of mortal race is father to thee,  
 But he who brought thee up, the royal Phoebus.

## ION

Why give his son then to another father?  
 Why say that I was born the son of Xuthus?

## CREUSA

Not born the son of Xuthus, but he gives thee  
 Born from himself (as friend to friend may give  
 His son), and heir adopted to his house

## ION

True is the god, his tripod else were vain  
 Not without cause then is my mind perplex'd

## CREUSA

Hear what my thoughts suggest to work thee good  
 Apollo placed thee in a noble house  
 Acknowledged his, the rich inheritance  
 Could not be thine, nor could a father's name  
 For I conceal'd my nuptials, and had plann'd  
 To kill thee secretly for this the god  
 In kindness gives thee to another father.

## ION

My mind is prompt to entertain such thoughts;  
 But, entering at his shrine will I inquire  
 If from a mortal father I am sprung,  
 Or from Apollo — Ha! what may this be?  
 What god above the hallow'd dome unveils  
 His radiant face that shines another sun?  
 Haste, let us fly the presence of the gods  
 'Tis not for mortals to behold, and live  
 (MINERVA *appears from above*)

## MINERVA \*

Fly not, in me no enemy you fly,  
 At Athens friendly to you, and no less  
 Here From that land I come, so named from me,  
 By Phoebus sent with speed unmeet he deems it  
 To show himself before you, lest with blame  
 The past be mention'd, this he gave in charge,  
 To tell thee that she bore thee, and to him,  
 Phoebus thy father, he to whom he gave thee,  
 Not as to the author of thy being gives thee,  
 But to the inheritance of a noble house  
 This declaration made, lest thou shouldst die,  
 Kill'd by thy mother's wily trains, or she  
 By thee, these means to save you he devised  
 These things in silence long conceal'd, at Athens  
 The royal Phoebus would have made it known  
 That thou art sprung from her, thy father he  
 But to discharge my office, and unfold  
 The oracle of the god, for which you yoked  
 Your chariots, hear Creusa, take thy son,  
 Go to the land of Cecrops let him mount  
 The royal throne, for, from Erechtheus sprung,  
 That honour is his due, the sovereignty  
 Over my country through the states of Greece  
 Wide his renown shall spread, for from his root  
 Four sons shall spring, that to the land, the tribes,  
 The dwellers on my rock, shall give their names  
 Geleon the first, Hopletes, Argades,  
 And from my aegis named Aegicores  
 Their sons in fate's appointed time shall fix  
 Their seats along the coast, or in the isles  
 Girt by the Aegean sea, and to my land



Give strength, extending thence the opposite plains  
 Of either continent shall make their own,  
 Europe and Asia, and shall boast their name  
 Ionians, from the honour'd Ion call'd  
 To thee by Xuthus shall a son be born,  
 Dorus, from whom the Dorian state shall rise  
 To high renown, in the Pelopian land,  
 Another near the Rhian cliffs, along  
 The sea-wash'd coast, his potent monarchy  
 Shall stretch, Achæus, and his subject re-  
 Shall glory in their chief's illustrious  
 Well hath Apollo quitted him in all  
 First, without pain he caused thee  
 That from thy friends thou mightst c birth,  
 After the birth, soon as his infant limbs  
 Thy hands had clothed, to Mercury he gave  
 The charge to take the babe, and in his arms  
 Convey him hither, here with tenderness  
 He nurtured him, nor suffer'd him to perish  
 Guard now the secret that he is thy son,  
 That his opinion Xuthus may enjoy  
 Delighted thou too hast thy blessings, lady  
 And now, farewell from this relief from ills  
 A prosperous fortune I to both announce

## ION

O Pallas, daughter of all-powerful Jove!  
 Not with distrust shall we receive thy words  
 I am convinced that Phoebus is my father,  
 My mother she, not unassured before

## CREUSA

Hear me too, now Phoebus I praise, before  
 Unpraised, my son he now restores, of whom  
 Till now I deem'd him heedless Now these gates  
 Areauteous to mine eyes, his oracles  
 Now grateful to my soul, unpleasant late  
 With rapture on these sounding rings my hands  
 Now hang, with rapture I address the gates

## MINERVA

This I approve, thy former wayward thoughts  
 Resign'd, with honour that thou name the god  
 Slow are the gifts of Heaven, but found at length  
 Not void of power

CREUSA

My son, let us now go

To Athens

MINERVA

Go, myself will follow you

CREUSA

A noble guard, and friendly to the state

MINERVA

But ~~sent him~~ high on thy paternal throne

CREUSA

A rich possession, and I glory in him

(MINERVA *disappears*)CHORUS (*singing*)

Son of Latona and all-powerful Jove,  
Apollo, hail! Though fortune's blackest storms  
Rage on his house, the man whose pious soul  
Reveres the gods, assumes a confidence,  
And justly for the good at length obtain  
The meed of virtue, but the unholy wretch  
(Such is his nature) never can be happy

# NOTES FOR ION

THE translation of R. Potter, done  
 certain orthographical conventions  
 Roman forms for various purposes  
 Athena appear as Mercury and

1, R  
 wise  
 Here

1 In connection with this scene see 1 on Aeschylus, *The Persians*  
*Against Thebes*

2 This soliloquy of Ion perhaps may be evidence for the conclusion  
 that the play has a serious religious orientation

3 The following description of the tapestry calls to mind the  
 of the decorations on the shield of Achilles in the *Iliad*, Book XVIII

4 Attention should be called to the elements of aetiology which  
 the poet has characteristically introduced into this speech

